

I Shall Seal the Heavens

(我欲封天)

Book 8

My Mountain and Sea Realm

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Story Description:

Shall Seal the Heavens is currently one of the most popular xianxia stories in China. It is about a failed young scholar named Meng Hao who gets forcibly recruited into a Sect of Immortal Cultivators. In the Cultivation world, the strong prey on the weak, and the law of the jungle prevails. Meng Hao must adapt to survive. And yet, he never forgets the Confucian and Daoist ideals that he grew up studying. This, coupled with his stubborn nature, set him on the path of a true hero. What does it mean to “Seal the Heavens?” This is a secret that you will have to uncover along with Meng Hao!

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

Chapter 1212: Eighth Mountain and Sea

In terms of overall size, it was similar to the Ninth Mountain and Sea. It also had a sea, the major difference being that it wasn't called the Ninth Sea, but rather, the Eighth Sea....

There were also four planets which orbited the Eighth Mountain, although their names were different than the planets in the Ninth Mountain. And yet, when it came to the overall system of cultivation, and the way the place was set up, it was very similar.

After all, the Eighth Mountain and Sea and the Ninth Mountain and Sea were both parts of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

However, there was a barrier between each of the various Mountains and Seas, a barrier which was extremely difficult to pierce a hole through. That made it so that the cultivators from the different Mountains and Seas couldn't easily pass through. Unless... there was a war, and the power of countless cultivators could be converged to break through the barrier and enter the neighboring Mountains and Seas.

Another method would be to rely on an incredibly powerful cultivation base to rip open a tear that could be stepped through. However, to do such a thing required paying a heavy price, so unless some momentous situation had developed, few people would ever use that method. Besides, only Dao Realm cultivators could do so.

As for Patriarch Reliance, he had his own special methods. Even still, he had to pay a certain price to be able to break through from the Ninth Mountain and Sea and into the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

When the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite built their bridge, they converged power from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite that had accumulated for many years. It created a passageway that could ignore the barrier, and could allow someone to pass between the two mountains without any hindrance. However... it would only last for a brief period of time.

In the western region of the Eighth Mountain and Sea was a stretch of

the pitch-black void in which a white fissure had suddenly opened up. Brilliant, blinding light shone out in all directions, making the fissure completely conspicuous in the pitch-black darkness.

Gradually, boundless Immortal qi began to emanate out from the fissure, the type that would cause anyone who saw it to assume that there was some sort of precious treasure located inside.

The fissure was not motionless, but rather, was shrinking; apparently, it would vanish in a relatively short period of time.

In the area around that fissure... fierce fighting was currently underway!

Booms rang out, along with bloodcurdling screams. The glow of magical techniques could be seen, sending multicolored light flashing in all directions.

Shockingly, two groups of cultivators, over a thousand in total, were currently engaged in a bloody battle. One of the groups wore yellow robes with Gold Dragons embroidered on the sleeves, whereas the other group wore white Daoist robes. Both groups attacked viciously, as if they each couldn't stand to even live under the same sky as the other.

Occasionally, someone would even self-detonate, ensuring that the battle was a bitter one, filled with the reek of blood and gore, and of mangled corpses....

All of the cultivators had bloodshot eyes. The weakest among them were stage 3 Immortals, and each one fought without holding anything back. Above the main battlefield a smaller fight was going on between four people. Three were men and one was a woman, and all of them were in the mid Ancient Realm. The ripples caused by the magical techniques they unleashed far exceeded that of the group below.

Above them was yet another fight, between only two people!

Both were old men in the late Ancient Realm, just half a step away from the great circle. They sat cross-legged across from each other, a game board placed between them, upon which they were playing Go. However, the game they were playing was one that brimmed with a feeling of battle.

Every time they placed a piece down onto the board, it would cause rumbling sounds to fill the void.

“Eccentric Watercloud,” said the old man in the yellow robe. “The entrance to this Arcane Pocket Realm was discovered by my Woodflame Society. It has nothing to do with your Watercloud Sect!” Eyes flickering coldly, he picked up a black game piece and put it down onto the board.

As soon as the piece touched down, rumbling filled the air, and an indescribably explosive force shook the starry sky.

“You spoke incorrectly, Daoist Woodflame. The Arcane Pocket Realms of the Eighth Mountain and Sea have always gone by right to whoever discovered them. As for this particular Arcane Pocket Realm... the Patriarch of our Watercloud Sect discovered it three hundred years ago. However, at that time, he didn’t have an appropriate physical body. He was forced to make a notation of its location, and wait for the next time it opened.

“Now that it has opened, the Watercloud Sect has come to claim it. You are the ones who are forcefully interfering!” The old man in the white Daoist robe snorted coldly, picked up a white game piece, and put it down. Immediately, rumbling sounds could be heard.

“Look, you old geezer,” the yellow-robed man roared angrily, “if you want to go that far, then let me tell you this, the Arcane Pocket Realm was discovered seven hundred years ago by the Woodflame Society!”

“Listen, you old coot,” the white robed man said with a cold harrumph. “I just accidentally left out the word thousand! Actually, our Watercloud Sect Patriarch discovered this place one thousand three hundred years ago!”

“Like hell! The Watercloud Sect didn’t even exist a thousand three hundred years ago!”

As the two men argued, their eyes glowed coldly. They continued to place game pieces, causing booms to ring out, shaking the entire starry sky. Below them, the fierce fighting grew even more intense.

However, it was at this point that the light shining out from the fissure

grew more intense than before, covering the entire battlefield. The fighting cultivators subconsciously gasped as their cultivation bases leaped abnormally. Some of them even made significant progress, and signs of a breakthrough appeared in some of them. Interestingly, of those who now hovered on the verge of cultivation base breakthroughs, all of them cultivated flame magic!

Everyone was shocked by this, and their eyes began to shine with bright light.

Even the four mid Ancient Realm cultivators and the two old men playing Go all gasped, and their faces flickered with shock.

“That’s... a Dao-level Arcane Pocket Realm!!”

“It’s definitely Dao-level, otherwise, the Immortal qi emanating out wouldn’t have Essence in it! It can lead to cultivation base breakthroughs!!”

“That flame Essence indicates that whichever cultivator was put to rest in the Arcane Pocket Realm in the past was a Dao Realm expert with flame Essence!!”

The two old men began to murmur and eye each other murderously.

“A Dao-level Arcane Pocket Realm is a rarity in the Eighth Mountain and Sea....”

Although they had only been engaged in a battle of words before, and had held back from actually attacking, now that they realized how precious this Arcane Pocket Realm was, their cultivation base power exploded out. The game board between them shattered, sending the black and white game pieces flying out in all directions as attacks were unleashed.

The fighting intensified, and booms rang out, shaking the starry sky. Both sides were relatively evenly matched, making it difficult for either one to secure victory quickly. Furthermore... the white light emanating out from the fissure suddenly began to retract, as if it were about to vanish.

“Not good! The Dao-level Arcane Pocket Realm is about to close!

Dammit! Why is it happening so fast? Could it be that all Dao-level Arcane Pocket Realms are like this?”

“It must not be allowed to close! The Dao soul hasn’t been extracted yet!!” The faces of the two old men fell as they fought. Suddenly, they looked into each other’s eyes.

“Let’s stop fighting for the moment, and send forth the bodies we’ve prepared. Let the Dao soul in the Arcane Pocket Realm make its own decision about who it belongs to!”

“Agreed!” The two old men gritted their teeth. Having no other option, and seeing that the fissure was about to fade away, the best option they had was to fight for a 50/50 chance.

They flicked their sleeves, causing their cultivation bases to erupt, using their power to separate the two groups of fighting cultivators. Then, they transformed into beams of light that shot howling toward the fissure. As they neared it, both old men cried out.

“Tong’er! Shanbin!”

“Shanshan! Muyi!”

In response to their words, four people flew out from the crowds, two men and two women. The men were handsome and the women were beautiful. They nervously faced the old men, clasped hands and bowed.

“Greetings, Patriarch!”

“Attempt to absorb the Dao soul into your bodies, and assimilate it. Use it to awaken the power within you. Whether or not you succeed will depend on your luck!” The four cultivators gritted their teeth, then flew toward the fissure. As they closed in, they bit down on their tongues, spitting out mouthfuls of blood that flew toward the opening.

Everyone in the area gazed fixedly at the scene which was playing out. When the four cultivators spit out their blood, a massive force exploded out from within the shrinking fissure. The opening suddenly expanded, causing brilliant light to explode out. It was so blinding that nobody could see what was inside the fissure other than light.

“It’s coming out!” the two old men cried excitedly.

RUMBLE!

As the fissure expanded, the massive force exploded out, and suddenly, a hand appeared from within the light... slowly stretching out from deep inside!

It grabbed onto the edge of the fissure, after which, a person began to emerge.

As soon as the figure appeared, Immortal power erupted out, joined by Essence, striking fear into the hearts of the other cultivators, who began to edge backward. The two old men fought back against the power, but it was almost too much for them. Their expressions were those of complete delight.

“This feeling, this aura... it’s the Dao soul!!”

“It’s coming out, it’s coming out....”

The two men and two women outside of the fissure were backing up, faces pale. They could sense that whatever was coming out of the fissure was some sort of supreme existence, something that filled them with terror.

RUMBLE!

The figure emerged fully from the fissure, a young man wearing a long white robe. He had long black hair, and looked like a handsome scholar. Almost as soon as he emerged, the fissure closed up behind him and vanished.

At the same time, the blinding light that had filled the area faded away.

The two old men stared with wide eyes at this young man, and they weren’t the only ones. The two men and two women stared in shock; this was definitely not what they had imagined a Dao soul would look like.

“Could it be that Dao Realm Souls really look like this?” That was what both old men were thinking in their confusion. The two of them had never seen a Dao-level Arcane Pocket Realm before, and therefore, weren’t really

certain as to whether or not the young man standing in front of them was what a Dao soul was supposed to look like.

“Is this the Eighth Mountain and Sea?” the young man asked. Of course, he was none other than Meng Hao.

The fact that so many people were there to receive him was quite a shock, especially when he saw that the group up front was comprised of two handsome men and two beautiful women.

One of those beautiful women immediately dropped to her knees before Meng Hao and threw both hands up into the air. “Senior, please accept me as an offering!”

The other three quickly followed suit, kneeling down and raising their hands.

“Senior, please accept me as an offering!”

Meng Hao had a strange expression on his face as he looked around. When he looked over at the two old men with the highest cultivation bases, they began to tremble and back away.

“S-Senior, the offerings are all prepared,” said the old man in the yellow robe. “Those four in front of you. S-sir, whichever one you like, you can have. W-we’re too old, and not really suitable....”

Chapter 1213: Heavengod Alliance

A strange expression could be seen on Meng Hao's face as he looked at the two old men, and then back down at the men and women kneeling in front of him. Having no time for delays, he once again asked,

"Is this, or is this not, the Eighth Mountain and Sea?"

The first of the women to have dropped to her knees quickly nodded and replied, "Senior, this most definitely is the Eighth Mountain and Sea."

Hearing this, Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he waved his hand, causing a magical item suitable for the Immortal Realm to fly over to the woman.

"Take this treasure. Can you tell me how to get to the Blacksoul Society?" he asked.

The woman looked at the magical item, eyes flickering with pleasure. She quickly took it and was about to reply when suddenly, the two old men finally realized what was going on. Expressions flickering, they advanced.

"He's not the Dao soul!"

"Dammit, he's obviously got a fleshly body! He's not the Dao soul, he just got here before us and already merged with it!" The two old men simply couldn't think of any other reasonable explanation other than Meng Hao arriving before them and stealing the good fortune which they felt belonged to them.

The two men exchanged a glance, and then their killing intent surged. "If he just merged with the Dao soul, then he's not stable and can't awaken it! Kill him!"

They immediately shot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao frowned and glanced at the two old men. His gaze was like an azure bolt of lightning, like a sharp sword that stabbed deep into their brains. Their faces fell; minds reeling, they coughed up blood and staggered backward.

"Attack together! Kill him and get that Dao soul back!" Behind the two

old men were the four mid Ancient Realm cultivators, who howled and attacked. All of the other nearly one thousand cultivators in the area unleashed various divine abilities and magical techniques.

Meng Hao snorted coldly. His action from moments before had been a simple warning to these people to not provoke him. He didn't want to cause any trouble here, he just wanted to know how to get to the Black Soul Society. And yet they simply couldn't get the message. Therefore, he decided to stop holding back. He lifted his right foot up and took a step forward.

That single step caused power to erupt off of him. A huge shockwave spread out explosively in all directions, transforming into an attack that swept over all of the nearby cultivators.

Miserable shrieks rang out, and countless mouthfuls of blood sprayed about. The cultivators all felt as if an invisible wall had slammed into them, a backlash that left them seriously injured and spinning off in multiple directions.

As the blood sprayed out of their mouths, they trembled, looking at Meng Hao with astonishment and terror. They didn't dare to approach even half a step closer to him. The four mid Ancient Realm cultivators were even more seriously injured. Blood sprayed out of their mouths, and their cultivation bases were seriously damaged. Even their souls became unstable, causing their faces to grow ashen.

However, it was in this moment that something seemed to awaken inside of them, which Meng Hao immediately noticed. As the four of them backed up, what appeared to be the shadows of souls appeared behind them, although they were faint.

"This... this...." The two old men were equally shaken with fear. However, they didn't give up on their idea. They continued to advance toward Meng Hao, roaring and performing incantation gestures. Their late Ancient Realm cultivation bases exploded with power, and something seemed to awaken within them too.

As that happened, illusory images appeared behind him. They weren't

Dharma Idols, but rather Soul Shadows. They weren't the souls of the old men, but rather, the souls of two unknown cultivators who were both at the great circle of the Ancient Realm.

By merging with them, the two old men were actually able to increase the power of their cultivation bases. They rapidly rose from the late Ancient Realm to the great circle of the Ancient Realm, causing their attacks to burst with increasing power, sending ripples out in all directions.

"Well, isn't this interesting," Meng Hao said, eyes gleaming. This was his first time in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and although the cultivators here practiced the same system of cultivation as in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, there were obviously some details which were different.

For example, this awakening... must have something to do with the Dao soul they had just mentioned.

After a moment of thought, Meng Hao lifted his right arm and waved his sleeve. Although the motion seemed ordinary, the faces of the two old men instantly fell.

The man in the white robe began to shake, and then vomited up a huge mouthful of blood. His body rapidly aged, and the soul behind him let out a miserable shriek as more than half of it withered away. The old man went all out to dodge away, only stopping after he had fallen back by 300 meters. It was there that he looked at Meng Hao with an expression of unprecedented amazement.

"Dao Realm!! He's in the Dao Realm!! He didn't absorb a Dao soul, he's actually... in the Dao Realm himself!!"

At the same time as his voice rang out, the yellow-robed man's face flickered. He did not cough up any blood, and yet at this point he would rather have been the one coughing up. That was because he was being wrenched through the void, Soul Shadow and all, directly toward Meng Hao.

In the blink of an eye, the man was suspended in front of Meng Hao, a look of terror in his eyes. He was completely immobilized and, being so

close to Meng Hao, he could clearly sense the vast, boundless power within him. He knew that Meng Hao was powerful enough to eradicate him with a simple thought.

“S-Senior....” the old man said, trembling.

Meng Hao’s expression was calm as he measured up the yellow-robed old man. His eyes flashed like lightning, as if he could easily see through him. A few breaths of time passed, and then Meng Hao’s eyes came to fall on the Soul Shadow, which was also trembling as it sensed a force like that of Heavenly might emanating off of Meng Hao.

“Fuse the soul into the body, and use it to form blood vessels... thus... entering a symbiosis!

“Interesting. Not a bad technique. It ensures that the powerful party can avoid death and the weak party becomes more powerful. Now that I think about it, the green lightning Han Qinglei used back in the Windswept Realm was probably a secret magic derived from this method.” Nodding, Meng Hao looked away from the Soul Shadow. 1

“How do I get to the Blacksoul Society?” he asked slowly.

The yellow-robed old man immediately gushed, “The Heaven– er, the Blacksoul Society is in the north, which is quite far from here. That region is controlled by the Heavengod Society, which means that unless you’re from the Heavengod Alliance, you can’t go there. Even if you obtain a writ of passage, you’re only allowed as far as the outer borders of the Heavengod Alliance.

“Senior, if you want to obtain such a writ, that’s fine.... You can come to the Woodflame Society. Our sect has a teleportation portal that goes in the direction of the Heavengod Alliance....”

“Heavengod Alliance....” After a moment of thought, Meng Hao released the yellow-robed man and asked him to lead the way.

The old man was instantly excited, and respectfully agreed. Looking haughtily out of the corner of his eye at the white-robed man from the Watercloud Sect, he gave a cold harrumph and then led Meng Hao off into

the distance along with this Woodflame Society cultivators.

The white-robed man remained behind, heart pounding. He was aware that Daoist Woodflame wanted to pander to a Dao Realm expert. In fact, he himself also wanted the same thing; however, when he thought about how terrifying Meng Hao was, he hesitated. In the end, he simply watched as the Woodflame Society cultivators escorted Meng Hao off into the distance.

After a long moment, a grim look appeared on his face.

“I simply can’t believe that Daoist Woodflame didn’t notice that this Dao Realm expert is not from the Eighth Mountain and Sea. He’s obviously from one of the other Mountains and Seas, and is obviously strong enough to break through into ours.

“People like that... always have some major plot afoot, and we can’t afford to get involved with something like that....” Murmuring to himself, the white-robed old man led his people off into the distance, and also gave orders that they were to speak nothing about what had happened. He even ordered that the entire sect was not to divulge even the slightest scrap of information about Meng Hao.

Of course, Daoist Woodflame of the Woodflame Society absolutely could tell that Meng Hao had an extraordinary background. However, he was willing to make a gamble. In the Eighth Mountain and Sea, the Woodflame Society was a small sect that existed in the shadows of the Heavengod Alliance and the great clans. If he could acquire the favor of a Dao Realm expert, it would be of incalculable value to them.

As long as he could benefit it some way, then it didn’t matter where that Dao Realm expert came from....

Meng Hao was no fool either, and could tell what Daoist Woodflame was thinking. Therefore, as they proceeded along, he asked some questions about the overall state of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

“Senior, there is only one alliance in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and that is the Heavengod Alliance. It is made up of many sects and clans, and the Blacksoul Society is only one of them. The alliance as a whole is led by

the Heavengod Society!

“The Patriarch of the Heavengod Society is none other than the Eighth Mountain and Sea’s... Mountain and Sea Lord! He is referred to as... Heavengod!

“In addition to the Heavengod Alliance, the Eighth Mountain and Sea also has the Three Great Daoist Societies. However, they rarely dabble in the affairs of the outside world. In fact, they’ve hardly been seen at all in recent years.

“In addition to that are the Two Great Clans, which are the Meng Clan and the Han Clan!

“The Meng Clan is on the decline, but based on their former glory, they are still considered a major player....

“As for the Han Clan, they are like the sun at high noon....

“However, neither the Three Great Daoist Societies nor the Two Great Clans can compare at all to the Heavengod Alliance....

“Of the four planets in the Eighth Mountain, the Han and Meng Clans jointly occupy one of them. The other three are controlled by the Heavengod Alliance....” Daoist Woodflame explained everything that he knew, and in the end, gave Meng Hao a jade slip that contained a detailed map of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

“I’m not sure about the other Mountains and Seas, but in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, we have something called Arcane Pocket Realms. There are quite a few of them, and if you can find one that has never been opened before, then you can bury a corpse inside. Once the soul has escaped the body, you can provide it with a suitable body to meld with and they become undying. This kind of symbiosis can be considered a kind of awakening for those who practice cultivation.”

Meng Hao listened to everything that Daoist Woodflame told him, but when he mentioned the Meng Clan, Meng Hao’s eyes glazed over as he became distracted by his own thoughts. After a moment, though, they gleamed as he sent some divine sense into the jade slip he now held in his

hand. Instantly, a map of the Eighth Mountain and Sea appeared in his mind.

“There are no Ruins of Immortality?” he asked suddenly.

“Ruins of Immortality?” Daoist Woodflame asked, looking confused.
“What are they?”

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered thoughtfully as he considered certain matters, then continued to ask questions, especially about the Arcane Pocket Realms.

A day later, Meng Hao reached the Woodflame Society, having a much better understanding of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. That was especially true of the Arcane Pocket Realms, which made Meng Hao think of the Ruins of Immortality.

“Actually, the Arcane Pocket Realms of the Eighth Mountain and Sea are really... the Ruins of Immortality. However, they are fragmented and scattered about randomly here, which is why numerous so-called Arcane Pocket Realms appear. And that is why they were used... to become graves for cultivators!

“You could even say that the Eighth Mountain and Sea is actually one huge graveyard!” Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed with understanding.

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1. Han Qinglei, the Echelon cultivator from the Eighth Mountain and Sea, was the guy who fought Meng Hao starting around chapter 1095, using lightning and bone magic. Like most of the other Echelon cultivators, he ended up getting saved by Meng Hao and then helping him.

Chapter 1214: My Name is Meng Hao!

Meng Hao hadn't originally planned to go the Eighth Mountain and Sea. His prime destination had been the Fourth Mountain and Sea. He had hoped to go there directly, or alternatively, to simply pass through the Eighth Mountain and Sea on his way.

If the latter was the only option, he would proceed to the Seventh Mountain, the Sixth Mountain, the Fifth Mountain and eventually... would reach the Fourth Mountain. He would pass through multiple Mountains and Seas to find Xu Qing... and bring her home.

But then the situation with Chu Yuyan developed, and he had been forced to change his mind. He could not proceed directly toward the Fourth Mountain. He owed Chu Yuyan far too much, and had no option other than to track down her soul and rescue her.

Therefore, he traveled not through, but to the Eighth Mountain and Sea!

Here, he had ties to both Patriarch Reliance and the Meng Clan. The Meng Clan was his mother's clan, his relatives.

And as for Patriarch Reliance, when Meng Hao found out that he was in the Eight Mountain and Sea, he had long since decided that no one would be able to prevent him from acquiring him as a mount.

Once that happened, he would be able to use Patriarch Reliance's power to effortlessly pass through the barriers between the various Mountains and Seas!

Now, he stood in the Woodflame Society's teleportation portal. They didn't qualify to occupy their own planet, but had instead built their sect on a huge asteroid. Because the Eighth Mountain's political structure was a bit different than that of the Ninth Mountain, virtually all of the small sects were set up in a similar way.

"Senior, from here, you can teleport onto one of the artificial planets arrayed in the vicinity of the Heavengod Alliance. Those planets form the gateway to the Heavengod Alliance."

Daoist Woodflame clasped hands, bowing deeply as he began to explain: “From there, you should be able to find the teleportation portal leading to the Blacksoul Society....”

Meng Hao glanced thoughtfully at the man, who during this entire time hadn’t mentioned a word about any sort of payment for the information he was giving. Suddenly, Meng Hao reached out and tapped Daoist Woodflame’s forehead, causing a bit of the Essence of Divine Flame to flow into his body.

Daoist Woodflame shivered slightly, and his face suddenly turned bright red, as if he were about to belch out flame. His eyes went wild with joy. Trembling, he immediately dropped to his knees.

“Senior, many thanks for your great kindness! I will never forget this for the rest of my life. Senior, if you have any demands, I will go through hell or high water to meet them!” Daoist Woodflame was as incredibly excited as he should be, considering that he cultivated flame-attribute techniques. Now that Meng Hao had given him some of the Essence of Divine Flame, you could say that... his path toward the Dao Realm had been opened!

A gift like that was like the gift of a new life!

“The path of cultivation is murky,” Meng Hao said slowly, “and all I can give you is a lamp to light your way. How far you go will be up to you.... It all depends on yourself. Do your best.” He swished his sleeve, causing the spirit stone formation he had set up around the teleportation portal to sparkle. As the spirit stones crumbled, the power of the spell formation caused a brilliant flash of light....

When the light faded away, Meng Hao was nowhere to be seen.

However, Daoist Woodflame was still there on his knees, kowtowing.

In the Eighth Mountain and Sea, the Heavengod Alliance had staked their claim to three of planets which orbited the mountain. That area was known as the Inner Ring!

Outside of the Inner Ring, the cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance used various Daoist magics to form countless asteroids together into

numerous artificial planets.

That was referred to as the Outer Ring.

The artificial planets in the Outer Ring were not like the four great planets, which possessed Planet Souls and could give birth to true Immortals. At most, they provided a place for cultivators to live and practice cultivation.

However, they still looked very impressive and shocking.

Roughly seventy percent of the starry sky in the Eighth Mountain and Sea fell under the jurisdiction of the Heavengod Alliance. This space formed a single discrete territory and was protected by an invisible shield which non-Heavengod Alliance cultivators couldn't pass through without having the requisite identity medallion and paying the entry tax.

The entry point was formed by a linear array of seven planets, which were the gateway to the Heavengod Alliance.

Meng Hao appeared on the third of those seven gateway planets, into an extraordinarily lively and bustling city.

There were cultivators everywhere, coming from and going to the Heavengod Alliance.

No one paid any attention at all to Meng Hao. However, a beam of light did spread out from the teleportation portal itself and sweep over him. The identity medallion he had requested from Daoist Woodflame immediately proved itself to be useful, glittering as it concealed his true identity.

Suddenly, Meng Hao heard an annoyed voice from off to the side. "Now that you've arrived, hurry up and move along. There are other people waiting."

He looked over to see a cultivator wearing a blue and white Daoist robe, a robe which bore a special insignia that only cultivators from the Heavengod Alliance were authorized to wear.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he stepped out of the

teleportation portal and then began to make his way through the city. At a glance, he could estimate that there were hundreds of thousands of cultivators making their way to and fro on this gateway planet of the Heavengod Alliance.

“Seven planets. Millions of cultivators....” Meng Hao murmured. “With business like this, the Heavengod Alliance can make endless profit....” The deepest impression that this Eighth Mountain had left on Meng Hao so far was of the vast enormity and power of the Heavengod Alliance.

“If Lord Ji hadn’t rebelled, and the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect were still around today... then the Ninth Mountain and Sea would be just like this.” Meng Hao sighed. Although he had prepared himself mentally before coming to the Eight Mountain and Sea, he had never imagined that things would be this complicated.

It wasn’t that his task itself was complicated; rather, it was the situation and circumstances at hand. As for the Blacksoul Society, it didn’t really matter how powerful it was by itself. Even though he had seen that 2-Essences Dao Realm cultivator, it wasn’t enough to make him care.

However, he did have to care about the Heavengod Alliance as a whole. If he really did just barged into the Heavengod Alliance’s territory and wiped out the Blacksoul Society, it would cause a huge stir in the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea, and countless enemies would surely attempt to track him down and kill him.

“What a pity. If I had more time, I could handle things more smoothly. I could even start up a business and use its profits to set myself up a teleportation portal to make things easier.

“Unfortunately, there’s not enough time.... However, there are some things in life that you have to do, no matter the danger involved.... Some people need to be saved no matter what....

“It might be dangerous, but even still, how could a piddling Eighth Mountain and Sea compare to how dangerous the Windswept Realm was?!” His eyes flashed with coldness.

“I’m the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and this is MY

Realm!” He took a deep breath and didn’t hesitate for a moment longer. Striding forward, he went about making the inquiries necessary to determine the location of the Blacksoul Society’s teleportation portal.

The amount of spirit stones he had to pay left his face grim, but he soon found what he was looking for, and moments later... was there at the Blacksoul Society teleportation portal!

The Blacksoul Society wasn’t qualified to be in the Inner Ring, and was instead located on an artificial planet. However, Patriarch Blacksoul’s fame was so far-reaching that even within the Heavengod Alliance he was highly esteemed. Therefore, even though the Blacksoul Society wasn’t in the Inner Ring itself, they were still very close to it.

Furthermore, it completely occupied its own planet, of which it was the lords!

The population of their sect was not enormous, only about 300,000 cultivators. However, all of them were very loyal to the sect, and practiced magic that was related to souls. They exorcised ghosts and consumed souls; their techniques were very unique, and in general, they were a very savage and cruel bunch.

Currently, several Blacksoul Society disciples were sitting cross-legged near the planetary teleportation portal. Suddenly, the portal flickered, and the disciples looked over coldly as a white-robed figure became visible.

It was none other than Meng Hao.

As the disciples looked at him with glinting eyes, one of them coldly barked, “Who goes there? State your business!”

Meng Hao acted as if he hadn’t even heard. He stood there on the teleportation portal, looking around. Soon, he caught sight of a pitch-black cliff off in the distance, upon which were written three characters.

Blacksoul Society!

It was exactly the same image he had seen in the vision via Karmic Hexing. Furthermore... he could see a huge incense burner by that cliff!

Although there was currently no smoke emanating out from it or being sucked in, Meng Hao would never forget what it looked like.

“This is the place....” he said, his voice soft but icy.

“Do you have no tongue? Or maybe someone cut it out. Since you won’t speak, I’ll just drag your soul out of you!” Because of the brutal nature of the techniques they cultivated, most members of other sects would treat disciples like them very politely. Seeing that Meng Hao was ignoring them, they let out cold harrumphs and immediately moved to attack him.

Instantly, enraged shrieks could be heard as several evil spirits flew out toward Meng Hao as if to devour him.

Retracting his gaze from the black cliff, he said “My name is Meng Hao....”

Then he waved his hand, causing a wild wind to spring out and surge toward the Blacksoul Society cultivators.

The words Meng Hao uttered next were spoken so low that only he could hear them: “I’m here for my best friend’s soul, and... to exterminate this sect!” 1

In that moment, the shrieking souls slammed into the wild wind, and then screamed miserably as they were ripped to shreds, completely destroyed. The cultivators behind them didn’t even have a chance to be surprised. The wind swept over them and they shuddered for a moment before their flesh and blood was ripped away from their bones, which then turned into ash. Unlike the souls they had summoned, they didn’t even have a chance to scream!

All but one of them... were instantly killed in spirit and body!

There was one who survived, though. A massive force wrapped around him, and he was dragged toward Meng Hao who, face calm, grabbed onto the top of his head and unleashed the magic of Soulsearching.

The cultivator trembled and began to froth at the mouth. The froth quickly turned red, and within the space of a few breaths of time, he was completely dead. Meng Hao released his grip, and the man transformed

into ash.

“A total of five teleportation portals, huh...?” Meng Hao lifted his right foot into the air and then slammed it down. Instantly, the teleportation portal beneath him shattered into bits, as did the other four teleportation portals located in other locations on the planet.

“Seal the doors, then start killing!” Meng Hao said softly. As he looked up, he saw countless enraged figures flying in his direction. At the same time, innumerable streams of divine sense flew toward him. Meng Hao’s face was calm as he began to walk forward.

*

Note from Er Gen: The sect extermination has begun. Please give me your monthly vote tickets!

Note from Deathblade: Er Gen frequently solicits support, so I guess I might as well join him this time. The sect extermination has begun! Please support me on Patreon!

*

1. The word I’m translating as “best friend” here is a Chinese term used specifically to describe your closest friend of the opposite gender, a friend who you “love” but not in a romantic way. When I confirmed the definition in Chinese, it ends with this: “it is a very dangerous (friendship) because if you don’t exercise control, you can easily cross the line from friendship (into something else).” When I asked Madam Deathblade about the term, she threw up in her mouth and said she hates it when people use the term because it’s “fake,” and that if I ever used that to describe another girl, she would do horrible things to me.

Chapter 1215: Single-handedly Rocking Blacksoul!

“What gall!!”

“How dare you invade the Blacksoul Society of the Heavengod Alliance! Who are you!?!?” Meng Hao heard numerous enraged roars filling his mind that were carried by the incoming streams of divine sense.

Were he an ordinary cultivator, such a convergence of divine sense would be enough to completely eradicate his mind.

Instead, he continued to stride forward. Voice cool, he said, “Like I said, my name is Meng Hao, and I’m here to exterminate this sect!”

When he spoke the final three words, his voice became like Heavenly might, crashing as loud as thunder, causing the combined power of the divine sense around him to instantly shatter like dried twigs!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

Countless miserable shrieks could be heard in the distant Blacksoul Society.

“Kill him!”

“A foreigner is invading! Kill him!”

“I’m going to extract his soul and refine it into a flag, then I’ll fly that flag in the cold wind of an Arcane Pocket Realm... and let him scream for tens of thousands of years!!”

The sky grew dim, winds screamed, and the land quaked as countless cultivators flew into the air toward Meng Hao. All of them unleashed divine abilities, and in the blink of an eye, the sky was filled with innumerable evil souls, who shot screaming toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s expression was as calm as ever as he continued to walk forward. He waved his sleeve, and the sky rumbled as a huge fissure opened up directly in the path of the incoming cultivators. Red mist roiled out of the fissure, along with sinister laughter. A huge blood-colored head

appeared, and the fissure ripped open wider as something stepped out.

It was the Blood Demon!

The Blood Demon roared as it charged forward, transforming into a sea of blood that surged out in all directions. When it reached the cultivators, numerous bloodcurdling screams rang out. Countless evil souls were destroyed, and many of the cultivators began to shake violently. Blood then started spurting out of their eyes, ears, noses, and mouths, and they were rapidly sucked dry.

Within the bloody mist, a blood spirit appeared. Lacking any emotion, it became a blood shadow which passed about, causing cultivators to scream as they withered away rapidly and then died.

The cultivators of the Blacksoul Society were known for their cruel techniques, and all of them were the type of people who had slaughtered so many others it was impossible to keep track of how many. They believed themselves to be the most brutal entities in existence. But what they were seeing right now left the Blacksoul Society cultivators were astonished.

When it came to brutality and viciousness, they couldn't even compare at all to the Blood Demon and the blood spirit.

Meng Hao proceeded onward calmly, waving his hand again to cause numerous Immortal mountains to descend. The rumbling sounds were so intense that it sounded like an apocalypse had arrived to this world.

"How impudent!" A cold snort rang out, filled with matchless, awe-inspiring power. The thunderous sound caused the Blood Demon to tremble, the blood spirit to gape in dread, and the Immortal mountains to crumble to pieces.

As the sound echoed about, pitch-black smoke began to pour out from the vicinity of the black cliff. The smoke converged together into the form of a face, that of a middle-aged man, whose eyes sparkled like lightning as he looked at Meng Hao.

The Blacksoul Society only had one Dao Realm Patriarch. However, he

was no ordinary Dao Realm cultivator. When Meng Hao had seen him by means of Karma Threads, he had been able to determine that he was a 2-Essences Dao Realm expert. However, from the power radiating out now, Meng Hao could tell that this was no 2-Essences expert... this was a 3-Essences Dao Lord!

He was the one who had called Meng Hao impudent, words which shook everything above and below. In fact, those words apparently could control the spiritual energy of Heaven and Earth, which formed a powerful force of expulsion against Meng Hao!

Meng Hao's pupils constricted, and his heart sank a bit.

It was at this point that ten old men flew out to surround the smoke face. When they unleashed their cultivation bases, the shocking power of the great circle of the Ancient Realm exploded out!

Some of them headed directly toward the Blood Demon and the blood spirit, whereas others shot toward Meng Hao, expressions vicious.

In addition to this were over a hundred other cultivators in the Ancient Realm, surrounded by Soul Lamps. It was an impressive sight, and as their power spread out, it formed a large spell formation with towering energy that seemed capable of superseding the Heavens.

More and more cultivators of the Blacksoul Society were flying up to participate in this Dao Realm-level battle!

This was how powerful a sect could be!

"3-Essences...." Meng Hao said coolly. "Well, so what? Since I've come all this way, I'm going to end things here and now!!" He was sure of what he had seen earlier via the Karma Threads. Perhaps there was some factor he had been unaware of, or maybe the man had experienced a breakthrough in these past few days. Regardless of the reason why, Meng Hao was here, and even if he had to fight a 3-Essences expert, he would!

He took a fourth step, and his energy rocketed up, causing everything to shake dramatically. Some parts of the land even crumbled. At the same time, a roar could be heard from inside Meng Hao's bag of holding. The

Blood Mastiff flew out, causing everything around it to shake as its great circle Ancient Realm cultivation base exploded with shocking power.

There was even a host of shrieking black imps that turned into black beams of light and shot into the crowd.

Shockingly, Meng Hao was single-handedly rocking the entire Black Soul Society!

He didn't give voice to his goal of retrieving Chu Yuyan's soul. That was something he could not reveal, lest he advertise his weak spot. Of course, if they agreed to hand over the soul, he wouldn't be opposed to working out a deal with them, even if it cost him a lot financially.

But... if they disagreed and became aware of why he'd come, it would be incredibly dangerous for Chu Yuyan.

Therefore, the simplest method... was to exterminate the entire sect and take Chu Yuyan's soul by force!

Meng Hao radiated a murderous aura that took form in the shape of black shockwave, which shot outward in all directions. Whatever cultivators were hit by it were instantly thrown into mental confusion and insanity.

At the same time, Meng Hao's Allheaven Dao Immortal cultivation base erupted with power, bolstered by his Seven God Steps. His energy soared higher and higher as he took the fifth of those steps.

As he did, dozens of Ancient Realm cultivators closed in, joined by six experts in the great circle of the Ancient Realm. They unleashed massive, destructive power that merged together into an enormous Yama Soul that looked like it had just emerged from the underworld. It was clad in black armor, and while it looked human above the waist, from the waist down it had the body of a huge snake. Roaring, it hefted a Yama Weapon and lashed out toward Meng Hao with deadly force.

It was in that exact moment that Meng Hao's foot touched down with his fifth step, and his energy soared even higher than before. The Heavens trembled and the Earth quaked. Numerous crevices snaked out over the

ground, and one mountain after another began to crumble on the planet below.

In response to his surging energy, his cultivation base caused an explosive tempest to rise up, transforming into a barrier that the Yama Soul collided with. Immediately, the Yama Soul was sent tumbling backward. Unexpectedly... it was completely incapable of doing anything to that barrier.

It wasn't even necessary to say anything about it attacking Meng Hao; it couldn't even get within 300 meters of him.

The Yama Soul wasn't the only thing sent tumbling away. The Ancient Realm cultivators all coughed up blood when they were hit by the barrier, and there were even some who exploded into bits. Those who weren't killed in body and soul were heavily wounded as they were shoved backward.

The cultivators in the great circle of the Ancient Realm looked on with ashen, shocked faces.

“Who are you?!?!”

That was the question uttered as Meng Hao's sixth step landed. His energy once again rocketed up, and his cultivation base expanded, causing the invisible barrier to push from 300 meters to 900. Even more cultivators were affected, including Immortal Realm disciples who were pushed back relentlessly. Many were killed, and the sounds of bloodcurdling screams filled the entire planet. By this point, anyone and everyone could tell that whoever this person was, he was astonishingly powerful!

“Dao Realm! He's in the Dao Realm!!” Countless miserable screams could be heard, screams laced with terror. It didn't matter how brutal and fierce these people normally were, their minds were now completely occupied by one thing: fear.

Their Patriarch might be in the Dao Realm, and considered mighty even among Dao Realm experts. Yet they were still filled with fear. Any Dao Realm expert was the type of person to strike indescribable dread into all

hearts.

Almost in the same moment that people began to cry out, the enormous face formed from black smoke opened its mouth, causing a black wind to seethe out.

That black wind contained Essence power. Specifically, it was the shocking Essence of wind, and even more shockingly, it was intermixed with countless vicious souls whose howls filled the air. Concealed within the all-encompassing wind, the souls shot toward Meng Hao.

Now that his power had increased thanks to the sixth step, Meng Hao performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then pushed it up into the air as if he were going to push the sky up!

“Essence of Divine Flame!”

Rumbling sounds filled the world as every cloud in the sky disintegrated. This Essence was not the color of blood, nor was it black, and not a single soul could be seen within it. What it was filled with... was a boundless sea of flames. The flames roiled outwards and became all-encompassing, causing the temperature in the entire world to rapidly reach a scaldingly terrifying level.

The sky formed a reservoir for the sea of flames, and the ground became the battlefield. Meng Hao was using the Divine Flame to counter the Soul Wind!

Essence power erupted out, causing the world to tremble even more violently. Since this was not a true planet, but rather an artificial one moulded together from smaller parts, the Dao Realm pressure currently weighing down on it caused it to show signs of imminent collapse. More and more cracks had spread out over its surface.

Then... Meng Hao took a seventh step!

That step caused his will to merge with the will of the Heavens, making him like a deity!

His energy surged up in an unprecedented fashion. He had never powered up to such heights before, and truth be told, he hadn't even

unleashed his Paragon Bridge yet. This was pure cultivation base power, which was terrifying enough to shake the Dao Realm.

He now began to grow larger; in the blink of an eye, he was like a giant, fully 3,000 meters tall. The sky began to collapse as he clenched his hand into a fist that then rocketed from the battlefield directly toward the smoke-face floating above the black cliff.

This was none other than the God-Slaying Fist!!

The face in the smoke looked grave; the feeling of intense crisis it got because of Meng Hao was something that only some of the oldest experts in the Eighth Mountain and Sea could match, something that he hadn't felt in a very, very long time.

However, he could also tell that this was one of Meng Hao's most powerful attacks, which he was only able to unleash after building up a huge amount of energy. Although the face could fight back against this attack, he didn't see any need to actually do so. All he really had to do was wait for Meng Hao's energy to be spent.

Eyes flickering coldly, the face suddenly backed up from Meng Hao's fist strike and began to fade away. As it did, an astute gleam appeared in Meng Hao's eyes.

Just as the face had almost completely faded away, his fist suddenly transformed into a palm, which made a grab for... the incense burner at the base of the black cliff!!

His primary goal had never been the extermination of the sect as he had loudly proclaimed, but rather... Chu Yuyan's soul! Everything from before had been carefully executed in such a way that, even if his opponent evaded his blow, he would still be able to grab the incense burner.

Similarly, if the man didn't evade, then Meng Hao was prepared with a follow-up move!

Chapter 1216: Fledgling Mountains and Seas!!

The smoke-face's eyes widened slightly, and then gleamed as it broke into a grin. Voice cold, it said, "So, you're here for that after all!"

As its voice echoed out, it did nothing to stop Meng Hao, but instead allowed his enormous hand to sail directly toward the incense burner at the base of the black cliff.

Meng Hao's heart sank, and he sighed inwardly. His opponent was a 3-Essences Dao Lord, so not only was his cultivation base powerful, he was surely profoundly wise and cunning. Meng Hao knew his plan had been slightly careless, so it was no surprise that the man noticed.

However, it also made things slightly more complicated.

"So you knew," he said, eyes flickering. "Why does that matter?!" Even if the man had picked up on the clues, that wouldn't make Meng Hao to give up on trying to snatch the incense burner. He gave a cold harrumph as the hand smashed through the air, causing rumbling sounds and even distorting the air until it was blurry.

Just when the hand was about to grab the incense burner, an invisible shield flickered into place. It wasn't until Meng Hao's hand slammed into it that it became visible.

The shield was not like an inverted bowl, but more like a net that filled the entire Blacksoul Society. If anyone tried to grab the incense burner, then the protective net would appear!

His right hand made contact with the huge net, and massive rumbling sounds emanated out. Almost immediately, the force of Meng Hao's blow was absorbed, causing the huge net to glitter radiantly.

Blinding light shone out, and intense rumbling could be heard. A mere power of absorption was not the only function of the Blacksoul Society's protective net. After absorbing the power, it could then release it in a backlash attack. It shot out from the huge net, converging on a single

point, where it prepared to batter Meng Hao with Heaven-destroying, Earth-extinguishing power.

That point of convergence... was the exact point where Meng Hao was touching the net!

“You take my power, augment it, and then fire it back at me, huh...?” Meng Hao murmured, shaking as the power slammed into his hand. He suddenly laughed coldly.

“Well then, let’s see if this protective spell formation is really qualified to stand in my way!” Eyes glittering icily, his right hand suddenly snapped open and he grabbed the net itself. Azure light exploded out in all directions, as did the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal.

The ground quaked, and majestic crashes of thunder could be heard. Meng Hao roared and pushed forward. As he did, the net began to struggle back, and the backlash attack power grew even stronger.

“Think you can reflect this one?!” It was at this point that something new appeared within him... Paragon power!

It was... the power of the Paragon Bridge! It didn’t manifest externally, but rather, inside of him. After causing the Paragon Bridge to become corporeal, this was a new way that he could unleash its power.

As the power of the Paragon Bridge exploded out inside of him, it became like a celestial bridge which connected every part of his body, causing indescribable power to flow through all of his qi passageways.

As soon as that massive power touched the huge net, it permeated its entire structure, which began to vibrate. It wouldn’t matter if the net was even stronger than it was now, it was powerless to fight back, and even began to shatter!

The smoke-face’s expression immediately flickered.

At the same time, Meng Hao roared, ripping the net upwards.

“BREAK!” His voice was so loud it could shake the Heavens and rock the Earth. The surrounding disciples of the Blacksoul Society looked on with

gaping mouths. They almost couldn't believe that Meng Hao had actually... uprooted their protective net!

The huge net was hundreds of thousands of meters wide, and as it was lifted into the air it looked almost like a cape. In addition, countless muffled booms could be heard as the entire thing crumbled. Meng Hao then tossed the net to the side, causing it to shatter into pieces which spiraled toward the cultivators of the Blacksoul Society.

"NO!!" countless terrified screams could be heard as the cultivators of the Blacksoul Society attempted to back up across the battlefield, their faces flickering with shock. However, their attempts to evade were in vain. Meng Hao was too fast, and when he sent the shattering net sweeping out, the cultivators it hit were instantly shredded to pieces.

In a brief moment, the entire battlefield was filled with the reek of fresh blood. The slaughter which was unfolding was happening too quickly, too suddenly. Before anyone could even think or react, the entire area was turned into a scene from hell!

As soon as Meng Hao released the net, his hand shot forward toward the incense burner.

It didn't matter that his opponent had seen through his plan. And it also didn't matter that this incense burner could potentially be fake. He would still attempt to grab it; it was something he simply must do!

However, in the moment that he was about to lay his hand on it, the incense burner... suddenly flickered blurrily, and Meng Hao's hand snatched at nothing but air!

"Well, in that case, I'll just have to enact Plan B," Meng Hao said coolly. Even as his fingers closed around nothing, they formed into a fist which then... punched out toward the black cliff!

This action caused the smoke-face's expression to fall. He had guessed at why Meng Hao had come here, and thus, what actions he would take, and had never considered... that he was actually determined to exterminate the Blacksoul Society.

He had assumed that he would use the threat of sect extermination as a bargaining chip to get what he wanted. How could he ever have guessed that Meng Hao had never intended to do any such thing!?

When a powerful expert came who threatened to exterminate the disciples of a sect, it wasn't always an unresolvable situation. However... when someone truly set about to destroy the entire sect, that signified... that there was some enmity in place that was impossible to dispel!

"How dare you!" The smoke face roared, a sound that weighed down like Heavenly might, shaking everything in the area. More black smoke converged, but just when it was about to form the shape of a body, Meng Hao's fist made contact with the black cliff.

"You watch and see how I dare!" he said, his voice cold and filled with determination as his cultivation base exploded out through his fist!

That explosive power was backed by all the cultivation base power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal, his peak fleshly body power, and his Seven God Steps. It even contained the mighty Paragon power built up by the Paragon Bridge inside of him!

All of that formed together... into the most powerful strike Meng Hao was capable of!

Rumbling sounds filled the air, and the black cliff shook. Cracking sounds could be heard, and then fissures spread out across the cliff. Suddenly, the black cliff, which represented the highest power in the Black soul Society... shattered to pieces!

As it did, countless souls suddenly flew out up into the sky. A Yellow Springs river appeared in midair, into which the souls merged as they sped in the direction of the Fourth Mountain to begin the cycle of reincarnation....

As the souls merged into the Yellow Springs river, they looked in Meng Hao's direction with appreciative eyes, and would even clasp hands and bow....

As for the total number of souls, there were more than a billion!!

Even Meng Hao was shaken by the vastness of the number. He knew that the Blacksoul Society was savage, but he had never imagined that they would actually... be this savage!

Furthermore, many of those souls actually belonged to mortals!

“NO!!” howled the surrounding Blacksoul Society cultivators, trembling as though their faith had been toppled.

And yet, things weren't over yet. Meng Hao's display of peak power didn't just destroy the black cliff. As it fell into pieces, the cracks continued to spread out. In the blink of an eye, they reached numerous nearby mountains and buildings, filling... the entire Blacksoul Society sect!

In fact... the entire planet was affected!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

A cacophony of sound could be heard as mountains toppled and buildings were transformed into ash. In the blink of an eye, the entire Blacksoul Society collapsed. A huge crater appeared in the ground, like an enormous mouth that swallowed up the entire sect.

Everything about it that existed was completely eradicated!

As the sect was destroyed, countless souls flew out from all areas, more and more of them until they blotted out the sky. Seemingly infinite numbers of souls poured into the river of the Yellow Springs, and as they did, all of them expressed their thanks to Meng Hao.

There were so many souls that it was literally impossible for Meng Hao to determine how many there were!

The collective gratitude of so many souls caused Meng Hao to tremble; it was as if an invisible qi flow were somehow blessing him!

As the invisible qi flow built up within him, the drop of Paragon's blood also began to bubble. Suddenly, that bubbling blood caused something to appear in Meng Hao's mind. It was... Nine Mountains and Nine Seas, as well as a sun and a moon!

Meng Hao could see all of the living entities in the Nine Mountains and

Nine Seas, regardless of whether they were in the Dao Realm or mortals, whether they were the Mountain and Sea Lord or ordinary cultivators....

This sudden development caused Meng Hao to stare in shock.

The vision only lasted for a moment, but in that brief moment, Meng Hao had a feeling like... he could actually... change the entire Mountain and Sea Realm with a single thought.

The sensation vanished almost immediately, and the image of the Mountain and Sea Realm left his mind. Afterward, it almost seemed like a hallucination.

“I am the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm.... Perhaps exterminating the Blacksoul Society really was as I said... representing the Mountain and Sea Realm to mete out Heavenly punishment....” Even as those thoughts went through his head, countless disciples of the Blacksoul Society around him were roaring.

In the same moment, a towering will of rage suddenly exploded out from the depths of the crater into which the Blacksoul Society was sinking. The intensity caused colors to flash in the sky and everything to shake. Even the Yellow Springs river suddenly stopped moving, and the countless souls therein began to shiver. Suddenly, shocking black fire erupted out from within the crater. It was like a sea of flames that rapidly took the shape of a face, the same middle-aged man as before.

He looked at Meng Hao with a furious expression and said, “Are you looking to die, knave!?”

Even as the roar echoed out, Meng Hao could see a figure slowly emerging from the flames.

As he did, a shocking, explosive power emanated out from him!

Chapter 1217: Patriarch Blacksoul!

Almost as soon as the man appeared, the surrounding disciples of the Blacksoul Society were enlivened, and began to cry out in loud voices.

“Patriarch!!”

“The Patriarch’s Dao might is completely unrivaled!!”

“Greetings, Patriarch!”

These disciples were terrified of Meng Hao, and found his savagery virtually impossible to describe. Were it not for the presence of their Patriarch, they would long since have fled in fear!

The sect was in ruins, and many of their compatriots were dead, but as long as the Patriarch was there, the sect still existed!

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as the Blacksoul Society’s only Dao Realm expert emerged from the flames. He was the 3-Essences Dao Lord... Patriarch Blacksoul!

Meng Hao’s mouth curled up into a cold smile. The vision he had just experienced regarding the Mountain and Sea Realm had caused many thoughts to rise up in his mind. All of a sudden, he began to back up.

That was the first time he had retreated since he had arrived in the Blacksoul Society. In the blink of an eye, he was in the middle of the surrounding Blacksoul Society disciples. In their shock, they watched Meng Hao wave both hands through the air, summoning numerous Immortal mountains. Then, miserable shrieks could be heard as the disciples on either side of him were crushed. It didn’t matter how they fought back or resisted, their cultivation bases were far too weak compared to his, leaving them completely unqualified to resist.

It only took a moment for dozens of disciples to be reduced to a bloody mist as they were completely killed in body and spirit.

It wasn’t over yet, though. Even as the Immortal mountains descended, he performed an incantation gesture and then pointed down toward the ground below. Instantly, the Immortal mountains trembled and then

unexpectedly... detonated!

Thousands of Immortal mountains all exploded, transforming into innumerable fragments that spread out in all directions. The ground shook and the sky lurched. In one brief moment, nearly ten thousand cultivators were wiped out by the power of the explosion.

As they died, Meng Hao suddenly sensed the qi flow inside of him growing stronger. This was the same sensation he had experienced moments before, and although he did not see images of the Nine Mountains and Nine seas, the feeling was the same.

It was also like... when he had received the blessing of qi flow in the Windswept Realm!

The main difference was that back then, the qi flow had been given to him by the Windswept Realm, but now... he was feeling something like... the return of a qi flow!!

It was similar to what had happened in the Windswept Realm, and yet was fundamentally different. One of those qi flows had been bestowed, while the other... already belonged to him!

A qi flow return!!

Meng Hao took a deep breath as hundreds of thoughts ran through his mind. The fact that the qi flow was returning indicated one thing: when all of that qi flow from the Mountain and Sea Realm returned to him.... he would be the Mountain and Sea Lord!

An enraged roar could then be heard from within the sea of flames. “Are you looking to die!?!?”

The sea of flames shot up into the air, transforming into a shooting star of fire. It moved directly toward Meng Hao with shocking speed, closing in on him in an instant, intent on blocking his attack.

At the same time, the might of a 3-Essences Dao Lord rose up. It quickly became corporeal, turning into something like indestructible city walls which smashed toward Meng Hao.

Generally speaking, anyone under the Dao Realm would be completely crushed by such pressure. Even Meng Hao couldn't stop his eyes from widening. However, he was an Allheaven Dao Immortal, which was fundamentally a defiance of the Heavens, and enabled him to rock 2-Essences Dao Realm experts. Currently, his eyes flickered as the flame meteor closed in him. Suddenly, he made a grasping motion, causing the Lightning Cauldron to appear. Electricity danced, and just as the flame meteor was about to engulf him, he switched places with an Ancient Realm cultivator.

Moments ago, this Ancient Realm cultivator had been fighting the black imps off in the distance, until all of a sudden, he was in a new location. His vision swam, and then the sea of flames caused him to scream as he was engulfed. "Noooo...."

Patriarch Blacksoul showed no reaction whatsoever at having killed the wrong person, but his desire to kill Meng Hao climbed to the pinnacle. He was a cautious person, and had originally planned to use the power of the sect as a whole to probe Meng Hao and see what trump cards this daring individual held, who dared to take on a whole sect.

But now that Meng Hao had actually already destroyed the Blacksoul Society, Patriarch Blacksoul's hand was forced, and he personally appeared. As of now, it didn't matter what trump cards Meng Hao might have, he had to show his face.

However, after showing up to fight, Meng Hao didn't battle him, but instead began to slaughter his disciples. That caused Patriarch Blacksoul's rage to grow even stronger. As the flame meteor shot toward Meng Hao, the figure within the flames stepped forward, instantly spanning the distance between himself and Meng Hao. Then he stretched out his hand violently to grab Meng Hao.

That grasping motion caused the natural laws in the area to twist. The land was transformed, as if this will were the will of Heaven, as if this Dao were the Dao of Heaven, as if this Essence could shake the Mountains and Seas!

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. However, even as Patriarch Blacksoul appeared in front of him, he waved his finger.

Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!

The hex immediately bound up Patriarch Blacksoul. Although he was able to break free almost immediately, that still bought Meng Hao some time, and also interfered with the natural laws, making his effort to supplant the will of Heaven become unstable.

Meng Hao's Lightning Cauldron flickered again, and he switched positions with someone further back who was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm. Without any hesitation, he waved his hand, causing an intense sensation of danger to rise up in the man's mind. Even as the man turned to charge toward him, a swath of Divine Flame suddenly sprang up and consumed him.

A bloodcurdling scream rang out as the magnificent great circle Ancient Realm cultivator was wiped out by the Divine Flame. In the blink of an eye, the charging cultivator was transformed into ash; not even his Nascent Divinity could escape, and was completely destroyed.

"Dammit!" Patriarch Blacksoul said, glaring at Meng Hao. Meng Hao was being very troublesome; especially the way he used his Lightning Cauldron, making it almost impossible to do anything to him.

Patriarch Blacksoul suddenly snorted coldly, then performed a double-handed incantation gesture and pointed toward the sky.

"Fire!"

Immediately, the land began to shake, and roaring filled the sky. A black sea of flames appeared, which began to sweep out in all directions.

Then, Patriarch Blacksoul pointed down, causing the land to tremble.

"Earth!"

The shattered lands below began to form together into a Soil Golem, surrounded by countless drifting motes of dust which swirled around it.

"Wind!"

Next, Patriarch Blacksoul stamped his foot down violently, causing rumbling to echo out as a black wind sprang up. It stoked the sea of flames, causing the fire to rise up, sending a blast of heat across the dust and rubble in the area, giving rise to a massive tempest!

“3 Essences; seal sky and land; melt the Heavens; become... a Dao Lord Prison!” As soon as the words left Patriarch Blacksoul’s mouth, the wind, fire, and earth transformed into three sealing marks which covered the entire world!

Each essence caused Meng Hao to feel increasing pressure weighing down on him. By the time the third one appeared, he was locked in place in midair. Massive rumbling could be heard as the disciples in Meng Hao’s vicinity were forcibly pushed away from him.

A tempest caused him to spin in place as Patriarch Blacksoul strode toward him through the winds. Then Patriarch Blacksoul extended his right hand, his eyes flickered with killing intent as he made to grab Meng Hao.

That gesture caused the natural law of Heaven and Earth to transform. An enormous face appeared, which was none other than Patriarch Blacksoul’s face. It felt as if the entire world were filled with Patriarch Blacksoul’s aura, as if his will had replaced the natural laws. It was as if this small portion of the universe, and its Dao of Heaven, had been completely replaced by Patriarch Blacksoul!

This was the most terrifying aspect of Dao Lords. They could become the Lords of the world in which they existed. Furthermore... they were the Lords of the Dao of Heaven there. That was why 3-Essences Dao Realm cultivators were referred to as Dao Lords!

“How will you flee now? How will you exterminate my Blacksoul Society disciples now?!”

Patriarch Blacksoul’s voice echoed out, causing the disciples Meng Hao had just been slaughtering to roar excitedly in support of their Patriarch.

Their voices joined together like thunder, and their killing intent merged and radiated out as they waited in anticipation for their Patriarch to

eradicate Meng Hao.

However, even as Patriarch Blacksoul neared Meng Hao, and the hand that superseded the Dao of Heaven appeared in front of him, Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he stretched both hands out to his sides.

Scintillating light suddenly shone out as a hand-sized clump of dirt suddenly shot out from Meng Hao's bag of holding, and he responded to Patriarch Blacksoul. "I'll kill your disciples and then you'll know!"

As soon as the clump appeared, it began to grow with wild speed. Soon it was 300 meters, then 3,000 and then 30,000. It was indescribably heavy, and all of that weight instantly bore down onto Patriarch Blacksoul.

It slammed into his hand, causing a huge boom to echo out. At the same time, Meng Hao was hit with a backlash attack, causing blood to spray out of his mouth, and his body to tremble on the verge of collapse.

However, he forced himself to resist, and his eyes gleamed with a vicious expression. He looked at Patriarch Blacksoul, who was currently facing the 30,000-meter landmass, his face flickering. An intense sensation of deadly crisis exploded out within Patriarch Blacksoul as he realized how indescribably heavy the land mass was.

It was so heavy that it could even crush natural laws. It didn't matter that Patriarch Blacksoul had replaced the will of the world he was in, that 30,000-meter land mass was like a dull blade that could cut a hole in the entire world with its weight alone.

"Th-that's... a piece of the Ruins of Immortality!" Patriarch Blacksoul's face fell, and he immediately fell back. However, the land mass continued to descend. Completely ignoring the tempest of three Essences, it crushed down toward the surface of the planet itself.

From down below, the land mass was like an enormous shadow, rumbling downward. All of the cultivators who saw it were completely astonished and began to cry out in alarm.

"What... what is that!?!?"

"Let's get out of here!!"

The Blacksoul Society disciples that were currently in the shadow of the descending land mass held nothing back in their attempts to flee. However, the shadow itself seemed to have some strange, magnetic power that made it impossible for them to flee.

All they could do was scream in despair and look at the enormous darkness growing larger and larger above them. And then... they were crushed.

Chapter 1218: Mutual Deception!

Massive rumbling could be heard as the 30,000-meter chunk of the Ruins of Immortality crushed the Blacksoul Society disciples beneath it to death!

Simultaneously, an intense shockwave spread out from the place where it landed, filling the entire planet. A massive blast of wind surged out, engulfing Heaven and Earth.

Countless mountains were ripped up, and numerous rivers were transformed into raindrops. It was as if the entire planet had been punched!

The disciples in the periphery were smashed by the shockwave and sent tumbling out of control through the air, blood spraying from their mouths. It was an incredible spectacle!

The ground on the entire planet trembled and then sank downward; massive fissures spread out, and cracking sounds could be heard. The planet... had already been destabilized, and it was now showing signs that it would collapse. It was as if it had been pushed beyond the point where it could endure any longer, and... would begin to crumble at any moment!

The Blacksoul Society disciples on the surface were hit by a deafening roar. Blood sprayed out of their mouths; they were struck dead on impact. Those who survived were now numb with fear. Trembling, they began to scream, and soon, all of them were in full retreat.

Unfortunately for them, all of the teleportation portals had been sealed tight, but even so they chose to attempt an escape. The all-consuming shadow of death loomed within the hearts of all present.

Patriarch Blacksoul's face fell. Never in his wildest conjectures could he ever have imagined that Meng Hao would actually possess a part of the rarely-seen Ruins of Immortality, here in the Eighth Mountain!

Even as the planet showed signs that it was beginning to collapse and the disciples of the Blacksoul Society were scattering in terror, killing

intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes.

"Terracotta soldier," he growled, "your presence is requested!" Instantly, the terracotta soldier appeared from within the 30,000-meter chunk of the Ruins of Immortality, which was still crushing down into the planet. It leaped into the air, transforming into a beam of light that shot out of the ruins to appear directly in front of one of the disciples of the Blacksoul Society. It waved its hand sweeping its greatsword through the air in a flash of flickering light.

Instantly, an enemy was killed!

The terracotta soldier's eyes flickered and it attacked again.

"Quasi-Dao puppet!" Patriarch Blacksoul's face flickered, and shot toward the terracotta soldier to destroy it. However, this time, Meng Hao didn't fall back, but instead attacked.

He stepped forward, transforming into an azure-colored roc that shot toward Patriarch Blacksoul with incredible speed.

Patriarch Blacksoul's eyes flickered with killing intent. He hated the terracotta soldier which was slaughtering his disciples, but he hated Meng Hao even more.

"When I kill you, that Quasi-Dao puppet will belong to me!" he said, spinning in place. The wave of a sleeve caused the power of flame Essence to erupt out, transforming his surroundings into a sea of flames. A wind sprang up, and soil materialized. The power of three Essences exploded out, transforming into visible killing intent that shot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered almost imperceptibly. He still had not utilized his all-powerful Paragon Bridge, nor his Battle Weapon. Instead, he performed an incantation gesture, sending the Essence of Divine Flame out, backed by the will of an Allheaven Dao Immortal.

He was relying on his own power alone to fight the three Essences of Patriarch Blacksoul. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as he fell back. Patriarch Blacksoul grinned maliciously and advanced.

As he neared, Meng Hao waved his right index finger, causing the Eighth

Demon Sealing Hex to appear. After that was the Seventh Hex, the Sixth Hex, and the Fifth Hex, all in quick succession.

Patriarch Blacksoul lurched to a stop in midair. Karma Threads appeared around him, and soul blood flew out from his forehead. A massive rift opened up in front of him, which emanated the power of the Inside-Outside Hex as it tried to consume him.

All of this happened in a brief moment. Meng Hao threw his head back and roared, and his energy surged up as he fused with the starstone in his eye and transformed into a shooting star, surrounded by scorching Divine Flame, swirling Immortal mountains, and even the explosive power of the sun and moon.

It was even possible to see the faint image of nine mountains. Meng Hao was apparently using his most powerful divine abilities to attack Patriarch Blacksoul.

They closed in with rapid speed as Patriarch Blacksoul threw his head back and roared. He waved his arm, casting off all the Hexing magics, then waved his right index finger out, tapping Meng Hao's shooting star form.

"That Quasi-Dao puppet and these magical techniques are you trump cards, huh?" Patriarch Blacksoul said coldly. "I can crush them in an instant!" As his finger tapped down onto the shooting star, cracks spread out, and the One Thought Stellar Transformation formed from Meng Hao's starstone collapsed into pieces.

However, as that happened, Meng Hao appeared, his right hand already transformed into the Battle Weapon!!

Shockingly, he had used the starstone to hide the transformed copper mirror. As soon as the power of the starstone fell apart, Meng Hao's killing intent skyrocketed, as if he had been holding back and building it up. All of a sudden, his blade was flashing like lightning toward Patriarch Blacksoul.

The attack was completely unexpected, and was backed by the terrifying power of numerous natural laws. Suddenly, fear welled up within Patriarch Blacksoul's heart.

He fell back rapidly, causing his cultivation base to explode out with its full power. He also called upon the full power of his Essences to attempt to block the blade. A massive boom rang out, and scintillating light shone out as if the Heavens were being split open. Blood oozed out of Patriarch Blacksoul's mouth. However, a mocking gleam could be seen in his eyes.

Although the slash of the blade wounded him in a way that didn't heal... it was only a slight wound. After all, Patriarch Blacksoul was a very cautious person. Everything he had been doing so far was an attempt to get Meng Hao to use his trump cards. He wanted to know for sure exactly what made Meng Hao so confident that he would take the Blacksoul Society on alone.

Stupid people could not practice cultivation to his level. Not knowing exactly what trump cards his opponent had left him in a state of unease....

"So this is your trump card," Patriarch Blacksoul said coldly. "Not bad. Unfortunately, although it's pretty good, you used it at the wrong time. Or perhaps it's better to say that it doesn't really matter how you use it, I have already taken precautions against something like that! You are doomed to be defeated."

Now that he felt a bit less on edge, he smiled viciously and waved his finger through the air. Rumbling could be heard, and the air distorted as a huge incense burner suddenly appeared above his head.

"Well then, now it's my turn to attack... and extract your soul!"

In the instant that the incense burner appeared, Meng Hao looked at it closely. After confirming that it was what he was looking for, a grin appeared on his face, along with an emotional sigh.

"Well it took long enough," he murmured softly, "and I even had to reveal my Battle Weapon. Finally you pull it out...."

As soon as the words left his mouth, Patriarch Blacksoul gaped in shock!

*

Note from Deathblade: When I finished translating this chapter, I was amazed because of the record time it took to finish it. I translated it in a

little over half the time it normally takes me. I even proudly told Madam Deathblade about this accomplishment. That was before I read the note of apology from Er Gen which said that the chapter is only about $\frac{2}{3}$ the size of a normal chapter. It was about 2,000 words instead of 3,000, which translated to about 1,200 words instead of 2,000.

Chapter 1219: Planet Blacksoul, Crumble!

In almost the exact same moment that Patriarch Blacksoul's face fell, Meng Hao lifted his right hand. A strange gleam flickered in his eyes as he pointed up toward the Heavens.

"Paragon... Bridge!" he said softly. Rumbling sounds could be heard coming from inside Meng Hao himself, and suddenly, everyone could see something inside his body. Not even his clothing could cover up the bright arc of light that stretched from the top of his head all the way to his dantian region and formed... a bridge!

A spectacular bridge hidden inside his body, almost like a qi meridian. Then... the bridge materialized up in the sky....

The Paragon Bridge!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

Massive rumbling could be heard as the sky collapsed, the space it had occupied now completely filled by the Paragon Bridge. It radiated awe-inspiring might, and a dazzling glow. The countless magical symbols which covered its surface glittered, and the bridge was so large that anyone who saw it couldn't help but stare with wide eyes.

"What magic is this...?" The fleeing disciples of the Blacksoul Society gasped and stared, eyes wide with disbelief.

Patriarch Blacksoul was also gaping. Based on the level of his cultivation base, he knew what he was looking at and cried out in alarm.

"Paragon magic! Y-you're... in the Echelon!!" At the same time that his voice echoed out, pressure exploded out from the Paragon Bridge, crushing down onto the lands, causing the entire world to tremble. Instantly, Patriarch Blacksoul was engulfed by massive force.

He trembled, and a look of astonishment appeared on his face. Not only was he terrified by the pressure that was crushing down onto him... his body was physically shaking.

A terrifying sensation rose up in his heart, and he sensed an

indescribable feeling of deadly crisis. That sensation told him that if he tried to fight against this Paragon Bridge, there was a great risk that he would perish!!

“Impossible! Even the Paragon magic of the Echelon isn’t this powerful. This is impossible!!”

At the same time that Patriarch Blacksoul was completely shaken, a glowing beam shot out from the Paragon Bridge, a dazzling light filled with Paragon power. In the blink of an eye, it enveloped the incense burner which floated above Patriarch Blacksoul’s head.

The incense burner began to vibrate, and was then slowly dragged toward the Paragon Bridge.

“Get back here!” Patriarch Blacksoul growled. He might be experiencing a sensation of deadly crisis, and might have been shaken by the Paragon Bridge, but he was still a 3-Essences Dao Lord. He was the overlord of this world, a person who had fought countless battles throughout his life. Despite being surprised, but he still let out a vicious roar, causing his divine sense to spring out and prevent the incense burner from being taken.

He had realized earlier that his opponent had come for the incense burner, and he had no intention of letting him take it.

In the instant that Patriarch Blacksoul roared, Meng Hao extended his hand and made a grasping motion toward the incense burner. The Star Plucking Magic was unleashed, which combined with the power of the Paragon Bridge, causing the incense burner to be dragged rapidly toward Meng Hao.

“That’s my treasure, the legacy of the Blacksoul Society! You think you can just take it away!?” Patriarch Blacksoul bit the tip of his tongue and spit out some blood. Then he roared, causing the incense burner to stop in place. Despite the power of the Paragon magic, it suddenly began to fly back in the direction of Patriarch Blacksoul.

Meng Hao frowned, and his eyes flickered icily. With a cold harrumph, he stepped forward and appeared on top of the Paragon Bridge, where he

stamped down violently with his right foot.

The Paragon Bridge rumbled, and the light surrounding it spread out in all directions. The pressure from the bridge then increased to the absolute maximum Meng Hao was capable of unleashing.

That amount of crushing force could shake Heaven and Earth!

The planet had already been in a state of imminent collapse, but now, it couldn't endure any longer. Massive rumbling could be heard... as the surface of the planet crumbled completely!

Massive chunks of land were hurled about wildly, and intense crashing sounds could be heard as cracks spread out everywhere. Mountains were leveled, and rivers evaporated. The countless fleeing Black Soul Society disciples on the planet were experiencing an apocalypse, and none of them possessed the wherewithal to successfully escape it.

In the blink of an eye, the cultivators began to scream as the power of planetary destruction completely pulverized them. Even more were consumed by the fissures forming in the crumbling lands around them, and some actually exploded into clouds of blood and gore from the pressure emanating from the bridge.

The few cultivators who somehow managed to evade death would suddenly find themselves facing the terracotta soldier, which swung its greatsword and slaughtered any escapees.

The entire planet that housed the Black Soul Society was experiencing a doomsday!

The destruction of the lands accelerated, and the sky collapsed. The entire planet... looked like a clenched fist that was now quickly opening up.

"Crumble!" Meng Hao cried, pushing his hand downward.

That gesture caused the pressure coming from the Paragon Bridge to increase by a full order of magnitude, ensuring that the entire planet was completely destroyed.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The whole planet was collapsing!

Countless fragments shot out into the starry sky as a massive force exploded out from the planet itself. It exploded, sending a huge shockwave blasting out in all directions. Without exception, all of the Blacksoul Society disciples were hit, causing blood to spray out in all directions as their bodies were shredded.

The entire planet was now reduced to countless fragments which floated out into the starry sky.

The only things that remained were wreckage, corpses, and chunks of gore....

The reek of blood hung heavy over the area, and it seemed as if it would never dissipate for all eternity.

Patriarch Blacksoul stared in shock and coughed up a mouthful of blood. His body withered a bit, and began to tremble. His mouth opened, and a strange sound could be heard, as if he had thousands of things he wanted to say, but they were all stuck in his throat.

In the moment that the planet collapsed and the blood sprayed from his mouth, the incense burner which he had been attempting to wrest control of, was wrenched away by Meng Hao and the Paragon Bridge.

In a bright beam of colorful light, the incense burner... flew toward Meng Hao, shrank down, and landed in his palm!

In that instant, Meng Hao shivered as he was sensed some familiar fluctuations coming from inside the light.

However, whether it was because they were inside the incense burner, or because of other reasons, those fluctuations were very faint. So faint, in fact, that they seemed to be on the verge of fading away completely. For some reason, Meng Hao... felt uneasy.

However, there was no time to investigate the matter now. Planetary debris was floating about in all directions, and in the middle of it all was a

bridge, upon which stood Meng Hao. Beneath that bridge was Patriarch Blacksoul, trembling violently, eyes completely bloodshot, seemingly on the verge of going mad.

He looked around at the destroyed planet that had once housed the Blacksoul Society, and all of the dead disciples. The sect which he had personally built up was now fading away into the starry sky.

The sight caused him to tremble, and throw his head back and let out the most piercing of howls!

“Child, I won’t rest until you are dead!!” As the sound of his howl echoed out in all directions, his energy surged up. His hair was thrown into disarray as he went completely mad. Staring dead at Meng Hao, he charged in attack.

Essence power erupted around him, causing Meng Hao’s eyes to widen. Of course, he was well aware that his action of destroying this planet would catch the attention of the Heavengod Alliance.

In fact, he probably didn’t have very much time left before the Alliance’s almighty experts showed up.

Meng Hao sighed. He had chosen to destroy the planet because he had no other alternative. That was the only way to inflict serious damage to Patriarch Blacksoul, and thus lay hands on the incense burner.

“I’ve got to end this quickly!” Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with killing intent. He quickly placed a sealing mark on the incense burner and put it away, then lifted his right hand high into the air, causing the Battle Weapon to appear once more as a shocking blade!

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao’s energy surged up and then exploded out, causing a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering murderous aura to transform him into something like a celestial warrior!

Next, the meat jelly flew out of his bag of holding, transforming into a suit of armor. His energy once again exploded up, creating a tempest that swept all the dust and rubble around him away.

A red beam of light flew out, which was the mastiff. As it became a cape, Meng Hao threw his head back and roared, and an intense, bloody glow erupted up.

Then he lifted up his left hand, within which was his fourth Nirvana Fruit, which he pushed down onto his forehead.

As it merged into him, rumbling filled his mind, and the world around him changed. The rubble of the planet, the starry sky... all turned azure!

As Meng Hao stood on the Paragon Bridge, he suddenly breathed in sharply, which caused the Paragon Bridge to immediately flare with boundless light. A sensation of unbridled supremacy emanated from it, which was sucked in and absorbed by Meng Hao, so that it seemed as if he were....

A living, breathing Paragon!!

As Patriarch Blacksoul closed in, Meng Hao performed a tremendous downward slash toward him with the Battle Weapon!

This was his most powerful state, and his most powerful strike. He was at the pinnacle!

The starry sky seemed to lurch to a stop. Natural laws scattered. Time seemed to come to a standstill in the Eighth Mountain and Sea....

The only thing that remained within the starry sky was the long blade, radiating brilliant light as it flashed toward Patriarch Blacksoul.

Patriarch Blacksoul threw his head back and roared, waving both hands. Suddenly, he exploded, causing flesh and blood to burst about. It transformed into a blood mist, from within which surged... a seemingly endless amount of souls!

"Blacksoul Heaven Slaughter!" A droning sound could be heard as seemingly endless numbers of souls filled the starry sky, spreading out to fill nearly half of the starry sky above the Heavengod Alliance. The shocking sight caused all of the planets within the affected area to tremble. Countless Heavengod Alliance cultivators who were in meditative trances opened their eyes and looked up in shock.

In that moment, countless streams of divine sense swept through the void toward the area where Meng Hao and Patriarch Blacksoul were fighting!

The Heavengod Alliance was thrown into a huge commotion!

Chapter 1220: When Rivals Face Off, Victory Goes To the Brave

The blood mist formed from Patriarch Blacksouls body used his essence-blood to release the souls that he had refined over countless years of cultivation. The seemingly infinite amount of souls exploded out into the starry sky, where they transformed into an enormous mask. The mask of souls writhed, and shrill screams could be heard, as if the souls wished to consume all things to dispel their pain.

The screams they uttered could not be heard by living things; they were screams born of death, and resulted only in boundless, amorphous ripples!

The ripples spread out through the starry sky as if over the surface of water. As the rings expanded, natural laws trembled and fell into retreat. Even the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm seemed to flee from the affected area.

Gradually, a shocking image of the underworld appeared. The Yellow Springs could be seen, as well as the cycle of reincarnation, along with the images of countless evil ghosts.

More shocking than that was that behind the ghosts could be seen numerous... enormous tombs!

The tombs were all illusory, and it was almost as if the excessive number of souls in the area had caused them to descend. As the tombs appeared, they became a backdrop that served to emphasize the size of the mask.

Everything that was happening made the strangeness of the soul mask and its formidability seem more pronounced.... Furthermore, it had such a terrifying aura that Meng Hao's pupils constricted.

This was the explosive power of a 3-Essences Dao Lord, someone who could shake Heaven and Earth. Meng Hao had been in mortal danger from the moment he had arrived in the Blacksouls Society, but now that level of danger increased dramatically.

The sensation of crisis he was experiencing told him that this battle, and

especially this attack... could end with him perishing!

“But the danger is mutual....” he said, eyes glittering viciously. He always treated both himself and others with incredible viciousness. If he felt the inclination to back down for even a moment during this fight, then he would be dead for sure!

The only option was to reject the option of retreat and to keep fighting. After all... when rivals face off, victory goes to the brave!

Meng Hao's eyes shone with a strange light, and he didn't back down in the least. All of the peak level of power in him converged on the Battle Weapon, which slashed through the starry sky with scintillating light as he slashed it down.

The soul mask let out an intense roar as it slammed into the most powerful of Meng Hao's attacks, the slash of the Battle Weapon.

A huge boom could be heard, and a massive, explosion rumbled out for 50,000 kilometers in every direction, then 500,000 kilometers. Then 5,000,000....

By now, more than half of the Heavengod Alliance could sense the ripples!

The streams of divine sense which had converged in the area were instantly distorted by the explosive outburst, and then shattered!

The surrounding dust and rubble vibrated, and then transformed into ash, which slowly faded away. The battle between Meng Hao and Patriarch Blacksoul was releasing far too much power. The starry sky trembled and began to crack apart. Suddenly, an enormous black hole appeared right between Meng Hao and Patriarch Blacksoul!

Everything shook and trembled violently!

Endless amounts of Patriarch Blacksoul's countless screaming souls were wiped away. And yet, he used the remaining souls he had to disregard all danger and charge toward Meng Hao.

He slammed into Meng Hao, who trembled violently in response. The

cape separated from his back, transforming into the mastiff, who coughed up a mouthful of blood. Meng Hao was now in far more danger than before.

There was even a voice inside of him yelling at him to flee, to escape, to stop fighting lest he be killed!

And yet, he gritted his teeth, ignored the voice inside, and continued to fight.

He knew that in this battle, he couldn't back down. He had to fight, and keep fighting until the very end. Whoever could walk that narrow line between life and death would be the victor!

Rumbling could be heard as more and more of the souls in Patriarch Black soul's soul mask collapsed. Each soul that collapsed sent pain into Patriarch Black soul's mind, but he also held on. He was filled with an obsessive desire to strike down Meng Hao!

"DIE!" screamed the converged voices of all the souls in the soul mask.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

Meng Hao's meat jelly suit of armor was torn off of him. Numerous streams of light swirled out to form together behind Meng Hao in the form of the meat jelly, who looked incredibly listless.

Meng Hao coughed up some more blood; his body was now a mass of completely mangled flesh!

And yet he held on. Patriarch Black soul was also trembling; despite the severe loss of souls, he used what he had left to charge madly toward Meng Hao. From a distance, it would look like Meng Hao was hovering alone in the starry sky, surrounded by a boundless sea of souls!

He was holding on, as was the sea of souls!

However, it was at this moment that a tremor ran through him, and his fourth Nirvana Fruit was forced out of his forehead.

When that happened, Meng Hao was severely weakened. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and yet, his momentum didn't falter. Eyes bloodshot,

clearly weaker than before, he lifted his foot up and took a step forward.

That step represented his determination, and also his ruthlessness!

As he took that step, Patriarch Blacksoul's consciousness began to blur, and yet, boundless ripples exploded out from the sea of souls!

Both of them were almost completely drained, and were waiting to see... who could hold on longer!

"DIIIIEEEEEEEEEE!" screamed Patriarch Blacksoul's countless souls. As they howled, they burst into flames, increasing their attacking power. Some of them even landed on Meng Hao and began to voraciously attempt to consume him!

As Patriarch Blacksoul continued to fight, every soul of his that died was like a powerful mental blow. And yet, he held on, his obsession burning like an undying fire.

Meng Hao was wracked with pain as the souls gnawed at his flesh and tore out bloody chunks to reveal the bones beneath. Then the souls began to chew on the bones, even boring into his body to eat his organs!

The scene which was playing out was extremely shocking; to be eaten alive in such a way was something ordinary people would never be able to endure.

But Meng Hao simply frowned and ignored the souls. He rotated his cultivation base, causing his qi and blood to surge, crushing the voracious, evil souls like a giant millstone.

Soon, his entire body was a mass of bloody gore. By now, Meng Hao's power was severely lacking, and his Paragon Bridge, which was also the subject of suicidal attack by Patriarch Blacksoul's numerous souls, was forced back inside his body.

The instant the Paragon Bridge vanished, the souls let out piercing shrieks and pounced on Meng Hao. He was now completely engulfed by wild, ravenous souls!

The Battle Weapon began to fall apart, but just before it faded away,

Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood and then slashed down one more time!

“Patriarch Black soul, do you... have the courage to die together with me!?”

The souls which formed Patriarch Black soul had been rapidly fading away. From 10,000,000 to 1,000,000 to the current 100,000. A huge boom could be heard as the souls were shaken off of Meng Hao, either destroyed or sent spinning away.

Patriarch Black soul once again appeared, although he had no body left, only a screaming Nascent Divinity. He was now completely terrified of Meng Hao; he had never encountered someone as vicious as this. Moments ago, Meng Hao had been completely engulfed by souls, which had instantly started to chomp away at his bones and organs.

That was a type of pain that very few people could endure. And yet, even in such a state, Meng Hao made a counter-attack. That was something even more rarely seen!

“Dammit, when did someone as vicious as this show up in the Eighth Mountain and Sea?! He’s definitely not a local cultivator, he must be from another Mountain and Sea!” Patriarch Black soul was trembling internally, and had apparently regained his senses from the anguish caused by seeing his sect destroyed. Finally, he began to think reasonably; without any further hesitation, he ceased any thoughts of attacking Meng Hao and simply fled.

When rivals meet, victory goes to the brave, and in this case... Patriarch Black soul was the one who backed down!

That wasn’t what he wanted to do, but he had no other choice. His heart was pounding in fear, and his mind was filled with terror. He might be a 3-Essences Dao Lord, but right now, he was the one who was scared!

He was completely shaken by Meng Hao’s viciousness, completely moved by his determination. Meng Hao’s madness caused Patriarch Black soul to feel almost as if the person whose sect had just been exterminated was not himself, but actually, Meng Hao!

“Crazy!” he cried. “You’re just a lunatic. Dammit.... You don’t deserve to have me die together with you, but I swear that I will pay back the enmity of this day upon you a hundredfold!!”

Roaring defiantly, Patriarch Blacksoul’s Nascent Divinity fled at top speed. It wasn’t that he didn’t dare to keep fighting, but rather, that he feared dying. He didn’t even want to die while delivering a fatal blow to his enemy.

Seeing that Patriarch Blacksoul was fleeing, Meng Hao almost began to give chase. However, after he took a single step, he trembled and stopped in place. Roughly seventy percent of his entire body was nothing more than bones, and of those bones, thirty percent were broken and shattered.

His was completely covered with bite marks, and one of his eyes had even been ripped out. His internal organs were also severely damaged.

In terms of physical appearance, he looked horrifying.

Without his Eternal stratum constantly replenishing his life force, Meng Hao would have long since passed away....

The Battle Weapon faded away, and his body suddenly seemed to age. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and his mangled organs shifted. Meng Hao sagged, and his aura weakened.

Based on his current battle prowess, he was not a match for a 3-Essences Dao Lord, not without the Paragon Bridge. And yet, even with the Paragon Bridge, and his various powerful divine abilities, he still couldn’t manage to cut down a 3-Essences Dao Lord. In the end... they were evenly matched!

He wanted to give chase, but it was impossible. Even more importantly, the numerous streams of divine sense in the area indicated that almighty experts from the Heavengod Alliance were currently rushing in his direction.

He had been aware all along that his actions would arouse the wrath of the Heavengod Alliance, and as of now, it would only be moments before the area would be filled with countless cultivators, who would then lock

down the entire region.

He looked at the direction in which Patriarch Blacksoul was fleeing, eyes flickering coldly. Finally, he turned and left.

Moments later, numerous beams of colorful light filled the area. In the lead position was a man in a violet robe, whose aura placed him in the Dao Realm.

“Send orders to the entire Heavengod Alliance. Lock down all exit routes within Alliance territory. All Alliance cultivators in the Ancient Realm and higher are to be mobilized to kill the foreign cultivator!” The old man swished his sleeve, using a special technique to spread a message to all regions of the Heavengod Alliance.

Chapter 1221: A Scholar Taking the Imperial Examinations

Even as the old man spoke, a screen materialized in front of him, which began to replay the battle between Meng Hao and Patriarch Blacksoul.

At one point, the old man waved his finger, causing the moving images to pause and clearly display Meng Hao's face. However, the old man didn't take time to study Meng Hao. Instead, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

Then he waved his right hand, causing the image to vanish, leaving behind nothing more than a strand of white qi.

Voice cool, the old man said, "Appearances can change, blood can be altered, and auras can be transformed. However, the fragrance of a soul is something that can never be changed...."

A large number of cultivators had already begun to gather around him, but none of them spoke; they simply looked at him respectfully.

The old man reached out and grabbed the white strand of qi, then clenched his hand down viciously. When he opened it, a white crystal could be seen. He waved his hand, causing the white crystal to split into two parts, which then became four, then eight. In a very brief period of time, 100,000 crystals could be seen!

All but a few hundred of the 100,000 white crystals made a droning sound as they spread out in all directions, quickly vanishing into the void as they headed toward the various sects of the Heavengod Alliance.

"If you get close to the foreigner, the crystal will react.... Patriarch Blacksoul has asked it to be made known that if anyone can slay this person, he is willing... to become their slave for a thousand years!" With that, the old man turned and headed off into the distance.

The cultivators behind him clasped hands respectfully. Afterward, they grabbed the white crystals, and their eyes shone with a strange light. Finally, they dispersed as they began to search for Meng Hao.

The entire Heavengod Alliance was set in motion. Soon, news began spreading about the foreign cultivator who had single-handedly exterminated the entire Blacksoul Society, even collapsing their planet. Most important was the news about Patriarch Blacksoul being seriously injured himself, which spread through the Heavengod Alliance like wildfire.

Countless hearts were completely shaken. After all, the bounty offered by the Heavengod Alliance was a thousand years of servitude by Patriarch Blacksoul, who was a 3-Essences Dao Lord. That was something that both individual cultivators and even entire Sects could not possibly be unmoved by.

It was far better than some physical treasure or access to a special technique.

Furthermore, no one needed to worry about being cheated. If Patriarch Blacksoul was the type of person who wouldn't honor the agreement, the Heavengod Alliance wouldn't have agreed to issue the bounty to begin with.

Most importantly... if the person who wiped out the Blacksoul Society had done so without being injured, then many people would have chosen to just sit back and watch what happened. However, according to the information provided by the Heavengod Alliance, he was actually severely injured, and could not unleash cultivation base power that exceeded the mid Ancient Realm!

Even Patriarch Blacksoul had attested to that.

As such, all of the cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance were thrown into a state of madness....

Numerous individuals sprang into action and began to hunt through the Heavengod Alliance's territory. Virtually all teleportation portals in the Heavengod Alliance were sealed, and those which could not be sealed were heavily guarded. Anyone who wanted to leave would be thoroughly inspected.

As time passed, the news about the extermination of the Blacksoul

Society spread outside of the Heavengod Alliance, to be heard by the Han Clan, and the Meng Clan, and all the other sects in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Everyone was completely shocked.

Furthermore, everyone was speculating about who this person was that the Heavengod Alliance was hunting. After a bit of investigation was done, news spread that he was not a cultivator from the Eighth Mountain and Sea, but rather, from another of the Mountains and Seas. Also... he was an Echelon cultivator with Paragon magic!

With so much news spreading about, it wasn't long... before Meng Hao's name came to be known by the powerful sects and clans.

Matters had already reached the point where no further verification was required. Meng Hao... was the person who had exterminated the Black soul Society!

There was one thing that Meng Hao had no way of knowing, which was that after the battle of the Windswept Realm, when all the Echelon cultivators returned to their respective Mountains and Seas... numerous powerful sects had begun keeping records and files about Meng Hao.

Currently, Patriarch Black soul was on one of the planets in the Heavengod Alliance, having reformed a new body. Although his face was ashen, when he saw the image of Meng Hao being shown to him on the screen, he began to shake, and his eyes glowed with madness and killing intent.

"That's definitely him!"

Two middle-aged cultivators stood near Patriarch Black soul. They wore unique clothing, long white robes marked with lightning symbols. Within each of those lightning symbols was a person who was clearly in the midst of transcending tribulation!

Daoist robes like these... were only worn by members of the Heavengod Society!

The Heavengod Society formed the nucleus of the Heavengod Alliance. They occupied the peak of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and in fact, the

Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea resided in the Heavengod Palace.

There were many rumors floating around the Eight Mountain and Sea regarding their Lord, who was Heavengod. According to the rumors, he was linked to the Meng Clan in numerous ways. However, it was also possible that those were distorted rumors caused because of the general decline of the Meng Clan in recent years.

Other rumors stated that the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea also had Han Clan blood in his veins. Some people even claimed that the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea... was a rogue cultivator who had reached the Dao Realm.

Currently, the two middle-aged men wearing those unique Daoist robes exchanged a glance, then put the screen away. They had been ordered to come here and show the image on the screen to Patriarch Blacksoul for verification purposes. Now that they had the answer to their question, they turned to leave.

Patriarch Blacksoul gritted his teeth and clasped hands respectfully to the two cultivators. "Many thanks, Fellow Daoists from the Heavengod Society. This man must die; he is far too vicious and sinister. He is an outrage to gods and men alike!"

His heart was filled with bitterness; because of the level of his cultivation base and his status, he should not have to be doing things like this. At the moment, though, he was like a stray dog. His soul was halfway dispersed and his cultivation base was unstable, leaving him with no other choice than to bow his head in deference.

The entire Heavengod Alliance was now searching for Meng Hao.... And yet, as time passed, not one scrap of information about him turned up. People were starting to get impatient because of the sealed teleportation portals; it would soon reach the point where it would become a big inconvenience to the Heavengod Alliance as a whole. Furthermore, Patriarch Blacksoul could only influence the policy-making of the Alliance up to a point.

The fact that Patriarch Blacksoul had been firm about offering himself

up to be a slave for a thousand years changed matters significantly. The search would have been carried out either way, and there still would have been some form of bounty. If Meng Hao showed his face publicly, he still would have been killed. However, if wasn't for Patriarch Blacksoul's offer, the alliance-wide lockdown would have long since been lifted.

Every day that those teleportation portals remained sealed caused the Heavengod Alliance to sustain significant financial losses.

Before departing, one of the two middle-aged men turned to Patriarch Blacksoul and said, "At the most, the portals will remain sealed for ten days. If he hasn't been found by then, they will be opened again. Don't worry, though; as long as he remains in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, he'll be found eventually."

Meanwhile....

In the territory of the Heavengod Alliance, on one of the four planets that orbited the Eighth Mountain, a planet called Planet Luo River, there was a capital city of an empire of mortals. Countless mortals lived there, going about their daily lives. As evening fell, a donkey could be seen on the public highway, braying and snorting complacently as it walked along.

The donkey had virtually no fur, with only a few patches to be seen here and there. It actually looked very down and out, and yet for some reason, seemed to view itself as a very high and mighty figure.

A young scholar sat on the donkey, wearing a scholar's traveling case on his back, which was filled with various reading materials. In fact, the young man was engrossed in reading as he rode along on the donkey. 1

The scholar had skin as fair as jade, and was handsome. He appeared to be a teenager, and wore a faded white garment. He and the donkey proceeded along under the evening sun.

Occasionally, some swiftly galloping horses would pass him on the public highway, leaving clouds of dust in their wake. The scholar would cover his nose with his sleeve and then wave the dust away. As for the mule, it would look very irritated, and then suddenly burst out in a fit of speed as if to catch up. However, after running for only a little bit, it would

lazily slow down.

Time passed, and the rays of the evening sun were beginning to fade away. However, it was at this point that a town appeared up ahead. Apparently the scholar didn't even notice, however, and continued to take advantage of the fading light to read the bamboo scroll he held in his hands.

Occasionally, beams of colorful light would shoot through the sky up ahead. In fact, the power of divine sense was currently sweeping across the lands, and even touched the scholar. However, it passed right over him; apparently, the mortals of Planet Luo River weren't afraid of cultivators. Throughout the entire day, similar beams of light had appeared on dozens of occasions. Although the mortals had looked up in envy and admiration, they didn't seem frightened at all.

Currently, one such beam of light had just disappeared off into this distance. Finally, the scholar put down the bamboo scroll, stretched, and then noticed the town, which was getting closer and closer. He smiled, although deep within that smile could be seen a sharp coldness.

This scholar was the very person that the cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance were searching for high and low. Meng Hao!

After his initial flight, he knew that it would be difficult to completely evade the Heavengod Alliance, so he acted on one of the backup plans that he had thought up in advance, hiding himself on the closest of the four planets, which was Planet Luo River. With the help of the meat jelly and the parrot, and the feather they had acquired years ago, he had concealed the fluctuations of his soul and aura, transforming himself into a scholar.

There was no other identity that gave him such a sense of familiarity.

"I never imagined that I would once again become a scholar traveling to take the Imperial examinations...." he murmured. The donkey was apparently not very happy, and to make that clear, it suddenly twisted its neck in a complete circle, then continued to twist it several times until its eyes started to bulge out. Meng Hao slapped it on the rump.

"Have you ever seen any donkeys that can twist their necks around

several times over?” Meng Hao growled. “Come on, let’s be a bit more realistic here. People are trying to track us down and kill us, you know. If they find us, it’ll be bad luck for the two of you as well.”

The donkey... was none other than the transformed meat jelly.

“Come on, let’s head into this town.... I refuse to believe that the Heavengod Alliance will keep everything locked down forever.” Eyes flashing coldly, Meng Hao rubbed his chest in a place where the flesh hadn’t quite grown back yet.

His cultivation base had been seriously injured because of the deadly battle. However, it wasn’t so bad that he was limited to the mid Ancient Realm, as the Heavengod Alliance presumed. He could still reach his peak power, but unfortunately that could not be sustained for very long.

“I’m going to take advantage of this chance to let my wounds heal a bit more,” he murmured. As the sun slowly dropped over the horizon, he sighed, and his face turned a bit grimmer.

The first thing he had done after arriving on Planet Luo River was to open the incense burner. However, what he had found inside was not what he had hoped for.... Chu Yuyan’s soul.

Meanwhile....

A flying shuttle was speeding along through the starry sky of the Heavengod Alliance. Countless magical symbols covered its surface, which formed together into the character Meng 孟.

This was none other than a Meng Clan merchant ship!

A young man could be seen in that merchant ship. He was handsome, with a fair face, and was currently standing there with head bowed and fists clenched tightly as the middle-aged man before whom he stood rebuked him coldly.

“Meng Chen, don’t forget that you never should even have had this chance. It’s only because of the kindness shown to me by your grandfather years ago that I managed to get you this spot. Don’t forget your place! You’ll just be a bodyguard here, but you need to cherish that identity. If

you can just keep Young Master De happy, then your bloodline will have things much easier!

“So what if he arranged to have you spend some time with Young Lord Feng of the Han Clan? You feel wronged or something? Young Master De already agreed. You’re going to do it whether you want to or not!”

*

1. Whenever I think about traveling scholars, the first image that pops into my mind is the main character of A Chinese Ghost Story, who wears a traveling case. P.S. If you haven’t seen A Chinese Ghost Story before, you should put it on your list of movies to check out. It’s described as a supernatural/horror movie, but has a lot of wuxia and xianxia elements

Chapter 1222: Storm Clouds Approach

Around the same time that countless cultivators in the Heavengod Alliance were combing the starry sky for Meng Hao, someone was passing through the barrier between the Eighth Mountain and the Ninth Mountain.

Every step he took left him trembling, as if incredible pressure were weighing down on him. From the look of things, he had been traveling for a very long time to reach this point.

“It’s not that much farther... it’s too bad that with this body, passing through the barrier is quite a task....” It was a young, handsome man whose eyes glittered as if with starlight and with a sense of enigmatic profoundness.

It was none other than... Ji Dongyang!!

“Meng Hao... the Eighth Mountain and Sea is where you and I... will become one!” A strange smile could be seen on his face, and his expression was one of anticipation as he continued to struggle through the barrier.

Meanwhile, back outside the Heavengod Alliance, rumbling sounds could be heard coming from one particular asteroid field. The asteroids were collapsing into pieces and, shockingly, countless bones were flying out from inside them.

The rumbling continued, and the asteroids were destroyed one after another. Soon, the bones had accumulated to the point of being endless.... Within those bones could be seen a man in a long black robe, sitting there cross-legged, his long hair swirling around him. He was gaunt, and yet terrifying ripples spread out from him in all directions. The ripples caused a good portion of the bones to slowly form together until they were a huge throne of bones, upon which the black-robed man settled.

The rest of the bones converged next to the man to form nine enormous Bone Giants.

In the same moment that the nine Bone Giants formed, the black-robed man's eyes snapped open. His cultivation base erupted with power, and his qi and blood surged. At the same time, a mark appeared on his forehead.

This was the Echelon cultivator of the Eighth Mountain, Han Qinglei!

When he opened his eyes, the air around him distorted, and soon, numerous figures materialized out of the void. They quickly dropped to their knees and kowtowed in front of Han Qinglei.

At a glance, it was possible to see that there were dozens of such figures, all of them kowtowing. One by one, they transmitted various messages to Han Qinglei, reporting to him what had occurred in the Eighth Mountain and Sea during his secluded meditation.

Han Qinglei's face was expressionless. However, after hearing all of the reports, his pupils constricted, and he focused on one specific kneeling figure.

"Did you say Meng Hao?" he asked in a voice that caused the starry sky to tremble. His gaze was like lightning, completely menacing as he stared at the cultivator who had brought the news.

The man trembled, and instead of transmitting his messages, he whispered, "According to the news from the Heavengod Alliance, and some other clues, the person who exterminated the Blacksoul Society was definitely Meng Hao.... This conclusion is also based on the report you provided about the Windswept Realm, Young Lord. In fact, the Heavengod Alliance has asked that you pay them a visit to confirm some information."

Han Qinglei sat there silently, eyes closed as he recalled everything that had occurred in the Windswept Realm. He thought back to his encounter with Meng Hao, how he had been killed, and then how Meng Hao had saved him during the final battle.

Although not much time had passed since then, the more he thought about it, the more he realized that the Windswept Realm adventure had been one of extreme danger. Even an Echelon cultivator like himself was

shocked by it.

“So he actually came to the Eighth Mountain and Sea....” Han Qinglei smiled subconsciously. He actually felt no hatred toward Meng Hao, only a sense of competition.

“And the cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance are trying to track him down and kill him.... Perhaps he can tolerate that, but as another Echelon cultivator, I can not!” His eyes flickered icily. People who were not in the Echelon couldn’t possibly imagine the level of pride that Echelon cultivators felt in their standing. As for Han Qinglei, he could accept Meng Hao being defeated or even perishing, but only at the hands of another Echelon cultivator.

For non-Echelon cultivators to be hunting him down was something unacceptable.

Snorting coldly, Han Qinglei smacked his hand down onto the throne of bones. Instantly, it began to rumble, transforming into a white beam of light that shot off into the distance.

“Time to go to the Heavengod Alliance!” In response to his words, the other figures lurking in the starry sky began to power up and follow him. Soon the entire group was on their way to the Heavengod Alliance.

Meanwhile, back in the Heavengod Alliance, because of the enormous scope of the search for Meng Hao, eventually, the Chosen of the various sects in the Heavengod Alliance all emerged and joined in.

This included the Dao Child of the Heavengod Society. These Chosen were very much like the Chosen of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, people who their respective sects had spent incredible resources on to develop them into powerful experts. Any one of them possessed battle prowess that far exceeded the level of their cultivation bases.

In order to ensure that they didn’t somehow get killed while training, they still had Dao Protectors, even though they were already in the Ancient Realm. In fact, Dao Protectors would guard them all the way to the Dao Realm!

In a short time, figurative storm winds arose in the Heavengod Alliance, like a huge vortex that sucked in cultivators from the far corners of the Realm.

**

Despite the momentous state of affairs in the world around him, Meng Hao was living in relative tranquility. It was a peace and quiet that he hadn't experienced even in the Eastern Lands on Planet South Heaven. For now, he had seemingly truly forgotten about being a cultivator, and wasn't thinking about how he was the subject of a huge manhunt. Instead, he was fully immersed in the life of a scholar.

The town had an inn, where he sat beneath an oil lamp, reading. Occasionally, a smile would flicker across his face, and sometimes he would shake his head. He appeared to be completely immersed in the joy of reading.

Every once in awhile he would rise to his feet, grab a writing brush, and write something down off to the side. He was completely and fully a scholar, just like he had been all those years ago on Mount Daqing.

"There's still half a month to go before the Imperial examinations...." Around midnight, he blew out the lamp and crawled into bed. From there, he could look out the window at the starry sky. Everything was quiet except for the faint sound of snoring that rose from various locations in the small town.

"I never passed the exams back then, but now, I'm going to give it another shot." As he reminisced about his past life, he sighed. Eventually, he pulled out an incense burner, which was covered with layers of magical seals.

Chu Yuyan's soul was in that incense burner, but it was not complete. More than half of it had dispersed, leaving behind nothing more than a discarnate soul....

That discarnate soul was not enough to resurrect Chu Yuyan.... Furthermore, if it entered the cycle of reincarnation as a discarnate soul, then she would no longer be herself. Instead, she would merely be one

aspect of whoever she eventually reincarnated into.

Meng Hao could not accept something like that.

“There’s always a way!” He closed his eyes, rotating his cultivation base to continue healing himself.

At dawn, he packed his bags and led his donkey out of the inn’s stable. The innkeeper chatted with him the entire way, wishing him well as he mounted the donkey, opened up a bamboo scroll, and then headed in the direction of the capital city, which was about seven days away.

Meng Hao wasn’t in a hurry. He rode his donkey along the public highway, resting at night, traveling when the sun rose. Days went by in which he enjoyed the scenery, passing by villages and farms. Although he hadn’t planned this, his travels were like a cleansing that left him much more calm and tranquil.

Beams of light occasionally shot through the sky overhead. Out in the starry sky, the cultivators searching for Meng Hao were getting more and more anxious. Despite having searched for Meng Hao for an extended period of time, they hadn’t been able to turn up a single trace.

Their only recourse was to send more people out to search. Planet Luo River was scanned with divine sense occasionally, but the Heavengod Alliance was huge, and it wasn’t an easy thing to search for a single person.

Gradually, the appointed time to unseal the teleportation portals approached. In fact, there was a bit of a backlash among certain factions in the Heavengod Alliance, who felt that locking down the entire Alliance to search for a single person wasn’t very appropriate.

Patriarch Blacksoul wasn’t willing to give in though. Gritting his teeth, he personally went to the Heavengod Society. After he left, the old man who had issued the bounty on Meng Hao sat there cross-legged, personally sending his divine sense out to aid in the search.

However, the Heavengod Alliance was an equally large place for him, and to search it required time and significant resources. Were it not for

the hefty price paid by Patriarch Blacksoul, he would never have agreed to help.

Time passed. As a cultivator, Meng Hao's journey was tranquil and enjoyable. It would have been a different story if he were mortal, considering the various dangers to be faced. At one point he encountered some bandits.

The bandits had just sacked a merchant caravan, and were in the midst of their burning, killing, raping, and plundering. As Meng Hao passed by, looked over at the bandits, and they in turn saw him. They immediately began to laugh heartily.

One particularly burly man declared, "Look, a pretty little scholar! He's mine!"

Then, he strode forward toward Meng Hao, a vicious expression plastered on his face, his eyes gleaming with lascivious intent.

Meng Hao frowned, wondering how the Eighth Mountain and Sea could have such debauched inhabitants. As the burly man neared, Meng Hao sighed, then looked up into the sky as if to check for witnesses before giving a cold harrumph.

It was a noise that no one except for the bandits could hear. To them, it sounded like thunder; blood sprayed out of their mouths, and they instantly toppled over.

They weren't dead yet, just unconscious. Meng Hao didn't use any magical technique, just a snort, backed entirely by the power of his fleshly body. With that, he hopped off the donkey and picked up the nearest blade. Then he went from one unconscious bandit to another and dispatched them coolly and quickly.

After that, he returned to the donkey, which had been waiting impatiently the whole time, and continued on his way. Several days later, a huge walled city appeared up ahead.

This was the Imperial capital of this empire.

The Imperial examinations that Meng Hao was so looking forward to

would be held here in a few days.

The days passed uneventfully, and soon it was time for the exams to begin. The entire capital city was bustling as students and scholars arrived from all over the empire to take the Imperial examinations.

Meng Hao was one of them. He left his donkey at the inn, straightened his clothes, then cleared his throat as he joined all of the other scholars as they headed to the exam grounds. There, a court official closely examined everyone before they entered to make sure they hadn't brought along anything to help them cheat. Eventually, Meng Hao was escorted to a small room, just big enough for him. A desk could be seen, upon which writing utensils were arranged neatly. Before opening the exam materials, Meng Hao washed his hands in a wooden basin off to the side, then took a deep breath. When the starting bell rang, he sat down in the chair and opened the exam scroll. As soon as he laid eyes on the contents, a smile broke out on his face.

Chapter 1223: Is This a Dream?

He didn't begin to answer the questions right away. He first closed his eyes, as if he were carefully considering how to answer. When his eyes opened, they shone brightly. He picked up the brush and immediately began to write down the first answer.

In the same moment that his brush touched the paper, a righteous, noble aura suddenly appeared within the city, causing colors to flash in Heaven and Earth. At the same time, in the Forbidden Palace elsewhere in the city, the emperor sat there holding a Go piece in his hand. Sitting across the game board from him was a Daoist priest, a smiling old man with the air of a transcendent being.

Suddenly, the Daoist priest's face flickered, and he looked in the direction of the exam grounds, an expression of shock on his face.

"One of the scholars taking the Imperial examinations provoked a righteous, noble aura! Which one?"

The Daoist priest waved his finger, causing water-like ripples to spread out over the game board, which vanished, to be replaced by an image of the exam grounds. 1

The Daoist priest's gaze shifted, causing the view to pass through the exam grounds as he searched for what he was looking for. Soon, the image focused on a single room, where Meng Hao was currently writing characters down in flowing calligraphy.

The Daoist priest looked at the emperor in amazement, and then back at Meng Hao. He smiled.

"Is that kid special or something?" the emperor asked.

"Special! Very special!" the Daoist priest replied, laughing. His eyes shone with excitement which only increased as he looked at Meng Hao.

"In all my travels through the years, this is the first time I've seen someone who could provoke such a righteous, noble aura. It's been decided; from now on he's a prized seedling for the Righteous Noble Sect!"

The Daoist priest laughed heartily, then rose to his feet and strode in the direction of the exam grounds. 2

It was in almost the exact same moment that the old man in the Heavengod Society happened to scan the area with divine sense.

His divine sense was in the Dao Realm already, and had also been augmented by the Heavengod Society's ancestral treasure, making it incredibly powerful, and increasing its range. In addition to that, he had spared no effort to boost it even further in his search. As it scanned Planet Luo River, the entire planet vibrated.

Meng Hao stopped writing for a moment, and slowly closed his eyes. He had noticed the divine sense just now. Although it hadn't stopped specifically on him, he had the feeling that he had been detected.

"What a pity. I'm not even half done with the exam...." he murmured. He looked down at the exam paper, then smiled casually. Ignoring the matter of the divine sense, he continued writing.

Back on the Eighth Mountain, in the Heavengod Society, the cross-legged old man suddenly opened his eyes. His face was a bit pale, but he waved his sleeve nonetheless. Instantly, hundreds of thousands of jade slips flew out from the Eighth Mountain, piercing through the void to head in all directions.

The jade slips appeared in the hands of numerous cultivators, who then heard the voice of the old man speaking in their minds: "The foreign cultivator who exterminated the Blacksoul Society is currently on Planet Luo River, taking the Imperial examinations in the capital city of the Righteous Noble State!"

The jade slips were also specifically locked onto Meng Hao's location, so that any cultivator who held them could easily find him.

Numerous figures began to speed in the direction of Planet Luo River, all of them worried that they would be late, and that someone else would be able to apprehend the prize before them.

Somewhere in the starry sky was a young man who appeared to be

around thirty years of age, striding along with his hands clasped behind his back. The starry sky trembled as he walked along. Behind him, an enormous figure could be seen that bore the semblance of Heavengod, shining with boundless light.

As the young man walked along, a jade slip shot up to him, which he grabbed. Then his eyes glittered with viciousness. Smiling, he headed directly toward Planet Luo River.

In another location, a 3,000-meter blood mist surged through the starry sky. Inside were various powerful beasts, snarling as they struggled to free themselves from the mist. Soon though, cracking sounds could be heard as their bodies collapsed, and they were absorbed into the blood mist.

Suddenly, a jade slip flew through the sky and into the blood mist. Moments later, cruel laughter rang out.

“So they finally found him... interesting, very interesting....” The blood mist changed directions and headed toward Planet Luo River.

In a stretch of the starry sky not too far away from Planet Luo River, a woman could be seen flying along. She looked like an utter barbarian, a coiled whip resting at her side and a wild look in her eyes. Suddenly, several gigantic pythons materialized around her, which then carried her in the direction of Planet Luo River.

The woman was swarthy but extremely beautiful. As she neared Planet Luo River, she suddenly whistled. The sound wasn't very piercing, but the result was that all the snake-type creatures on Planet Luo River suddenly began to hiss loudly.

All it took was a brief moment for all of the Heavengod Alliance to be shaken into action. The first to mobilize of all were the sects on Planet Luo River itself. How could they have ever imagined that the person the entire Heavengod Alliance was searching for was on their own planet?

Planet Luo River was one of the four great planets in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. In addition to the Righteous Noble Sect, there were three other sects on the planet.

Those four sects were the overlords of Planet Luo River, and occupied very important positions within the Heavengod Alliance. Currently, all four of those sects had mobilized and were headed toward the capital city.

Bright beams of light shot through the air, and all of the snakes emerged from the forests and mountains, hissing loudly. They did nothing to harm the people, but rather, headed directly toward the capital city.

Colors flashed, the wind screamed, and the ground shook. However, Meng Hao remained in his little exam room, continuing to write down his answers. He truly wanted to finish the whole exam, and thus make peace with his failures in years past.

After about ten breaths of time passed, Meng Hao finished writing the final character. He took a deep breath and blew on the exam paper to dry the ink, then put the brush down.

“It’s too bad I can’t wait until the results come in. I definitely won’t fail this time. It’s too bad that either way, I won’t be able to become a grand official to realize my dream of being super rich...” With a silent chuckle, he stood up. At that point, a wind blew outside, and suddenly something burst into the exam grounds with speed that exceeded all normal cultivators. It was... a donkey.

As soon as the donkey entered the exam grounds, everyone stared with wide eyes. The official conducting the examination gaped in disbelief as the donkey head-butted the wall of Meng Hao’s exam room, breaking it open and bursting inside.

Meng Hao laughed and jumped onto the donkey’s back, which brayed as it crashed through the opposing wall. Then, everyone watching was thrown into an uproar as the donkey then flew up into the air.

“An Immortal....”

“But... why was an Immortal taking the Imperial examinations?”

“Heavens, I can’t believe I just took the Imperial examinations with an Immortal!!” Numerous cries of astonishment echoed up into the air.

In almost the same instant that Meng Hao flew up into the air on the

donkey, a bright beam of light closed in, which was none other than the Daoist priest. He had a strange look on his face; he had not received one of the jade slips and therefore didn't know who Meng Hao was. Apparently, he didn't care about that though, nor did he care whether or not Meng Hao was even a cultivator.

"Hey little bro, don't go!" the Daoist priest blurted. "Fear not, I am Xu Ran from the Righteous Noble Sect. Um... are you interested in joining up?"

"If you join our sect, you can have anything you want. The Righteous Noble Sect has a thousand scrolls of Daoist magic, three thousand magical techniques, and countless disciples. We're ranked seventh in the Heavengod Alliance!

"We even occupy thirty percent of Planet Luo River. Come on and join us! After you do, you can do anything you want!"

As soon as Meng Hao heard the man's words, his eyes went wide. However, before he could respond, countless shocking beams of light suddenly shot down from up above.

"Meng Hao!! It's Meng Hao!"

"So it turns out he's here! Kill him and you can have Patriarch Blacksoul as a slave for a thousand years!!"

"Kill him!" Numerous excited shouts could be heard as no less than a thousand cultivators began to converge on the area from all directions.

Meng Hao's donkey shivered, then looked pleadingly up at him. Meng Hao chuckled and leaped off the donkey, which then turned into the meat jelly with a popping sound, and then flew into Meng Hao's bag of holding.

"What a pity," Meng Hao said, shaking his head. A cold smile appeared on his face, and as soon as he did, his aura suddenly changed. No longer did he look like a scholar, but instead a demonic fiend, bursting with energy. Everything rumbled as he waved his hand, causing the sky to fill with a boundless blood-colored light. A huge rift then opened up and the Blood Demon emerged, roaring as it charged the surrounding cultivators. Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent; he would show absolutely no

mercy to these cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea who were trying to kill him.

A flash could be seen as Meng Hao transformed into an azure roc, which blasted into the enemy cultivators like lightning. Immortal mountains descended, a violet moon flickered, and a sun began to suck in all the light in the area, then released it with explosive force. In the blink of an eye, dozens of bloodcurdling screams could be heard echoing out as enemies fell out of the sky.

Blood sprayed in all directions, falling down toward the earth in a rain of gore.

Of the surrounding cultivators, a few hundred were wearing green Daoist robes. They didn't attack immediately, but instead began muttering, which then caused an astonishing explosive aura to build up that only they could see.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered; he couldn't see the aura either, but he could sense that whatever magic these people cultivated was very unique.

It appeared to be a Daoist magic as distinctive as that of the Burning Incense Stick Society that he had encountered in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. 3

In the moment that Meng Hao noticed what they were doing, the Daoist priest was suddenly thrown into a rage. He strode forward and stood in front of the several hundred cultivators, then shouted, "What do you people think you're doing? Wreaking havoc on sect allies? You should be calling him Elder Uncle!" As soon as the words left the man's mouth, the cultivators lurched to a stop and stared in shock. The old man leading the group stepped forward, smiled wryly at the Daoist priest, then clasped hands and bowed.

"Elder Grandfather, this man... this man is, uh, Meng Hao."

"So what if he's Meng Hao!?" the Daoist priest replied, glaring.

The old man hesitated for a moment, then thought about all the muddle-headed things the Daoist priest was known for doing, then quickly

explained, “Meng Hao... he’s, you know, the one who exterminated the entire Blacksoul Society?”

“Exterminated the Blacksoul Society?” the Daoist priest said, spinning around and looking at Meng Hao with an even stranger look than before.

“Hahaha! As expected of my apprentice. Excellent! Wonderful! I’ve been annoyed with those bastards from the Blacksoul Society for years now. You are obviously destined to be my apprentice. You haven’t even formally paid respects to me as your master, and you’ve already solved one of my headaches for me!”

*

1. I found a cool picture of a model of how the Imperial examinations were set up in ancient China. Depending on the type of test, each test taker might have their own room, where they would take the test and even sleep overnight as necessary.
2. There is a lot of wordplay and room for interpretation with regard to the “righteous, noble aura,” and the “Righteous Noble Sect.” Without getting into too much boring detail, the “righteous, noble” characters could also be translated as “vast, overwhelming, expansive.” For reasons I won’t get into now, I chose to go with the “righteous, noble” interpretation. Furthermore, the first character is “hao” the same character from Meng Hao’s name.
3. Meng Hao fought Xie Yixian from the Burning Incense Stick Society starting in chapter 876. He used a type of magic that forced Meng Hao into an illusion.

Chapter 1224: Be a Good Kid, My Little Disciple, Don't Run!

A strange expression could be seen on Meng Hao's face, but before he could say anything, the Daoist priest glared at the surrounding disciples of the Righteous Noble Sect.

"What are you standing around for? Can't you see that your Elder Uncle is being bullied!? Why aren't you helping him?!" The Daoist priest stamped his foot down, causing the air to rumble. The disciples of the Righteous Noble Sect exchanged wry, helpless glances.

The old man who was the leader of the bunch appeared to be on the verge of tears. He let out a long sigh, unsure of whether or not to attack Meng Hao.

Even as he was going back and forth about what to do, the sound of a whistle could be heard high up in the sky. As it echoed out, all of the snakes on Planet Luo River hissed loudly.

The sound echoed about, and the clouds churned, revealing numerous Cloud Pythons swirling through the air toward Meng Hao.

Simultaneously, countless arrow-like snakes shot up from the ground, eyes sinister, forked tongues flicking.

It wasn't over yet, though. Up above in the sky, an even larger python began to descend. It glowed with brilliant light, and even emanated an aura similar to that of a Paragon.

All of the cultivators in the crowd were completely shaken. As for Meng Hao, when he looked up, his eyes went wide for a moment, and then he actually smiled.

"Finally," he murmured, "I get to see... some of the local Chosen." He was already itching to fight, so as soon as the python appeared, he instantly shot up into the sky, moving so fast a sonic boom echoed out. Relying only on the strength of his fleshly body, he slammed into the Cloud Pythons. By the time that they howled and they collapsed into

countless pieces, Meng Hao was already bearing down on the Paragon-like python.

He quickly waved his hand, causing the Essence of Divine Flame to roar out, transforming into a sea of flames capable of burning everything. In response, the huge python opened its mouth and blasted out a huge air channel, making it impossible for the sea of flames to touch it, then opened its mouth to shoot a beam of light toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao smiled coolly, then clenched his hand into a fist and punched out toward the python and its gaping maw.

First fist, Life-Extermination Fist!

As the fist sailed through the air, Heaven and Earth went wild with flashing colors. A massive wind sprang up, and everything shook violently. The python let out a miserable shriek as the light shattered, and its body then collapsed into pieces.

Meng Hao threw his head back and shouted. Although the sound of it wasn't extremely loud, as soon as it echoed out, the rest of the surrounding pythons began to tremble. Not daring to get any closer, they turned tail and fled.

"Shut the hell up!" someone said imperiously. It was the barbaric woman, riding on a five-colored beam of light that closed in on Meng Hao with incredible speed.

The woman was quite pretty, despite her swarthy skin. She had a very unique air to her, making her look very different from any other female cultivator Meng Hao had ever encountered.

"Lady Dragon-Snake!!"

"It's Lady Dragon-Snake from the Dragon-Snake Fusion Sect! I can't believe she's here on Planet Luo River!"

"The Alliance's bounty on Meng Hao is just too enticing. It even caught the attention of the Dragon-Snake Fusion Sect.... Or maybe it caught the attention of the ever-flamboyant Lady Dragon-Snake herself...."

“If she’s here, then presumably the other eight members of the Nine Claws of the Heavengod are on their way too!” As everyone discussed the matter, the old man from the Righteous Noble Sect sighed, inwardly thanking Lady Dragon-Snake for showing up and getting him out of the embarrassing situation. Now he didn’t have to decide whether or not to attack Meng Hao.

Looking at his Master out of the corner of his eye, he couldn’t help but smile wryly. Right now, the Daoist priest’s eyes were shining brightly, and the old man knew that whenever that look appeared, the Daoist priest was about to do something very muddle-headed....

Meng Hao looked at the woman closing in on him, and his eyes slowly narrowed. At the same time, a smile appeared on his face when he heard what the surrounding cultivators were saying about who she was.

“Nine Claws of the Heavengod. They must be Chosen from the Heavengod Alliance.... Excellent. I’ve collected on most of my debts from the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and now that I’m here... it’s only right and proper to make a killing in the Eighth Mountain and Sea too.” Laughing loudly, he suddenly shot directly toward Lady Dragon-Snake.

Her pupils constricted when she realized how powerful he was. However, she didn’t attempt to dodge out of the fight. Her right hand flickered with an incantation gesture, causing five-colored light to explode out in all directions, transforming into five pythons which howled as they shot toward Meng Hao.

At the same time, she waved her hand, summoning a string of bells. When she swung the string, melodic chiming could be heard. When that sound entered Meng Hao’s ears, though, it was like the roaring of the highest Heavens, and he even felt his psyche trembling.

Meng Hao gave a cold snort. He had cultivated the Dao Divinity Scripture, so as soon as the psyche-shaking sound waves hit him, he sent his divine sense out, which transformed into an invisible tempest and smashed back against them. Lady Dragon-Snake’s face fell, and blood oozed out of the corners of her mouth. Alarmed, she fell back.

Before she could do anything else, Meng Hao flashed through the air, transforming into an azure roc, which shot like lightning toward the five pythons. Of course, rocs are the nemeses of dragons and snakes, so as soon as its aura appeared the five pythons immediately shuddered. The azure roc quickly closed in and slashed its claws toward them.

Booms echoed out as the pythons, completely unable to fight back, were ripped to shreds. Meng Hao then closed in on the woman herself.

“Roc Transformation!! You’re a disciple of the Heavenly Roc Sect!” The woman’s face fell, and she fell back, quickly performing an incantation gesture with her right hand. Then she spit out a mouthful of dark blood, which transformed into a blood-colored sealing mark. The sealing mark writhed, and in the blink of an eye, had transformed into a dragon!

It was a dragon formed from black blood, which made this a Black Dragon. The Black Dragon kicked up a huge wind as it roared and shot toward Meng Hao.

“Is a magical technique like this really worthy of a Chosen?” Meng Hao said, shaking his head. If this was all she could do, this woman wouldn’t deserve to have a promissory note and owe Meng Hao money.

He took a step forward, clenching his right hand into a fist and unleashing a punch.

It was his second fist strike, the Bedevilment Fist!

As the fist rumbled through the air, the Heavens seemed to teeter on the verge of collapse. The Black Dragon had just appeared, but was already twisting and distorting. It let out a miserable shriek, as if it were about to collapse into pieces.

In almost the same moment that Meng Hao spoke, Lady Dragon-Snake rotated her cultivation base, causing more than ten Soul Lamps to appear around her, more than half of which were extinguished. Within each of those soul lamps could be seen the image of a person meditating.

All of them wore the same face as Lady Dragon-Snake, except that from the waist down they were snakes. Suddenly, they opened their eyes and

looked at the Black Dragon.

“Thirteen Dragon-Snake Augmentations!” she cried in a piercing voice. A tremor suddenly ran through the Black Dragon, and its energy redoubled!

After that, it tripled, quadrupled... in the blink of an eye, the Black Dragon’s energy had increased by thirteen times. Now, it seemed absolutely, completely different from before. Furthermore, it even emanated faint traces of the Dao Realm.

Meng Hao was taken aback, but still shook his head.

“That still isn’t going to cut it,” he said. He was fed up with this fight already, so he immediately unleashed his third fist strike. God Slaying!

As soon as the God Slaying Fist was unleashed, everything began to shake. The Black Dragon, which was now thirteen times more powerful than before, let out a miserable shriek as its body was destroyed. The surrounding cultivators were shocked, and looked over at Meng Hao with wide, astonished eyes.

“The Heavengod Alliance was wrong. The power he can wield... is not that of the Ancient Realm!!”

“H-his... his injuries have healed!!”

“Before he was injured, he could wipe out the entire Blacksoul Society. Even Patriarch Blacksoul himself received terrifying injuries!!”

Even as everyone reacted with shock, Meng Hao strode forward toward Lady Dragon-Snake and extended his right hand. His eyes glittered with an intensely cold light; these cultivators had come here to kill him, so it didn’t matter if they were men or women; unless they qualified to have a promissory note, Meng Hao would not go lightly on them.

He closed in on Lady Dragon-Snake, killing intent raging. Her face fell, and both hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture. Just as Meng Hao was about to grab her by the neck, she roared, and suddenly transformed into a ghost image.

When she reappeared off in the distance, blood was oozing out of her mouth.

“Eee?” Meng Hao said. In the moment that she had performed her teleportation, he had felt fluctuations of the Dao Divinity Scripture.

He flashed through the air toward her again, and Lady Dragon-Snake’s face paled and filled with terror. Even as she backed up, she performed an incantation gesture and then fled via teleportation once more.

His interest piqued, Meng Hao suddenly waved his finger, unleashing the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex. The woman didn’t know why, but she suddenly lurched to a stop, and her eyes went wide with despair.

Even as he closed in on her, all of a sudden, a withered hand appeared out of nowhere to claw at Meng Hao.

“Quasi-Dao? Scram!” Meng Hao instantly knew exactly what type of person this was. He waved his hand, causing the aura of the Paragon Bridge to erupt out. The instant the hand made contact with him, it shattered. An old woman staggered out into the void, looking at Meng Hao with an expression of terror. Coughing up blood, she shot toward Lady Dragon-Snake, grabbed her, and fled.

That old woman was Lady Dragon-Snake’s Dao Protector, but even she was currently terrified. “Young Lady, we must flee. This man... isn’t injured at all!!”

Seeing that Lady Dragon-Snake was fleeing, Meng Hao smiled, although it was an icy smile. He suddenly waved his hand toward the fleeing Lady Dragon-Snake.

“Call upon Karma to form a binding writ. Starting today... you owe me money!” Immediately, Karma Threads appeared above Lady Dragon-Snake. Meng Hao then reached out and grabbed the brightest of the shining threads, and then placed a sealing mark on it!

Rumbling sounds could be heard as Lady Dragon-Snake coughed up blood. Her heart was now filled with an indescribable dread, especially when she saw the glowing piece of paper floating down onto Meng Hao’s

palm. She suddenly felt as if she had lost something important, and her fear grew.

It was at this point that a cold snort echoed through the sky, and a writhing blood mist descended toward Meng Hao.

“Ah, another one,” he said, chuckling. Instead of standing there waiting, he suddenly transformed into a prismatic beam of light that shot up into the sky. However, from a distance it looked like he was actually trying to flee.

Just as Meng Hao was about to blast up into the sky and start fighting, the Daoist priest appeared in mid-air, beaming with a huge smile as he hollered, “Be a good kid, my little disciple, don’t run!”

Chapter 1225: Master, Save Me!

Just as Meng Hao was about to blast up into the sky and start fighting, the Daoist priest appeared in mid-air, beaming with a huge smile as he hollered, “Don’t go, my little disciple!”

Although his shout seemed casual, it actually caused the sky to shake violently, as if it were about to collapse. In fact, if you looked up, you would see innumerable rifts opening up.

The red mist which had been just about to shoot down, suddenly shrank back, as if whatever person was concealed inside were suddenly shaking, and going all out to retreat.

This sudden turn of events caused Meng Hao to stare in shock, and also, sadness. His original plan had been to leave Planet Luo River, and in the process, incite the Chosen in that red mist into fighting, then use A Writ of Karma to force him or her to owe Meng Hao money.

How could he ever have imagined that the Daoist priest would interfere? The level of this priest’s cultivation base caused Meng Hao’s eyes to widen slightly. He obviously had a very high position in the Righteous Noble Sect, and from the way he had shouted just now, Meng Hao could tell that he was a 3-Essences Dao Lord, comparable to Patriarch Blacksoul, or perhaps a bit higher.

That made Meng Hao even more depressed than before. Back when he couldn’t fight Dao Realm experts, he had virtually never encountered a single one. But now that he was capable of fighting them, they seemed to be popping up everywhere.

The reality of the situation was that it was because he was in a much different position now, and thus the people he encountered were different. In any of the various Mountains and Seas, the number of Dao Realm experts would never exceed several dozen. Most of them ended up as Patriarchs of various sects, and as such, were not the type of people ordinary cultivators ever encountered.

Take, for example, Patriarch Blacksoul. In a sect with hundreds of

thousands of cultivators, there was only one Dao Realm cultivator, Patriarch Black soul!

And yet, because Meng Hao could fight Dao Realm experts, it was only natural that when he got involved in a situation, it would take the interference from them to resolve that situation.

As for this Daoist priest from the Righteous Noble Sect, he truly was a 3-Essences Dao Lord, and was one of three Dao Realm experts in that sect. In fact, he wasn't even the strongest of those three, but rather the second strongest!

Having three Dao Realm experts meant that the Righteous Noble Sect was in a very strong position in the Heavengod Alliance, a trend which was very similar to the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

"There's no need to flee, my little disciple. Come, come, return with me to the Righteous Noble Sect. With me around, nobody would ever dare to lay a hand on you!" The Daoist priest approached, staring at Meng Hao with wide eyes. Meng Hao subconsciously edged backward.

The Daoist priest didn't seem to mind. The more he looked at Meng Hao, the more excited he got because of that righteous, noble aura on him, which was apparently very special. Although the aura was fading, it was still quite apparent. In fact, it was the most clearly visible such aura that the Daoist priest had seen for many years.

"Aiii, if only I could have found you before you started practicing cultivation. I could definitely have raised you into the most powerful expert in the Righteous Noble Sect! Although, it's not too late. Come, come. Your name is Meng Hao, right? You know, if you join the Righteous Noble Sect, you can get a Daoist name!

"My Daoist name is the Noble Ran. Let me think for a second...." The Daoist priest slapped his thigh. Smiling radiantly, he said, "I got it! Your Daoist name is the Righteous Haowie!"

The disciples of the Righteous Noble Sect around him exchanged dismayed glances. All of a sudden, they were no longer looking at Meng Hao with hostility, but rather, with sympathy.

Meng Hao was turning a bit green in the face. The Righteous Haowie, the Righteous Haowie.... When he heard the name, he wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry. Were it not for the fact that he could tell that the Daoist priest harbored no ill will against him, he would long since have gone ballistic.

"This is ridiculous!" Meng Hao said, flicking his sleeve. Face cold, he snorted, ignoring the Daoist priest and spinning to shoot up into the sky. He wanted to leave Planet Luo River, but at the same time, was wary of the Daoist priest.

Even though Meng Hao could sense that the man did not want to hurt him, it was still better to be cautious. In order to make sure the man didn't try to stop him, he transformed into an azure roc, flapped his wings, and shot away, leaving behind nothing but a series of sonic booms.

The Daoist priest stood where he was and did nothing to block Meng Hao's way. Instead, he looked on with a broad smile. The Righteous Noble Sect disciples behind him had strange looks on their faces as they tried to figure out exactly what their muddle-headed Patriarch was out to do.

"Well, if you want to leave, I won't stop you. However, we are destined to be Master and apprentice, Righteous Haowie. It has been fated by the Mountains and Seas. It has been fated... that within ten breaths of time, you will return." The Daoist priest's words were very mysterious. He stood there, hands clasped behind his back, looking every bit the transcendent being. Based on physical appearance alone, he appeared to be anything but ordinary.

Meng Hao sped along in azure roc-form, and within the space of a few breaths of time, he could see that out in the starry sky, tens of thousands of beams of light were shooting in his direction.

Boiling killing intent raged, distorting the starry sky. If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal. Meng Hao would still choose to leave. But soon, he realized that among those beams of light were the fluctuations of at least ten Dao Realm experts.

All of them were speeding in his direction!

Even Meng Hao's scalp went numb at the thought of ten Dao Realm cultivators. That was not even to mention the fact that among those ten auras, two of them... exceeded the level of Dao Lords!

There was no way he could leave now! Even if he somehow got away from Planet Luo River, he still wouldn't be able to avoid being killed eventually. Unfortunately... Patriarch Blacksoul hated Meng Hao so much that he was willing to treat himself completely viciously.

Perhaps individual cultivators might be able to ignore the idea of having him as a slave for a thousand years, but to a sect as a whole, that was too much of a temptation. They would do anything possible to make that happen!

"Heavengod Alliance...." Meng Hao said, eyes flickering coldly. With a sigh, he rolled his eyes, turned, and headed back down toward the surface of Planet Luo River.

Even as he turned back, the ten Dao Realm experts joined forces to attack. Rumbling filled the air as the power of numerous Essences materialized, transforming into a stream of brilliant light, almost like an enormous whip, which slashed through the void toward Meng Hao even as he retreated back down toward the lands of Planet Luo River.

At the same time, the rest of the cultivators pushed forward with explosive speed.

Back down on Planet Luo River, the cultivators from the four local sects had just seen Meng Hao leave. Just moments later he returned, looking very out of sorts; countless beams of light could be seen behind him in the starry sky, as well as a seven-colored light stream.

As the seven-colored light stream closed in, Meng Hao's face fell, and he quickly shouted out to the Daoist priest.

"Master, save me!!"

The transcendent-looking Daoist priest cleared his throat. Keeping his hands clasped behind his back, he slowly looked up and said, "Who is calling out for Master?"

He seemed to be refusing, but really... he was actually quite pleased with himself.

Meng Hao smiled bitterly. Behind him, the stream of light was closing in, bursting with killing intent. If it touched him, he wouldn't be killed instantly, but it would definitely reopen the wounds he had just spent all this time healing.

Gritting his teeth, he said, "I'm... I'm the Righteous Haowie, oh Master, if you don't save me right away, then I won't recognize you as my Master!"

Immediately, the Daoist priest's eyes began to shine as brightly as the sun and moon.

"Ah, fear not, my little disciple. Master is coming!"

Laughing with excitement, and looking somewhat smug, he suddenly took a step forward. When his foot landed, he was between Meng Hao and the seven-colored stream of light. Suddenly, he lifted his right hand in the air, angling his hand as if he were holding a brush, and then began to write characters in the middle of the air!

"How dare you bastards bully my apprentice! The Righteous Haowie is an upright person with a righteous, noble aura! Any enemy of his is an enemy of mine!"

"You're at the threshold of Planet Luo River, and this is the Righteous Noble Sect! Do me a favor and screw off!"

Colors flashed and the wind howled. As the Daoist priest waved his hand to write characters, magical symbols flickered, and at the same time, a righteous, noble aura suddenly exploded out from him. That in turn seemed to incite the aura of Planet Luo River itself, which surged out and slammed into the seven-colored stream of light.

Massive rumbling could be heard as the stream of light quivered and then collapsed into pieces. At the same time, the righteous, noble aura shot further out into the starry sky, becoming an invisible pillar of qi that caused the entire starry sky to tremble. The incoming cultivators were all shocked and stopped in place, not daring to get any closer.

Numerous shouts of rage could be heard after the stream of light collapsed.

“Xu Ran, you oaf, are you crazy!?!?”

“He’s always been crazy!”

“That’s Meng Hao! He’s not your apprentice, he’s the killer who took out the whole Blacksoul Society!”

“Xu Ran, is your Righteous Noble Sect actually going to violate the orders of the Heavengod Alliance!?!?”

The sound of their cries echoed out, causing the lands to quake, rivers to flow backward, and all living beings to tremble.

“I might be crazy sometimes, but not today!” the Daoist priest replied, his voice booming. “You’re the crazy ones! You might not be able to tell, but I can clearly see that Meng Hao has a righteous, noble aura. For him to have an aura like that means that anyone he killed deserved to die!

“If he exterminated the Blacksoul Society, that indicates... that the Heavens, the Eighth Mountain and Sea itself, and even the will of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, wished the Blacksoul Society to be eradicated!

“It doesn’t matter who he is, Meng Hao or some other Hao. Today, he’s my apprentice, the Righteous Haowie!” With that, he swished his sleeve, causing massive rumbling to fill Heaven and Earth as he once again summoned the power of Planet Luo River to surge out into the starry sky.

Of course, for him to do such a thing twice, to fight back against ten Dao Realm experts and countless other cultivators, left him with blood oozing out of his mouth.

Meng Hao was shaken. He looked silently at the Daoist priest, feeling more than a little moved. After hearing the man talking about his supposed righteous, noble aura, Meng Hao suddenly began to speculate that it actually had something to do with the qi flow of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

They were now at an impasse. The cultivators who had come to kill Meng Hao remained out in the starry sky, unwilling to enter Planet Luo River. This was one of the original planets of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, not an artificial planet created by some almighty cultivator. It had existed for as long as the Eighth Mountain and Sea had, and was one of only four planets like it. All the powerful sects on those primary planets were important parts of the Heavengod Alliance.

Furthermore... they all had secret magics that enabled them to control the power of those planets themselves!

Chapter 1226: The Something-something Seal the Heavens Incantation

In the middle of this intense standoff, the Daoist priest threw his head back and proudly brushed his sleeve.

“Disciples of the Righteous Noble Sect, hear my command!” he said in a loud voice. “Escort your Elder Uncle back to the sect!”

The disciples of the Righteous Noble Sect were shaking in their boots. They looked up at the forces arrayed against them in the sky, then back at Meng Hao and the Daoist priest, bitter smiles on their faces. After a moment of hesitation, they sighed, clasped hands to Meng Hao, and then turned to leave.

The other cultivators present, as well as the force in the starry sky, looked on as Meng Hao and the Righteous Noble Sect made their way off. The Daoist priest looked extremely pleased with himself as he quickly caught up with Meng Hao and then walked along at his side, laughing heartily.

“The Righteous Haowie. Well, what do you think? Should we switch to another Daoist name?”

Meng Hao hesitated, looking first at the Daoist priest and then all of the disciples of the Righteous Noble Sect. Finally, he sighed.

“Uh... we don’t need to switch.”

“Alright, then it’s settled!” The Daoist priest slapped Meng Hao on the shoulder.

“Senior....” Before Meng Hao could say anything else, the Daoist priest glared at him angrily. Meng Hao smiled wryly.

“Er... M-master.... Um, the Heavengod Alliance put a bounty on my head. If I go back to the Righteous Noble Sect with you, sir, I’m afraid it would be a big inconvenience....” Meng Hao was actually feeling some reservations. Originally, he had planned to simply manipulate the

Righteous Noble Sect to make use of their power. However, the way the Daoist priest actually took him under his wing had moved Meng Hao, and now he was worried about dragging the whole sect into his own problems.

“Nonsense!” the Daoist Priest said, sounding completely unruffled. “The Righteous Noble Sect is the number one sect on Planet Luo River, and super famous in the Heavengod Alliance. Why should we be scared? What are we, babies? All you did was exterminate the Blacksoul Society, right? Fine, one of these days when I’m in a good mood, I’ll go exterminate a sect too. There’s no way the Heavengod Alliance will put a bounty on MY head!”

Meng Hao was struck speechless. Although what the Daoist priest said actually made sense, if Meng Hao truly became a disciple of the Righteous Noble Sect, then technically, he would also be a part of the Heavengod Alliance. In that case, everything that had happened would be considered an internal affair of the Heavengod Alliance.

If that happened, there would be a plethora of options to resolve the situation. However... Meng Hao had the feeling that things wouldn’t necessarily play out as smoothly as the Daoist priest believed.

Most important was Meng Hao’s own status... that of a cultivator foreign to the Eighth Mountain and Sea!

Time passed. They proceeded along, led by the Daoist priest to a huge monastery that consisted of three towering mountains. Located at the peak of each mountain was a statue surrounded by clusters of pagodas and buildings. Located in the middle of the three mountains was a sprawling Daoist rite temple.

Incense smoke swirled up into the air, and the sound of tolling bells could be heard. Cranes soared in the air up above, and countless Immortal creatures could be seen lazing about, clearly at peace with the local cultivators.

This was the Righteous Noble Sect. As Meng Hao looked around, he could see the powerful aura of Heaven and Earth filling the sect. Visible within that aura was a sense of uprightness that caused the entire

Righteous Noble Sect to feel both ancient and honorable!

That was just what he could see at first glance. When he narrowed his eyes and looked closer, he was shocked at what else he could sense... the qi flow of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Shockingly, the Righteous Noble Sect had some of the qi flow of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Although it wasn't much, it indicated that this place was beloved by the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Visible on the main gate were four characters, bold and powerful. It was impossible to tell how many countless years they had existed there, but looking at them filled a person with strange feelings, as if those characters were eternal, and would never fade away.

The four characters read... Represent Heaven; Administer the Dao!

"The qi flow of the Mountains and Seas...." Meng Hao murmured as he stepped into the monastery. "A righteous, noble aura.... Represent Heaven in administering the Dao."

Almost as soon as the disciples of the Righteous Noble Sect stepped into their sect, numerous beams of light appeared in the air up above. Those were the cultivators who had come to kill Meng Hao, and were now surrounding the Righteous Noble Sect.

Even the ten Dao Realm cultivators came and occupied ten different locations equidistant from the sect. The powerful fluctuations of their cultivation bases were extremely threatening and overbearing.

Rumbling could be heard as the righteous, noble aura within the Righteous Noble Sect churned, spreading out to cover the entire sect. The sect's grand protective spell formation was activated, causing the entire sect to suddenly blur from the perspective of those on the outside. The only things most people could see clearly were the three huge statues atop the mountain peaks.

One of those statues held a sword, another held a scroll, and the last was dressed in a scholar's robe, and held his hands clasped behind his back as he looked up into the sky.

When the Dao Realm experts on the outside saw those three statues, their eyes widened, and they said, “The Three Righteous Noble Saints....”

As soon as Meng Hao set foot into the sect, a powerful voice instantly echoed out.

“Bring Meng Hao to see me, now!” When the other disciples heard the voice, they immediately bowed their heads respectfully. The Daoist priest was the only one whose eyes flashed angrily as he strode toward the most prominent of the three mountain peaks.

Meng Hao followed along. The two of them hurried forward to the mountain with the statue of the scholar staring into the sky. At the foot of the statue was a temple, outside of which could be seen two young boys, sitting there cross-legged. When they saw the Daoist priest, they immediately rose to their feet and clasped hands respectfully.

The Daoist priest didn’t say anything, but instead stalked past them into the temple entrance. Meng Hao was about to follow him when he turned and said, “Master will go in alone. I want to see whether my words still count for anything in the Righteous Noble Sect!”

Meng Hao stopped in place. When he looked at the temple in front of him, he could tell that there was some terrifying entity inside, emanating fluctuations that caused enormous pressure to weigh down on him.

“Three Essences makes a Dao Lord. Four, five, and six Essences are Dao Sovereigns.... The person inside that temple is a Dao Sovereign!” Meng Hao’s pupils constricted. He had faced a 3-Essences Dao Lord, had been forced to risk his life in combat, and still had not been able to eke out a victory. If he faced a Dao Sovereign, even one with only four Essences, he would definitely lose!

Each Essence in the Dao Realm created a huge disparity. The difference between a Dao Lord and a Dao Sovereign was like the difference between Heaven and Earth. Therefore, the level of difficulty of breaking through from being a Dao Lord to become a Dao Sovereign was incredible.

Furthermore, it ensured that in the Mountain and Sea Realm, Dao Sovereigns were not common. People like that... were actually qualified to

vie for the position of Mountain and Sea Lord!

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and waited silently. The two boys standing guard measured him up curiously. They hadn't left the mountain recently, so they actually had no idea who Meng Hao was or what he had done.

Time passed, and nothing could be heard from inside the temple. After a while, the two boys couldn't hold back from asking Meng Hao some questions. One had a look of sympathy on his face, while the other looked at him with a curious expression as he asked, "Are you Patriarch Noble Ran's new apprentice?"

When Meng Hao nodded in response, the two boys exchanged a glance, then looked back at Meng Hao. This time both of them wore sympathetic expressions. Then they began to speak in turns:

"When I was reading the ancient records... I saw that 1,700 years ago, Patriarch Noble Ran accepted an apprentice... who died two months later!"

"1,500 years ago, he accepted another apprentice who also died after two months...."

"1,300 years ago, he took a third apprentice, who also died."

"To date, Patriarch Noble Ran has had eight apprentices, none of whom lived past three months. All of them died, and furthermore all of them died... in very strange ways."

"What do you mean strange?" Meng Hao asked, somewhat spooked.

"One was struck by lightning. He didn't die from the first lightning bolt, it took dozens. After he died, the sky cleared up immediately...."

"There was one who ended up spontaneously exploding while cultivating.... Oh, and another caught fire and burned to death. Another one experienced misfortune for two whole months until suddenly a meteor fell out of the sky and crushed him to death. Well, the point is, they all died in different ways."

Meng Hao's eyes went wide; he almost couldn't believe what he was

hearing.

He was just about to ask some more questions when the seemingly quiet temple suddenly began to emanate intense ripples, as if some dispute were underway. After enough time had passed for an incense stick to burn, the Daoist priest burst out angrily. After taking a few steps, he turned and glared back into the temple.

“You might be a Dao Sovereign, and you might be the First Patriarch of the Righteous Noble Sect, but your worldview doesn’t go past the Eighth Mountain and Sea!

“I refuse to believe that with your cultivation base, you can’t see the righteous, noble aura on this apprentice of mine!”

The temple was completely quiet. No response could be heard. The Daoist priest stamped his foot and then began to stalk off angrily. As he passed Meng Hao, he motioned to him with his eyes, which caused Meng Hao to turn solemnly and follow him away.

They left the central mountain and headed toward the mountain on the left, the one with the sword-wielding statue. At the base of that statue was another temple. After entering the temple, the Daoist priest angrily looked over his shoulder at the central mountain peak.

“Master, I think I should probably leave,” Meng Hao said slowly. He couldn’t stop thinking about the words spoken by the two boys moments ago.

“Leave? Where can you leave to?” the Daoist priest said bitinglly. “The Heavengod Alliance is huge, and the teleportation portals are still sealed. If you set foot outside, hundreds of thousands of cultivators are going to try to kill you, maybe even more than that. You might have been able to exterminate the Blacksoul Society, but can you exterminate the entire Heavengod Alliance? Well, can you?!”

“Not at the moment, no,” Meng Hao replied calmly.

“Even if you could, I wouldn’t let you. If you were the kind of person to do things like that, how could I have had the face to take you as my

apprentice? Besides, it's only natural that I have a way to teleport you out of this piddling Heavengod Alliance!

"I've bought you two months of time, during which you'll just stay here and try to get as many people as possible to come surround the sect. Then when the time comes, I'll teleport you out, and things will be much safer." The Daoist priest sighed deeply. Of course, he didn't notice how jumpy Meng Hao got as soon as he mentioned the time frame of two months.

"It's too bad that something like this happened right when you became my apprentice." Suddenly, the Daoist priest seemed to go crazy. Gesticulating wildly at the people besieging the sect, he let loose a long stream of curses, after which he stamped his foot.

"Dammit. I've had eight apprentices throughout the years, and in the end, they all died. Now that I have a ninth, I won't let him die no matter what.

"Righteous Haowie, the time has come for me to instruct you in the Righteous Noble Sect's most powerful, most mysterious, most invincible Daoist magic. It's called The Dao is in My Heart The Will is in My Eyes I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas Seal the Heavens Incantation!" The Daoist priest's eyes were completely bloodshot, and when he spoke the final words, Seal the Heavens Incantation, he spoke them very dramatically, one word at a time.

"If you can master that art," he continued solemnly, "then in the future, you'll definitely be invincible in the Mountain and Sea Realm!"

"Um... Master," Meng Hao said tentatively, "did your last eight disciples also study the... something-something Seal the Heavens Incantation?"

"It's not the something-something Seal the Heavens Incantation! It's The Dao is in My Heart The Will is in My Eyes I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas Seal the Heavens Incantation! As for your other poor Elder Brothers, of course they studied it. Each and every one of them. Unfortunately... before any of them could finish, they died." The Daoist priest looked sad, very sad, and not the least bit of that was an act.

Chapter 1227: Daoist Priest!

“The Dao is in My Heart The Will is in My Eyes I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas Seal the Heavens Incantation!”

Meng Hao had just arrived in the Righteous Noble Sect. It was currently evening; the sun was setting off in the distance, and a cool breeze rustled through the swaying flowers and vegetation that covered the mountains. Meng Hao stared blankly at this Master of his, whose unreliability could only be outdone by Patriarch Reliance....

He listened silently as the Daoist priest began to explain the so-called something-something Seal the Heavens Incantation.

“This incantation is incredibly powerful. Super powerful. Invincibly powerful!

“Its creator is a one-of-a-kind super genius in the Eighth Mountain and Sea– no, in fact, no one else like him has existed since the creation of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

“The first requirement of the incantation is that you possess a righteous, noble aura. Then, you must have a fearless heart. You have to place the Eighth Mountain and Sea within your heart, and then do the same for all the other Mountains and Seas, until all Nine Mountains and Seas are inside of you. After that, you can... force the Mountain and Sea Realm to recognize you as its Lord!

“If you succeed, then you will have completed the first step of the incantation. After that is the second step, Sealing the Heavens. You will have to seal each one of the 33 Heavens, which will in turn cause your cultivation base to increase by a factor of 100% with each sealing!

“After sealing the 33 Heavens, then, theoretically speaking, your cultivation base should be 33 times more powerful!” As the Daoist priest spoke, his expression was one of reminiscence, and he seemed profoundly ancient.

Meng Hao hesitated for a moment. Seeing how entranced the Daoist

priest seemed to be, he couldn't hold back from asking, "And after that...?"

"After that? There's nothing after that," the Daoist priest replied, glaring. "By that point, you'll be invincible. You don't need anything after that. Besides, it's hard to imagine anything more. Impossible, really!"

After a moment of silence, Meng Hao asked, "Master, um... sir, you created the something-something Seal the Heavens Incantation, right?"

"Hahaha! So, so you live up to my expectations as my disciple, even if you're not quite as smart as me. Excellent deduction. Since you found me out, Master won't hide the truth any longer. You are absolutely, positively correct. Aii. Your Master has been keeping this secret for two thousand years now; at long last I can speak it out in the open.

"Righteous Haowie, listen well. The Dao is in My Heart The Will is in My Eyes I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas Seal the Heavens Incantation was created by me. It is the most powerful, most mysterious, and most supreme Daoist magic in the Righteous Noble Sect!" The Daoist priest swished his sleeve and raised his right hand dramatically into the air.

Meng Hao chuckled wryly. He suddenly realized he had a headache.

The Daoist priest glared at Meng Hao out of the corner of his eye, clearly displeased. "This is when you're supposed to cheer!"

Meng Hao stood there silently. However, the Daoist priest continued to hold the pose tenaciously. After a long, awkward moment, Meng Hao thought about how the man had protected him, and he sighed. Forcing himself to sound excited, he said, "Master, you're so incredible!"

The Daoist priest laughed loudly, then lowered his hand.

"Just trust your Master. The Dao is in My Heart The Will is in My Eyes I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas Seal the Heavens Incantation is incredibly powerful. Considering the level of my cultivation base, I can only use it at ten percent of its full power. But even that ten percent is very, very, very powerful! Way more powerful than me, you have my word on that!" The Daoist priest was bragging so hard that, though he was trying to seem high and mighty, spittle flew from his mouth.

With that he swished his sleeve, raised his right index finger into the air, and pointed straight up into the sky. “Come, come, it’s time to practice the incantation. Just watch how I do it.

“The Dao is in My Heart!” he roared, causing the words to echo out through the sect. Meng Hao couldn’t help but notice that all of the disciples in the Daoist rite temple at the base of the mountain quickly lowered their heads in embarrassment. He looked back at the Daoist priest, unable to prevent his eyelid from twitching uncontrollably.

The Daoist priest then bent his legs to form a circle... then raised his right hand up again, except this time to his forehead....

“Follow me!” he said, glaring at Meng Hao. “Come on!”

Meng Hao cleared his throat and thought once again about how the Daoist priest had personally taken him under his protection. Sighing, he bent his legs to form a circle and then, with difficulty, raised his hand vertically in front of his forehead.

“Say the words!” urged the Daoist priest.

Meng Hao gritted his teeth and finally decided to just give in. “The Dao... The Dao is in My Heart!” he roared.

The Daoist priest’s eyes glittered, and he laughed. “Good, very good. Now for the second stance.”

Next, he lifted his left hand up and held it horizontally in front of the other hand, to make the character 十.

“The Will is in My Eyes!” he roared. No matter how you looked at it, the horizontal position of his left hand made it so that his eyes were completely covered up.

Having no other choice, Meng Hao followed suit.

“I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas!” the Daoist priest cried. He then he squatted down, and leaped high into the air, looking very much like a frog....

Meng Hao gaped with wide eyes, but finally gritted his teeth and

followed along, jumping up into the air....

“Seal... the Heavens... Incantation!” Hovering there in midair, the Daoist priest stretched both hands out wide, threw his head back and roared. His voice resonated out in all directions, becoming clearly audible to even the cultivators who had surrounded the sect. Strange expressions became visible on all of their faces.

As for Meng Hao, he simply didn’t have the courage to yell out the words ‘Seal the Heavens Incantation’ so loudly. Smiling bitterly, he spoke them out much more quietly, and then splayed his arms. The entire area around him then filled with... nothing. There was absolutely no change.

“Not bad!” the Daoist priest said, looking pleased. “You keep practicing this magic for the next two months. Trust me, it’s incredibly powerful, invincible in Heaven and Earth. It can sweep across anything in the Mountains and Seas, and can even exterminate Paragons!”

Meng Hao couldn’t think of anything to say in response.

“Alright, that will do for now. You keep cultivating that on your own, I have some things to take care of.” With that, the Daoist priest waved his sleeve and headed down the mountain, quickly vanishing.

Meng Hao sighed and sat down cross-legged. Frowning, he began to consider what other options were available in escaping the Heavengod Alliance’s manhunt, as this place... wasn’t a long-term option. The Daoist priest was muddle-headed, but the First Patriarch of the Righteous Noble Sect was not, and clearly wasn’t willing to let him stay here permanently.

Obviously, the Daoist priest had forcefully demanded to have even the two months of time.

“Well, that’s fine,” Meng Hao thought. “That will be enough for me to finish healing up, and get back to my peak!” Eyes glittering coldly, he took a deep breath and then began to meditate to treat his injuries.

Before too much time passed, rumbling could be heard from off in the distance, and a pillar of light shot up into the sky. Within that light was the shadow of a person who was seemingly teleporting off to some other

location. Meng Hao immediately opened his eyes and looked over.

He found himself looking in the direction of the Righteous Noble Sect's teleportation portal.

His eyes flickered for a moment before he once again began to work on his injuries.

More time passed. Soon, ten days had gone by.... During those ten days, Meng Hao occasionally went down the mountain to watch the disciples of the Righteous Noble Sect practicing cultivation, where he could sense the qi flow of the Mountain and Sea Realm, as well as the righteous, noble aura. Unfortunately, he could only spend about half of each day working on healing his injuries. The other times, the Daoist priest would drag him off to cultivate the something-something Seal the Heavens Incantation.

At first, Meng Hao was too polite to refuse. However, it quickly reached the point where he felt like he just couldn't take it anymore. Luckily, though, nothing strange happened as a result of practicing it; no misfortune, no lightning strikes, no spontaneous combustion.

Although he wanted to refuse, every time he thought about how the Daoist priest had stood up to all of the cultivators out in the starry sky on his behalf, he simply couldn't bring himself to say anything. So he went along, albeit halfheartedly.

But then one day when he went down the mountain, he happened to be passing through a valley when he overheard two disciples talking.

"Elder Grandfather Noble Ran has gone crazy again.... For the past ten days or so, he's been using the teleportation portal at least ten times per day. All he does is send some random things to random places. What the heck is he doing?!"

"It costs quite a few spirit stones to use the teleportation portal, especially for sending things to the destination and back. And he goes somewhere different every time...."

"Well, there's nothing you can do about it...." The two disciples sighed.

Shaken, Meng Hao hurried over to where the teleportation portal was

located, where he saw the Daoist priest handing some spirit stones over to the disciple in charge. Apparently he was preparing to teleport some spirit creatures who were polymorphed into humanoid shapes.

Sensing Meng Hao's presence, the Daoist priest turned. As soon as he saw Meng Hao, he laughed heartily.

"So, it's my little disciple! Come, let's head back and practice the Seal the Heavens Incantation some more." He stepped forward, grabbed Meng Hao's arm, and then sped back toward the mountain peak. Meng Hao didn't say anything on the way, and when they reached the mountain peak, he practiced the Seal the Heavens Incantation with unusual earnestness. He performed every motion meticulously, and even cried out the words as loud as possible.

After practicing for a few hours, Meng Hao suddenly asked, "Master, why have you been using the teleportation portal so much in the past few days?"

"Why?" the Daoist priest replied, sounding surprised. "Well for you, of course! I used to say you were almost as smart as me on a good day, kid, so how could you be so dumb?"

"After the two months are over, you're going to need to teleport out of here. Since the teleportation portal are sealed, it's impossible to leave the Heavengod Alliance directly. You can still teleport to regions that are near the exits, though. However, there are far too many methods to interfere with a teleportation, someone can even interrupt it when you're halfway there.

"Therefore, just to be safe, I'm clouding the waters a bit. If I activate the teleportation portal multiple times a day for two months in a row, then the people looking for you are gradually going to lose their patience. Then eventually you can just slip through."

Meng Hao's heart trembled as he looked at the Daoist priest. This was a person he had never met before in his life, and yet had moved him repeatedly just in the past few days.

The world of cultivation was a cold place in which people constantly

fought and schemed against each other; it was a dog eat dog world. However, the more the world was like that, the more precious certain acts of beauty were. They were unforgettable things, things to be engraved upon the heart and never parted with.

Perhaps there were certain qualities that remained in a cultivator no matter what level they practiced cultivation to. After all, in the end, they were people and not animals.

Meng Hao looked at the Daoist priest for a moment, then clasped hands and bowed very deeply.

In the following days, he did not practice halfheartedly any more. He would earnestly follow along with the Daoist priest in practicing the Seal the Heavens Incantation. He was convinced that it was not really a Daoist magic, but rather, something invented by the Daoist priest, a figment of his imagination.

Eventually, Meng Hao learned that the Daoist priest had not always been this way. Once, a long time ago, he had left the sect only to return heavily injured, his beloved partner dead, and his children lost to the ravages of time. He came back alone, holding nothing but a piece of black leather the size of a hand, after which he lapsed into a coma.

It was from that moment on that he occasionally became muddle-headed. As to what had happened to his family, he never talked about it. The sect made some investigations, but were never able to find any clues.

However, the Daoist priest began to occasionally sit alone on the top of the statue on the mountain peak, looking off into the sky, laughing madly, raving, tears streaming down his face.

A month into his time in the sect, Meng Hao even saw it happen once. The moon was shining high in the sky as the Daoist priest sat atop the statue, laughing or... perhaps crying.

Chapter 1228: Supreme Power!

It was like a frightening laughter that, if you listened to it long enough, sounded like weeping laced with indescribable sorrow.

Meng Hao stared silently at the Daoist priest sitting there on the statue, then closed his eyes. It was not a moment to disturb the man. He knew that the Daoist priest was now in his own world.

At dawn, the Daoist priest vanished, and then reappeared in front of Meng Hao, as muddle-headed and unreliable as ever.

When Meng Hao opened his eyes, he saw a lively and energetic Daoist priest standing there who didn't seem to have a care in the world. "Come, come, my little disciple, shout loudly with your Master. The Dao is in My Heart The Will is in My Eyes I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas Seal the Heavens Incantation!"

Time passed. More and more cultivators were gathering outside of the Righteous Noble Sect. They crowded the lands and filled the sky; more than 1,000,000 cultivators had been attracted to the area because of Meng Hao.

The Righteous Noble Sect felt a lot of pressure, and the sect's protective spell formation was active day and night. No one dared to relax for a moment, and the disciples were constantly on guard.

One by one, more Dao Realm experts arrived. Eventually there were almost twenty, causing a terrifying pressure to weigh down on the entire area.

Occasionally the mass of cultivators would cause ripples to spread out across the land, and the sky would distort under their auras. The pressure was so strong that it seemed like the Heavens themselves were bearing down. No smiles could be seen on the faces of the disciples of the Righteous Noble Sect, and on more than one occasion, Meng Hao could see hateful glances cast in his direction.

Although this was the Righteous Noble Sect, where they cultivated a

righteous, noble aura, the pressure from the outside and the danger the sect was now in made it unavoidable that they feel rancor toward the person who had brought this down upon them.

Meng Hao rarely went down off the mountain anymore. He simply sat there quietly, watching the teleportation portal being activated ten times, sometimes even dozens of times, each day. It was happening with such frequency that it became mundane, and every time it activated, human-looking figures would be among the things that were teleported.

Occasionally, the teleportation portal would be used several dozen times in a row. This ensured that there was no pattern to how it was being used, and also caused the cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance on the outside who wanted to try to break the teleportation process to slowly grow completely exhausted.

Soon, there were only twenty days left of the two month period. On one particular afternoon, the Daoist priest found Meng Hao to practice the Seal the Heavens Incantation, after which he suddenly said, "Alright, enough time has passed. We don't want anyone to be able to calculate the time exactly, so therefore, you're leaving right now!"

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with a serious look as he slowly rose to his feet. He clasped hands and bowed deeply, then the two of them sped over to the location of the teleportation portal. This was not their first trip there together, they had actually been on numerous occasions. Not only would it make it difficult for anyone on the outside to detect what was going on, it would also confuse anyone within the sect who was paying attention and passing information to the outside.

When they got to the teleportation portal, it had already been activated, and someone was inside, waiting to be teleported away. The surrounding disciples in charge of the portal didn't pay much attention at all to the Daoist priest and Meng Hao, who they were used to seeing here.

The Daoist priest looked at Meng Hao and began to speak in a hoarse voice: "If the teleportation goes successfully, you'll emerge near the border of the Heavengod Alliance. The border region is too vast and can't be

sealed completely, so that will be your opportunity. You'll need to employ as much speed as you can manage to cross the border and leave the Heavengod Alliance. Then... you'll be safe.

“If anyone blocks your path, or destroys the teleportation path, then remember to keep heading in the same direction that the path was taking you!

“Once you step onto the teleportation portal, everything will be up to you....”

Suddenly, he flicked his sleeve, causing the teleportation portal to perform several teleportations in a row. Rumbling filled the air, and bright light rose up. But then, it suddenly stopped. After enough time passed for half an incense stick to burn, the Daoist priest suddenly barked, “Now!”

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. He stepped into the teleportation portal without the slightest hesitation. Almost immediately, he saw that outside of the Righteous Noble Sect were countless other teleportation portals being activated at the same time, as the cultivators there tried to match their frequencies to the teleportation portal inside the sect.

Meng Hao's face flickered, but it was at this point that the Daoist priest suddenly stepped into the teleportation portal and grabbed Meng Hao by the arm.

In the instant that the teleportation portal was activated, the Daoist priest leapt off of the portal, dragging Meng Hao with him as he then flickered and shot up into the sky at high speed.

Immediately, numerous angered cries could be heard from outside the Righteous Noble Sect.

“Shameless!”

“Noble Ran, don't tell me you're rebelling against the Heavengod Alliance!?!?”

“Dammit!!”

More than half of the Dao Realm experts on the outside were already

bathed in the light of teleportation. The Daoist priest had timed his move very craftily. Once the portals were activated, there was no way for the people inside them to leave, and they had to go along with the teleportation.

The remaining Dao Realm experts who had not entered teleportation portals bellowed in rage and shot into the air toward the Daoist priest.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. The Daoist priest hadn't mentioned anything at all about this before. Obviously, everything he had been doing with the teleportation portals in the past several weeks, including the feint just now, had been a trap. It was all bait to lure the experts of the Heavengod Alliance away.

The Daoist priest never had any intention of having Meng Hao use the Righteous Noble Sect's teleportation portal to escape. Doing that... was far too unsafe and had too many weak points.

However, his performance had been so realistic that many people were fooled and, no matter whether they were willing or not, got stuck in the teleportation portals and then vanished. In fact, there was an even deeper layer to this plan; because of all the activity with the teleportation portals, the cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance had long since concentrated all of their attention on the portal. In order to intercept him, massive numbers of cultivators had even been arranged to surround every teleportation node within the entire Alliance. Furthermore, they engaged the help of almighty experts whose task was expressly to cover Planet Luo River with their divine sense, laying in wait to sever any teleportation beams leaving the planet.

If Meng Hao really had tried to get away via teleportation, it would have been impossible for him to reach his destination. He would have been attacked and forcibly ejected from the teleportation beam.

Rumbling echoed out as the Daoist priest shot up into the sky with Meng Hao, moving at incredible speed. In the blink of an eye, they were outside of Planet Luo River. Meng Hao looked over at the Daoist priest, and was once again deeply moved. Behind them, angered roars could be

heard as six beams of light closed in, six almighty Dao Realm cultivators.

Behind them were countless more cultivators, all of them racing to catch up with the Daoist priest and Meng Hao.

It only took a moment for the other cultivators throughout the Heavengod Alliance, the ones sent to lock down the teleportation portals or ambush Meng Hao's teleportation beam, to be notified of what had happened. They immediately abandoned their positions and raced toward Planet Luo River at top speed.

One slight change can sometimes have a huge effect on the overall situation. The Daoist priest's sudden action caused the entire setup put in place by the Heavengod Alliance to be ruined. Rumbling echoed out in all directions as the Daoist priest and Meng Hao entered the starry sky.

"Come with me," the Daoist priest said, eyes glittering. He waved his hand, causing a flying shuttle to appear, upon which he and Meng Hao alighted. Then, rumbling could be heard as the flying shuttle shot out into the starry sky at incredible speed.

As soon as he landed on the flying shuttle, Meng Hao shivered and looked down at it.

"This is...."

"How could Master allow anyone to harm you, my little disciple? The Righteous Noble Sect's teleportation portals were all being watched. Even if they hadn't been, I would never have felt at ease letting you use them.

"The only type of teleportation portal I can trust would be one created by myself!

"This flying shuttle is actually a teleportation portal. Sit down cross-legged, and merge your mind into the shuttle. Go, quickly! The faster the shuttle goes, the more powerful the teleportation will be. I refuse to believe that these people could have predicted that I would have a flying shuttle teleportation portal!" With that, the Daoist priest waved his hand behind him. Rumbling echoed out as the six pursuing Dao Realm experts launched attacks.

The Daoist priest trembled, and blood oozed out of his mouth. He might be strong, but he was not strong enough to handle six Dao Realm cultivators simultaneously.

It was at this point that two streams of divine sense suddenly shot through the air toward them all. Shockingly, these were also Dao Realm experts. Now there were eight of them, three of which were Dao Lords. All of these people were on the level of Patriarchs in the various sects of the Heavengod Alliance, and when they combined forces, their Essence power caused the shuttle to tremble on the verge of collapse.

Meng Hao's face flickered, and the Daoist priest suddenly threw his head back and laughed. Then, he reached down and slapped his left hand onto the surface of the flying shuttle, giving it more power. It suddenly shot forward at ten times its original speed. It was moving so fast that it seemed to be engulfed with flames; simultaneously, the teleportation portal inside began to activate. A shapeless rift opened up in front of the shuttle, and it looked as if the shuttle were about to be swallowed up by a huge mouth.

This caused the faces of all the observers to fill with shock. The Dao Realm Patriarchs howled in rage.

"You can't get away!" one of them roared. As soon as the words rang out, it seemed like the rules of nature changed to follow suit. Essence transformed into natural law, wrapping around Meng Hao. However, it was at this moment that the Daoist priest began to laugh loudly. Eyes shining, he shouted,

"Watch closely, my apprentice. Before you leave, your Master will demonstrate... the Seal the Heavens Incantation!" With that, he bent his legs into a circle and then pointed his right index finger up into the starry sky.

"The Dao is in My Heart!" As soon as the words left his mouth, time seemed to slow to a halt, and everything stopped moving. A righteous, noble aura filled the area, and the Eighth Mountain and Sea began to tremble.

More shocking of all was that the Daoist priest's bent legs all of a sudden looked like a tilted mountain peak!

"The Will is in My Eyes!" He moved his left hand to intersect with his right hand. His hair whipped about wildly, and a strange gleam shone from his eyes. At the same time, an indescribable aura suddenly began to radiate out from him.

"I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas! Seal... the Heavens... Incantation!!" With that, his legs straightened as he leaped up and stretched his arms out wide!!

The Eighth Mountain was shaking so violently it seemed as if it would crumble. The Eighth Sea howled, and the starry sky distorted. Everything was in chaos. As for Meng Hao, he could see the qi flow of the Mountain and Sea Realm converging on the Daoist priest. Massive power built up in his outstretched arms and then shot out into the starry sky.

Faintly, an image of the Nine Mountains and Nine Seas of the Mountain and Sea Realm appeared, filled with supreme power!!

Everyone present was completely shocked!

Chapter 1229: Did I Say You Could Go?

Meng Hao watched as the Nine Mountains and the Nine Seas formed into the shape of a huge giant, apparently shaped together by the call of the Daoist priest's magic. As soon as it appeared there in the starry sky, it waved its finger toward the enemy cultivators.

That simple wave of a finger caused the starry sky to be swept away, layer after layer. The cultivator's faces were filled with shock and quickly fell back, even the Dao Realm experts.

Many people were aware that the Noble Ran of the Righteous Noble Sect had created the Seal the Heavens Incantation. When it was brought up in conversation, it was generally considered a big joke, and therefore, no one would ever have been able to guess that when the Daoist priest unleashed it on this day... it would explode out with a shocking, supreme power.

Blood sprayed out of the mouths of the ordinary cultivators, and the Dao Realm experts could not prevent the blood from oozing out of their mouths. The single wave of the giant's finger was apparently backed by the power of the Mountains and Seas, and it wasn't targeting the cultivators in order to harm them, it was actually... performing a sealing.

One swipe of a finger was sealing the Heavens!

If the Heavens could be sealed, there was no need to even mention the people under them!

That waving finger caused sealing marks to appear on all the cultivators. One by one, they coughed up blood, and were sent spinning through the starry sky, completely out of control.

"The Seal the Heavens Incantation.... This is impossible!!"

"How could the Noble Ran's poppycock magical technique actually be... so powerful!!" Everyone was astonished.

The Daoist priest was trembling, and he also coughed up a mouthful of blood, and instantly aged significantly. In order to avoid any further trouble for the Righteous Noble Sect, he ceased any further attacks. Then

he turned and looked at the resplendent beam of light which was fading off into the distance.

It was almost as if he could see Meng Hao within the light, and could tell that he was just as shocked as all the other cultivators at what had happened.

“My little disciple,” he said coolly, “this is your Master’s Seal the Heavens Incantation!” Then he remained there, hovering in midair, surrounded by the other cultivators who had all just been scattered about.

A certain aura was emanating off of him in that moment, an aura that was difficult to describe. Suddenly, he no longer seemed muddle-headed and unreliable. He looked like a transcendent being, completely beyond ordinary.

Completely ignoring the other cultivators, he turned and headed back to Planet Luo River and the Righteous Noble Sect!

In another patch of the starry sky in the territory of the Heavengod Alliance, near the border, floated an asteroid . No records from any sect contained any information about a teleportation node on this particular asteroid, but all of a sudden, it began to glow brightly. Moments later, the asteroid exploded into pieces as a stone platform appeared from within.

The platform itself was covered with cracks and the markings of a teleportation spell formation. The spell formation was currently activated and running at full power and, from the looks of it, it wouldn’t be too long until it broke down completely. Soon, more cracks appeared over its surface, and a flying shuttle flew out from inside of it.

As soon as it did, the stone platform lost its ability to hold itself together, and shattered. At the same time, the flying shuttle also transformed into ash.

Subsequently, Meng Hao appeared there in the starry sky.

Everything was quiet; not a single sound could be heard. Meng Hao turned and looked off into the distance, still thinking with amazement about what he had just seen.

“Seal... the Heavens... Incantation....” he murmured. How could he ever have imagined that the Daoist priest’s comical magical technique would be so shockingly powerful?

For one person to seal hundreds of thousands of cultivators... well, that Daoist magic was definitely no ordinary Dao, it had ascended to the level of a strategic weapon. One could even imagine how, if there was some great war being fought, the Daoist priest could completely turn the tides by himself.

In all the years he had practiced cultivation, Meng Hao had never seen anything like it before, and it left his heart racing. After all, throughout the more than one month that he had been in the Righteous Noble Sect, he had practiced the technique hundreds of times at the bequest of the Daoist priest.

“There’s always something new to learn....” he murmured. “The further you travel, the more you see and experience. It’s only then that you realize that there are Heavens beyond what you imagined could exist, and likewise, people who exceed your imagination. Likewise, whatever Daoist magics you knew, there are always more powerful ones out there!” Staring off into the distance, he clasped hands and bowed deeply in his appreciation toward the Daoist priest.

Meng Hao was the type of person to remember every single individual who had helped him.

However, he also knew that now was not the time to wallow in emotions. After bowing, he quickly shot off into the distance.

“The border region of the Heavengod Alliance is dotted with artificial planets that are used as teleportation checkpoints. Other than those planets, there is nothing else but the vast border itself....

“The gateway planets will be heavily fortified, and I definitely won’t be able to get past them.... Therefore, I’ll just have to break through that endless border.” Having made his decision, he took advantage of the fact that no one was around to shoot off into the distance.

Time passed. A day later, something like a white line appeared off in the

distance. At first he couldn't quite tell what it was, but as he neared, the white line turned into a white wall. It was illusory, and spread out as far as the eye could see in either direction. Meng Hao looked it over, hesitating for a moment. Finally, a cold glint appeared in his eyes as he shot toward the wall.

He reached it in the blink of an eye, and then slammed into it with the full force of his Paragon Bridge. The wall shuddered, and cracking sounds could be heard as fissures spread out across the surface of the wall.

Just as he was on the verge of breaking through, his face fell and he suddenly stopped in place due to the intense sensation of deadly crisis that filled his mind. A beam of light suddenly appeared out in the void, spreading out as if to envelop Meng Hao and lock him in place.

"Nobody who goes berserk in the Heavengod Alliance can leave peacefully." The owner of the calm voice was an illusory face which had just appeared in the starry sky. It was none other than the old man who had originally determined Meng Hao's location.

Meng Hao's eyes gleamed icily, and he gave a cold harrumph as he once again battered the white wall, shattering it. He burst through, assuming he was now outside of the Heavengod Alliance, only to find that directly ahead of him was a second white line, which was... a second white wall!

Just looking at it, it was possible to tell that there was not just a second white wall, but beyond it, a third one and a fourth one.... They went on and on, packed together one after another. Unexpectedly, there were no less than 100,000 walls!

Meng Hao's face instantly turned unsightly.

"The Heavengod Alliance is not a place where people can just come and go as they please. The Noble Ran might have helped you, but you still... have no way of escaping."

Even as the old man spoke, the light of numerous teleportations began to shine up in the area. A total of fifteen teleportation formations could now be seen, with the shadows of countless individuals forming inside of them.

Once they fully appeared, it seemed as if Meng Hao would have no other choice but to attempt to flee.

However, the old man had underestimated Meng Hao. In almost the same instant the teleportation light began to shine, Meng Hao suddenly looked over at the illusory face.

“So, it turns out you can’t come here personally, nor can you actually kill me. All you can do is control the power of the Heavengod Alliance’s border....” The old man’s expression flickered as Meng Hao’s cultivation base suddenly exploded with the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal, and his peak fleshly body. Rumbling sounds could be heard as, unexpectedly, he didn’t flee, but instead shot toward the teleportation portals.

As soon as he closed in, he unleashed the God-Slaying Fist.

The fist landed on a teleportation portal that was just about to complete its teleportation. When Meng Hao struck it, it distorted, and then the cultivators inside shouted out in astonishment.

“Break,” Meng Hao said coolly. Instantly, the teleportation collapsed, and the cultivators inside began to distort as the teleportation magic was destroyed. As for the cultivators inside, only the most powerful were free from danger, and yet, even they were now incapable of completing the teleportation.

“Child!” the face roared angrily, and yet it was powerless to do anything. Meng Hao pretended as if he hadn’t heard anything at all. His body flickered as he unleashed another fist strike!

One punch!

One punch!

Rumbling could be heard as three teleportation portals were destroyed in quick succession. As for the other eleven, the people inside were materializing. Meng Hao laughed coldly, then raised both hands high into the air. As he lowered them, he cried, “Paragon Bridge!”

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The Paragon Bridge then exploded out from inside Meng Hao, bursting through the starry sky with crushing pressure. Instantly, four more teleportation portals were destroyed, and a moment later, five.

There were only two teleportation portals which actually managed to finish their teleportation. Before they could be destroyed, the people inside of them charged out.

There were a total of about a hundred cultivators, led by two people. One of them wore a long, blood-colored robe, and the other was the young man shadowed by the Heavengod image, who had his hands clasped behind his back. After looking around for a moment, their scalps went numb, and they actually wished that they hadn't successfully teleported here to begin with.

Of the fifteen teleportation portals they had begun with, only two had managed to teleport their passengers successfully. The two leaders' hearts began to pound. Looking over at Meng Hao, they began to back up.

They had come here to chase Meng Hao down and kill him, but now they were the ones who were running away!

Meng Hao looked over at the enraged illusory face and said, "Since you won't let me leave, then... I guess I'll just stick around and have my fill of slaughtering your people for a while!"

Laughing coldly, he shot toward the newly-arrived cultivators.

The hundred or so cultivators' scalps were all numb from the sight of Meng Hao charging them, his energy surging. The cultivators' minds reeled, and they fell into retreat. If they had a bit more of an advantage in terms of numbers, and if they had some Dao Realm support, then they would be able to surround Meng Hao and bombard him from all sides. But now, they were facing Meng Hao by themselves, and it instantly drained their courage.

After all, the person who had completely exterminated the Blacksouls Society was the type of person who left them completely terror-struck.

"Think you can just leave?" Meng Hao asked, killing intent flickering in

his eyes. He was already completely fed up with being chased, so he transformed into an azure-colored roc and shot toward the nearest cultivator. A talon that could shatter metal or rock slammed into the man's head, and a cracking sound rang out. Blood spurted out in all directions, but by then Meng Hao had already appeared in front of another cultivator, whereupon he flapped his wings and transformed into a beam of azure light.

Everywhere he went, blood-curdling screams rang out. The young man in the leadership position was terrified, and completely regretted coming to this place as his Heavengod image suddenly shattered. A popping sound could suddenly be heard from the other young leader, who instantly transformed into a red mist.

"So, it turns out it was you!" Meng Hao eyed the red mist. Completely ignoring the young man with the Heavengod image, he shot forward in pursuit of the red mist.

Chapter 1230: Initial Contact with the Meng Clan!

“It’s not me!” cried an alarmed voice from within the red mist. This was indeed the same person who had appeared a month before. At that time, the Daoist priest had ended up taking Meng Hao away, and therefore, this young man had managed to avoid meeting a calamity.

Upon this second meeting, the red mist immediately attempted to flee at top speed. However, Meng Hao waved his finger, unleashing the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex. The mist immediately lurched to a stop, and Meng Hao advanced, waving his arm, which caused the entire patch of mist to be blasted away.

Revealed inside was a young man in a red robe. Face flickering, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture and then pointed at Meng Hao. Meng Hao’s blood immediately began to flow backward, and his cultivation base rotated in reverse. He stopped in place, his face bright red.

Killing intent flickered in the eyes of the young man who, instead of fleeing, turned and lifted both hands into the air. Even as he closed in on Meng Hao, an old man materialized from thin air nearby, his face grim and also filled with killing intent.

This man was obviously the younger man’s Dao Protector.

Both attacked with thunderous speed, and yet, as they neared, Meng Hao merely smiled. That smile caused the old Dao Protector’s heart to feel as if it had been struck by lightning.

Before he could even react, Meng Hao shot forward, unleashing one, two, three fists onto him!

A boom could be heard as the man’s body exploded into fragments, and he was completely destroyed, without even being given a chance to scream!

It was an instant fatality!

The red-robed young man's eyes widened, and he instantly began to back up. But Meng Hao was already upon him, and began to unleash the same punch he had released onto the old man.

"You can't kill me! My father is the Blood Seal Sect's Sect--"

Before the young man could finish speak, Meng Hao's fist landed. A boom rang out, and the young man's body trembled. Then he looked down at himself and saw a huge, gaping hole in his chest. The terrifying explosive power continued to flood out through his body, which then began to crack and fall apart. Moments later, he was completely dead, even his soul.

"Well why didn't you speak up earlier...?" Meng Hao said, frowning with the realization that he probably shouldn't have killed this person. If his father was somebody important, he surely could have ransomed him for a hefty price.

Unfortunately, the young man hadn't spoken up quickly enough.

"I originally only had one enemy, which was the Blacksoul Society. But with so many cultivators trying to chase me down and kill me, well... let's just see who's the last one standing!" He flicked the blood off of his hand, and turned, eyes flickering with killing intent as he vanished.

Two days later, the hunt for Meng Hao was still going on in the Heavengod Alliance's territory. Suddenly, he ran into a squad of about a hundred cultivators. Unfortunately for them, they had no Dao Realm expert to lead them, and therefore, after about ten breaths of time passed, they were completely wiped out.

Another day passed. In another location, he ran into three hundred cultivators. They were similarly wiped out!

The Heavengod Alliance was furious, and countless cultivators were mobilized to try to chase down Meng Hao. However, any time they were able to pinpoint his location, he was simply too fast, and by the time a Dao Realm expert arrived on the scene, he would be long gone.

On the sixth day, a group comprised entirely of Heavengod Society

disciples ran into him, and was completely wiped out.

That completely enraged the cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance. However, on the seventh day, something happened which caused the number of cultivators who were pursuing Meng Hao to suddenly drop by a significant number. Even the highest ranking members of the Heavengod Alliance itself were shocked!

Meng Hao killed a Dao Realm cultivator!!

That person might only have been a 1-Essence Dao Realm cultivator, but he was in that most mighty of Realms, the type of person who could be a true Patriarch. He suddenly appeared when Meng Hao was in the middle of wiping out a group of Heavengod Alliance cultivators. Meng Hao immediately stopped attacking his current target and shot toward the Dao Realm expert. They then engaged in a fierce battle in the starry sky. Although it first seemed as if it would be a protracted fight, Meng Hao killed him after only an hour!

That completely shook everyone who was chasing him, and brought them back to their senses after the intoxicating thought of the prize for catching him. In fact, many sects even issued orders to their disciples to stop going after Meng Hao and return to the sect.

That battle clearly revealed that Meng Hao's cultivation base had been restored, and furthermore, showed that his extermination of the Black Soul Society had not been a fluke. Nor had he used some special method to make it happen. It wasn't something that could only happen once... he truly possessed that level of power!

The slaughtering was instantly reduced. And yet, there were still people chasing him. The main difference was that Immortal Realm cultivators no longer joined in, and the weakest people were in the great circle of the Ancient Realm. The main strength came in the form of Dao Realm cultivators!

In the entire Heavengod Alliance, there were only a few dozen Dao Realm cultivators, about thirty percent of which were now participating in the search!

However, because of the deadly way Meng Hao was fighting back against his pursuers, the Heavengod Alliance was no longer chasing him merely because of what had happened with the Blacksoul Society. Apparently, an undispellable enmity now existed between them!

In this, Meng Hao could not be blamed; the responsibility fell squarely on the shoulders of the Heavengod Alliance.

Soon, the actual instances of death grew increasingly infrequent. It wasn't until three days later that several Dao Realm experts caught up with Meng Hao at the same time. After an intense battle was fought, Meng Hao was forced to flee.

Five days later, two more Dao Realm cultivators caught up with him. The battle was incredible, and both Dao Realm cultivators were heavily injured. However, so was Meng Hao, who was again forced to flee.

Currently, Meng Hao was staggering along somewhere near the border of the Heavengod Alliance. Blood oozed out of his mouth, and yet, his eyes shone with cold light. He looked like a lone wolf.

His injuries were serious, and his Eternal stratum was hard at work. It had been less than a month, and he had been in numerous intense fights, the most recent of which had all been fights with the Dao Realm.

1-Essence or 2-Essences were one thing, but if they teamed up, things got difficult. That was not even to mention what happened when a Dao Lord appeared. After all, Meng Hao wasn't even in the Dao Realm himself....

"There must be something on me that they can sense, but what? They're constantly locking onto my position. Ever since I left Planet Luo River, they've been tracking me down so quickly!" Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent. Suddenly, he stopped in place and looked up ahead at something that had just appeared out in the inky blackness of the void. Brightly glowing rifts!

Rifts, in between which floated dust and rubble...

There weren't many of them, only a total of 33, and they formed together into a very peculiar shape that resembled the vicious face of a ghost,

floating there in the starry sky. For some reason, Meng Hao got the feeling that the ghost face was looking at him.

He even caught wind of what sounded like endless screams echoing out from tombs. His face fell, and he began to back up. As he did, he couldn't help but notice that the area encompassed by the ghost face... was expanding.

It was now larger than when he had first seen it, by about thirty percent.

"An Arcane Pocket Realm?" he thought, studying the ghost face. For some reason, looking at the ghost face filled him with a sense of intangible danger. He quickly pulled out the map jade slip from the Righteous Noble Sect, and examined it carefully. Unfortunately, there was no information whatsoever about anything special in this area.

"Something's off...." he thought, frowning. After looking again at the rapidly expanding ghost face, and then back at the map jade slip, his brow furrowed deeper.

The map was very detailed, and was a rare item that only conclave disciples of the Righteous Noble Sect would have access to. There were even many asteroids marked on the map.

According to the map, Meng Hao's current location should have had seven asteroids which formed together in a small bazaar.

Right now though, there were no seven asteroids to be seen, and the bazaar which had existed on them was also gone.

As Meng Hao studied the situation, his scalp began to grow numb.

"Did they get swallowed up...?" he thought, looking over at the 33 glowing rifts, and the dust and rubble floating there. He could well imagine that, previously, there really had been seven asteroids and the bazaar, and naturally some cultivators would have been present too.

However, these 33 glowing rifts had suddenly appeared and then swallowed up and destroyed everything in the area... this line of thinking caused Meng Hao's face to fall. Furthermore, the sensation of danger he felt grew even stronger; there was even an aura of death that gradually

became quite apparent.

“The Eighth Mountain and Sea is full of one grave after another. Could this also be some sort of gravesite?!”

Without any hesitation, he backed up. This place seemed far too dangerous, so he decided to simply turn and leave.

The following moment, though, before he had flown very far, he looked out into the starry sky and caught sight of a merchant ship heading in his direction.

Just when he caught sight of it, the ship suddenly stopped in place.

A complicated expression appeared on Meng Hao's face as he noticed the magical symbols on the side of the ship, which formed together into the character Meng 孟. “The Meng Clan....”

This was his first time seeing anyone from the Meng Clan in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. He had never imagined that it would be under these circumstances. Looking away, he made to leave again, when suddenly, a bright shield of light appeared around the ship, apparently a defensive spell formation. Simultaneously, several figures flew out from the ship to stare at Meng Hao.

One of them was a young man, handsome although somewhat pallid. He looked weak, as if from excessive drinking. He wore fine silks, and had a jade slip in his hand. As soon as he caught sight of Meng Hao, his face lit up, and he crushed the jade slip.

Meng Hao scanned the ship with divine sense and found that the highest cultivation bases among their number were two experts in the great circle of the Ancient Realm.

One of them stood next to the young Meng Clan cultivator, and the other flanked another young man, who was extremely skinny but had a cold gleam in his eyes.

Meng Hao could kill all of these people very easily, even if they did have a defensive spell formation in place.

When he saw the young man crush the jade slip, Meng Hao sighed. Then he turned, transforming into a beam of bright light that began to shoot off into the distance.

But then, the young man cried out, “Meng Hao, don’t even dream about leaving! Get out there and stop him, all of you! I already notified the Senior members of the Heavengod Alliance, and they’ll be here any moment. Stall Meng Hao!”

In response to the young man’s words, a dozen or so cultivators flew out from the ship. They all looked very nervous, and yet even more nervous than they, were the two cultivators in the great circle of the Ancient Realm. When they heard the young man’s words, their faces fell.

“Shut your mouth!!” one of the old men roared.

“Moron!” said the cold, skinny young man off to the side, his expression flickering with scorn.

Chapter 1231: Deadly Catastrophe!

Meng Hao frowned and looked over at the Meng Clan cultivators who were charging toward him. All of them were in the Immortal Realm, and there was one who had clearly just achieved Immortal Ascension, a stage 1 Immortal.

They were trembling to a man, looking at Meng Hao in abject terror. In fact, once Meng Hao swept his gaze over them, none of them seemed willing to advance.

“What are you doing?” hollered the young man, furious. “Get out there! Don’t let him get away!!” The old man standing off to the side saw Meng Hao looking his way. Trembling, he gritted his teeth and slapped his hand onto the back of the young man’s head.

The young man instantly went limp and fainted. The old man quickly hurried forward, then clasped hands and bowed deeply to Meng Hao.

“Senior, our clan’s Young Master doesn’t understand how the world works. This was clearly just a case of mistaken identity. Senior, please forgive us. Well, we’ll be on our way now...” Then he nervously called for all the clan members to return to the ship, after which it slowly began to back up.

Meng Hao could see the beads of sweat on the old man’s face, and could tell how nervous he was. Clearly he now hated the young man even more than he had before.

The young man had instantly identified Meng Hao, and so had his Dao Protector. However, as soon as the old man thought about how Meng Hao had exterminated the Heavengod Alliance’s Blacksoul Society, and then killed so many of his pursuers, even Dao Realm experts, his heart trembled. “Brainless moron. I really don’t understand why the clan cares about him so much. I can’t believe he intentionally provoked that jinx!”

There was someone else on the ship who was looking at Meng Hao, his face pale. He seemed to be hesitating, as if something had just occurred to him that he wished to speak out loud, but didn’t qualify to do so.

He was also a young man, wearing the clothes of a royal bodyguard. His face was crisscrossed with numerous scars that stretched down his neck and even further. Apparently, those scars ran across his entire body, and he looked to be in a weakened state.

Meng Hao looked over at the cultivators of the Meng Clan. He would never have imagined that his initial encounter with them would have been like this. He glanced at the young unconscious youth and realized that he must be someone very special to the Meng Clan. Otherwise, he wouldn't have the level of power he did.

However, the fact that he was such an idiot caused Meng Hao to feel a bit disappointed in the Meng Clan. However, because it was his mother's clan, and his grandfather's, he had special feelings for them. Therefore, he didn't allow what had happened to leave him with a very bad impression.

He had planned all along to go visit the Meng Clan while he was in the Eighth Mountain, to see what it was like and also to make contact with the members of his grandfather's bloodline.

As he watched the ship moving off into the distance, he sighed, then looked away and made to leave. But then his eyes flickered as he looked off in a different direction.

"Well since you're here, why not show yourself?" he said calmly. As soon as the words left his mouth, the void off in the distance distorted, and three people emerged.

The first was a ruddy-faced boy wearing a white robe. He held his hands clasped behind his back, and had a third eye on his forehead. His expression was icy, and the third eye blinked constantly, simultaneously radiating a mysterious light as he walked forward. Shocking ripples radiated out from him in all directions, causing the natural laws in the starry sky to be shoved away. Essence power built up, like a drawn arrow ready to be loosed.

"Dao Lord...." Meng Hao thought, pupils constricting.

The second person was an old woman, her face covered with bulging pustules. Every step she took caused her to tremble, as if she were so old

she might die at any moment. However, she brimmed with vibrant life force that made her seem like an eternally inextinguishable flame.

When the old woman saw Meng Hao, piercing, screeching laughter erupted from her mouth, as if she were looking at a dead man.

The third person was none other than Patriarch Blacksoul. He looked different now; obviously he had possessed a new fleshly body. However, his soul aura, and his venomous hatred for Meng Hao, made him instantly identifiable.

“Listen up, child,” the white-robed boy said. “I’m Xuan Daozi, from the One Profound Sect on Planet Profound Turtle!” The boy’s voice was not loud, and yet it seemed to rumble out in all directions like thunder. 1

As soon as Meng Hao heard him mention the One Profound Sect, his eyes widened. Of the four planets in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao had heard of Planet Luo River, as well as... Planet Profound Turtle! As for the One Profound Sect, they were the number one sect on Planet Profound Turtle. They occupied a very high position, and were ranked among the top five forces in the Heavengod Alliance!

Next to speak was the old woman, whose voice was hoarse as she smiled and said, “And I’m Hong Chen, from the Church of the Dragon God on Planet Eight Designs.”

Her expression was completely vicious, and when she smiled, one of the pustules on her face popped. No liquid emerged; instead, a milky-white centipede crawled out from the broken flesh, its legs writhing in a shocking fashion.

When Meng Hao looked at this Hong Chen, his heart sank a bit. Planet Eight Designs was also one of the four great planets in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. As for the Church of the Dragon God, it was even more powerful than the One Profound Sect, and was one of the unflappable top three sects in the Heavengod Alliance!

Clearly, these two sects had been recruited by Patriarch Blacksoul. If they succeeded in the venture, and thus obtained the services of Patriarch Blacksoul, then the sect’s power would increase by an entire level. The

One Profound Sect would then be able to compete directly with the Church of the Dragon God, and as for the Church of the Dragon God, they would then be just as glorious as the second-ranking force in the Alliance, the Godchild Society.

As soon as these three powerful experts appeared, the Meng Clan ship suddenly stopped moving. By this point their young leader had regained consciousness, and had ordered the ship to be stopped. Now, he was staring at Meng Hao with glittering eyes, and his Dao Protector was doing nothing to hold him back.

People exist everywhere who hope to take advantage of a crisis for personal gain, and the Meng Clan was no exception.

"I'm Meng Hao!" he said in introduction. Even if he had faced these three almighty Dao Lords of the senior generation back when he was uninjured, he still would have been killed. Therefore, there was no need to even mention what a fight now would be like, considering that he was seriously injured. In fact, even facing one of them would be quite difficult for him.

However, he still wasn't willing to lose his pride, and therefore, when Hong Chen and Xuan Daozi formally introduced themselves, naturally, he did the same. As for where he came from, it was sufficient that they were aware of the facts; there was no need for him to state it himself.

Patriarch Blacksoul glared at Meng Hao, eyes brimming with intense hatred. Meng Hao had destroyed his entire existence, and now he wished to do the same to Meng Hao.

"Meng Hao," Patriarch Blacksoul said, his voice booming like thunder. "Echelon cultivator from the Ninth Mountain and Sea. What a high status.... But not here! Here, you're nothing!"

Something else happened that nobody noticed, not even Patriarch Blacksoul, or perhaps he didn't deign to care.... On the Meng Clan's ship, the scar-faced young bodyguard trembled in response to the words. Then his eyes began to shine with a bright light as he looked out at Meng Hao.

However, the light in his eyes quickly faded, as if whatever matter had

occurred to him moments before was really an impossibility. Nobody noticed this happen; all of the cultivators on the Meng Clan ship were paying close attention to what was likely about to develop into a deadly Dao Realm battle!

Rumbling filled the air as Patriarch Blacksoul began to stride forward. He waved his right hand, causing countless souls to silently materialize. Essence power also rocked out, causing the starry sky to tremble as it all bore down on Meng Hao.

Anyone under the Dao Realm who faced a deadly attack like this would be destroyed in a single attack, regardless of the level of their cultivation base. But Meng Hao was an Allheaven Dao Immortal, and his fleshly body was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm. Because of that, despite not being in the Dao Realm, he could definitely match up with Dao Realm cultivators!

Meng Hao's face was calm, although he really had no other choice but to remain calm. Any sort of emotion was useless at this point. This fight was going to happen, therefore... how to fight, how to defend, how to counterattack, and all other aspects of the battle were decided by Meng Hao in an instant!

He suddenly flickered into motion, raising his right hand to summon numerous Immortal mountains, and even the Paragon Bridge, which descended toward Patriarch Blacksoul to block his path.

When their divine abilities met, a tremor ran through Meng Hao, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. However, his eyes flickered as he suddenly borrowed the force of the blow to shoot backward, toward... the 33 glowing rifts that he had seen earlier.

After observing the area earlier, he knew that it contained vast dangers, and that they were places where there was virtually nothing but death. But he was in a similarly deadly situation right now. Furthermore, when two deadly situations like this slammed into each other, it was possible that... the explosive result would not necessarily be death... but an elusive... chance to live!!

The people in the Meng Clan could take advantage of a crisis for personal gain, so naturally... Meng Hao could too!

In the moment that Meng Hao fell back, Patriarch Black soul was rocked by the Paragon Bridge. However, even as the blood oozed out of his mouth, the white-robed Xuan Daozi suddenly laughed, blurring away and then rematerializing right next to Meng Hao.

“Get back here, child!” he said coolly, reaching out with his right hand to grab Meng Hao. Next, it was as if his hand transformed into a black hole, causing the starry sky to reverse its movement, and time to run backward.

Even the Meng Clan’s ship was affected, and began to emit creaking sounds as it began to tilt over on its side as it was sucked towards him.

Seeing that he was about to be grabbed, Meng Hao suddenly laughed coldly and began to walk. He was using... the time-walking technique taught to him by... the black-robed figure named Slaughter!

One step, two step, three steps. Meng Hao stepped through time, seemingly moving slowly, and yet, despite the fact that Xuan Daozi’s palm was causing time to flow in reverse, Meng Hao was still able to walk forward!

This was using Time to fight Time!

A brief moment later, and Meng Hao was already off in the distance, leaving Xuan Daozi standing there gaping. In all his years of cultivation, this was the first time anyone had defeated his Essence magic in such a fashion. His eyes began to shine brightly with disbelief as he watched Meng Hao, and especially the way he was walking.

“What walking technique is that? It contains a Dao of Time that’s even more profound... than my own!”

*

1. Xuan Daozi’s name in Chinese shares the character “xuan” with the name of the sect. It can be translated a lot of ways, including

“profound, black, mysterious” and can be combined with another character to become “Xuanwu Turtle.” If you read *Against the Gods*, you’ve seen this character translated as “profound” on more than one occasion.

Chapter 1232: Essence Stirs Only For the Daosource!

As soon as Xuan Daozi saw Meng Hao's walking technique, his own Essence of time suddenly began to boil with thirst. It was a feeling that he had never, ever experienced before!

"This...." it took only a moment for the reaction of the Essence to grow stronger, and cause him to begin to tremble with excitement!

"My Essence is moving, thirsting... this... this... this matter is something which is mentioned in the histories!!

"Heavens! I... I can't believe I've encountered something that exists only in legends. Where did this Meng Hao's walking technique come from? It can actually stir my Essence up, and cause it to exhibit a powerful thirst!!

"My Essence wishes to absorb the Dao of Time in that walking technique!

"If I can gain enlightenment of it, then my own Essence of time could potentially... progress another step and form a sliver of the Daosource! According to the legends, Essence stirs only for the Daosource!

"The Daosource... is something so mysterious that only almighty Dao Sovereigns can possibly grope for understanding of it.... Only the legendary Paragons could actually aspire to such supreme heights!" Xuan Daozi's eyes were wide, and his heart was pounding in excitement.

To Dao Realm experts, Essence was only the beginning! It was the destination of their journey, and yet, it was another starting point!

That starting point was actually where the vast majority of Dao Realm cultivators would be stuck for the rest of their lives. They searched for more enlightenment in order to possess more Essences, and thus reach the absolute pinnacle!

The first pinnacle was a 3-Essences Dao Lord, above which was the Dao Sovereign. And anyone who possessed seven Essences could rightly be

termed a Paragon!

In truth, though, there was even something that not all Dao Realm cultivators understood. Only certain Dao Lords and Dao Sovereigns had heard that... becoming a Paragon was not the absolute peak of cultivation. For example, Paragon Nine Seals had nine great Essences, and yet, as strong as he was, he eventually died.

Beyond the 9-Essences Paragon, there was the Daosource Realm!

Actually... no one even knew whether the Daosource Realm was real or not. After all, from ancient times until now, be it in the times of the Paragon Immortal Realm or the current Mountain and Sea Realm, the entire Immortal World... had never produced a single Daosource Realm cultivator!

There were only stories and legends which said that the key to the Daosource Realm was that... Essence stirs merely for the Daosource!

“The Daosource! This is definitely the legendary Daosource! This is the first time since stepping into the Dao Realm that one of my Essences has moved!!” Xuan Daozi looked at Meng Hao for a moment and then suddenly shot after him. His action was not taken on behalf of his sect, which had been recruited by Patriarch Blacksoul. Rather... he was doing this for himself!

When he thought about the fact that not even the legendary Paragons could touch the Daosource, Xuan Daozi went wild with joy.

However, there was someone else who reacted even faster. In almost the exact same moment that Meng Hao used the special time-traveling walking technique, Hong Chen laughed, a hoarse, grating laugh. Suddenly, she waved her finger, causing seven of the pustules on her face to pop. Seven milky-white centipedes then shot toward Meng Hao.

“Dragon God, your presence is requested!” Hong Chen’s eyes glittered coldly, and as soon as the words left her mouth, the seven centipedes swirled around each other, as if they were forming some bizarre spell formation. A shocking aura began to radiate off of them, and at the same time, an enormous illusory figure appeared, surrounding the centipedes.

That figure was not a dragon but, rather, a huge centipede that was fully 3,000 meters long. As soon as it appeared, the starry sky shattered. The Dragon God roared and then lunged toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's heart was pounding. The Dragon God was bearing down on him, and Xuan Daozi was closing in rapidly. At this critical moment, Meng Hao was incapable of dodging. His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, causing the Paragon Bridge to appear. As he proceeded along using his time-walking technique, Immortal mountains descended, around which swirled a sun and a moon. The full power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal also exploded out.

The meat jelly appeared, forming a suit of armor. The copper mirror materialized into the Battle Weapon. The mastiff transformed into a cape. The fourth Nirvana Fruit appeared, which Meng Hao pushed into his forehead.

It all happened in the blink of an eye, causing Meng Hao's energy to spike dramatically. He waved his hand viciously, causing the starry sky to tremble. Even the Meng Clan's ship began to vibrate, and its protective shield shattered. Numerous disciples of the Meng Clan coughed up blood.

The Dragon God let out a miserable howl as it collapsed into pieces. Xuan Daozi stopped his frenzied pursuit and waved his sleeve, causing his cultivation base to erupt with a powerful attack. Patriarch Blacksoul also roared as he went on the offensive.

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as the Paragon Bridge was sent spinning away. The mountains collapsed and the sun and moon shattered. The meat jelly armor fell to pieces, the Battle weapon faded away, and the cape reverted back into the mastiff, which spewed out blood.

Meng Hao's fourth Nirvana Fruit was forced out of him, and Meng Hao was rapidly enveloped by a mist of his own blood. He appeared to have been seriously injured, and as he continued to flee, it was even possible to see shattered bones in the mangled mass of flesh that was his chest.

"DIE!" cried Hong Chen, killing intent flickering in her eyes as she advanced directly toward Meng Hao. Patriarch Blacksoul unleashed his

most powerful Essence magic as he attacked Meng Hao gleefully.

Xuan Daozi's face suddenly flickered.

"Don't kill him!" he barked, stepping forward to intervene. Rumbling filled the air as he blocked the attacks of both Hong Chen and Patriarch Blacksoul, who then glared at him angrily.

"Xuan Daozi, what are you doing?"

"Fellow Daoist Xuan Daozi, you're blocking me? What is the meaning of this!?" Hong Chen and Patriarch Blacksoul both stared at Xuan Daozi, eyes aflame with rage.

"I need him!" Xuan Daozi explained immediately. "Keep him alive, and after I'm done with him, then you can kill him. I'll even owe the both of you a big favor!" His words immediately caused the faces of Patriarch Blacksoul and Hong Chen to soften.

Meng Hao took advantage of their brief moment of interaction to fall back even further. His face was pale, and his cultivation base had plummeted. In fact, the extent of the injuries were far greater than the ones he sustained when he had attacked the Blacksoul Society.

He was only a single person facing three Dao Lords, and he wasn't even truly in the Dao Realm himself. He wasn't their match to begin with, and now he didn't even have time to flee into the 33 glowing rifts.

Off in the distance, everyone on the Meng Clan ship had been injured. As for the Young Lord, he wiped the blood off of his mouth, and his eyes flickered with greed.

"I want his place in the Echelon!" the young man roared. "Go! All of you get out there and kill him!!" Although none of the other Meng Clan disciples actually did anything... strange gleams could be seen in their eyes as they stared at Meng Hao, as if they were a pack of wolves staring at an injured tiger.

It was only the scar-faced young man who was apparently unable to conceal the concern he felt, and looked somewhat anxious.

Currently, Meng Hao was in full retreat. Xuan Daozi and the other two Dao Realm Experts had come to an agreement, and looked over at him, killing intent swirling. They closed in, completely ignoring how distasteful it was for the powerful to bully the weak, or for people to gang up on others.

Meng Hao chuckled bitterly. He had no Daoist magics which could block their attacks. He even tried to use the Paragon's blood inside of him to summon the light of the Mountain and Sea Realm's sun and moon, to no avail.

"I guess I was a bit too reckless after all...." he murmured. "However, I don't regret anything. Although, it's a real pity that I won't be able to get Qing'er back, or save Chu Yuyan...." Meng Hao sighed as the three Dao Realm experts bore down on him. However, it was at this point that a tremor ran through him, and his eyes suddenly began to shine with a bright light.

"Wait, I actually do have one more Daoist magic!" He suddenly looked up and gritted his teeth. Then, he bent his legs into a circle and lifted his right arm in front of his face.

"The Dao is in My Heart!" he roared. Instantly, the starry sky went completely silent, as if all noise had been consumed. In fact, any noise that was emitted was completely wiped away!

Within that stifling silence, an incredible pressure suddenly weighed down. Xuan Daozi's face fell, Hong Chen's eyes went wide, and Patriarch Blacksoul gaped in shock. All three of them were Dao Lords, and were keenly in tune with Heaven, Earth, and the starry sky. All of a sudden, they could sense a will descending, something that caused their hearts to tremble with intense fear.

Meng Hao was also shaking. As he roared the words, his divine sense spread out. Although he had practiced this magical technique with the Daoist priest over and over again, nothing like this had ever happened. Suddenly, hope flared up within him, burning strong and bright.

Deep in his heart, obsession and faith melded together. As of this

moment, he firmly believed that the Seal the Heavens Incantation would definitely catalyze the Mountain and Sea Realm into motion!

He couldn't sense the pressure in the area, as he was completely immersed in a bizarre state. It was as if... he had become the world. As if... he was the Eighth Mountain and Sea. As if... he was the will of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm!

When it came to the words 'The Dao is in My Heart,' Meng Hao viewed that Dao to be the entire Mountain and Sea Realm! The Mountain and Sea Realm was in his heart!

"The Will is in My Eyes!" His left arm rose up to a horizontal position, and together with his right arm, it formed the character 十, covering his eyes and making it impossible for him to see the world in front of him. However, what it could not cover over... was his heart and his will!

The truth is that on many occasions, it is only when you close your eyes, when you completely cover your field of vision, when you can see absolutely nothing... that you can truly feel the world!

That was exactly what Meng Hao was experiencing right now. He could feel the Nine Mountains and Nine Seas within the starry sky, and he could also sense the sun and the moon.

He began to tremble as his perception completely filled the entire Mountain and Sea Realm without hindrance of any kind. His will was now the will of the Mountains and Seas, and his mind became the mind of the Mountains and Seas!

Even the Daoist priest could never have predicted that Meng Hao would be able to so easily unleash the Seal the Heavens Incantation. In fact, it was so easy... that it was almost as if it were a Heavenly magic that had been prepared specifically for him!

Believe yourself to be the Lord of the Mountains and Seas, and seal the 33 Heavens!

However, if you actually were the Lord of the Mountains and Seas, then the magic... would be unimaginably powerful!

Meng Hao was shaking as he shifted his legs to form the shape of a mountain. Then he stretched his hands wide, as if to embrace the entire world.

“I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas! Seal... the Heavens... Incantation!!” he roared. 1

In that instant, the starry sky trembled, and the world shook. The Mountain and Sea Realm’s Nine Seas roared, and the Nine Mountains shook violently. The sun and moon vibrated. Everything was shining dazzlingly!

The Mountains and Seas were completely rocked!

It was only in this place, and only Meng Hao who could... begin the initial sealing of the Heavens!

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1. As I mentioned before, the previous use of the word “exhaust” was incorrect. The Chinese characters involved are confusing because they can be interpreted in several different ways. In the end, the structure of this part is based on an old Chinese poem, which makes the correct interpretation clear when you understand that poem. I’ll go back to change the previous instances later.

Chapter 1233: Initial Opening of the 33 Hells!

As Meng Hao widened his arms, the starry sky in front of him distorted, and a gigantic, blurry figure suddenly appeared, which instantly charged forward.

Massive, shocking ripples emanated out that could shake Heaven and Earth!

Patriarch Blacksoul charged toward it, letting out a powerful shout and raising his arms up, unleashing the full power of his Essences. A huge boom could be heard as his body was shredded to pieces, causing Patriarch Blacksoul to once again let out a roar.

The chunks of blood and flesh which appeared quickly turned black, and in the blink of an eye, had formed into countless souls which carried Patriarch Blacksoul away at top speed. However, the giant was still on the offensive.

Miserable shrieks could be heard coming from Patriarch Blacksoul's souls. In the blink of an eye, the souls collapsed, and Patriarch Blacksoul was killed in body and spirit!!

The grand and magnificent Patriarch Blacksoul first had his sect destroyed, and then was himself cut down!

None of the souls escaped, all were completely exterminated by the Seal the Heavens Incantation.

As the destruction was carried out, and Patriarch Blacksoul was wiped from existence, the last thing that echoed in his mind was a voice that only he and Meng Hao could hear.

"The Mountains and Seas loathe you. Punishment: execution!"

However, the Seal the Heavens Incantation wasn't finished!

The giant next charged toward Hong Chen, emanating massive pressure, sending out shocking and terrifying ripples, carrying with it the will of the

Mountain and Sea Realm.

Hong Chen's face was deathly pale. She had just personally witnessed Patriarch Blacksoul's death, and considering the level of her cultivation base, she had never imagined that Meng Hao, being seriously injured, would unexpectedly unleash a magical technique like this.

In fact, it seemed impossible to her that a cultivator could even utilize such magic. When she looked at the enormous giant, she could sense... the will of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

"Impossible!" she screamed, backing up as fast as possible. "This is impossible!!" However, she realized she simply had no way to escape. Roaring, she performed an incantation gesture, causing her cultivation base to surge. Essence power rumbled, and all of the pustules on her face burst, causing countless milky white centipedes to shoot out toward the giant. They screeched as they formed together into a Dragon God that was over a hundred thousand meters long. Surging with energy, it shot toward the incoming giant, and when they slammed into each other, the Dragon God screamed. In the blink of an eye, it vanished, having been completely pulverized by the giant.

Hong Chen trembled, looking on in despair as her Dragon God was completely shattered. All of her milky white centipedes were killed, transformed into nothing but ash. Blood sprayed out of her mouth, her body was lacerated into shreds, and her clothes were ripped apart. When her wrinkled skin was revealed, it was suddenly possible to see a totem tattoo!

It was none other than a Dragon God totem!

It began to shine with a brilliant light, and a Dragon God... once again appeared! This time, it was just as large as the previous one, but much less illusory! Instantly, it bared its claws and fangs then shot toward the giant.

However, even as it roared, it was completely engulfed by the giant's attack, and was killed. That in turn caused Hong Chen's totem tattoo to be wiped away. Instantly, her aura weakened, and her cultivation base dropped down from the level of a Dao Lord!

Simultaneously, a voice suddenly echoed out in both her mind and Meng Hao's.

"You have cultivated the magic of the Outsiders. Since you were born in the Mountains and Seas, your life will not be taken, only the bloodline of the Outsiders which you possess will be destroyed!"

Blood sprayed out of Hong Chen's mouth, and her face turned ashen. The giant then ignored her, spinning to charge Xuan Daozi.

Xuan Daozi's eyes widened, and he backed up as fast as possible. However, try as he might, he was unable to escape the giant's charge. Just as the giant was about to reach out and crush him, he lifted his right hand, within which appeared a command medallion!

It was ancient, primeval, as if it had existed for countless years. It was engraved on the front with nine mountains and nine seas. On the back, were ancient magical symbols which read...

Nine Seals!!

As soon as the command medallion appeared, Xuan Daozi screamed,

"My ancestor once performed meritorious service, and was given this death-exemption medallion by Paragon Nine Seals himself! You can't hurt me!"

After a pause, a voice echoed out into the minds of Meng Hao and Xia Daozi. "Authorized!"

Xuan Daozi was trembling, and fear lingered in his heart as the command medallion transformed into ash. The giant's attack still blasted out, but didn't harm him at all.

When the command medallion turned into ash, Xuan Daozi's heart twinged with pain. Next, the giant swiveled and charged toward the Meng Clan's merchant ship, from within which could be heard screams of terror.

As soon as the giant turned on the Meng Clan, Meng Hao suddenly got extremely anxious. Although he could unleash the Seal the Heavens

Incantation... he actually couldn't control it. If he could, then he would definitely have wiped out Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen.

The truth was, this magic... had a will of its own. Once that will awoke, it wished to cleanse and purify all living things within the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Rumbling could be heard as the first attack hit the merchant ship. Although it didn't harm the ship, the cultivators aboard let out miserable shrieks, evidently receiving some sort of punishment.

Although these members of the Meng Clan had eyed Meng Hao greedily earlier, they were still members of the Meng Clan. Meng Hao had no wish to see them destroyed. Besides, showing a bit of greed was no justification for the death penalty. Even more importantly, they weren't even aware of his own connection to the Meng Clan.

His eyes widened as the giant's attack once again threatened to overwhelm the ship, and suddenly, he forcibly reigned the Daoist magic in. He dropped his arms, causing his body to shudder, and a mouthful of blood to spray out.

His body weakened further, but he still forced the magic back in check. The Seal the Heavens Incantation seemed to be sucking away, not at his body, but at his soul.

As he pulled the magic back in, the giant turned and looked in his direction. In that moment, rumbling filled his mind, and it felt as if the giant... bore his own countenance.

He didn't take the time to analyze the matter; as soon as the giant vanished, he unhesitatingly shot backward. Wounding himself even more in the process, he employed his top speed to shoot toward the region with the 33 glowing rifts.

He was still going to enter that land of potential death. That was because... the instant the giant vanished, Hong Chen and Xuan Daozi began to chase him once more, venomous expressions on their faces.

Xuan Daozi was a bit faster than Hong Chen. In the blink of an eye, he

was bearing down on Meng Hao. Meng Hao quickly transformed into an azure roc, which increased the distance between them with a rumbling burst of speed.

Xuan Daozi snorted coldly, and was about to speed up himself, when suddenly, he stopped in his tracks. The shock and terror on his face right now was no less than when he had faced the Seal the Heavens Incantation.

It wasn't just him. Hong Chen also stopped in her tracks, face flickering as she stared off into the distance and cried, "That's... the 33 Hells!!"

The area encompassed by the 33 glowing rifts was even larger than before, and had almost reached the area they were in. Meng Hao in azure roc-form didn't pause for a moment as he shot into that very area.

"33 Hells... so the 33 Hells are opening again. This is just the initial opening. According to the records of the past, the 33 Hells can appear anywhere in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Once they do, there is an unknown, varying period of time before they become fully opened!

"It is not until they are fully opened, that they are at their most dangerous, and even Dao Sovereigns can be killed inside. Even now, during the initial opening, the place is still very dangerous....

"Dammit, the 33 Hells. They go tens of thousands of years without opening once. How could there be such a coincidence that they're opening here and now!?!?" Xuan Daozi stared at Meng Hao. Were it not for the fact that his Essence had been so intensely moved, Xuan Daozi wouldn't have hesitated to turn around and leave. After Patriarch Black soul perished, he could not become the slave of any sect or individual therefore trying to kill Meng Hao held little meaning.

However, the possibility of getting that sliver of Dao Essence had wrapped around Xuan Daozi's heart. After a moment, he clenched his jaw and then headed directly toward the 33 Hells.

"Time to gamble!

"If I succeed, I might be able to get a bit of Daosource. Even the tiniest

bit would still be worth it!

“If I fail... considering the level of my cultivation base, and that this is only the initial opening of the 33 Hells, I won’t necessarily perish!” Having made up his mind, he shot forward at top speed.

Hong Chen’s face flickered, and uncertainty could be seen in her eyes. The legends about the 33 Hells had always been talked about in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Supposedly, there were 33 Heavens sealing the Mountain and Sea Realm from above. However, there were also 33 Hells, although, they were not seals, but graves!

Back during the great war between the Paragon Immortal Realm and the other two terrifying forces, there were certain Outsiders who could not be completely exterminated. In fact, among those, there were some who were so strong that their bodies could not be destroyed even after dying.

Despite having been killed, they weren’t really dead. Since their souls could not be destroyed, they were instead suppressed, and that was the origin of the 33 Hells.

According to the legends, the 33 Hells were jointly created by the three Paragons of past times. Paragon Nine Seals took the lead in suppressing those Outsiders who could be killed in body but not soul!

The 33 Hells were essentially a terrifying cage!

Those 33 glowing rifts represented 33 graveyards. And they, in turn, represented... the 33 terrifying Outsiders of yesteryear who had been suppressed!

The reason the 33 Hells opened up every so often was not to give people a chance to enter and explore them but rather that the sealing power inside would grow weak. Every so often, the 33 Hells needed time to replenish their power before sinking once again into concealment.

However, in the process of being opened, it was possible for people to enter them, and even seek good fortune inside. Such good fortune might be great or small, and truth be told, few people knew as much about the good fortune of the 33 Hells as Hong Chen!

That was because the Church of the Dragon God had once been a small sect. Back then, it hadn't even been called the Church of the Dragon God. However, because one of the Patriarchs of that sect had happened to enter the 19th Hell and encounter a Dragon God, he was able to accept a legacy... that led to the formation of the Church of the Dragon God!

"The 33 Hells are opening...." she thought, gritting her teeth. "Another storm of carnage is coming to the Eighth Mountain and Sea...." Her cultivation base had dropped, and she was now no longer a Dao Lord. In fact, she had also lost the power of the Dragon God. She had truly been weakened significantly. However, considering that Xuan Daozi had charged on ahead, her eyes flickered and she also headed in the direction of the 33 Hells.

She was not going for Meng Hao, though, but rather, the potential good fortune inside!

Right after Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen flew toward the area of the 33 Hells, the Meng Clan's ship began to move. The Young Lord on board was very excited.

"Follow them, all of you! Go! I'll wait for you here to bring back some good fortune from the 33 Hells. I don't care what good fortune it is, just bring it back here and you'll get a huge reward! Huge!

"Dammit, get out there, all of you! If anyone refuses to go, then when we get back to the clan, I'll report you to the Clan Priest! 11th Uncle, you stay out here to protect me, but everyone else, you get in there!!" The young man's direct order caused the dozens of Meng Clan cultivators to tremble as they flew in the direction of the 33 Hells.

One of those cultivators was... the scar-faced youth Meng Chen! 1

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1. Meng Chen was introduced in chapter 1221 and was mentioned a few times since then, although not in name. He seems to have some clue about who Meng Hao is.

Chapter 1234: Greed Eyes a Body!

Meng Hao moved with incredible speed, bursting into the region of the 33 Hells, with Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen hot in pursuit. Soon, all three were speeding through the area near the rifts, which was permeated with an aura of death.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered coldly. He had chosen to enter this deathly region, and as such, was prepared for the deadly nature of the area. After looking around, he couldn't be sure, but it seemed that only four or five of the 33 glowing rifts could be entered. Apparently the others were as yet unopened.

However, his eyes didn't betray the slightest sign of hesitation as he shot directly toward the nearest completely opened rift.

It almost looked like a gaping mouth that sucked in life and breathed out death. As soon as Meng Hao neared it, he vanished.

Behind him, Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen gritted their teeth hard and then followed him in.

Further on back were the various trembling members of the Meng Clan. They only had Immortal Realm cultivation bases, so any Young Lord who had a brain would never ask them to participate in a struggle between Dao Realm experts.

However, this young master of the Meng Clan, who was referred to as a Young Lord, had given clear orders. Anyone who refused to comply would be severely punished once they returned to the clan.

Therefore, they could only grit their teeth and risk life and limb. There was no backing out, and therefore, it was with grieving, bloodshot eyes that they flew into the shining rift, one after another.

Not long after everyone followed Meng Hao into the 33 Hells, a collection of white bones suddenly rumbled in the same direction from off in the starry sky. They moved with incredible speed, and eventually came to a stop not far from the Meng Clan ship, revealing the figures that had

been barely visible inside before. All of them had completely expressionless faces, and radiated powerful murderous auras.

When the Young Lord on the Meng Clan's ship saw the bones, his face flickered. "Han... Han Qinglei!!"

The old man standing off to the side stepped forward protectively, and the ship's shield was activated. Both of them looked nervously at the bones and the black-robed young man who sat in their midst, chin resting on his hand.

This was none other than the Echelon cultivator from the Eighth Mountain, Han Qinglei!

"Meng Clan...." he said, eyes flickering with killing intent as he glanced first at the Meng Clan's ship and then the 33 Hells.

"Where is Meng Hao?" he asked coolly, his voice echoing out in all directions.

The Meng Clan's Young Lord began to tremble. He could act fiercely toward his own clan members, and behave arrogantly in front of Meng Hao, but that was only because he didn't know the difference between Heaven and Earth. When it came to Han Qinglei, though, he was instantly filled with dread.

The person to respond to Han Qinglei was the Young Lord's Dao Protector. "Meng Hao went into that area over there," he said. He was a cautious man who was well aware that Han Qinglei could not be underestimated. He was also aware of the deadly enmity which existed between Han Qinglei and the Meng Clan.

"The initial opening of the 33 Hells...." Han Qinglei frowned as he examined the 33 glowing rifts closely. Finally, an expression of determination appeared in his eyes. Uncharacteristically ignoring the Meng Clan's ship, he sent the bones flying toward the 33 Hells.

All of his followers once again turned blurry as they clustered around him to follow.

Time passed. Several hours later, more beams of light could be seen

flying through the starry sky in the area, which were cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance. They had come in pursuit of Meng Hao, but once they realized that the 33 Hells had appeared, cries of shock could be heard, and jade slips were pulled out to inform their sects.

It didn't take long for the shocking news to spread throughout the Heavengod Alliance, and soon countless cultivators were flocking to the area. One powerful expert after another arrived. After all, the 33 Hells... were the most mysterious and enigmatic place in the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea!

In fact, they might even be the most mysterious and enigmatic place in the Mountain and Sea Realm as a whole!

The opening of the 33 Hells was something that would shake the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea!

Soon, more and more cultivators had gathered in the area. However, few people actually dared to enter. Apparently, Meng Hao wasn't even that important anymore; what was more important was the good fortune to be had in the 33 Hells.

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As soon as Meng Hao entered the world of that glowing rift which was the 33 Hells, he was cut off from the outside world. He was in another world, a world where everything was gray and filled with a boundless aura of death. Rubble could be seen everywhere, as well as numerous decaying shades who shuffled about blankly, occasionally letting out howls and roars.

The powerful aura of death was concentrated enough to extinguish one's life force. As soon as Meng Hao entered this world, he could sense it, and his skin began to gradually wither. His life force slowly began to decay, and apparently not even his Eternal stratum was useful. His injuries worsened.

Off in the distance, an enormous stone stele could be seen rising up into the air. Despite how far away it was, Meng Hao could still see the faint characters written on its surface.

“Sealing Paramita.... Exalted Celestial Sea-Dao rests here, where his soul shall be suppressed for all time!”

The characters were filled with a powerfully domineering air, and the stone stele itself seemed to form the center of this entire world. It was almost as if it was the only seal holding this world in place. Underneath all of those characters, a name could be seen.

“Nine Seals!”

When Meng Hao saw that, his mind began to tremble, and the drop of Paragon’s blood inside of him began to boil. It transformed into qi and blood that filled Meng Hao, causing his heart to begin to beat in resonance with the world itself.

Ba-dump, ba-dump!

As his heart pounded, the lands around him shook, and at the same time, the shades shuffling around suddenly stopped in place and looked up at him.

It was in that exact moment that rumbling could be heard coming from behind him as Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen arrived.

“Meng Hao, it doesn’t matter that you’ve fled to this place, you’re dead!” Xuan Daozi shrieked, flying directly toward Meng Hao.

Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao’s eyes; ignoring how it increased his injuries, he gritted his teeth and transformed into an azure roc, shooting toward the stone stele and causing rumbling sounds to fill the lands.

He could just barely tell that something was beckoning to him from there.

Meng Hao flew at top speed, and as he got closer to the stone stele, the Paragon’s blood inside of him seethed even more. That in turn caused his wounds to begin to heal, much to Meng Hao’s delight.

Simultaneously, the shuffling shades down below suddenly began to shriek, and fly into the air toward both Meng Hao and Xuan Daozi, as if to prevent them from getting close to the stone stele.

That was the moment in which the clan members from the Meng Clan began to appear, one after another, their faces pale with astonishment as they looked around.

Massive rumbling could be heard as the rotting shades shot through the air. Some were cultivators and others were beasts, but all of them were adorned in a fashion that was clearly not from modern times. Obviously, they had been involved in the same ancient battle, and had been buried alive in this place along with the one who was being suppressed here.

Even as they neared Meng Hao, his eyes flashed as he fortuitously recalled something which had happened in the past. It was in the Ruins of Immortality in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, when he had encountered... the Sixth Generation Demon Sealer.

That was when he had learned the Sixth Demon Sealing Hex, the Life-Death Hex!

He clearly remembered how the Sixth Generation Demon Sealer had encountered entities similar to these, and had used the Life-Death Hex to control them.

There were many similarities between what happened back then and what was happening right now. The main difference was that this was the 33 Hells, and that had been in the Ruins of Immortality.

Without any hesitation, Meng Hao waved his hand toward the incoming shades, eyes glittering as he unleashed the Sixth Hex.

Dozens of magical symbols appeared in the palm of his hand, which radiated scintillating light. Suddenly, identical magical symbols appeared on the foreheads of all the entities charging Meng Hao. The entities then trembled as the magical symbols flickered in sync with Meng Hao's, then flew off of their foreheads toward him, where they converged on the palm of his hand. He then closed his hand into a fist, and suddenly... could sense the dozens of shades inside of his mind.

And he could control them!

The Life-Death Hex had never been so easy to use, but Meng Hao didn't

have time to think about it. He immediately sent out orders, causing the dozens of shades to howl and then pass by Meng Hao to charge toward Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen.

Xuan Daozi was completely shocked. He had no idea what kind of magical technique Meng Hao had just used, but he could see that the strange shades were completely ignoring him. Xuan Daozi's heart began to thump.

Hong Chen had a similar reaction.

Meng Hao didn't even look back at what was happening. He continued onward, putting more distance between him and them. However, he wasn't done with his counterattack. As soon as he started moving, he would unleash the Life-Death Hexing seal on any entity he saw, and send them all back to attack Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen.

Soon, he was in the region of the stone stele, and had sent over a hundred entities back to engage in fierce fighting with Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen.

The entities had no regard for their own lives or deaths. They only followed instructions. Auras of death swirled around them as they fought with incredible fierceness. Even as the booms rang out, Meng Hao arrived at the base of the stone stele.

When he looked up, he realized that the stone stele looked almost like an enormous staff, plunged deep into the earth. It was impossible to say how deep down it went. In either case, instead of saying that it was a stone stele, it would be better to say... that it was an enormous gravestone!

"If it's a gravestone," Meng Hao murmured, "then this place really is an enormous grave!" Because of the call of the gravestone, and the boiling Paragon's blood, his cultivation base was being restored even faster.

A bright glow appeared in his eyes. His injuries had been severe, so if he could recover here, he didn't care if it was because of the gravestone or even because of some ancient corpse. He quickly shot up into the air to appear moments later at the top of the gravestone, where he sat down cross-legged.

As he sat down, the entire gravestone began to rumble, and the Paragon's blood inside of him boiled with more intensity. Furthermore, his cultivation base was being fully restored at a terrifyingly fast speed!

As he healed, he looked out coldly at all of the dozens of shades surrounding Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen, and his eyes gleamed with killing intent.

Simultaneously, as he sat there cross-legged, in the soil at the base of the gravestone, suddenly... two greedy eyes appeared, which stared up at Meng Hao.

"It's been a long, long time... since I've seen any living being in my world. Even when people came in from the outside and stood directly in front of me, I could never see them. But him... I can actually see him!! A fresh, living body.... I, Greed, must have it!"

Chapter 1235: CounterAttack!

Meng Hao suddenly looked at the air behind him, frowned, and then looked down at the ground. He didn't know it, but those eyes beneath the surface were actually staring directly into his, although Meng Hao sensed nothing out of the ordinary.

However, he couldn't shake the feeling that someone was watching him.

He continued to ponder the strangeness of this place as he then looked back at Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen, surrounded by wave after wave of enemies. Then he continued cultivating to recover from his wounds.

Behind him in the ground, the eyes narrowed.

"How shockingly perceptive.... A body like this is perfectly suited for me. If I can possess it, then... I can finally get out of this damned place!!"

Time passed. Meng Hao's injuries continued to heal, and he was actually already half recovered. Booms rang out from the direction of Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen as more and more shades besieged them. Unexpectedly, some of those shades even emanated the ripples of the Dao Realm, indicated that they had been Dao Realm experts when they were alive.

Their Essence power had gradually faded, but their instincts remained, and due to the constant onslaught of that aura of death, they were actually even more fear-inspiring than before. Even Xuan Daozi was alarmed.

As for Hong Chen, she was trembling in fear as she joined forces with him, unleashing all sorts of divine abilities that filled the air with the sounds of explosions.

It was around this time that a gray mist suddenly began to rise up from the ground, obscuring everything. The sudden appearance of that mist caused Meng Hao's hair to stand on end. Without the slightest hesitation, he stepped forward and left the place where he had been sitting.

Looking back, he waved his sleeve, causing the Essence of Divine Flame to slam into the spot where he had just been sitting. However, nothing happened in response.

His eyes began to shine, and inwardly he was more vigilant than ever. Moments ago, he had clearly sensed an indescribable coldness rushing towards him.

Had he not moved away, it was likely that the coldness would have frozen him solid. However, whatever it was that had caused the coldness couldn't be detected. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary at all.

Meng Hao backed up slowly, then vanished into the mist.

Unbeknownst to Meng Hao, there really was a blurry shade laying in the spot where he had just been sitting. The shade seemed to be made completely of mist, but his eyes were clear and bright. They were crimson, and they were staring at Meng Hao.

"So, he can actually sense me getting near him...." the shade murmured. "It seems his divine sense must be particularly strong. Well, that's fine. The stronger it is, the stronger I'll be after I possess him. I've been suppressed in here for far, far too long. Dammit. I must get out of here. I'll kill my way out if I have to!" The shade distorted, then flashed into the mists and vanished.

Meng Hao moved along at top speed. The intense sense of crisis he felt in this world caused him to be more vigilant than ever. As he moved along, he looked around at the mists, eyes flickering.

"This place is dangerous for me and everyone else in here. The arrival of this mist...means that the time to counterattack is at hand!" He suddenly flickered into motion, heading back in the direction he remembered Xuan Daozi and Hong Chen were fighting.

Before long, the booming sounds of battle could be heard from up ahead. Xuan Daozi's bellow echoed in all directions, and the ripples of a magical technique spread out. However, the mist seemed to be covering up all the light, and Meng Hao couldn't see anything clearly. However, his eyes flickered with an increasingly strong desire to kill.

Eventually, he just closed his eyes. Gradually, nineteen images appeared in his mind. They were all in different directions, and were surrounded by a gray, colorless world.

Those were the entities he had taken control of with Life-Death Hexing. The ones that were still around were now visible in his mind's eye, and in fact became his eyes.

He flew silently through the mist slowly, threading his way through the various entities therein, and avoiding the most powerful shades of death. After a few dozen breaths of time, he shot forward with a new burst of speed. Then, his eyes opened, and they brimmed with killing intent. He sped forward, his right hand clenching into a fist. The power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal erupted out from inside of him, as well as that of his fleshly body, as he unleashed the God-Slaying Fist.

That fist strike suddenly appeared directly in front of Hong Chen!

She was in the midst of utilizing all sorts of magics to defend against the death shades who were attacking her. In the midst of her exhaustion, Meng Hao suddenly unleashed an explosive attack, causing an expression of shock to appear on her face. Before she even had time to analyze what was happening, the God-Slaying Fist was upon her.

A boom rattled out as the fist slammed into her chest, causing blood to spray from her mouth. Falling back, her eyes widened, and she shrieked, "Meng Hao!"

Even as she fell back under Meng Hao's surprise attack, she produced magical items and prepared divine abilities to fight back. However, what came at her next through the mist was an azure roc, which slashed at her with its deadly claws.

Booms rang out, and even Xuan Daozi was shocked. He turned and was about to come over to help when over ten death shades suddenly lunged madly in the way to intercept him.

"Screw off!" Xuan Daozi roared.

Simultaneously, Hong Chen's shrill voice could be heard once again. "Save me!" She was terrified, and couldn't even see what was happening around her. She fell back, her chest mangled and bloody, and her head punctured in three spots, out of which a reddish-white fluid oozed.

Meng Hao wasn't in very good condition either. Blood oozed out from wounds all over him. After all, his previous injuries weren't completely healed, and trying to kill this old woman aggravated them. However, the killing intent in his eyes hadn't lessened at all, and in fact, grew even more focused.

He suddenly advanced with incredible speed, sending swirling Essence of Divine Flame toward the retreating Hong Chen.

She gritted her teeth, performing an incantation gesture to unleash explosive Essence power in all directions. But Meng Hao was already in a different position, having unleashed the Paragon Bridge onto her. She screamed, her body already showing signs of cracking to pieces as she continued to flee. By now, Xuan Daozi had finished cutting down the death shades which were blocking him, and was now speeding towards them.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as his left hand reached up and pushed his fourth Nirvana Fruit into his forehead. Suddenly, his speed increased dramatically. He shot toward Hong Chen, making a grasping motion which summoned the copper mirror. Sighing repeatedly, the parrot also emerged. Without a pause, it complied with Meng Hao and transformed into the Battle Weapon.

That caused Meng Hao's energy to rocket up; hefting the Battle Weapon, he slashed it toward Hong Chen. Xuan Daozi was racing against the clock, but apparently was out of time, and could only roar in response to what was happening.

Hong Chen also roared, using all the power she could muster to defend herself. However, she had already been injured by the Seal the Heavens Incantation, and her cultivation base had declined. Thanks to Meng Hao's previous attack, she was like an arrow at the end of its flight. Meng Hao could completely ignore whatever magical items or divine abilities she used to fight back. Drawing on all the power he could from his fleshly body, he sent the Battle Weapon streaking down in a flash of dazzling light....

The screams ceased as Hong Chen's head flew off her shoulders, and her body collapsed. Just when her Nascent Divinity was about to flee, the Battle Weapon smashed into it. Yet another Dao Realm cultivator had fallen by Meng Hao's hand!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and his face was ashen. The magical items and divine abilities that had been used just now actually increased the severity of his injuries. Eyes bloodshot, he shot off into the distance.

"Meng Hao!!" Xuan Daozi roared. The sound echoed out into the mists, filling the entire world. Some distance away, the members of the Meng Clan were sustaining heavy casualties. Meng Chen was covered with blood, and in flight.

Han Qinglei was also out in the mists, proceeding along as cautiously as ever. Some of his followers had already been killed, and he himself was filled with fear by the 33 Hells.

However, these weren't the only people present; there were others. Furthermore, this was only the initial opening of the 33 Hells, so not all the glowing rifts had opened up, only somewhere between three and five. Therefore, some of the cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance on the outside chose to brave the danger and enter, although that number wasn't significant.

About twenty to thirty percent of them chose to enter the same glowing rift as Meng Hao.

Those who were brave enough to enter obviously were not weak in terms of cultivation base. At the very least, they were in the late Ancient Realm. There even some Quasi-Dao experts who were attempting to find one of the legendary items that could keep Quasi-Dao cultivators from dying.

There were also more than a few Dao Realm experts who entered various glowing rifts.

Therefore, when Xuan Daozi's howl echoed out, the other cultivators within the mists could hear his voice, and their hearts began to pound.

Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood, but continued onward as fast as he could. He put the Battle Weapon away, as well as the Nirvana Fruit. His eyes were now completely bloodshot, but his qi and blood were actually flourishing.

The shade that had been following him the entire time was watching him, and growing more and more greedy.

Meng Hao was flying along, eyes bloodshot, when he suddenly ran into a death shade.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve actually used the Blood Demon Grand Magic,” he murmured.

The shade up ahead was a cultivator, who turned, looked at Meng Hao, then howled as it pounced on him.

Meng Hao did not place a Life-Death Hex sealing mark onto him. Instead, he shot forward and slapped his hand out. His palm immediately turned blood-red, landing on the shade, which shuddered and then began to wither. In the blink of an eye, it was nothing more than ash.

Its gray aura flew out toward Meng Hao, fusing into him and actually withering him more than before. Apparently, it wasn’t any help to his wounds at all.

Shaking his head, he continued onward. Before long, his eyes flickered, and he shot forward like lightning as an Ancient Realm cultivator appeared in front of him.

This was one of the cultivators who had been part of the search parties trying to kill Meng Hao. He had actually turned tail and fled when things had gone south, but now apparently he had returned. He was looking around vigilantly, so as soon as Meng Hao closed in on him, his face flickered. Before he could do anything, Meng Hao’s crimson hand snaked out and latched onto the top of the man’s head.

Before he could scream, Meng Hao clamped his hand over the man’s mouth. The cultivator trembled as he withered; his life force, his flesh and blood, his cultivation base and soul, were all absorbed in an instant.

Meng Hao's face was now less ashen. Soon, nothing was left in his hand other than a dessicated corpse, which dropped down and turned into ash. Meng Hao licked his lips; eyes bright red, he continued on his way. Chapter 1235: CounterAttack!

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Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and his face was ashen. The magical items and divine abilities that had been used just now actually increased the severity of his injuries. Eyes bloodshot, he shot off into the distance.

"Meng Hao!!" Xuan Daozi roared. The sound echoed out into the mists, filling the entire world. Some distance away, the members of the Meng Clan were sustaining heavy casualties. Meng Chen was covered with blood, and in flight.

Han Qinglei was also out in the mists, proceeding along as cautiously as ever. Some of his followers had already been killed, and he himself was filled with fear by the 33 Hells.

However, these weren't the only people present; there were others. Furthermore, this was only the initial opening of the 33 Hells, so not all the glowing rifts had opened up, only somewhere between three and five. Therefore, some of the cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance on the outside chose to brave the danger and enter, although that number wasn't significant.

About twenty to thirty percent of them chose to enter the same glowing rift as Meng Hao.

Those who were brave enough to enter obviously were not weak in terms of cultivation base. At the very least, they were in the late Ancient Realm. There even some Quasi-Dao experts who were attempting to find one of the legendary items that could keep Quasi-Dao cultivators from dying.

There were also more than a few Dao Realm experts who entered various glowing rifts.

Therefore, when Xuan Daozi's howl echoed out, the other cultivators within the mists could hear his voice, and their hearts began to pound.

Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood, but continued onward as fast as he could. He put the Battle Weapon away, as well as the Nirvana Fruit. His eyes were now completely bloodshot, but his qi and blood were actually flourishing.

The shade that had been following him the entire time was watching him, and growing more and more greedy.

Meng Hao was flying along, eyes bloodshot, when he suddenly ran into a death shade.

"It's been a long time since I've actually used the Blood Demon Grand Magic," he murmured.

The shade up ahead was a cultivator, who turned, looked at Meng Hao, then howled as it pounced on him.

Meng Hao did not place a Life-Death Hex sealing mark onto him. Instead, he shot forward and slapped his hand out. His palm immediately turned blood-red, landing on the shade, which shuddered and then began to wither. In the blink of an eye, it was nothing more than ash.

Its gray aura flew out toward Meng Hao, fusing into him and actually withering him more than before. Apparently, it wasn't any help to his wounds at all.

Shaking his head, he continued onward. Before long, his eyes flickered, and he shot forward like lightning as an Ancient Realm cultivator appeared in front of him.

This was one of the cultivators who had been part of the search parties trying to kill Meng Hao. He had actually turned tail and fled when things had gone south, but now apparently he had returned. He was looking around vigilantly, so as soon as Meng Hao closed in on him, his face flickered. Before he could do anything, Meng Hao's crimson hand snaked out and latched onto the top of the man's head.

Before he could scream, Meng Hao clamped his hand over the man's

mouth. The cultivator trembled as he withered; his life force, his flesh and blood, his cultivation base and soul, were all absorbed in an instant.

Meng Hao's face was now less ashen. Soon, nothing was left in his hand other than a dessicated corpse, which dropped down and turned into ash. Meng Hao licked his lips; eyes bright red, he continued on his way.

Chapter 1236: We're Still Good Friends!

Meng Hao slipped through the mists like a lone wolf in the night, completely silent. The only signs of his coming were his glowing red eyes, and the fluctuations of the Blood Demon Grand Magic.

No screams could be heard, as he only targeted Ancient Realm cultivators. By means of the Blood Demon Grand Magic, Meng Hao slowly recovered, although the process didn't go as quickly as when he had taken advantage of the gravestone. However, what Meng Hao wanted was to awaken his Eternal stratum.

With his Eternal stratum at work, his recovery would go much more quickly.

He proceeded along, absorbing other cultivators he encountered. As for the blurry shade, it kept following him, looking for the perfect opportunity to make the killing blow and possess Meng Hao.

He couldn't see Meng Hao killing Hong Chen, nor could he see Xuan Daozi chasing him. However, he could sense the brutal air radiating off of Meng Hao, and when he unleashed the Blood Demon Grand Magic, the way it sent the qi and blood boiling caused the shade to be filled with an intense desire to possess Meng Hao.

"I, Greed, have been favored by destiny for my entire life," the shade murmured. "When I was young, I was nearly killed when fighting my greatest enemy, until an extraterrestrial object fell from the sky and smashed him to death!

"When I ventured out into the world, I never came back empty-handed, and everywhere I went, treasure abounded. My cultivation even proceeded smoothly and without a hitch. However, when I reached the absolute peak, I met a person, a damnable bastard who deserves to die!

"Other than him, there has never been anyone who could suppress me. Even being sealed in here is a temporary thing. I won't remain here forever.

“This person here is the greatest gift that the Heavens have ever bequeathed upon me.” The greed in his eyes grew more intense, and yet, he didn’t make a move. His earlier attack had failed, so after that he had chosen to simply follow and wait. Wait, and keep waiting.... 1

Meng Hao’s slaughter continued. By now, dozens of cultivators had died at his hand. At the moment, his hand was latched onto the top of another cultivator’s head as he absorbed him, when suddenly, all of the hair on his body stood on end. Not waiting to finish absorbing the cultivator, he shot backward at top speed.

In that same instant, a hand stretched out from the mists. It was covered with black fur, and moved with incredible speed, grabbing viciously onto the half-absorbed cultivator. The cultivator screamed, and was dragged back into the mists, whereupon crunching sounds could be heard.

“Hungry... so hungry....” A growling wail could be heard, along with a sound like that of clinking iron chains. Meng Hao retreated rapidly, an expression of surprise on his face as he sensed the terrifying aura coming from within the mists.

After a long moment, the aura faded away, and the wailing sound drifted off into the distance.

Meng Hao looked around, feeling more apprehensive than ever. Finally, he turned and made his way off to find another Heavengod Alliance cultivator to absorb. Time passed. As he went about his work, he encountered that terrifying hand on three more occasions, and one time even developed into a deadly crisis.

Feeling more vigilant than ever, he absorbed yet another Ancient Realm expert, whereupon a rumbling sound filled him, and his eyes burned with a light like that of fire.

At long last, his Eternal stratum was awakened from its state of withered sleep. It slowly began to work, restoring his life force and energy. In that moment, the blood-colored light in his eyes faded away, and his body’s wounds began to heal naturally.

It was also in that moment that a stream of divine sense swept toward

him from up ahead. He backed up, but the divine sense was fast, and quickly enveloped him, scanned him, and then began to completely converge in the area.

“So, it turns out you’re here as well,” said an ancient voice. A terrifying pressure began to weigh down, causing the mists in the area to be pushed away.

Meng Hao’s pupils constricted; based on the intensity of the pressure, he could tell that this power exceeded that of a Dao Lord. Furthermore, he was familiar with this pressure; it was none other than the old man who had attempted to stop him from leaving the Heavengod Alliance to begin with.

Meng Hao knew that he was no match for this man, not even if he were completely recovered and back at his peak. Without the slightest hesitation, he transformed into an azure roc and fled.

However, the pressure was like a sharp arrow that pierced through the mists in pursuit. In fact, were it not for the mists, the old man would have been able to catch up with Meng Hao in the blink of an eye.

Even as Meng Hao fled, Xuan Daozi appeared in a different direction, eyes flickering with killing intent. He had even resorted to one of his secret magics in order to lock down Meng Hao’s position within the mists. The price he had paid was a significant amount of life force and longevity, leaving him looking like nothing more than a bag of bones, his aura weak even though his cultivation base hadn’t been reduced.

“Meng Hao, this time, you’re DEAD!” he roared, shooting like lighting in Meng Hao’s direction.

Meng Hao’s face flickered. He could tangle with Xuan Daozi for a while, but as for that old man, he was much stronger, to the point where Meng Hao was terrified of him. Gritting his teeth, he continued to flee at top speed. It was at this point, just when the powerful pressure was nearing, that a faint howl echoed out, mixed with a wailing sound.

“Hungry... so hungry....” In addition to the voice, a sound like the rattling of iron chains could be heard. Meng Hao’s eyes narrowed as he realized

what the old man from the Heavengod Alliance had run into.

It was in that moment that the divine sense that had been locked onto him suddenly retracted.

However, Xuan Daozi's killing intent continued to bear down on him. Meng Hao's eyes glittered coldly as he suddenly spun, waving his right hand to summon the Essence of Divine Flame and Immortal mountains to fight back against Xuan Daozi.

Rumbling booms could be heard, and blood oozed out of Meng Hao's mouth. Just when he was about to borrow the force of the blast to retreat, Xuan Daozi retracted the power, defeating Meng Hao's effort.

"I guessed you would try something like that!" Xuan Daozi said, laughing coldly. Suddenly, his Essence of time erupted out, causing his body to grow blurry, as if he were walking through the streams of time. Meng Hao's face fell, and he immediately utilized his walking technique. Both parties were using the Dao of Time to fight each other, causing the mists to churn and slowly form into a vortex.

The vortex grew larger and larger, and the rumbling sounds grew more intense until it turned into a massive explosion. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and he tumbled off to the side. Blood also oozed out of Xuan Daozi's mouth, but he didn't give up. He was already injured, and yet, his eyes gleamed with excitement, and his heart was pounding; just now, his Essence had been stirred into intense anticipation.

As he saw Meng Hao trying to flee again, a cold flicker could be seen in his eyes, and he suddenly threw his head back and cried out, "To all Fellow Daoists in this place, I am Xuan Daozi. Help me stop Meng Hao! If you encounter him, notify me immediately. To express my thanks, the One Profound Sect will bestow a Quasi-Dao treasure to anyone who helps!!"

Xuan Daozi knew that Meng Hao was a slippery character; once he escaped, it would be difficult to find him again. Therefore, he chose to make an incredible promise to enlist the aid of everyone else out in the mist.

Bolstered by the power of Xuan Daozi's cultivation base, his words

echoed out through the entire world, to be heard by all. Everyone's eyes flickered. Simply notifying Xuan Daozi of Meng Hao's presence was a much easier task than trying to kill him. All they had to do was pass word. If that word enabled Xuan Daozi to take down Meng Hao, then they would be rewarded with a Quasi-Dao treasure.

Everyone was instantly excited.

Meng Hao's face darkened, and he proceeded along as quickly as before. However, it didn't take long before a shadow up ahead suddenly flickered into the shape of an Ancient Realm cultivator. As soon as the man saw Meng Hao, he went wild with joy and bellowed,

"Meng—"

However, he only got one word out of his mouth before Meng Hao flashed like lightning, clamping his hand down onto the top of the man's head and unleashing the Blood Demon Grand Magic. The cultivator trembled as his qi and blood, life force, cultivation base, and soul were absorbed by Meng Hao.

Even still, that one word caused Xuan Daozi to unhesitatingly shoot in the direction of the call, as did some of the other powerful experts.

The killing intent in Meng Hao's eyes grew stronger. Just as he was about to flee, a jubilant cry rang out through the mists.

"Meng Hao's right here!"

The voice was actually some distance away from where Meng Hao actually was, causing the people rushing in his direction to stop in their tracks. Even as Xuan Daozi frowned, another voice rang out: "He's here! Hurry, he's right here!"

Then another voice cried out urgently from another direction: "I saw Meng Hao. He's over here!!"

Xuan Daozi gritted his teeth, turned, and headed off in another direction.

Meng Hao's jaw dropped as he realized that there were people helping him.

There was little time to consider the matter. He immediately turned to flee, but then suddenly stopped as he sensed familiar fluctuations approaching, fluctuations that their owner was doing nothing to conceal.

“Han Qinglei...” Meng Hao said slowly as Han Qinglei floated out from the nearby mists. When they were a dozen meters or so apart, they stopped and looked at each other.

“Many thanks!” Meng Hao said as everything clicked. He looked deeply at Han Qinglei, clasped hands, and bowed.

Han Qinglei looked back at Meng Hao with mixed emotions. Meng Hao was clearly in a very bad state, worse than he had been at any point in the Windswept Realm. His injuries were severe, and his body was covered with wounds. Deep exhaustion could be seen on his face; an exhaustion that medicinal pills and the mending of his wounds could not heal. It would require time to recuperate.

Even still, among Han Qinglei’s mixed feelings was a sense of admiration. He had heard of all the things Meng Hao had accomplished recently, how he was the subject of a deadly manhunt in the Heavengod Alliance, and how he had even slaughtered Dao Realm cultivators.

Because of his accomplishments, Meng Hao’s name had long since spread throughout the Heavengod Alliance.

Han Qinglei looked at Meng Hao, his face cold as he said, “I don’t need you to thank me. As long as I’m around, the only people who qualify to kill you are other Echelon cultivators!

“I didn’t save you for your sake, but for my own! Therefore, take your words of thanks back. I don’t need them, and in fact, to accept thanks from you would be beneath my dignity. You don’t qualify to thank me. Nobody in Heaven and Earth qualifies to thank Han Qinglei. That’s who I am. In the future, I will be unrivaled and unmatched!

“One of these days, you and I will fight to the death, and in that battle, I’ll personally defeat you.” As Han Qinglei’s words echoed out, filled with arrogance and superiority, he folded his hands behind his back, and set his jaw.

Meng Hao sighed. He would never forget how Han Qinglei had saved him, but seeing how arrogant, proud, and haughty he was, Meng Hao couldn't hold back from saying, "You know, if your smugness didn't make me want to give you a good beating, we could probably be good friends...."

*

1. There's slight spoiler information in this footnote regarding Renegade Immortal. Greed is a side character from that very novel. Although he hasn't appeared in the translated portion of Renegade Immortal yet, I chatted with Rex about it and he mentioned that Greed should be showing up soon. If you follow RI, keep your eye out for this guy.

Chapter 1237: Detected!

As soon as the words left Meng Hao's mouth, Han Qinglei's face flickered, and he glared at Meng Hao. However, when he thought about all the things Meng Hao had done while fighting the Heavengod Alliance, he couldn't but admire him. His expression remained icy, and he snorted coldly, but at the same time, he waved his hand, sending a jade bracelet flying over, which Meng Hao caught.

"Put that on. Not only will you become illusory, your aura will be concealed, and I can take you out of the Heavengod Alliance."

Meng Hao looked at the bracelet thoughtfully for a moment, then said, "As a cultivator of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, you must be familiar with the Heavengod Alliance's search methods. I believe there to be a seal on me, or something of the sort, enabling them to track me down no matter what I do." Meng Hao looked at Han Qinglei as the sounds of explosions echoed out from the mists around him.

"Seal?" Han Qinglei muttered. He patted his bag of holding, producing a jade slip which he studied for a moment. Then he looked back at Meng Hao.

"The Grand Elder of the Heavengod Society is adept with blood magic. The blood in your body permeates your organs and your aura. All he would need is a single drop of your blood to detect your presence. If you suspect something like that to be the case, it's most likely the work of the Grand Elder. He's using a blood tracking magic!

"That makes things a bit difficult..." Han Qinglei frowned.

After thinking for a moment, Meng Hao laughed coolly and said, "Any technique can be broken, as long as you understand how it works."

Then he lifted his right hand and pushed it down onto his chest, causing the Essence of Divine Flame to sweep through his body, burning up his blood in the process!

That burning involved indescribable pain as every drop of his blood was

scorched away. After his blood was gone, he was almost like an ordinary person hovering on the brink of death. Not even cultivators could remain in such a state for very long.

Meng Hao's face was ashen; the burning away of his blood also caused his body to age significantly, as it was left without a single drop of blood.

But then he rotated his cultivation base, sending out cultivation base power into his body. Coupled with the intense power of his fleshly body, the blood-manufacturing in his body was stimulated. Although the process happened relatively quickly, it still involved incredible pain, as well as a shocking level of danger.

Even Han Qinglei was shocked by Meng Hao's vicious decisiveness. He watched as the color slowly returned to Meng Hao's face, and his life force aura was gradually restored. In the end, Han Qinglei took a deep breath and reminded himself that it would be best to never provoke Meng Hao.

Meng Hao had purified himself by getting rid of all of his old blood and replacing it with fresh blood. Meng Hao wasn't sure whether or not that would free him from the Grand Elder's magical technique, but it was the only method he could think of to achieve that result.

"Brother Han, I'll still need a bit of assistance from you," he said. With the wave of a hand, he caused a dozen or so drops of the burned blood to coalesce in his palm.

"I understand," Han Qinglei said, nodding. Waving his hand, he caused a dozen figures to materialize around him. Each person took a drop of blood, then rapidly vanished off into the distance.

Finally, Meng Hao put on the jade bracelet, slowly turning blurry, whereupon he floated over to Han Qinglei, where he looked like nothing more than one of his other followers.

Han Qinglei cleared his throat and looked at Meng Hao out of the corner of his eyes, feeling quite satisfied. However, he knew that it wouldn't be appropriate to say anything, so he merely took a step forward, whereupon his throne of bones appeared. He sat down, and then shot off into the mists.

At the same time, Meng Hao and the other dozen or so illusory followers followed along.

As Han Qinglei and Meng Hao flew off, the blurry shade within the mists was watching with crimson eyes.

“I’ve taken a liking to your fleshly body, do you really think I’ll just let you leave?!” The shade’s eyes flickered with red light as he began to mutter some ancient curse, which caused a roar to erupt out within the mists, a roar like thunder, that left everything in the area shaking.

“Hungry... so hungry....” The sound echoed out, filled with an unyielding air, and even rage. And yet... gradually, the bellowing grew further and further away and the mists dispersed with its departure, as if that terrifying creature was itself its source....

In fact, within the space of a few breaths of time, the mists were completely gone. All of a sudden, all of the nearly one hundred cultivators in the rift could see each other clearly.

The man from the Heavengod Society with the astonishing cultivation base was the most powerful person present. Panting, he turned his head and looked off into the distance. He had just been fighting that enormously gigantic, terrifying creature, and the fierce fighting had been dangerous to the extreme.

Everyone was on guard at the moment, and was looking around to size up the situation. Soon, everyone could see Han Qinglei making his way out of the place. Meng Hao was right there next to him, and when the mists suddenly vanished, his heart sank and he cursed to himself at the sudden discouraging turn of events. He looked over at the exit, which wasn’t very far away, and began to consider making a run for it on his own; it wasn’t necessarily impossible to make it.

However, if he moved, it would reveal that Han Qinglei was helping him, and besides, even if he got out, he didn’t have the proper status in the Eight Mountain and Sea to be able to escape the wrath of the Heavengod Alliance.

Xuan Daozi was also there, his divine sense spreading out and yet

unable to locate Meng Hao. His eyes narrowed, and he gave a cold harrumph as he looked over at Han Qinglei.

Han Qinglei's expression was the same as ever, and he maintained the same speed as before as he rose through the air toward the exit. Xuan Daozi's eyes glittered, and he suddenly flickered into motion, appearing directly in Han Qinglei's path a moment later.

Glaring at him, Xuan Daozi suddenly said, "Fellow Daoist Han, why are you in such a hurry to leave!?"

Han Qinglei's expression didn't change as he looked coldly back at Xuan Daozi. Suddenly, a vicious smile appeared on his face.

"Xuan Daozi, your cultivation base might be higher than mine, and I might not be able to beat you in a fight, and killing me would be a simple task. But...do you dare to try?! Do you dare to try to harm even a single hair on my head?" Han Qinglei stood up and roared, causing his energy to rise up dramatically. He was now more powerful than he had been in the Windswept Realm, and was clearly on the verge of being a threat to someone in the Quasi-Dao Realm.

After making a breakthrough, he would even be able to try his hand out at engaging a Quasi-Dao expert in all-out battle!

"Do I need to ask your permission to go places in the Eighth Mountain and Sea?" Swishing his sleeve, he sat back down on his vicious bone throne.

Xuan Daozi's face darkened. Han Qinglei had a special status in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and Xuan Daozi had no desire to get into a dispute with him. However, Meng Hao was simply far too important, and Xuan Daozi couldn't bear to lose him. After a moment of hesitation, he looked at the Heavengod Society Elder, who stood on the ground not too far off in the distance, clasped hands, and bowed.

"Zhou Shi, could you provide some assistance?!" Xuan Daozi's deep bow and his cordial expression made him seem very sincere. "I was on very good terms with Patriarch Blacksoul, as well as with Hong Chen. The three of us joined forces to chase down Meng Hao, and now calamity has

befallen both of them. Only I remain, and I swear that will find Meng Hao and exact vengeance, killing him in revenge for Black soul and Hong Chen!” Xuan Daozi’s words were spoken very sincerely, and with passion.

Down on the ground, the old man from the Heavengod Society muttered to himself for a moment, then nodded. He lifted his right hand and performed an incantation gesture, then opened his eyes to reveal a flickering blood-colored glow.

Meng Hao remained by Han Qinglei’s side, expression normal, but heart filled with vigilance as he watched the Elder from the Heavengod Society.

Soon, the old man lowered his hand and said, “Interesting. He must have noticed my tracking magic, then physically disseminated to escape. He must be outside already.”

As soon as the words left the old man’s mouth, Meng Hao sighed with relief. Han Qinglei snorted coldly, then proceeded forward stoically. Actually, he had been very nervous just now as well, having had no idea that the mist would disperse, revealing that he was leaving.

Xuan Daozi sighed inside, and stepped aside, making way for Han Qinglei to near the exit.

“Meng Hao is devious and cunning. If he manages to escape, it’s going to be difficult to find him.... Plus, it’s giving him time to restore his cultivation base. If that happens, it won’t be easy for me to handle him alone. However, I can’t reveal this matter to anyone!” Xuan Daozi frowned, and his gaze once again came to fall upon Han Qinglei’s back. He then looked at blurry images of Han Qinglei’s followers.

At first, he hadn’t paid the followers any attention. After all, Zhou Shi from the Heavengod Society had spoken his words in complete confidence; whatever he said was sure to be true.

However, as soon as he laid eyes on one particular follower among the group around Han Qinglei, Xuan Daozi’s Essence suddenly trembled. Although it was very slight, it caused Xuan Daozi’s eyes to go wide, and his heart to pound.

He had no time to consider the matter carefully, so he took a step forward and roared, “You’re not going anywhere! Get back here!”

With that, he stretched out his hand, causing an enormous hand to materialize and grab toward, not Han Qinglei, but... Meng Hao!

Meng Hao frowned. It wasn’t the Elder from the Heavengod Society who had discovered him, it was Xuan Daozi. That in itself was very telling, and caused Meng Hao to suddenly wonder why Xuan Daozi was pursuing him so relentlessly even after Patriarch Black soul was dead, and could not offer his services as a slave.

“That’s the key to the matter,” he thought with a sigh. Mind racing with ideas, he suddenly revealed himself, laughing coldly. Almost as soon as he appeared, Han Qinglei’s face fell, and he spun around.

“Meng Hao, it’s you! Dammit, I can’t believe you were pretending to be one of my followers!” Roaring, Han Qinglei stepped forward and waved his arm at Meng Hao.

An incredible force surged out toward Meng Hao, hitting him before Xuan Daozi could. A boom could be heard, and blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth. However, he borrowed the force of the blow to shoot off into the distance.

“Han Qinglei,” Meng Hao shrieked, “mark the words of Meng Hao: I won’t rest until you’re dead!” With that he sped away as quickly as possible.

“Han Qinglei!!” Xuan Daozi said, glaring at Han Qinglei. The act put up between Meng Hao and Han Qinglei was too obvious, and yet Han Qinglei didn’t seem to care that Xuan Daozi knew.

Even as Xuan Daozi began to chase after Meng Hao, he cried out, “Ladies and gentlemen, Fellow Daoists, please help me capture this man. My promise from before still stands!”

The surrounding cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance looked on with flickering eyes. Many of them immediately flew out to try to block Meng Hao’s path. Two of them were actually in the Dao Realm, although they

weren't Dao Lords, just 2-Essences cultivators!

The sudden appearance of Meng Hao caused the old man from the Heavengod Society to stare in shock. Then, a strange glow appeared in his eyes and he looked more closely at Meng Hao. Finally, he understood.

"He's definitely a vicious, decisive person," the old man muttered.

Numerous people closed in to try to block Meng Hao's path. The two 2-Essences Dao Realm cultivators couldn't be evaded easily, plus Xuan Daozi was closing in with murderous intent. If Meng Hao paused for even a moment, he would fall into the snare. As he looked around, he realized that he really was in a tight spot, like a bird in a trap with its wings clipped.

It was in that moment that... strange phenomena suddenly rose up within this world of graves.

Chapter 1238: Possessed by Greed!

The entire world was shaking. The gray vault up above filled with clouds and mist, and the lands quaked as though a writhing dragon lurked underneath, on the verge of bursting out!

The gravestone which rose up in the very center of the world appeared to be tilting to the side, and thunder-like rumbling could be heard from the earth underneath it.

RUMBLE!

As the massive sound echoed out, everyone, including Meng Hao, felt their minds spinning.

The Ancient Realm cultivators coughed up blood, and their expressions were that of astonishment. Han Qinglei's qi and blood were boiling, and he hovered in midair, gasping for breath. The blurry figures around him were all forced out into the open, looks of shock on their faces.

The Dao Realm experts had it a bit better off; their minds were shaken, but no blood spurted out. However, it only took a moment for another huge boom to echo out, even more boundless and powerful than the first.

RUMBLE!

That sound caused everyone under the level of a Dao Lord to cough up blood. Meng Hao's body was trembling, and blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth. As for the Dao Lords present, their faces were ashen as waves of shock surged in their hearts.

As for the two 2-Essences Dao Realm cultivators who had been trying to block Meng Hao's path, both coughed up blood, and their faces fell. Unable to deal with Meng Hao any longer, they looked down toward the ground and saw crevices spreading out in the soil beneath the gravestone. The two booms that had echoed out just now had come from those very crevices.

Next, a third boom could be heard. It sounded like the roar of a giant, causing the lands to shake violently, and the sky to dim. Xuan Daozi

coughed up blood, and was completely astonished.

Suddenly, an ancient voice that was laced with unending venom and madness filled the entire murky world: “Nine Seals, I curse you to meet a horrific death! I curse all living things in your Immortal World to have their bloodlines severed! You can destroy my body, but you can’t destroy my soul fire! My soul cannot be destroyed by anyone who has yet to fully reach Heaven Trampling, so you can’t kill me!

“You only have a Heaven Trampling fleshly body, your cultivation is still a half step away. Therefore you can only suppress me!”

Everything shook, and soon, it was possible to see a bright light shining up from the crevices in the soil beneath the gravestone.

It was a blue light that filled the entire world, almost as if... what was buried in this place was not a cultivator, but rather... a sun!

Mind trembling, Meng Hao blinked his eyes nine times in succession, then poured the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal into his eyes. After examining the situation closely, his eyes widened.

Shockingly, beneath the soil of the grave, he saw... that there really was a sun! A blue sun!!

The sun caused massive waves to run through Meng Hao’s divine sense, and for some reason, he recalled imagery from a scene that he had seen before. He saw nine suns, pulling a vast land mass and a huge statue through the starry sky.

One of those suns was... the same sun he was looking at now!!

They looked identical!!

Xuan Daozi’s heart trembled, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. He wanted to chase Meng Hao down and kill him, but at the moment, he couldn’t. His body was stuck in place in midair, completely incapable of moving. As for his eyes, they brimmed with excitement as he looked at the crevices, his mind reeling.

“The Daosource Realm actually exists!! Daosource! Daosource! The

actual source of all Daos!! According to the basic overview I read about in the ancient records once, 9-Essences Paragons are analogous to the Exalted Celestials and 9th-tier Dao Divinities of the Paramita!

“The Daosource Realm of the Immortal World does not expand one’s enlightenment outward, nor does it take an alternative route. The key to stepping beyond the Dao Realm is to continually look inward, to seek the source of the Dao!

“Expanding out beyond the Dao is the Boundless Dao of the Paramita!

“As for the alternative route to stepping beyond the Dao, that is the Heaven Trampling of the Paramita!” Xuan Daozi was trembling, and his eyes filled with unparalleled desire and madness. He had come to a clear realization of the truth of these matters, and in fact the number of people in the entire Mountain and Sea Realm who knew about these things was so few that they could be counted by hand.

Although he currently couldn’t move a muscle, neither could anyone else, not even Meng Hao.

There was only one person in this entire world who was not so intensely affected, and that was the old man from the Heavengod Society!

“An Exalted Celestial...from the Paramita!” he murmured, eyes shining brightly.

In almost the same moment that the entire world was shaken, the light shining from the crevices beneath the gravestone suddenly vanished. At the same time, an indescribable gravitational force suddenly appeared.

The intense force sucked at everything, causing the entire world to dim. Even the vault above seemed to be on verge of being pulled in. As the ground shook, the shocked old man from the Heavengod Society bit the tip of his tongue, spitting out a mouthful of blood and performing a double-handed incantation gesture. Shockingly, five Essences erupted out from him, which fought back against the gravitational force.

He was the only person capable of such an act; no one else present was even in control of their own body. Rumbling filled the air as numerous

figures transformed into beams of light that shot toward the crevices and were then consumed.

The first to meet such a fate were those in the Immortal and Ancient Realms, followed by Han Qinglei. Next were the two Dao Realm experts, as well as Xuan Daozi. None of them could prevent themselves from being sucked in.

Meng Hao was trembling as he also transformed into a beam of light and was pulled inexorably inside.

However, at the same time that Meng Hao was being sucked towards the crevice, something else happened that no one else noticed. Not too far away was a blurry shade, whose red eyes shone with greed. He suddenly shot forward at an indescribable speed, and in the blink of an eye was upon Meng Hao. The exact moment that Meng Hao fell into the crevice, he suddenly... pounced, not even giving Meng Hao a chance to react.

In a flash... he fused into Meng Hao, becoming one with him!

In fact, the shade was so incredibly excited that it didn't notice that the moment it fused with Meng Hao... a strange light gleamed in Meng Hao's eyes.

A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and then he was gone, sucked in by the powerful gravitational force. Soon, the only person left outside was the old man from the Heavengod Society, who trembled as he was slowly pulled toward the crevices.

As he neared, the gravitational force increased dramatically, and a fourth roar echoed out. This old man had five Essences, making him a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign. Drawing upon that power, he threw his head back and roared, causing blood to spurt out all over his body, which then transformed into an enormous Dao 道 character that surrounded him!

That character seemed to bestow boundless power upon him, allowing him to fight back against the gravitational force. And yet, it couldn't completely match it, and the man was dragged even closer to the crevice.

The only difference was that the speed was reduced a bit. Soon, he was

only about thirty meters away from the crevice. It was at that point that an angry sigh echoed out from within. The gravitational force vanished, and the crevice closed up without a trace.

In that instant, the old man coughed up a mouthful of blood; his hair was disheveled, and he looked to be in very bad shape. His body was a mass of mangled flesh; he had just barely been able to fight back, but his fleshly body was weaker than his cultivation and thus he had been severely injured.

“According to the legends, the Exalted Celestials of the Paramita were comparable to Paragons. If he was in a complete state, he could cut me down in an instant. Nothing remains of his body and only his soul exists in a state of suppression. That’s the only reason I had a chance to escape!” Face filled with astonishment, he unhesitatingly shot up into the sky toward the exit. 1

Even as he left, other cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance decided to enter the place to seek good fortune.

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Beneath the surface of the grave was a necropolis!

The necropolis was accessible from all sides, and was very large. The cultivators who had been sucked in were not sent to the same location, but were scattered about. Some ended up unconscious, others were still awake.

Meng Hao was among the unconscious ones. He looked almost dead as he lay there in a side chamber, a small room with ornately carved walls. In the middle of the room was a coffin with no lid, filled with boiling white mist, tendrils of which would occasionally spill out onto the ground and dissipate.

Everything was quiet in the side chamber. Meng Hao wasn’t the only person lying there. There was an Ancient Realm cultivator laying off to the side, also unconscious.

Soon, a tremor ran through the Ancient Realm cultivator, whose eyes

then opened. He immediately sent his divine sense out. After ensuring that there was nothing dangerous in the immediate area, he cautiously rose to his feet, then looked around, completely shaken and terrified.

He recalled having been consumed by the crevice, and when he realized that he was most likely deep in the ground beneath the gravestone, the hairs on his body stood on end. Then he looked around, his eyes eventually coming to rest on Meng Hao.

“Meng Hao....” the Ancient Realm cultivator thought, shocked. He backed up, staring dead at Meng Hao for a moment before finally starting to search for a way out of the side hall. After finding it, he made to leave, but then stopped for a moment and looked back at Meng Hao.

“So he still hasn’t woken up....” The cultivator gritted his teeth and suddenly waved his hand, sending a flying sword shooting toward Meng Hao. Shockingly, it... stabbed into his head, causing blood to flow out everywhere!

Meng Hao never moved a muscle. It was as if he were dead.

The cultivator could never have imagined that things would go easily. After staring in shock for a moment, his eyes went wild with joy.

“He’s dead? Hm, he was already severely injured before. After getting sucked in here, his injuries must have worsened, but he still shouldn’t have died....” Acting as cautiously as possible, the cultivator sent the flying sword chopping viciously toward Meng Hao’s throat.

A snapping sound rang out, and blood sprayed out in a fountain as Meng Hao’s head was severed cleanly from his body!

The cultivator gasped, and without any further hesitation, shot toward Meng Hao.

“Today’s my lucky day! He’s dead, and his bag of holding is mine!” The cultivator excitedly neared Meng Hao, reaching his hand out to grab Meng Hao’s bag of holding!

However, even as he extended his hand, a sense of impending crisis crashed within the man’s mind like lightning. All his hair stood on end,

and a look of shock filled his face. He went completely stiff as he realized that Meng Hao's hand had just shot up and grabbed onto his arm.

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1. This footnote contains some relatively major spoilers regarding other of Er Gen's works. Read at your own caution. Long story short, Exalted Celestial and Dao Divinity are cultivation levels from Er Gen's other books Renegade Immortal and Beseech the Devil respectively. Based on the content of this chapter, you can probably gain a basic understanding of how they work, and also how powerful they are in those books.
2. Greed's name is actually a common Chinese word to refer to a greedy person. Literally it means "Greedy Wolf," and that wolf aspect is somewhat relevant. However, I think that Greed sounds much better than Greedy Wolf, so I'm going with that name. If you vehemently disagree, feel free to say something in the comments.

Chapter 1239: Body Refining!

The trembling cultivator could feel the incredible coldness radiating through Greed-possessed Meng Hao's grip. It was like being held by a block of ice, and it filled his mind with sounds like howling. He was instantly overwhelmed by a feeling of imminent death, and his face went deathly pale.

Just when the cultivator felt that he couldn't endure it any longer, Meng Hao's grip suddenly loosened. The cultivator screamed and shot backward, indescribably terrified of Meng Hao.

Ignoring the fleeing cultivator, Greed-possessed Meng Hao slowly rose to his feet. As he did, his head floated up from the ground and slowly dropped back into place on his neck. Then the flesh and bone rapidly grew back together and healed up.

His injuries were also rapidly recuperating. Cracking sounds could be heard as the broken bones in his body were set straight and linked back together.

All of this took place in the space of a few breaths of time, and then he was completely healed.

By that point, the cultivator had discovered the location of the exit of the side chamber, and was going crazily all-out in his attempt to flee.

Meng Hao shook his head slightly and suddenly opened his eyes. As soon as they opened, a blue light spilled out, cold and merciless. His eyes seemed vastly ancient, and filled with a gleam of greed. He looked up, and then vanished.

When he reappeared, he was at the exit of the side chamber, directly in front of the fleeing cultivator. Before the man could react, Meng Hao's hand snaked out and grabbed onto his neck.

A cracking sound could be heard as his neck was subsequently crushed.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, then murmured, "Ah, slaughter.... It's been a long, long time since I've had some good slaughtering.

“To have a body again feels... really good.” It was Meng Hao’s voice, and yet there was something husky about it, as if it was reverberating out from countless years in the past.

“This body... is something even I haven’t seen the likes of throughout the years. It has a unique bloodline too.... Excellent. Most excellent. Even more rare is its foundation.... With a body like this, I definitely have a chance to reach Heaven Trampling.” Meng Hao’s slight smile grew even more terrifying than before.

“Furthermore, this person’s injuries were significant, making the possession process go even smoother than I imagined it would. Ah, it must be the will of Heaven that I, Greed, can finally step out into the world again!” Hoarse laughter filled the side chamber.

“From this day forward, this is my body. Since that’s the case... I think I’ll make it even more powerful than it already is!” His eyes glittered as he performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then pushed down with his finger repeatedly on locations all over his body.

Every time he pushed down, a tremor would run through him, and the spot he touched would wither. However, a powerful qi and blood force exploded out within him, causing his fleshly body, which was already at the very peak, to suddenly push toward a breakthrough!

10 times. 20 times. 30 times!

His hands sped faster and faster, depressing numerous pressure points on his body and increasing the range of the withering. Soon, he looked like nothing more than a bag of bones, and yet his fleshly body power had reached an unbelievable degree. Furthermore, as the rumbling echoed out, he continued to grow more powerful!!

Previously, his fleshly body had reached the great circle of the Ancient Realm, just half a step away from breaking out of the Ancient Realm and into the Dao Realm. However, that half a step was a vast and difficult gap to cross. Despite having considered many options, Meng Hao hadn’t been able to come up with one that would work.

But now, after being possessed and having the pressure points on his

body depressed, he was getting closer and closer to having a Dao Realm fleshly body.

“What does a Dao Realm fleshly body count for?” Greed said in a hoarse voice. “I just need some God blood, and I could break through easily. It seems that this body could have grown more powerful all along; it’s just that its previous owner was inexperienced. Not so me. I won’t let things go to waste.” His hands suddenly stopped moving. As for his body, it looked almost like a skeleton.

And yet, the intense fleshly body power that radiated off of that skeleton was several times stronger than before. Although it wasn’t in the Dao Realm, in terms of power it was equivalent to it!

Meng Hao took a deep breath, then flickered into motion as he began to fly through the necropolis. As he proceeded along, he continued to refine his fleshly body. Soon, another Ancient Realm cultivator appeared up ahead.

It was an old man who, upon catching sight of Meng Hao, stared in shock. Meng Hao didn’t look familiar at all to him; his skeletal body was shocking, causing the old man to fall back without the slightest hesitation.

However, in the moment that he fell back, a vicious smile appeared on Meng Hao’s face, and he vanished. When he reappeared, he was behind the old man, lifting his hand to clamp onto the top of the man’s head.

He pressed down softly, and the man shuddered. Rumbling could be heard as he suddenly transformed into ash, as well as floating wisps of white mist. That mist flew out and fused into Meng Hao’s body, causing a bit of flesh and blood to be restored to it.

“I can still get stronger. Now that I’m finished refining the flesh and blood, it’s time to work on the bones!” Rumbling echoed out as a boundless sea of fire rose up around him and then poured into his body. Popping sounds could be heard, and intense pain radiated through him. And yet, he didn’t so much as frown.

In fact, he began to float forward, following the corridor as his bones were refined. After the process was complete, his power once again

increased dramatically.

“And finally the qi passageways....” he said, taking a deep breath. A screaming wind erupted, surging into his qi passageways, opening them, sweeping through him. He trembled, but clenched his teeth hard and endured, continued to progress forward. Suddenly, he vanished, to reappear in another side chamber, behind another Ancient Realm cultivator.

The cultivator’s scalp went numb, and as he turned around, his expression was one of shock. Suddenly, Meng Hao head-butted him, a violent collision which shattered the man into pieces.

A bang could be heard as his body transformed into ash, and a white mist appeared which Meng Hao absorbed, after which he proceeded along without the slightest pause.

After enough time passed for an incense stick to burn, Meng Hao’s eyes glittered as the refinement of his qi passageways was completed.

“And last, the blood!” His right index finger pressed down onto his chest, digging in deep, stabbing through his flesh and blood into his heart.

In response, his soul began to radiate an Essence power unique to his own soul. That was the source of the power which maintained his existence and extended his longevity, but now, it was being unleashed in an effort to further strengthen his fleshly body.

That was the Essence of his life force, and as soon as it poured into his heart, rumbling could be heard as all of the blood in his body began to boil. As it burned away and lessened, his body began to produce more blood to replace the old.

The cycle continued; gradually the regeneration of his blood could not match the speed with which the new blood was being burned away. Eventually, the regenerative process of the blood itself was affected, and the color of his blood turned deep-gold!

Less and less blood existed inside of him, until, in the end, only thirty percent remained. However, his energy had risen explosively, making him

far stronger than an ordinary Dao Realm cultivator. He was comparable to... a Dao Lord!

And yet, his fleshly body still wasn't actually in the Dao Realm!

"Now this is a perfect fleshly body," Meng Hao said, a smile breaking out on his face. He slowly pulled his hand out of his chest, which healed up instantly, without even a drop of blood emerging from the wound.

"Now it's time to test it out and see if it's as strong as I think it is." Smiling oddly, he strode forward, moving with speed that vastly exceeded what he was previously capable of. He left behind only afterimages as he shot off into the distance.

He was like a ghost in the necropolis, harvesting all forms of life that he encountered.

Currently, there were three Dao Realm cultivators in the necropolis: there were the two 2-Essences cultivators who had attempted to block Meng Hao's path, then there was the most powerful of the three, Xuan Daozi.

All three of them were in different locations, relying on the advantage they had because of their cultivation bases to search for Meng Hao.

At this point, six Ancient Realm cultivators appeared up ahead of Meng Hao. They had banded together, and were proceeding along carefully. Everything about this burial ground left them terrorstruck, and at the moment, they weren't thinking at all about good fortune, but rather, were merely looking for a way out.

As they proceeded along, suddenly, one of the cultivators whispered, "What was that sound!?"

The faces of the others around him flickered as they looked around in all directions.

When they saw nothing out of the ordinary, that made them even more nervous, so they picked up speed. However, it wasn't long before all of them got a creepy sensation from the fact that the only sound to be heard in the area were footsteps.

Those footsteps originally belonged to the six of them, but now they all realized... that there was the sound of a seventh set of footsteps.

The scalps of all six cultivators went numb. Transmitting messages to each other, their cultivation bases exploded with power, and they unleashed divine abilities in all directions. The glow of their magical techniques immediately revealed a skeletal figure.

Booms rang out, filling the necropolis, to be heard by quite a few of the cultivators there. However, to the six cultivators unleashing divine abilities, it was a completely shocking matter; all of their divine abilities and magical items slammed into the skeletal figure, but the only result was that they heard faint banging sounds. The figure itself wasn't hurt at all.

"Too weak," the skeletal figure said, smiling. He sped forward, his index finger flashing as fast as lightning as he stabbed into the foreheads of all six cultivators in quick succession.

It happened in the blink of an eye. The skeletal Meng Hao was now directly in front of the six cultivators, who trembled as they transformed into ash. The white mist appeared, which he absorbed, restoring more of his fleshly body. Now he looked less like a skeleton, although he was still incredibly gaunt.

"Well," murmured Meng Hao, "I'm in no hurry to test the limits of this fleshly body. It seems this fellow is sadly short when it comes to magical items. Too bad he's a pauper; his bag of holding is virtually empty." There really wasn't much at all to be seen in Meng Hao's bag of holding, only a cauldron, a spear, and a few swords.

Greed wasn't really aware of how suspicious it was that the bag of holding was so empty. Previously, it had also held a copper mirror, a parrot, a meat jelly, and an ocean of Immortal jades, promissory notes and magical items.

Now, though, all of that was nowhere to be seen.

"Ah well, it doesn't matter. This Meng Hao must have been engaged in an intense battle for quite a while. His expendable items have been used

up, which is only natural. Presumably, these remaining items are quite nice. However, once I use my Essence power to refine them, they'll be even more powerful."

Chapter 1240: An Incredible Person!

Greed-possessed Meng Hao lifted his hand, within which appeared a long spear, which was none other than his World Tree bone-tip spear.

“Wow, this thing is pretty incredible.... The wood is rare, and the spearhead appears to have come from a Dao Realm beast.... Unfortunately, it was forged improperly, and has a lot of imperfections. Although, what’s even more important than that is... that the spear has been sealed.” Meng Hao hefted the long spear and looked at it closely for a moment before smiling.

“Interesting. It was actually sealed by a cultivator from home. It would be very troublesome for anyone here to unseal it. They might be able to forcefully wipe out the seal, but then the spear would be destroyed.

“To me, though, undoing the seal will be easy.” He waved his hand, causing a droning sound to emanate out from the spear as he flew through the necropolis, divine sense emanating out in all directions. Suddenly, he turned and headed in a different direction.

It didn’t take long before he was closing in on two Ancient Realm cultivators. Almost immediately, their faces fell. Just as they were about to retreat, the long spear appeared in Meng Hao’s hands, stabbing through the forehead of one of the cultivators, completely destroying him in body and spirit.

The spear didn’t stop; it kept on going until it stabbed through the second cultivator’s heart, causing him to explode.

In the instant that the two of them died, Meng Hao’s left hand flashed in a strange sealing gesture, which was not a magical technique of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Then he waved his finger, causing the cultivators’ souls to be forcefully extracted. Finally he clenched the souls hard in his hand, transforming them into two magical symbols, which he then placed onto the long spear.

“OPEN!” he growled. The spear in his hand shook, and then suddenly, cracks appeared all over its surface, almost as if it were shedding a layer of

skin. Then, an intense aura rumbled out as the spear transformed into an Azure Dragon!

Unexpectedly, the spearhead transformed into the vicious image of a ghost with a violet body and a long horn on its head. It appeared to be an evil spirit, but was in fact a vicious beast from ancient times!

Rumbling could be heard as pressure emanated from the spear. This was an explosive change that was almost like a rebirth compared to what the spear had been like before!

“Now that’s a bit more imposing,” Greed said with a sinister grin. With that, he put the spear away and then proceeded onward, taking out the Lightning Cauldron as he did.

As he examined the cauldron, a strange gleam appeared in his eyes, almost as if he were recalling something from the past.

“It seems he and I really are connected by destiny. However, this cauldron has been refined via sacrifice.” He suddenly shoved his hand down, causing a boom to echo out as a ball of lightning flame shot out from his palm to surround the cauldron.

Cracking sounds could be heard, and fissures spread out over the cauldron. In the blink of an eye, it shattered. However, at the same time, Meng Hao performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then spit out a mouthful of blood, causing the cauldron to re-form.

“Congeal!”

In a short instant, the countless fragments of the cauldron formed back together into the shape of a cauldron, which now shone with boundless magical light. Mountains, rivers, and countless living beings could be seen on its surface, and most shocking of all was that far more lightning crackled around its surface than before.

A shocking pressure also emerged from the cauldron which far exceeded that from before. Apparently, this was the cauldron’s most powerful state.

A hoarse laugh could be heard as Meng Hao waved his hand, sending the Lightning Cauldron floating up above his head. There it turned slowly,

boundless lightning forming a pool which spread out, making Meng Hao look even more incredible than before.

“Form Displacement Transposition. How could it be limited to flesh and blood?!” Laughing heartily, he strode forward, suddenly slamming into a nearby wall and punching through it to the other side.

“The Five Elements Lightning Cauldron makes its comeback starting now!” After shooting through the hole in the wall, he appeared in another corridor, whereupon he waved his finger down the hall.

Immediately, the Lightning Cauldron rumbled, causing masses of lightning transform into tens of thousands of Silver Dragons to rush forward in the direction he was pointing.

Down the corridor was a middle-aged man, one of the two 2-Essences Dao Realm cultivators. His face fell, and he let out a roar, unleashing the power of his cultivation base, which happened to be that of wood-type power. It caused an enormous tree to materialize, which shot toward the lightning.

Backing up, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, then waved his finger at Meng Hao. Instantly, the corridor began to tremble as stone thorns burst out from everywhere to stab toward Meng Hao.

Simultaneously, two hands formed from soil rose up and made a grab for his legs.

“Earth Essence Buries All!” roared the man. As he fell back, he waved both hands, causing rumbling to fill the air as the lands collapsed. A terrifying power then erupted out, threatening to inundate Meng Hao.

“Five Elements Lightning Cauldron,” Meng Hao said coolly, “convert the five elements into lightning! Earth to lightning. Wood to lightning. Kill him!” Rumbling could be heard as the enormous tree distorted and then collapsed, transforming into numerous bolts of green-colored lightning, which spun around and shot toward the middle-aged man.

At the same time, the earth-power was reversed, shattering and

transforming into gray lightning bolts which rocketed toward the middle-aged man at an indescribable speed.

The man's face fell, and before he could even retreat, he looked down to find that a withered hand was stabbing into his chest.

He had no idea when that hand had appeared, but it was grabbing at his heart. Although it seemed to only be gripping his heart... it felt like his soul, his life force, his everything, were being grabbed ahold of. His Nascent Divinity had no way to flee his fleshly body, as if it were sealed by that palm.

"Noooo...." the middle-aged man wailed madly. The withered hand clenched down viciously, and rumbling sounds could be heard as his heart shattered into countless pieces. The man's body trembled, then transformed into ash. Moments later, Greed-possessed Meng Hao appeared behind him, licking his lips.

When that man died, vast amounts of white mist floated up into the air to pour into Meng Hao's body. Cracking sounds rang out from inside of him as his withered fleshly body was restored even further. No longer did he look completely terrifying, just a bit pale.

"See Meng Hao, I'm going along with many of your wishes! I'm helping you... to exterminate everyone in here!" If anyone who knew Meng Hao could see him licking his lips as he was right now, they would definitely find it to be very bizarre.

"Next, let's take a look at these swords." He waved his hand, causing a handful of swords to fly out from his bag of holding. Shockingly, these were the wooden swords that Meng Hao had collected from the various corpses over the years!

As soon as the Greed-possessed Meng Hao saw them, he shivered, and a strange light began to glow in his eyes.

"These were forged in the other great land mass... for the specific purpose of killing Immortals. They are... Immortal Murdering Swords!! They are also sealed.... This Meng Hao might have an empty bag, but the items he does possess are treasures!" Licking his lips, Greed tossed the

swords out into the air. Eyes shining strangely, he took a deep breath and then spit out a mouthful of flame Essence.

As soon as the fire touched the wooden swords, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture. Face somber, he occasionally uttered some complex spells, and tossed in further incantation gestures. After the time it takes an incense stick to burn, beads of sweat were pouring down his forehead, and his aura was weakening.

However, the swords were beginning to superimpose with each other, as if they were transforming into one single sword. When that single superimposed sword dropped down, Greed grabbed it and looked at it with a bit of disappointment.

“What a pity,” he sighed. “It’s not the structure I’m familiar with, so I can only attempt to force it back together based on memory. I can’t fully restore them to their genuine state.” Then he sucked in a deep breath, causing the superimposed wooden swords to transform into a dark beam that shot into his mouth.

“Okay, now it’s time for my cultivation base.” He took another deep breath, which caused peals of thunder to fill the necropolis, and a huge wind to spring up. His energy suddenly rose up rapidly, and the bloodline power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal exploded out. After a certain critical point was reached, the power of his cultivation base caused the Paragon Bridge inside of him to become visible.

“Is that....” Greed’s expression flickered with disbelief, and he began to shake with wild joy.

“It’s THAT bridge!! How is this possible! That’s...

“He actually has THAT bridge inside of him!!

“Good fortune! This is indescribable good fortune for me! Probably the greatest good fortune of my entire life!” Shaking, he threw his head back and laughed maniacally.

“My fleshly body power is perfect, but my cultivation base is a bit lacking. Well, that doesn’t matter, I have ways to improve this cultivation

base right now!" He lifted his hand and produced Meng Hao's fourth Nirvana Fruit, which he examined closely.

"What a pity that Meng Hao's memories were obscured because of his incredible injuries. Thanks to his soul being damaged, I can't see very much, and have no idea what this thing is. However, I can sense that it has the ability to increase my cultivation base." After a moment of thought, he pushed the Nirvana Fruit down onto his forehead.

He trembled, throwing his head back and roaring as his cultivation base rocketed up. Moments later, though, the fourth Nirvana Fruit suddenly appeared back outside of his forehead; since it was impossible for him to absorb it fully, it fell back down.

"Get back in there!" Greed said, eyes flashing coldly. He performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, then pushed a finger down onto his forehead, once again using some of his life force Essence to create a seal, after which he tried to forcefully keep the fourth Nirvana Fruit inside.

The real Meng Hao would not have been able to do something like this. Not only did he not have any ability with such a sealing mark, the life force power necessary to do such a thing was something he couldn't sustain.

But now... when the matter was being controlled by the person possessing his body, his Nirvana Fruit was forced... to once again fuse into him. Forcefully causing the fruit to begin fusing with him caused his cultivation base to explode with power, but at the same time the life force absorption rate from the Nirvana Fruit soared.

"Life force essence!" Greed roared. Using the Essence power of his life force, he pushed the Fourth Nirvana Fruit into a state of fusion. Greed's life force Essence could keep him alive in this land of the dead. It was the key to him being able to avoid death after he had been imprisoned here. That was normally his most prized possession, but right now, he could sense that Meng Hao's body had so many desirable traits that he would risk anything and pay any price to enhance it as much as possible!

Chapter 1241: Scared Half to Death!

The flame of life force burned hot in Greed-possessed Meng Hao's eyes, as if a sea of fire existed therein. However, that sea of flames was being reduced as the fourth Nirvana Fruit in his forehead sucked it away.

That Nirvana Fruit seemed like a bottomless pit!

When Meng Hao had absorbed the fourth Nirvana Fruit before, he had only been able to endure for a brief moment before stopping. The Nirvana Fruit had emerged from him of its own volition; had it not, he would have been sucked dry.

Furthermore, every time he used it resulted in a period of weakness afterward, a time that had to be spent in recovery. That was the obstacle preventing him from stepping into the Ancient Realm; if he could not fully absorb that fourth Nirvana Fruit, then he would never be able to do so.

However, this was something that couldn't be rushed. Each time he absorbed a Nirvana Fruit, it required a terrifying amount of life force; furthermore, that amount increased with each Nirvana Fruit. By the time he had reached the fourth, the amount required was virtually impossible to describe.

Unless he came across some sort of good fortune that could aid him, Meng Hao had been under the assumption that it would take a very, very long time before he could truly fuse with the fourth Nirvana Fruit.

Although he wasn't very anxious about the matter, Greed, who was in possession of his body, was.

"Dammit, what is this thing!?!?" Greed growled, eyes wide. He was a stubborn person; all he had to do was let the fourth Nirvana Fruit pop out, and he would be in no danger.

However, he was stubborn and proud, and almost refused to believe that he couldn't succeed in this situation.

"I refuse to believe that I, Greed, can't absorb some crappy Dao Fruit thing like this!!" He gritted his teeth, and instead of undoing the seal he

had created, he caused more of his life force Essence to rumble through his body into the fourth Nirvana Fruit.

ROOOOOAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRR!

If the fourth Nirvana Fruit were capable of feeling emotion, it would be screaming in joy. Previously, Meng Hao had been incapable of satiating its desires, and thus had never been able to maintain a fusion. But now, with Greed's willing help, the fourth Nirvana Fruit... was actually being absorbed!!

As soon as the process truly began, Greed's face flickered as about ten percent of his life force Essence was almost immediately absorbed. He hesitated, but then gritted his teeth.

"I refuse to believe!!" He drew fully on his life force Essence, pouring it into the fourth Nirvana Fruit. He could already imagine what it would be like if he fully fused with this fruit. The body he had possessed would experience a cultivation base breakthrough, and once that happened, shocking transformations would occur.

Soon, twenty percent of Greed's life force Essence had been absorbed. He shivered, and fear began to shine in his eyes, and yet he gritted his teeth. All the way to... thirty percent, and then forty!!

When forty percent of his life force Essence was absorbed, the flame of life force in his eyes grew incomparably dim, and terror filled his eyes. As of this moment, whatever obsessive stubbornness he had was thrust to the very back of his mind.

Forty percent of his life force Essence still wasn't enough to fully absorb the fruit, leaving Greed so frightened that his face was pale. Without any further hesitation, he reached up to undo the seal on his forehead.

"Fudge, this fruit is too freaky! I'm done fooling around with it. Done, alright?!?!"

"Get OUT!" Greed roared. He no longer wished to absorb the terrifying Dao Fruit. He was scared, so he tried to force the fruit out, but... the Nirvana Fruit was already more than half absorbed. How could it possibly

just stop?

Furthermore, although Greed's actions caused the fruit to pause momentarily, there was apparently some bizarre force that caused the Nirvana Fruit to resume sucking away at Greed's life force even more voraciously than before.

"NO!!" Greed's eyes were wide, and suddenly, a sensation of crisis filled his heart, something that Greed couldn't accept. He could well imagine that if he continued, and the fruit completed the fusion process, then all of his life force could very well be sucked away.

He would become the first person throughout all the years... to actually be killed by the very body he had possessed....

The mere thought of that left Greed petrified. His expression was one of astonishment as yet another ten percent of his life force Essence was rapidly sucked away.

"Fudge! What the hell is this thing?!?!" Greed shivered as he realized that only about half of his life force Essence remained. His heart felt as if it were being sliced with a sharp blade, filling him with indescribable pain.

After all, his life force Essence was his most precious possession, and the entire foundation of why his soul could not be exterminated.

Greed's eyes were crimson, and he was shaking violently as he sped through the necropolis. The flames in his eyes were very weak, and even showed signs that they might be extinguished soon.

In his heart, he felt deep regret, regret that he had thought too much of himself, and looked down on this tiny fruit.

"But wait, there's still another way. The stronger this body is, the more it will help me. I'm gonna go for it!" Gritting his teeth, Greed flashed through the air in a gray streak. He moved with incredible speed, the lightning dancing around his head ensuring that he could break through any wall that got in his path.

In the blink of an eye, he appeared in another corridor, where two Ancient Realm cultivators were proceeding along cautiously. Before they

could react, Greed turned into a blur as he pounced on one of them.

That cultivator let out a bloodcurdling scream as his body withered. In the blink of an eye, he transformed into dust, and a white mist which instantly merged into Meng Hao's body and was then absorbed by the fourth Nirvana Fruit.

The other cultivator was shocked, and immediately began to flee. Performing an incantation gesture, he unleashed divine abilities and magical items. And yet, they were completely useless against the gray blur that was Greed. In the blink of an eye, he burst through them, and latched onto the cultivator.

Another miserable shriek could be heard as the cultivator's body withered away into dust. The white mist poured into Meng Hao, who then flickered, vanishing. When he appeared again, he was in yet another corridor, near another Ancient Realm cultivator, who was speeding along. A moment later, a gray blur overwhelmed him.

It was in this manner that Greed's slaughter was carried out. He was a gray blur that sped about devouring and killing in the necropolis. No one who encountered him could escape.

One, two, three... ten, fifteen, twenty....

In a very short time, Greed-possessed Meng Hao had slaughtered numerous cultivators in his attempt to fully absorb the fourth Nirvana Fruit. Even so, it could only reduce the speed with which his own life force Essence was being sucked away.

"I need more life force!" Greed growled, on the verge of becoming unhinged. He began moving faster, killing faster, until finally, his divine sense picked up another of the Dao Realm experts that had been pulled into the necropolis.

"He's next!" Greed's eyes were sunken. He had killed a Dao Realm expert already, and this would be his second. He burst through a nearby wall into a corridor, a bit behind a figure who was speeding along.

Greed's entrance caused the man to turn and look back, his eyes flashing

like lightning. It was an old man, one of the two 2-Essences Dao Realm cultivators who had tried to interfere with Meng Hao outside of the necropolis.

“Meng Hao!” he said. However, he almost immediately realized that something was off. Although Meng Hao had seemed strong before, it had been nothing more than that: strength. Now, he seemed terrifying, superior in a way that caused the old man’s heart to tremble with fear.

Without the slightest hesitation, he fell back. Simultaneously, though, Meng Hao’s body was compelled by Greed to charge forward in attack.

“Dammit, how dare you run!” The maddened Greed’s words were somewhat illogical, but inwardly, he was both irritated and afraid.... In his fear of having his life completely sucked away, this Dao Realm cultivator was essentially a surrogate to take his place in death.

To see that surrogate running away left Greed enraged. He increased his speed, making it impossible for the Dao Realm cultivator to flee. Seeing this, the cultivator suddenly turned while performing an incantation gesture, a fierce glow rising up in his eyes.

“Lightning!” He roared, causing numerous red lightning bolts to suddenly shoot out from his skin. They merged together into the image of a huge lightning bolt, which then exploded out, transforming into a rapidly-expanding lightning globe. This old man was a decisive person, so he quickly bit his tongue and spit out some blood.

“Water!” he roared. A red mist spread out from the blood, as if the blood and the water were being separated. What was left behind was only a drop of water, which was also Essence formed from the old man’s life force.

That drop of water could contain entire worlds, and as the glow of lightning shone down on it, it began to emanate a seven-colored glow, within which numerous land masses could be seen. Instantly, that light shot toward Greed.

The flickering lightning swirled around the drop of water and then also shot toward Greed.

Earlier, if Meng Hao had gone up against this old man's lightning and water Essences, he would definitely have had to unleash the Paragon Bridge. But Greed-possessed Meng Hao simply smiled.

Then... he opened his mouth and actually consumed the drop of water!

As he swallowed, a massive rumbling filled Meng Hao's body. As for the boundless lightning, he absorbed that too!

Unexpectedly, it didn't hurt him at all, which caused the old man's eyes to go wide. Shocked, he was just about to flee when Greed-controlled Meng Hao laughed viciously.

"Now, it's my turn... The Wolf Conquers All!" Greed said, his voice strange and sinister. He lunged forward in the direction of the old man, mouth wide. ¹

As he breathed in, no force of absorption appeared, and yet the old man let out a miserable shriek. Rumbling could be heard as boundless white mist poured out of him toward Greed, who immediately sucked it in.

It was a bizarre sight; the old man screamed as his body withered up. In the blink of an eye, he turned into a desiccated corpse, which then collapsed into ash.

All of his life force had been consumed by Greed!

*

1. Quick reminder that Greed's name contains the character for wolf.

Chapter 1242: Blue Sun!

Thanks to the life force of the Dao Realm cultivator, Greed-possessed Meng Hao trembled. Suddenly, brilliant light began to shine out from his forehead. Although the fourth Nirvana Fruit was not completely absorbed, it had apparently reached a milestone in the process!

Rumbling could be heard as the fourth Nirvana Fruit slowly began to rotate in place in addition to its absorption of life force. Next, the third Nirvana Fruit, as well as the second, and finally the first, all spun in unison, causing an ancient aura to erupt out of Meng Hao. That terrifying aura spread out, causing the entire necropolis to shake.

That aura did not belong to Greed, but rather, the fourth Nirvana Fruit!

As the fruits rotated, and the aura spread out, the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal also rotated at its peak. Gradually, the ripples of the Ancient Realm began to radiate out from Meng Hao.

Countless symbols appeared all over his skin, symbols that had apparently been hidden in his bloodline. Now they appeared all over him, causing an ancient, awe-inspiring aura to emanate out.

Greed was trembling in excitement.

“I bet, and it paid off big. This body is a huge treasure! With a body like this, I’m fully confident that I can eventually reach Heaven Trampling!!”

“I might not have fully absorbed this Dao Fruit thing yet, but it won’t be long before I will!

“A fleshly body comparable to the Dao Realm, and a cultivation base even more powerful than before! It won’t be long before this body erupts with... completely extraordinary power!” Greed took a deep breath.

Currently, he only had about thirty percent of his life force Essence left. However, to him, it was all worth it!

“That bridge, this exceptional bloodline, a powerful fleshly body, and a cultivation base with unlimited potential. This body is definitely worth it!” Greed licked his lips, then threw his head back and laughed.

“Once I get out of here, I’ll find some God blood to get even more powerful, and then, everyone who humiliated me in the past will find out that... Greed is back!” Greed laughed, and as he did, a white-robed figure suddenly appeared in his mind, a figure which always filled him with resentment when he thought of him.

“Just wait until I reach Heaven Trampling!” Enlivened, Greed shot through the necropolis at top speed, sending his divine sense out to lock onto... Xuan Daozi!

In another corridor in another part of the necropolis, Xuan Daozi’s eyes were wide, and his heart was uneasy. He could sense fluctuations off in the distance that left him completely unsettled. Muttering to himself, he increased his speed as he sent his divine sense out to scan a shrine hall in the center of the necropolis up ahead.

By now, nearly ninety percent of the cultivators who had entered the necropolis were dead, most of them at the hands of Greed. Some had already been wounded before entering; after being infected by the aura of death in the place, they were now at death’s door.

Meng Chen was one of those people. He currently lay in the dirt, his vision fading to black, his expression blank. His aura was growing weak, and his complexion was ashen as the aura of death caused his internal organs to slowly decay. Occasionally, black blood would ooze out of his mouth.

Even his flesh was beginning to decay. By now, not even a Dao Realm cultivator would be able to save him, the reason being that his soul was already dispersing. The aura of death slowly corroded his soul, and as it faded away, he slipped into death.

He was dying, but that was not his wish. There were still many things he wanted to accomplish. He was the only member of his bloodline to have ever gone out into the world in recent years, and he had grand aspirations. He wanted to lead the members of his bloodline back to prominence, to restore his bloodline to its former glory.

But now, all he had were regrets.

Suddenly, his lips quivered as he said, “Dad.... Mom.... I’ve been an unfilial son....”

His thoughts were somewhat muddled, and at the moment, he thought he could see the members of his bloodline, and the hard lives they lived.

He thought about many things. He thought about how excited everyone had been when they found out that he had shown the ability to cultivate. He thought about the oaths that he had sworn from the time he was young, and the first time he had left the ancestral lands. When he had set foot onto that merchant ship and received his orders from Young Lord De, he had gritted his teeth and complied, willing to pay any price for his bloodline and for his ambitions.

But now, all his humiliations, and all his grand aspirations, were nothing but memories....

“If I die,” Meng Chen murmured, “what will become of my little brothers and sisters...? What will all my other relatives do...?” Meng Chen’s vision was growing blurry; too much of his flesh was rotting away, and much of him was already being absorbed into the soil itself.

His current location wasn’t very far away from where Greed-possessed Meng Hao was speeding along toward Xuan Daozi’s position.

About ten breaths of time passed, during which time Greed got closer and closer to Xuan Daozi. At one point, when Greed passed by one particular side chamber, he suddenly stopped and looked inside. Approaching in his direction was Han Qinglei, who suddenly looked at him with an expression of delight.

“Meng Hao!” Han Qinglei’s anxiety suddenly lessened now that he had seen Meng Hao. He began to hurry over, but had only taken three or four steps when he suddenly stopped in place, his pupils constricting.

“Meng Hao, what’s wrong?” Han Qinglei could sense that something was off. There was a cold mercilessness within Meng Hao’s eyes, as well as an avarice that he could tell was completely different from the Meng Hao he remembered.

Although this Meng Hao and the other Meng Hao looked alike and their auras were the same, the different look in this one's eyes made Han Qinglei immediately begin to back up.

Greed-possessed Meng Hao looked Han Qinglei up and down, then smiled viciously. "I can't believe there's another excellent fleshly body here....

"Except it's not quite as good as the one I already have. However, it's not good to waste. There's plenty of excellent life force to be sucked away." Grinning, Greed shot toward Han Qinglei.

Han Qinglei's face fell. He was an intelligent person, and was able to detect enough clues to be suspicious. Then he heard Greed's words, and he understood everything.

"Possession!" he said, sucking in a breath. He immediately fled backward at top speed, performing a double-handed incantation gesture that caused a green cauldron to materialize. Rumbling could be heard as he continued to retreat back at top speed. Greed grinned viciously, and his right hand shot forward in a gray blur as he made to grab Han Qinglei.

Han Qinglei's expression was one of hopelessness; based on the level of his cultivation base, he was fundamentally no match at all for Greed.

However, even in the moment that Greed's hand turned into a gray blur and was about to latch onto Han Qinglei, all of a sudden, it stopped moving, as if it were fighting back against Greed's consciousness.

Greed's face fell, and he shot backward, grabbing his right hand hard with his left, a surprised and suspicious look in his eyes. Next, his eyes flickered as he examined his body. However, he could find no trace of a discarnate soul, which led him to only one conclusion.

"Dammit, there must still be tiny fragments of his soul left!!

"However, the resistance was weak, and the soul fragments are acting on instinct alone. It seems Meng Hao and this person had some sort of friendship...."

With a cold harrumph, he caused the qi and blood in his body to begin

to burn, and even sent some of the lightning flame from the Lightning Cauldron to surround him, burning him from the outside in, and then vice versa.

After about ten breaths of time passed, the flames dissipated, and Greed stopped burning his qi and blood. Feeling much better, he looked up in the direction of the fleeing Han Qinglei. He was about to give chase, when suddenly the force exerted by the fourth Nirvana Fruit grew stronger, as if it were intent on completing its fusion.

Greed hesitated for a moment, then gave up on the idea of pursuing Han Qinglei. Instead, he flew in the direction of Xuan Daozi.

Currently, the most important thing was to complete the fusion with the Dao Fruit in his forehead, and he was confident that after consuming Xuan Daozi, he would be very close to just such a conclusion.

As Xuan Daozi and Greed both sped along, they gradually neared the exact same area!

That area was none other than the huge temple in the middle of the necropolis!

The necropolis was a vast construction, all of which was built around the temple in the middle. There were dozens of side chambers, all of which were connected by tunnels. The entire structure was arranged almost like a spell formation.

Currently, Xuan Daozi had just sped through one of the more than ten entrances to the central temple, piercing through the air like lightning.

As soon as he entered, he could sense a terrifying pressure that caused him to tremble. He took a deep breath and looked around, and as soon as he saw where he was, his pupils constricted.

The central temple had nine enormous stone columns that almost looked like spikes driven into the ground. In the very middle of those nine stone columns was a raised platform, upon which could be seen... a blue-robed figure sitting there cross-legged!

It was a withered corpse that emanated a boundlessly ancient air, as if it

had existed for countless years. There was absolutely no life force to be sensed on this corpse; it had been dead a long time.

However... visible on its forehead was an astonishing flame, blue in color. From a distance, it almost looked like a sun, floating within which was a face. That face had its eyes closed, and shockingly... looked very similar to the corpse's face.

Connecting the corpse to the platform were numerous iron chains. Furthermore, the giant pillars pulsed with fire that almost seemed to be refining the corpse!

On the wall behind the corpse was a fresco. Astonishingly, it depicted... a blue sun!

That blue sun was incredibly realistic, and if you looked at it long enough, it would make you feel as if you were being roasted alive.

Also within the area of the nine pillars, on the left side of the corpse, a small shield could be seen lying on the ground. It was also blue, and emanated a faint, flickering light.

On the right side of the corpse was a bell; small and a dark-colored, it didn't look very impressive. Scattered around were piles of other magical items; however, due to the passage of time, they were in various states of decomposition. Some were apparently still usable, but none of them attracted the attention of Dao Lord Xuan Daozi.

What caught his eye... was the blue sun on the corpse's forehead, as well as the shield and bell.

It was at this moment that, all of a sudden, Meng Hao came flying into the same area.

Chapter 1243: Nine Seals' Handiwork

“Meng Hao!” After seeing Meng Hao, Xuan Daozi’s eyes flickered with killing intent. He had paid a huge, bitter price for the chance to obtain Meng Hao’s Essence. After their initial encounter, he had pursued him into the 33 Hells. Then he had experienced the bloody battle within the mists, and finally had been sucked into this necropolis. The incredible danger of it all left Xuan Daozi filled with astonishment.

“At long last we’re in a place where no one can interfere,” he said in a hoarse, ghastly voice filled with killing intent. “Nor can you escape. Therefore... this is where everything will come to a conclusion between us!”

However, as soon as Greed-possessed Meng Hao entered the central temple, his eyes filled with mixed emotions and melancholy. It was almost as if he had forgotten about Xuan Daozi and the fourth Nirvana Fruit. Instead, he stood there, staring at the withered corpse.

“Exalted Celestial... Sea-Dao,” he murmured, expression complex and filled with numerous emotions.

“The sea in the name represents two people. As for the Dao, the true meaning of the Daoist name given me was not Sea-Dao, but Sea-Dog.” Greed seemed to be bitterly lost in the depths of his memories. Because of the profound ancientness of those memories, it was impossible for him to not emanate an incredibly ancient air.

That ancientness caused Xuan Daozi, who was in the middle of attacking, to suddenly stare in shock. He lurched to a stop, staring suspiciously, unable to determine what strange development had occurred, but deeply moved by the ancient aura radiating off of Meng Hao.

Then he heard the words spoken by Greed, and his eyes widened. He suddenly remembered that on the surface of the gravestone outside the necropolis was a name written down by none other than Paragon Nine Seals.... It read: Paramita, Exalted Celestial Sea-Dao.

Shockingly, Greed was suppressed in this very location.... Exalted

Celestial Sea-Dao was actually one aspect of his soul. Years ago, he had split himself into two, one part of which remained in his fleshly body; as it had slowly withered away, that soul had condensed into the sun of an Exalted Celestial on his forehead.

The other part had been hidden away in dormancy in the surrounding area, avoiding true death. In all the years since then, that aspect of his soul had attempted to free itself on many occasions, to escape. However, he had never been able to see any acceptable host, not even when cultivators came to this place from the outside world. He had tried on numerous occasions, but had never succeeded in possessing anyone.

But then he had laid eyes on Meng Hao, which was the first time he had actually been able to see another cultivator.

Greed sighed, an ancient sigh which echoed out in all directions. The entire temple seemed to fill with wind, and caused all light to grow unstable.

The blue sun on the corpse's forehead suddenly flared to life. At the same time, the shield and the little bell on either side of the corpse began to tremble.

The already intense pressure in the area grew stronger, explosively powerful, causing Xuan Daozi to shiver. Only Greed seemed completely unaffected.

"The cruel Paragon Nine Seals..." Greed murmured, traces of fear visible within his expression. "He had a Heaven Trampling fleshly body and a cultivation base half a step away from that same Realm.... What a pity he was the only one. If the Immortal World had another Paragon of the same level, the war might not have ended the way it did...."

"Cruel. I never sensed it before, but now I can see the truth. He could have exterminated us all along but instead, he created these 33 Hells, not simply to suppress us, but to use the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm to take the 33 of us, powerful peak experts, and... refine us into pills!!

"You wanted to pass us onto your successor, huh...? You wanted to take

33 Dao Divinities and Exalted Celestials, refine them into pills, and leave them behind for your successor!" Greed took a deep breath. Shaken, his eyes began to shine with a bright light.

"Unfortunately, you could never have anticipated me escaping by splitting myself, nor could you predict... that I would possess this body! I have no idea where your so-called successor is, but as for this grand gift you prepared for him, I'm going to take it now!" With that Greed took a step forward.

However, as soon as that step landed, Xuan Daozi suddenly couldn't take the tension anymore and he howled, shooting toward the Greed-possessed Meng Hao.

"Stop spouting mumbo-jumbo, Meng Hao! Today is the day you die!"

Flying at top speed, Xuan Daozi closed in and waved his hand, causing Essence and natural law to erupt out and bear down on Meng Hao.

In this attack, Xuan Daozi drew on all the power he could muster. Inwardly, all of the dangers of this place were weighing down on his heart, and also felt shaken by the words uttered just now by Greed. Therefore, even as his Essence and natural law shot out, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, causing nine reptilian scales to fly out of his bag of holding.

As soon as the scales appeared, a brutal aura exploded out, and the scales transformed into nine Scale Dragons, each one fully 300 meters long. Thankfully, the temple was a large place, otherwise they wouldn't even have been able to move. As soon as they appeared, they roared and charged toward Meng Hao.

Xuan Daozi hadn't even finished that attack before he performed another incantation gesture and then waved his finger. His flesh and blood instantly withered, making him incredibly gaunt, yet simultaneously causing a mist of flesh and blood to transform into a blood sword.

The sword droned like a Blood Dragon as it shot toward Meng Hao.

Next, Xuan Daozi performed a double-handed incantation gesture,

causing one magical symbol after another to appear. All of them were golden, and made popping sounds as they transformed into golden-armored celestial soldiers, which formed up and advanced on Meng Hao.

Next, a strange light gleamed in Xuan Daozi's eyes, and the killing intent within them swirled. Glaring coldly at Meng Hao, he began to mutter, then raised his right hand, which radiated a shocking black mist. The black mist swirled around, causing the air around him to distort.

He really was going all out in this attack, doing everything possible to kill Meng Hao and end the fighting that had been dragging out between them.

Greed-possessed Meng Hao's eyes flickered with a mysterious light, and he smiled viciously. He stopped walking toward the nine stone columns, and instead turned and headed toward Xuan Daozi.

"You're the only Dao Realm cultivator left? Well, just to make sure I don't run low on life force, I'll seal you before you die."

As he took his first step, Xuan Daozi's power of Essence and natural law descended, enveloping him. But Greed simply opened his mouth and swallowed. The Essence and natural law shuddered; it was as if Greed's mouth had turned into a black hole, and they were sucked in and completely consumed.

Xuan Daozi's eyes went wide, but before he could even react, the nine Scale Dragons closed in. Greed took a second step, causing rumbling sounds to echo out, shaking the entire necropolis. The nine Scale Dragons screamed miserably and shattered, transforming into white mist that Greed sucked in.

He licked his lips, eyes shining as he smiled and said, "Lovely flavor."

With that, he took a third step, waving his finger. The blood sword lurched to a halt and trembled in midair. Greed tapped on it, and it shattered, transforming into a blood mist which spread out in all directions.

As for the incoming gold-armored celestial soldiers, they began to shake,

and then fell into retreat. However, Greed waved his hand, shattering them and transforming them into a white mist which he then absorbed. The fourth Nirvana Fruit in his forehead was now significantly further along in its fusion process.

“You’re not Meng Hao!!” Xuan Daozi exclaimed. “Who are you?!?!” If he couldn’t piece the clues together by now, then how could he have practiced cultivation to this level? Shock filled his face, and his scalp felt numb. How could he ever have imagined that all of his divine abilities and Daoist magics would be completely dismantled in an instant!?

The two sentences he had just uttered were completely involuntary. He had begun to guess at the truth when he saw the expression on Meng Hao’s face when he looked at the withered corpse, and heard the words he had spoken. The terrifying possibility was something he almost couldn’t believe. But now, there was no denying it.

“Of course I’m not Meng Hao,” said Greed, voice cool and expression both arrogant and disdainful. “You can call me Exalted Celestial Sea-Dao. Although, I like my former name better. Greed!”

Xuan Daozi’s eyes filled with madness. His first reaction to encountering a terrifying entity such as this was to raise his right hand, which was now so enveloped in black mist that it was impossible to see with the naked eye.

“Profound Heavens Grand Magic!!” Xuan Daozi roared. He lowered his hand, and suddenly, the image of an enormous palm appeared, completely black. It seemed illusory, but was in fact corporeal, and it shot toward Meng Hao with incredible speed, distorting natural law and affecting even Heaven and Earth as it sped along.

A strange light appeared in Greed’s eyes; he appeared to be somewhat surprised. However, when he opened his mouth and began to suck in a breath, the gigantic black hand began to shrink, transforming into a cyclone of wind that Greed then sucked in and swallowed.

The sight caused Xuan Daozi’s heart to tremble, and he started to wonder if there was anything that this thing couldn’t eat....

He was already starting to edge backward, but there was nowhere to flee to in the huge temple.

“What makes you think I would let you leave?” Greed asked, smiling. “I was the reason you people were sucked into this place. This... is my necropolis, and yours too.” Even as Greed smiled, the surrounding walls began to rumble, and suddenly, the ten entrances all collapsed.

If it were just an ordinary physical collapse, that wouldn’t be able to stop a cultivator from bursting through. But the ripples of a magical technique spread out, turning into a seal that kicked Xuan Daozi back as soon as he got close. It was now impossible for him to flee.

Xuan Daozi’s face fell, and his heart began to tremble. Greed stepped forward, and suddenly appeared in front of him.

Xuan Daozi’s eyes widened as Greed pointed out with his finger and then tapped his chest.

Xuan Daozi screamed miserably as he shot backward. The spot Greed had just touched was now decaying, radiating a powerful aura of death. However, even as the decay spread, and the aura of death grew, his life force also increased dramatically.

“Essence of Life and Death!!” Xuan Daozi cried in shock.

Chapter 1244: Meng Hao Awakens!

“Smart guy,” Greed said, licking his lips, eyes shining mysteriously. “Seems like I shouldn’t just eat you. Maybe a bit of Soulsearching would help me to better understand the current state of the Immortal World.” Greed flashed toward Xuan Daozi, closing in on him no matter how he tried to evade. Yet again, he waved his finger, tapping Xuan Daozi’s chest, causing it to decay and wither rapidly.

Xuan Daozi let out a miserable cry as his life force once again flourished explosively. His face was ashen, nearly despairing. He could sense the aura of death radiating off of Greed’s finger, and yet, as that aura entered him, the destruction and death which followed actually stimulated his latent powers, causing the life force in his flesh and blood to flourish.

The pain involved in such a technique was indescribable; Xuan Daozi’s eyes were crimson, and he immediately unleashed another divine ability, and yet, it was powerless against Greed.

“Tell me, what has occurred between you and Meng Hao? From the look of it, you don’t really want to kill him, you want to get something from him....”

Greed moved with incredible speed, tapping his finger once, twice three times. Xuan Daozi’s screams echoed out, incredibly shrill, as his body continued to wither. His chest, arms, head, every part of his body that Greed touched began to rot, and didn’t ooze a single drop of blood.

As he rotted, his life force grew stronger, causing him to shiver. In the blink of an eye, Greed once again tapped him, this time on the back. Xuan Daozi’s entire body was brimming with life force. Pain spread through his body, and he felt as if he were about to go mad; knowing that he was about to die, he roared. Unexpectedly, he was choosing to self-detonate.

However, in the moment that the power of self-detonation appeared, Greed viciously tapped down with his finger. Rumbling could be heard as the power of self-detonation was suppressed. By now, Xuan Daozi’s body was almost completely decayed everywhere.

His clothes were gone, and he was radiating a rotten aura of death. He looked completely vicious as the rotting spread to his organs, and his bones, and his qi passageways. Everything was decomposing.

He was an illustrious Dao Lord, a powerful expert in his Realm, but even still, he cried out, "Kill me! Kill me! I beg of you, kill me!"

It wasn't that he didn't have a steadfast heart, or that his Dao was incomplete. Rather, this pain was something that a cultivator simply couldn't bear.

"Tell me," Greed said, chuckling. "Tell me what you know. It'll make you feel good. Just so you know, you aren't the first cultivator from the Immortal World to experience pain like this. Back in the war, lots of people were able to enjoy it." Greed's eyes gleamed with the thirst for blood. He was by no means a virtuous person to begin with, and when he saw the suffering Xuan Daozi was going through, it made him feel wonderful.

"The Daosource!" Xuan Daozi shrieked. "It was all for the Daosource. When I fought Meng Hao, I saw him use a time-walking technique. It stirred my own Essence, so I was sure that if I could absorb his time-walking technique, then it might give birth to a bit of Daosource!"

As soon as the words left his mouth, Greed's pupils constricted, and his expression became unprecedentedly serious.

"Daosource... that's a supreme Realm comparable to Heaven Trampling and Boundless Dao!!" Greed was shaken. Gasping, his eyes began to gleam with the light of wild joy.

"I, Greed, have experienced countless good fortune in life. Whoever tries to kill me gets crushed by objects falling from the sky. Whatever places I go to turn out to be treasure houses. Anything that I want, I can get my hands on.

"This time, not only did I get a precious treasure of a fleshly body, I even got news about the Daosource!!

"Daosource, Daosource, the paramount Realm of the Immortal World. If

I can get that... then I'll be that much more likely to succeed in cultivating the path of Heaven Trampling!!" Greed was incredibly excited, so much so that he lost interest in torturing Xuan Daozi. No longer caring about Xuan Daozi's terrifying rotting body, his hand shot out and latched onto the top of his head.

"Soulsearch!" Greed licked his lips as he unleashed the magical technique, too anxious to wait for Xuan Daozi to speak. He wanted to find the answers himself.

Xuan Daozi's body began to shake, and he screamed miserably. All of the intense pain before had come from within his own body, but this pain came from his soul. Popping sounds rang out from inside of him, and his eyes bulged. The pain he was enduring now was indescribable.

Greed was panting as Xuan Daozi's memories flitted by. He learned that the Immortal World had fallen, and the Mountain and Sea Realm had risen. He found out that Nine Seals was dead, and how the 33 Heavens existed. He learned many, many things that were different from when he had been alive.

Eventually he reached the battle between Xuan Daozi and Meng Hao, and as he stabbed into Xuan Daozi's consciousness, it was as if he were re-experiencing Meng Hao's walking technique.

When he saw it, Greed gaped in shock. For some reason, the technique looked very familiar to him, although he couldn't remember exactly where he had seen it. Instead of spending time considering the matter, he sank further into the sensation of how Xuan Daozi's Essence had stirred in that moment.

The feeling left Greed completely excited. He was suddenly hit with an intense premonition that this was the key to Heaven Trampling!

In his excitement, Greed wasn't even looking at Xuan Daozi, who was currently hovering on the brink of death, screaming miserably. However, it was at this point that Xuan Daozi's eyes suddenly glittered with an icy calmness that reached a terrifying level.

Although he seemed to be screaming, he had actually split and

compartmentalized his mind. Apparently... everything from before had been an act, and he had kept his killing intent deeply hidden.

Suddenly, he spoke out in a completely calm voice: "I'm a Dao Lord. Getting killed in battle is fine, but I won't die in such utter humiliation!"

As his voice echoed out, Greed suddenly felt an intense sensation of crisis rise up within him.

In that critical moment, Xuan Daozi spread his arms wide and wrapped them around Greed, a look of contempt gleaming in his eyes.

"Profound Dao of Heaven, One Profound Magic, Across Life and Death, Essence Arises, Essence Destroys!!" As Xuan Daozi's archaic voice echoed out, he suddenly exploded, causing numerous chunks of rotting flesh and blood to spray out. His soul, his Nascent Divinity, his Essences, all collapsed.

However, because of that collapse, his soul, Nascent Divinity, and Essences were able to merge together and form a gigantic magical symbol.

That magical symbol bore the semblance of the character 'profound', and it shot toward Greed with incredible speed, then branded itself onto his chest.

Greed howled and shot backward, blood spraying out of his mouth, his face ashen. The 'profound' character sank into his chest and then vanished, merging into him, searching for Greed's soul.

Greed was shaking, and his face was flushed. Once again he coughed up a mouthful of blood. Roaring, he tried to suppress the character by waving his hand behind him in the direction of the nine columns. Immediately, the shield and bell next to the withered corpse flew into the air and floated gently above him, emanating bright glows as they assisted Greed.

Greed's Essence of life force also flowed into operation as he used ten percent of it to try to drive out Xuan Daozi's dying attack. The result was that the 'profound' character was cleanly wiped away.

However, Greed's life force Essence had dwindled down to less than twenty percent. Panting, he looked at Xuan Daozi's mangled blood and

flesh, and then gritted his teeth.

He had to admit that he had been careless, and had even been a bit arrogant. After taking over this fleshly body, he had virtually lost all sense of vigilance, and in that state of pride, he had overlooked the killing intent that could lurk in the heart of a hopelessly cornered Dao Lord.

Now that he thought about it, the screams emanating out earlier due to the fleshly body pain had actually seemed a bit fake. Their entire purpose had been to lure Greed closer; in fact, the reason why Xuan Daozi had even uttered the word Daosource was to attract his attention, and lure him into performing a Soulsearh.

Once Greed began the Soulsearh, then Xuan Daozi would have his chance to unleash that deadly magical technique.

“He was willing to die to try to strike me with a fatal blow....”

Greed took a deep breath, and vigilance once again burned to life within his eyes. He could sense that he only had twenty percent of his life force Essence remaining. Suddenly, he spun to look at the withered corpse within the nine pillars, and especially the blue sun. Finally, he smiled.

“Not very many people strike me with a deep impression, but this Xuan Daozi was definitely one of them. However... he was a bit too childish. That magic wasn’t capable of exterminating me. In fact, if that damned Dao Fruit hadn’t sucked away more than half of my life force Essence, then I wouldn’t even have needed to use ten percent of it to wipe away the attack.

“Oh well, it’s all over now. I’ll undo the seal now and retrieve my Exalted Celestial sun and absorb the other half of my soul. Then, I will no longer be half of a soul, but a full, complete soul. I can fight my way through each of the other 32 Hells and pick them clean one by one. By the time I leave this place... I might already be in Heaven Trampling! Even if the process isn’t complete, I’ll be at least half a step there!” Licking his lips, Greed shot toward the nine columns. Stopping in front of one, his eyes shone with anticipation as he stretched his hand out to push down onto the column, completely confident that he would be able to undo the first seal.

“OPEN!” he said, his voice echoing out. His hand turned into a gray blur as it closed in on the column. However, before he could actually touch it, when he was only an inch away, his hand suddenly stopped in place and began to tremble.

Greed’s eyes went wide with disbelief as he realized that a tiny face had suddenly appeared on his forehead. That face looked exactly like Meng Hao’s, in fact it was... the real Meng Hao!

Meng Hao’s cool voice suddenly echoed out within Greed’s mind and thoughts.

“Thank you for helping me re-mold my body, for refining my magical items, for increasing my cultivation base, for helping me fuse with my fourth Nirvana Fruit, and for giving me such a precious life force Essence. Oh, and thank you for taking care of all my enemies.”

“Impossible. This is impossible!” cried Greed. “I already consumed your soul, I cleared out every part of your body with fire. It’s virtually a completely new body. There can’t be any remnant of your soul left. This is impossible....” Greed was shaking. Although his words seemed to be those of disbelief, his sinister soul exploded out in an attempt to wipe and drive away any remnants of Meng Hao.

“Nothing’s impossible about it,” Meng Hao replied. “I was hiding in the third Nirvana Fruit, and the Paragon’s blood. Come and check if you want.” Almost in the same moment that Greed made his counterattack, and Meng Hao spoke, the fourth Nirvana Fruit suddenly erupted with an even more terrifying absorption force than it had ever shown before!

Greed’s soul trembled as his life force Essence poured forth like a waterfall.

“NO!!” he shrieked miserably. “Nine Seals! It’s Nine Seals! Nine Seals has schemed against me!!” That was because all along he had never been able to sense the tiny bit of Paragon Nine Seals’ blood. Apparently, it was simply impossible for him to see.

Chapter 1245: Signs of the Door of the Ancient Realm!

Greed's soul let out a miserable shriek as he attempted to get out of Meng Hao's body. Unfortunately for him, the power exerted by the fourth Nirvana Fruit was completely shocking, causing his life force Essence to rapidly vanish.

To Greed, his life force Essence was his most prized possession; it was what kept him alive, and the foundation of his soul, and was now also what made it impossible for him to escape Meng Hao's body.

Finally, he let out a vicious howl and ceased any attempts to flee. Instead, he faced Meng Hao's soul and tried to consume it. He really had no other option than to risk it all in an attempt to fight for that tiny chance at life.

However, even as he lunged, Meng Hao snorted coldly, and a blood-colored light shot out from within his third Nirvana Fruit.

That blood-colored light contained Paragon power. Rumbling could be heard as it swept through Meng Hao's body, surging toward the trembling Greed, who screamed, "Nine Seals, Nine Seals!!"

Greed was in a state of despair. By this point, how could he not understand that he had been set up by Paragon Nine Seals? Years ago, he had assumed that his act of splitting his soul had gone completely undetected. The truth was that Nine Seals had seen everything.

Greed now knew why he had been unable to see anyone else throughout all the years, not even when cultivators came into the 33 Hells to explore. He could sense them, to be sure, and even try to possess them. However, the result was inevitable failure, as if there wasn't even a host to enter.

But then Meng Hao came along. Greed believed himself to have possessed him, but now, he realized that it had all been a trap, a ruse to lead him into an even greater snare.

"Nine Seals!!" Greed howled as his life force Essence continued to be

consumed by the fourth Nirvana Fruit. With Greed's help, the fourth Nirvana Fruit had already been more than half absorbed by Meng Hao. Thanks to its consumption of Greed, the process was becoming ever more complete!

Eighty percent, eighty-five percent, ninety percent!

Booms echoed out that no one could hear except for Meng Hao and Greed. To them, they seemed loud enough to cause everything to tremble. As Greed's life force Essence faded away, his struggling grew weaker and weaker.

He was now lost in despair, thanks especially to the pressure of the Paragon's blood. Soon, he was suppressed to the point where he couldn't fight back. He could only watch as his life force Essence slipped away, consumed voraciously, and his soul fire slowly began to flicker out.

Worst of all was that Meng Hao's fleshly body was far more powerful than before, like a rampart, such that the power exerted by the fourth Nirvana Fruit could grow boundlessly stronger without him needing to worry about the strain it would place on his body.

"I refuse to accept this! I refuse! I've been preparing for years! I endured the pain of splitting my soul apart, all to get free. I'm so close! So close!!" Greed's miserable shrieks echoed out within Meng Hao's mind. Meng Hao's body was shaking, and the image of four Nirvana Fruits appeared on his forehead, flickering brightly. An incredible power erupted from them, filling his body.

As Greed himself was absorbed into the Nirvana Fruit, Meng Hao then acquired... Greed's memories. They weren't completely intact, and there were many blurry areas, but they still left Meng Hao completely shocked.

In addition to Greed's memories, he also acquired... Xuan Daozi's memories, which Greed had just Soulsearched. Those images were fresh, and were quickly snatched up by Meng Hao.

It was at this point that his fourth Nirvana Fruit reached a state of ninety percent absorption. As for Greed's life force Essence, there was only a strand of it left.

“I re-molded this body with my Essence. I made it stronger! It’s the same with the cultivation base. I even sealed the Dao Fruit so it couldn’t emerge. I was the one who refined his magical items. I spared no cost....

“I destroyed his enemies, and turned them into life force which he absorbed.... I... I... I refuse to accept this! That jinx overcame me so many years ago, and what’s done is done. But now, Meng Hao does the same thing!?!?” Greed laughed bitterly as his aura dissipated. His struggles ceased, and he was completely blotted out by the Paragon’s blood inside of Meng Hao.

At the same time, the corpse sitting cross-legged in the middle of the nine stone columns suddenly trembled slightly. It wasn’t that the corpse once again had life force, but rather, the blue sun on its forehead was vibrating, causing the entire body to tremble.

As the last strand of Greed’s life force Essence was absorbed by the fourth Nirvana Fruit, as the last bit of Greed’s soul was wiped out by the Paragon’s blood... Greed’s screams were cut off; he had been completely and utterly refined!

It was at that point that the blue sun on the corpse began to shine with radiant light. Then, it suddenly dimmed. However, when that happened, a face became visible within the sun. Floating there... was none other than Greed!!

His eyes had been closed, but now they snapped open, filled with madness as he glared at Meng Hao, revealing that wild, unyielding air. He even opened his mouth and howled noiselessly.

His eyes were filled with venomous hatred, hatred toward Meng Hao and hatred toward Paragon Nine Seals, all of which had reached the pinnacle.

He had given Meng Hao incredible good fortune, only to be consumed by him. Of course, it was only part of Greed’s soul, not the entire thing. The rest existed within that blue sun.

Back when he had been suppressed by Paragon Nine Seals, he had split his soul, with one half remaining on the outside. That part had now been absorbed by Meng Hao, which constituted a grievous injury to Greed.

In fact, not even the wounds inflicted on him by Paragon Nine Seals years ago had been as bad.

Half of his soul meant that half of his life force Essence was now gone as well. To Greed, that was like half of his life!

Even as Greed's face howled noiselessly within the blue sun, Meng Hao trembled, and the glittering image of his fourth Nirvana Fruit appeared on his forehead. It was now almost completely absorbed.

However, the key was the word 'almost,' since it still lacked just a tiny, tiny bit before being completely absorbed.

It was now at ninety-nine percent. The last bit would need time, not any influx of life force. Based on what Meng Hao could sense, he was confident that it would take a few months at most before... he was ready to break into the Ancient Realm!

At the same time, he could sense from the rumblings of his cultivation base that he was far more powerful than he had been before. He was even confident that if he faced Dao Lord level opponents, he would no longer only be able to fight them to a deadlock, but rather, would be able to secure victory.

Even more shocking was that the Allheaven Dao Immortal blood inside of him was boiling, which affected the Fang Clan back in the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

On that day, the Dao seeds in many Fang Clan cultivators sparked to life. There were even some whose blood awoke to the point of being in the initial stages of an Allheaven Immortal!

On that day, the overall power of the Fang Clan increased by a whole level. On that day, the Fang Clan was shaken, and all of the clan members were in shock. On that day, Fang Shoudao experienced a cultivation base breakthrough!

In one short day, the Fang Clan grew far, far stronger. At the same time, on that day, countless members of the Fang Clan could sense a distant, awe-inspiring aura surging up in the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

That... was Meng Hao!

Meng Hao's eyes burst open, and they seemed to contain the stars hidden in their depths. If you looked closely, they seemed to house vortexes that could suck in the power of all types of divine sense!

Even more shocking was that... there was lightning dancing around him that came from none other than Greed's Essence of lightning.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and as a result, the entire aura of the necropolis seemed to begin to spin toward him.

Meng Hao's eyes began to gleam with wild joy. He clenched his fists together and relished the sensation of power he felt from his body, which far, far exceeded that from before.

He could sense the resilience of his bones, and how much more terrifyingly strong they were. His qi passageways were the same, and most importantly, his blood was too. Greed had paid an extremely heavy price to purify his blood, of which even a single drop now contained massive power!

Right now, he didn't need to use his cultivation base to fight the Dao, he could use his fleshly body alone!

In fact, there would surely be some powerful experts who would wish to refine his body into a Dao Realm treasure if they could!

Meng Hao began to laugh heartily. In his opinion, this Greed really was a good guy.

In addition to what he had done with his fleshly body, he had increased his cultivation base, something that left Meng Hao smiling broadly. He rubbed his forehead, thinking about how much time he had saved with the fourth Nirvana Fruit thanks to Greed. Suddenly, he felt very appreciative. Were it not for the fact that Greed had forcefully sealed the fruit inside of him, even though he still could have taken his body back, his cultivation base progress would not have been as incredible.

"What a great fellow," Meng Hao said. Licking his lips, he smiled and smacked his bag of holding. Eyes shining brightly, he took a deep breath

and took out the long spear which had been turned into a dragon, and the superimposed swords. When he swung the long spear, the dragon roared. The pressure it now exuded was over ten times that of its previous power, as far as Meng Hao could tell in his initial estimate.

As for the superimposed swords, the murderous aura they emitted was even greater than before.

He suddenly regretted not leaving some more magical items sitting out in his bag of holding. If he had known things would end up like this, he definitely would have....

Then he looked up at the Lightning Cauldron floating above his head, and his eyes gleamed.

“Rich!” he murmured. “This time I’ve really struck it rich.... I wish I’d known earlier that lending out my body could lead to so many benefits. From now on I’ll loan it out a bit more often....” Then he looked over at the blue sun on the forehead of the corpse, and Greed’s face therein. Greed looked like he was about to go mad from the sight of Meng Hao’s glee regarding his fleshly body, his excitement regarding the transformations to his cultivation base, and his excitement at the items in his bag of holding.

All of it was too much for Greed, who let out a miserable howl. His heart felt like it was breaking, and his regret was enormous.

“Mine! All of that should be mine....

“I spared no cost to refine that body, and I wasted tons of Essence to mold its cultivation base. And I was the only one who could unseal those magical items.... Mine! All of that should rightly be mine....”

Chapter 1246: Cleanly and Thoroughly!

Greed wanted to weep, but had no tears to shed. He felt embarrassed, even humiliated.... And yet that humiliation soon turned to indignation as he saw Meng Hao's delighted gaze shift from the Lightning Cauldron to... the shield and the little bell.

"Those are mine!!" Greed roared, his eyes wide. However, the sound of his voice couldn't leave that blue sun. Even if he roared louder, the only thing anyone might be able to see was the blue glow of the sun intensifying a bit.

Meng Hao stared fixedly at the little shield, then took a deep breath. For some reason, he had the feeling that he... could control it.

Heart thumping, he sent out some divine will, and the shield twitched. A moment later, it appeared directly in front of him, radiating a scintillating light. Meng Hao gazed at the shield, contemplating how easy it had been to control it, almost as if it were connected to him. It made him realize that the result of consuming Greed's life force Essence wasn't simply a matter of completing his fourth Nirvana Fruit.

He could sense that his control over the shield didn't come from himself, but rather... the fourth Nirvana Fruit.

It was similar to how... he didn't directly control the Paragon's blood inside of him, the third Nirvana Fruit did.

However, the specifics weren't really important. Meng Hao's eyes gleamed as he next looked toward the bell. It flickered, then floated over to rest in Meng Hao's hand, emanating a feeling of extreme ancientness.

"Not only did you help me refine my body, you increased my cultivation base, fused my Nirvana Fruit, re-forged my magical items, and even... gave me some of your own treasures." Meng Hao sighed and looked over at the blue sun on the corpse's forehead, and Greed's face, which was currently screaming silently at him.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and then clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“Many thanks, Senior,” he said. Then he put the shield and the bell away. Greed glared at him, and truly wished to weep.

After putting the items away, Meng Hao looked back up and saw Greed staring at him with madness and killing intent. All of a sudden, memories floated up in his mind that he had just acquired.

“When he was suppressed, he split his soul into two parts, huh...?”

“The 33 Hells are actually thirty-three medicinal pills left behind by Paragon Nine Seals.... Hmm, medicinal pills concocted by a powerful Dao Realm expert could rightly be called Dao pills.

“If that’s the case, then did I actually just consume half of a Dao pill?” Meng Hao murmured, looking at Greed, and his eyes shone brightly. He licked his lips. He had no way of knowing, but when Greed saw the look on his face, he suddenly shivered.

After standing there thinking for another moment, Meng Hao organized his thoughts. In addition to Greed’s memories, he also had Xuan Daozi’s memories in his head too. From those memories, he was able to see Xuan Daozi’s final moments before his death.

Although he and Xuan Daozi had been trying to kill each other, when Meng Hao saw how he had died, he couldn’t help but sigh emotionally.

“In the Immortal World, cultivators with less than three Essences are ordinary Dao Realm cultivators. Three Essences earns you the right to be called Dao Lord, which is essentially the peak of the early Dao Realm. After that are the Dao Sovereigns, who have up to six Essences. They are essentially the mid Dao Realm.

“After that is the late Dao Realm, which is... the Paragon stage. 7-Essences Paragons, 8-Essences Paragons, and 9-Essences Paragons!

“It seems that the Paragon stage is equivalent to Paramita’s Exalted Celestial, which is likewise equivalent to Paramita’s Dao Divinity....

“Furthermore, beyond Paragons, there is another legendary Realm, the Daosource!!” Meng Hao’s eyes shone brightly as he realized why Xuan

Daozi had been so focused on killing him.

“Essence stirs only for the Daosource.... The Daosource Realm is similar to Heaven Trampling, which is likewise similar to the Boundless Dao?” Meng Hao was unfamiliar with these two terms. After searching through some of Greed’s memories, he understood. Exalted Celestials and Dao Divinities were cultivation base terms used by the two powers that had been involved in the war with the Immortal World.

“Daosource. Daosource.... According to the information in Greed’s memories, back in the day, Paragon Nine Seals had a Daosource fleshly body, but his cultivation base was only half a step into the Daosource Realm. So, he never counted as a true Daosource cultivator.

“In that case... exactly how powerful is the Daosource Realm? If a Daosource Realm cultivator appeared in the Mountain and Sea Realm, would it be enough to resolve the war between the three powers?!

“Furthermore... might it be possible... that there is an even more powerful Realm beyond the Daosource?” Meng Hao was nearly overwhelmed by the mass of new information.

After a long moment, he shook his head and cleared his thoughts. After looking over at the blue sun on the corpse’s forehead again, his eyes glittered. Muttering to himself, he took another long moment to still his beating heart.

“My cultivation base isn’t high enough to undo that seal and consume the rest of the Dao pill.... Since that was the purpose of the creation of the 33 Hells, then there’s no need to get anxious about receiving all the benefits.

“Once I get into the Dao Realm, I’ll come back and get all the Dao pills in one fell swoop!” Meng Hao stepped back, then waved his right sleeve, collecting all the other magical items which had been laying around in the area for countless years. After looking around one more time to make sure he hadn’t missed anything, he turned and prepared to leave.

Within the blue sun, Greed stared at Meng Hao, swearing that if he had a chance, he would definitely consume Meng Hao.

However, just as Meng Hao was about to leave, he stopped in place, then smacked himself hard in the forehead. Greed gaped in shock, wondering whether or not Meng Hao was going crazy.

Meng Hao appeared to be furious as he once again smacked himself.

“Ah, Meng Hao you fool, I know you’re rich now, but you can never forget that money comes by saving up a bit at a time. Every time you don’t earn some money, you’re losing money. Plus, once you get it, you can’t spend it frivolously!

“You got some amazing good fortune this time around, and earned quite a bit, but that doesn’t mean you can be extravagant all of a sudden!” Taking a deep breath, he reminded himself of the lessons he had been taught, then squatted down and tapped some of the floor tiles in the temple. Finally, he let out a long sigh.

“I really was being negligent. These floor tiles might not be made from Immortal jade, but they contain a Dao will within them that makes them the perfect ingredient for forging magical items. Even one of them would fetch an incredible price on the outside.” Eyes gleaming, he smacked his bag of holding to produce a sword, which he edged into the corner of one of the tiles. A moment later, the sword snapped in half.

“Wow, they’re pretty tough!” Licking his lips, Meng Hao produced the long dragon spear, stabbed it into the ground, and began to pry upward. Meanwhile, Greed looked on, astonished.

A boom rang out as the floor tile flew up into the air. Meng Hao grabbed it and looked it over, whereupon a radiant smile appeared on his face. Eyes shining, he slapped his bag of holding, causing the parrot and meat jelly to fly out.

“No jabbering,” he said. “Let’s clean this place out. Just don’t touch those nine pillars.” With that, he went to work prying up the next tile.

The parrot and meat jelly had just been about to launch into a debate, but were cut off by Meng Hao. They looked around, and suddenly their eyes began to shine brightly, and they immediately began to help Meng Hao pry up the floor tiles.

One piece. Two pieces. Three pieces.... Ten pieces. Thirty pieces. One hundred pieces. Meng Hao was going mad, buzzing around like a tornado as he used the dragon spear to pry up one floor tile after another.

Greed watched what was happening, eyes wide with shock and disbelief. Meng Hao was using the very spear that he had paid such a heavy price to unseal, to run around like mad and pry up floor tiles. Greed suddenly shivered.

By now, he realized that Meng Hao was definitely not to be trifled with.

Absolutely, positively not to be trifled with. In fact, he was even more terrifying than the jinx that had sealed Greed here to begin with.

“That jinx was a killer, but this Meng Hao is more than that. He’ll take everything down to the bones!!”

Before Greed could even finish sighing, Meng Hao suddenly looked up at the walls, and his eyes shone. Hurrying over, he began to dismantle the frescoes piece by piece.

Greed’s eyelids twitched as he watched Meng Hao, and his heart was pounding. He had long since taken his own name to be an expression of his personality, but now he realized that compared to Meng Hao, he himself... was an upstanding individual.

It was at this point that Meng Hao’s eyes flashed like lightning as he started looking around again, and his gaze met Greed’s. Greed once again looked away, fearful that Meng Hao in his madness would go after him again.

“Crazy. Crazy!” Greed murmured, gaping in shock. “This guy is absolutely crazy!” The parrot and meat jelly were also collecting all of the items in the hall, with the exception of the nine pillars.

Greed stared around at the chaos; the once magnificent temple hall now looked as if it had been chewed up by a ravenous dog. It was completely bare, with only a few places left intact. Greed was shaking at how terrifying Meng Hao was.

“I really did underestimate him. He doesn’t just give up with the bones,

he even scrapes up the dirt beneath the bones. He takes everything....

“This is the type of guy you can’t trifle with, never ever, ever! Now that I think about it, HE should be named Greed!” Greed took in a deep breath as Meng Hao once again seemed to be on the verge of leaving. However, it was at this point that Meng Hao turned and suddenly looked at him.

Greed shivered in shock as Meng Hao once again slapped his forehead.

“How could I have forgotten that....” Meng Hao said, sounding very angry at how dull he had become. He suddenly hurried over to where Greed was located, and a carved stone screen had been erected, which depicted a sun. Meng Hao efficiently dismantled the screen and put it into his bag of holding.

As he looked around the huge temple hall one more time, he tilted his head up and noticed the roof tiles, which he quickly helped himself to. Finally, he left with the meat jelly and parrot.

Greed watched Meng Hao leave, and then glanced around at the mess. Then, he really did start to cry. In his estimation, his necropolis must now be the poorest of all 33.

“I really did underestimate him. Not even ravenous dogs could pick the place apart as cleanly and thoroughly as this....”

Chapter 1247: Meng Chen Again

Meng Hao left, savoring sweet the flavor of his profits from the central temple. Eyes gleaming, he next focused on the surrounding side chambers. Of course, the meat jelly and parrot hadn't originally cared much about wealth. The parrot liked fur and feathers, whereas the meat jelly was inclined toward bullies.

However, after being around Meng Hao for so long, he had started to rub off on them. Now, they were far more interested in money, which was quite a pleasing development as far as Meng Hao was concerned; having assistants made the plundering process much smoother.

The three of them were like locusts as they descended upon the next side chamber. Because they didn't have to worry about the magical seals like they did in the main hall, things were much easier, and they went right to work.

The parrot flew up toward the ceiling, the meat jelly handled miscellaneous objects, and as for Meng Hao, he felt that prying up the floor tiles and dismantling the wall decorations was right up his alley....

In the end it took barely a dozen breaths of time before the three of them left. The side chamber... was completely empty, even emptier than the main hall.

If Greed were here to see what was happening, his fear of Meng Hao would surely increase.

"Rich! I'm really rich!" Meng Hao thought, his eyes shining as he madly cleared out another side chamber. It didn't take long before the group of three had swept through all of the side chambers. The parrot and meat jelly were starting to feel tired, so Meng Hao put them back in his bulging bag of holding, which he then patted as he laughed heartily.

Then he prepared to fly off and look for the exit. Meanwhile, Han Qinglei was just down the corridor, having just cautiously entered one of the side chambers. At first, he assumed that he had taken a wrong turn and come to a different place than he expected, but just as he was turning

to leave he suddenly gaped in shock at the emptiness around him and examined the area more closely.

He looked down at the ground and saw no floor tiles, nor were there any frescoes on the wall. Every single object imaginable had been cleared out. Even the glowing pearl lights up above had been taken away. Han Qinglei gasped in astonishment.

“Wh-what... what happened?!?! Who did this?” Han Qinglei wasn’t actually very familiar with Meng Hao. He only knew about how Meng Hao had acted in the Windswept Realm, so when he saw the shocking scene around him, he didn’t think to connect it to Meng Hao.

Taking a deep breath, he hurried on to the next side chamber, whereupon his face began to flicker with fear. After visiting several more side chambers, he realized that they had all been emptied out, and were in complete disarray.

Not too far off, on another side, Meng Hao suppressed his excitement at everything that had just happened, and was preparing to start searching for the exit. At the same time, he was considering how to escape from the Heavengod Alliance.

“At the most, it will take me a few months before I can break through to the Ancient Realm. For me, the Ancient Realm will be a mere stepping stone, and it should be just a quick succession of breakthroughs on my way to the Dao Realm!” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with anticipation. He had already spent far too much time in the Immortal Realm, and had progressed farther than virtually anyone else ever had.

He had made thorough preparations, and was confident that he would be able to extinguish however many Soul Lamps he needed to. The only thing he wasn’t sure about was how many Soul Lamps that would entail.

“The Dao Realm is the key to everything!” Meng Hao took a deep breath and buried his anticipation deep in his heart.

“If I remember correctly, Han Qinglei is in this necropolis too.” Meng Hao sent his divine sense out and quickly found Han Qinglei. Just when he was about to head in his direction, Meng Hao stopped in place. He had

just noticed that in a corridor not too far off, a person was just about to become a corpse.

It was none other than Meng Chen!

“Someone from the Meng Clan....” Meng Hao scanned his face, and despite the thick aura of death which twisted it in a grotesque way, he could tell that it was the same young man he had noticed on the Meng Clan’s ship.

Meng Hao remembered that when Patriarch Blacksoul had pointed out that he came from the Ninth Mountain and Sea, it made him think about the Meng Clan, and then look over at the expressions on the faces of the people on the ship.

Few of them had any reaction when the Ninth Mountain and Sea was mentioned, but this young man, Meng Chen, had looked shocked. His expression had been one of mixed emotions, including anticipation and even nervousness. Meng Hao had noticed that, but at the moment he had been in a very deadly chase, with no time to consider the matter. However, in hindsight he was now convinced that this young man knew about the connection between the Meng Clan and the Ninth Mountain and Sea’s Fang Clan. 1

Meng Hao ignored Han Qinglei for the moment, and instead sped over to Meng Chen. He even used the Lightning Cauldron to bypass some walls, and appeared next to Meng Chen a moment later.

Almost immediately, he was struck by the powerful aura of death emanating off of Meng Chen. The ground in the area had already absorbed his limbs, and was slowly assimilating the rest of him, to the point where only his head was still visible above the surface. His skin was bloated and black, covered with blue veins.

However, he wasn’t dead! He still had one breath of life left!

Meng Hao knelt down next to him and placed his hand on Meng Chen’s forehead. After a moment, a look of sadness passed over his face. Meng Chen’s cultivation base was only in the Immortal Realm. The necropolis they were in was filled with an aura of death that even Dao Realm experts

would be leery of. However, Meng Chen was already completely infected, and should actually have died much sooner.

However, a bit of his own aura remained, a bit that was fueled by his unyielding drive and will. The power of that desire transformed into something like a wisp of smoke from a lit incense stick, which kept Meng Chen afloat for just a bit longer.

However, despite the fact that he hovered there between life and death, his soul was still dispersing, and his body was melting away. He would not be able to enter the cycle of reincarnation, and if Meng Hao hadn't come when he had, then it would only have been a few more hours before that final bit of his own aura was completely gone.

"Just what kind of obsession can drive a person to refuse to give in like this...?" Meng Hao murmured. He sighed, wishing that he could do something to save him, but knowing that it was impossible.

Frowning sadly, he reached out and tapped Meng Chen's forehead, sending in a bit of life force. It wouldn't save him, but would give him a bit of lucidity and help him to express his dying wishes.

Meng Chen shivered, and his bulging eyes opened; he didn't look at all handsome like he used to. However, Meng Hao's life force contained Essence power, which caused Meng Chen's dispersing soul to temporarily solidify, and his previously fading eyes to grow clear.

Unfortunately, Meng Hao knew that the brightness in his eyes... was the flicker of lucidity that came moments before death.

"If there's anything you'd like to say, you can tell me," Meng Hao said softly.

Meng Chen looked at Meng Hao blankly for a moment, then realized who he was. Eyes filling with anticipation, he said, "Meng... Hao...." It was difficult for him to speak, and when he did, it was in fits and gasps. "I... have an... aunt named... Meng Li, in the Ninth Mountain and Sea...."

His words hit Meng Hao like lightning, and he began to tremble.

He looked at Meng Chen with wide eyes; although he had guessed that

this might be the reality of the situation, to hear Meng Chen say the words out loud caused waves of shock to beat at Meng Hao's mind.

Instead of saying that Meng Hao had deep feelings for the Meng Clan itself, it would be more accurate to say... that he felt deep regard for his grandfather's bloodline. In the final analysis, the reason he wanted to go to the Meng Clan in the first place was because of that bloodline!

His true relatives were the members of that bloodline, not the Meng Clan in general!

Meng Hao began to pant from the realization that this Meng Clan cultivator was actually one of his direct relatives. He once again tapped Meng Chen's forehead, giving him some more Essence power. This time, knowing that Meng Chen was not just an ordinary member of the Meng Clan, he gave as much power as was possible.

It still wasn't enough to save him, but it was enough to cause his eyes to shine.

"You... know... my aunt...?" Meng Chen asked, looking at Meng Hao with intense anticipation.

"She's my mother," Meng Hao replied softly. "My name is Meng Hao, but at the same time, Fang-Meng Hao."

When Meng Chen heard that, he shivered, and a look of excitement appeared on his face. He knew that his aunt had gone to the Ninth Mountain and Sea to get married, and that her husband was surnamed Fang....

"So it's really... you...." Meng Chen still hadn't released his last breath of life. However, his eyes were growing dim, and the aura of death was overtaking him. Even with Meng Hao supporting him, any moment could be his last.

"Help the Meng Clan... and help our bloodline... rise to prominence!

"I'm... Meng Chen, and I'm... the only Immortal Realm cultivator in our bloodline... help us... rise... to prominence!" Meng Chen shivered, using all of the energy he had left to say the words 'rise to prominence.' After he

did, black blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth, and his eyes darkened. However, he still wasn't dead yet; he was holding on tenaciously, looking at Meng Hao, waiting for him to respond.

Meng Hao's mind was trembling as he looked at Meng Chen, his own relative. After a moment, his eyes filled with determination, and he nodded.

When Meng Chen saw that, and the determination written on Meng Hao's face, he smiled. The smile lasted only a moment, but based on the look in his eyes, Meng Hao could sense Meng Chen's unswerving obsession. The look faded away, and then his gaze stiffened. His eyes stopped moving; the flame of his life force had burned out.

His body was now completely enveloped by an aura of death.

Meng Chen was dead.

Off to the side lay his bag of holding, the only thing that remained of him.

Meng Hao was silent for a while, then he sighed. He was aware that his grandfather's bloodline was in decline, and that one of the main reasons was himself. It was the same with the Fang Clan. If his two grandfathers hadn't gone missing while trying to save him, then his grandfather's bloodline definitely wouldn't be in such a poor situation.

"The only Immortal Realm cultivator in the bloodline..." Meng Hao murmured, slowly standing up. He stamped his foot, dispersing the aura of death, and sending the soil scattering about to reveal Meng Chen's corpse, which he carefully picked up.

"Alright, time to take you home," he said quietly. Carefully placing Meng Chen into his bag of holding, he turned and began to slowly walk away. As he did, his appearance changed... into that of Meng Chen!

"I'll take your place to fulfill your obsession," he said slowly. "I will lead the bloodline... into prominence in the Meng Clan!"

1. The part about Patriarch Blacksoul calling out Meng Hao as coming from the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and Meng Chen's reaction, happened in chapter 1231.

Chapter 1248: Leaving the 33 Hells!

“Rise to prominence.” What those words meant, and what they represented, was different now than what they had meant during his time in the Fang Clan. There, rising to prominence involved he himself flying to great heights.

Meng Hao was a member of the Fang Clan, and the Crown Prince of the direct bloodline at that. His father had a profoundly high cultivation base, and Meng Hao also had the support of the direct bloodline Elders.

Because of that, rather than saying that he had helped the direct bloodline rise to prominence, it would be better to say that Meng Hao had been demonstrating his own worthiness.

The situation in the Meng Clan... was different. Based on the level of his cultivation base, he could earn himself a high position within the Meng Clan if he wanted to. However, unless he stayed with the Meng Clan in the Eighth Mountain and Sea forever, it would do no good. Once he left, the bloodline would be left waiting for his grandfather to return, and would be back in exactly the same position they had been in before Meng Hao had arrived.

To rise to prominence with the Meng Clan meant... that the entire bloodline needed to rise, not just a single person.

Meng Hao stood there, lost in deep and somber thought. Meng Chen's handful of words caused him to ponder the decline of his grandfather's bloodline, and the serious crisis they were now facing. The fact that they only had one Immortal Realm cultivator said a lot.

It meant that the entire bloodline could be wiped away at virtually any time.

In fact, no one else in the clan would care at all about Meng Chen's death, because it would have virtually no impact on the clan as a whole. But to his bloodline, it spelled out certain disaster.

Their only Immortal Realm cultivator was dead....

“How did things come to this?” Meng Hao thought. He truly didn’t understand how, in less than a thousand years, a once flourishing bloodline could experience such a decline. There was really only one possibility.

“All of the powerful experts died, leaving behind only widows and orphans...” Meng Hao trembled where he stood, his eyes bloodshot and his heart twinging with pain. He could well imagine the current situation in the bloodline, and it filled his heart with deep guilt.

He then silently made his way off into the distance, ignoring his plan to go find Han Qinglei. As of now, there was no need to rely on him to leave this place. Meng Hao would use Meng Chen’s identity instead.

After the time it takes an incense stick to burn, rumbling sounds echoed out within the necropolis, and everything began to shake as a huge rift appeared. A terrifying power of expulsion also began to rise up.

According to Greed’s memories, that was the way to leave this place. There was a small spell formation aperture which, when powered by Greed’s life force Essence, would open the exit.

As the rumbling echoed out, Meng Hao took advantage of the expulsion power to shoot out through the rift. He was followed by a shocked Han Qinglei, who quickly turned back to look at the rift leading back to the necropolis. He realized that the only people to be disgorged were himself and this other person from the Meng Clan.

Of all the other people, none emerged... not even Meng Hao.

This could only lead him to one conclusion.

“Dead? Impossible!” Han Qinglei simply couldn’t believe that Meng Hao had died inside. Suddenly, he thought back to the last moment in which he had seen Meng Hao, and how odd the situation had been.

Han Qinglei suddenly had a very bad feeling. Sighing, he turned and looked at the world around him, which was once again wreathed in mists. Roars could be heard therein, as well as the sounds of cultivators unleashing magical techniques.

He looked back at the Meng Clan cultivator who had been ejected from the necropolis along with him. The reason he could so easily identify him as coming from the Meng Clan was that all of the members of the Meng Clan who had come to this place had Immortal Realm cultivation bases, and currently, Meng Hao had suppressed his cultivation base down to that very level.

“Everyone else died, how come he’s still alive...?” Han Qinglei thought, eyes glittering. However, just as he was about to examine Meng Hao closer, an enraged roar echoed out.

“Hungry... so hungry....” The sound was joined by the clank of iron chains. A moment later, a black iron chain shot out from the mists, causing mountains to crumble down below, and destroying a few cultivators who got in its way.

The mists seethed, and soon, a giant became visible, around whose enormous belly were wrapped numerous iron chains.

Several cultivators surrounded it, including Dao Realm experts, all of whom were engaged in fierce battle.

Even though the old man from the Heavengod Society had left after Meng Hao and the others had gotten sucked into the necropolis, obviously other cultivators had entered in search of good fortune.

“What is this thing!?” Han Qinglei gasped. Although the mists made things difficult to see, it was possible to discern that the giant was actually covered by countless whisker-like tentacles, some of which were wrapped around the iron chains and the rest of which flailed about in the air. It was a truly shocking sight.

The creature was currently being besieged by numerous cultivators, many of whom appeared to be collecting the blood that dripped down from the tentacles surrounding the giant.

Han Qinglei, who had just been distracted by all the figures in the mists, turned back only to find that the Meng Clan cultivator was gone. He looked once more in the direction of the necropolis, then let out a long sigh and buried his suspicions in his heart, flying up into the air toward

the exit.

Concealed in the mists, Meng Hao watched Han Qinglei heading off. Keeping his head down, he followed along, waiting a bit after Han Qinglei actually left through the exit before flying toward it himself.

It was not that he was on guard against Han Qinglei, who had actually come here to save him. The friendship he had shown was something that Meng Hao would remember. However, it wouldn't be very convenient to meet with him in his current identity. His speculations regarding what had happened to his grandfather's bloodline still weighed heavily on his heart.

As Meng Hao flew up into the air toward the exit, someone spun out of control through the air toward him from off in the distance. It was an Ancient Realm cultivator, who had been attacking the giant and was now coughing up blood and had a very ashen face. Just now, the terrifying giant had swiped at him, and just the ripples of pressure from the blow had very nearly killed him. He was sent spinning tens of thousands of meters away, ending up right in front of Meng Hao.

Meng Hao dodged to the side and then continued on his way up. The Ancient Realm cultivator was a middle-aged man, who wiped the blood off his mouth, glanced fearfully at the giant off in the distance, then looked at Meng Hao.

"Immortal Realm? You actually dared to enter this place as an Immortal Realm cultivator? What sect are you from?" The cultivator's eyes flashed as he flew forward to block Meng Hao's path.

"Screw off!" Meng Hao said icily, not slowing down a bit.

"How dare you!" the man said with a cold snort. "Are you looking to die?!" As he shot toward Meng Hao, he reached out to grab him. Meng Hao frowned, eyes flickering with killing intent at the man's obvious ill designs. However, before the man could get close, massive rumbling sounds filled the air.

The surrounding mists began to seethe and churn. At the same time, the besieged giant suddenly became completely clear to Meng Hao's eyes.

It was fully 3,000 meters tall and had a belly that was so fat it seemed almost like a sphere, surrounded by writhing tentacles. Were it not for the fact that it had a head and four limbs, it might look like a globe.

It held an enormous cudgel in its hand, which it waved about as it roared, "Hungry... so hungry...."

Its left hand suddenly reached out and grabbed a cultivator, then popped him into its mouth. Blood oozed out as the giant chewed the man up and then swallowed him down. All the while, the other cultivators surrounding the giant were looking on.

Meng Hao heard the miserable scream, and then watched as the man was swallowed down. Next, one of the giant's tentacles suddenly began to glow brightly as if there were some sort of crystalline liquid flowing inside of it. Immediately, the other surrounding cultivators, even the Dao Realm experts, began to attack that very tentacle.

Booms rang out, and the tentacle shattered, causing numerous drops of crystalline fluid to scatter about, which the cultivators then snatched up.

It was at this point that a cold voice suddenly rang out in Meng Hao's ear.

"Did you see that? Now it's time for you to do me a favor. We're going to use your body to trade for some of that moon elixir!" It was none other than the middle-aged man, whose hand shot out like lighting to grab Meng Hao. Meng Hao didn't even look back at him. He simply pointed his right index finger behind him and caused him to lurch to a stop, despite not even touching him. The man's eyes went wide with disbelief as he suddenly lost all control of his body, and was rooted in place behind Meng Hao.

Astonishment filled his eyes, and waves of shock filled his heart.

Meng Hao looked back thoughtfully at the giant. Suddenly, massive rumbling filled the air as a powerful force of expulsion rose up from within the world, filling the lands.

That force of expulsion began to push the cultivators up into the air.

Simultaneously, the roiling mists formed into numerous vicious faces, which roared as they shot toward the crowds of cultivators up above.

It was as if they were going to drive these people away!

Most shocking of all was that the exit up above began to shrink, as if it were closing.

Immediately, the cultivators began to shout and fly up into the air.

“Let’s go, the exit’s closing! Get out of here!”

“The 33 Hells are only open for a limited time. They have an initial opening, a major opening, and a final opening. Each opening last longer than the last. Let’s go, we’ll have more chances later. From ancient times until now, anyone who has stayed behind after the exit closes has never been heard from again!”

“It’s too bad this gravesite is so barren. There was no mountain of weapons, and only one cultivator was buried here alongside the one who was suppressed....” The voices of the crowd echoed as everyone flew up toward the exit.

The giant was still roaring and attacking the crowds. The expulsion power grew more intense, and Meng Hao flashed toward the exit, dragging the middle-aged man along with him.

As the crowds neared the exit and were about to leave, the giant all of a sudden looked at all of them, opened its mouth, and roared a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering roar. Its body swelled rapidly, and its tentacles extended rapidly. In the blink of an eye, you couldn’t see its head or its limbs; it looked like a giant, 30,000-meter sphere.

The shocked cultivators watched as over 10,000 tentacles shot up into the air like lightning. Many of the cultivators were too slow, and were caught by them, after which rift-like mouths opened up on the tentacles and swallowed them down.

Everyone was in a pandemonium; by now, the exit was only about thirty percent of its original size. Everyone shot toward it as fast as possible, speeding out of the exit; as for the tentacles, they didn’t dare to follow, and

instead began to attack other people who hadn't escaped yet.

One tentacle shot toward Meng Hao, but as it neared, his hand made a grasping motion. Instantly, the middle-aged cultivator's face flickered with fear and despair as Meng Hao tossed him out to the tentacle. It immediately consumed him, after which Meng Hao calmly stepped through the exit. As he did, he looked back at the huge 30,000-meter spheroid giant and its writhing tentacles, as well as the ferocious visages formed by the mist.

Then, he left.

Chapter 1249: I'm Meng Chen!

Outside the exit, the starry sky was pitch black and stretched out in all directions. When Meng Hao emerged, he could see the other brightly shining rifts, out of which other cultivators were emerging.

Quite a number of cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance had entered the 33 Hells. Of the few remaining who were emerging now, some looked alarmed, whereas others looked delighted. Obviously, those were the people who had acquired something valuable inside. As for those cultivators, their fellow sect members quickly converged around them and escorted them away.

Other people didn't look very happy about that, but after considering the matter, decided not to fight over the spoils.

Meng Hao mixed in with the crowds as they left the area of the 33 Hells, eavesdropping on their conversations as he did.

"It's shut now, so the initial opening is over. The next time they open, more of the grave sites will be available...."

"The 33 Hells will open three times in a row, and the period between the openings isn't that long... Soon it will be time for the second opening, and in the end... the third!"

"I can't wait for the final opening, the third. Supposedly lots of sects acquire precious treasures and Daoist magics then."

"The level of danger always increases with each opening, though. Just now, not too many people died, but in the second opening, probably half of the people who go in won't make it out. As for the third opening... only the truly lucky can survive."

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, but his expression remained the same. He followed everyone as they flew along. His cultivation base wasn't very high at the moment, only in the Immortal Realm, which put him at the bottom of the pack. However, he wasn't the only Immortal Realm cultivator; there were a handful of others, ensuring that he didn't stick out too much.

He went along, maintaining a certain speed that ensured that he fell behind. The group was led by Dao Realm experts, and eventually broke out from the region of the 33 Hells.

Eventually that included Meng Hao. As he emerged, bright light shone into his eyes; the starry sky here glittered resplendently, which was a stark contrast to the pitch black near the 33 Hells.

Meng Hao looked around and saw that the area surrounding the 33 Hells was packed tight with thousands of floating battleships. There were even floating palaces which had been erected, which belonged to various sects in the Heavengod Alliance. As the cultivators flew out of the 33 Hells and went in the directions of their sects, Meng Hao looked around at the various ships until he found the one belonging to the Meng Clan. The Young Lord and his Dao Protector were there, examining everyone exiting the 33 Hells, looking for the members of the Meng Clan that had gone in.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered coldly as he caused his face to grow pale, and put a look on his face that made it seem like he had just escaped with his life. Then he lurched along as if injured as he headed toward the Meng Clan ship.

At first, it was quite a chaotic scene as everyone headed toward their various sects, but things quickly started to quiet down.

Meng Hao slowly neared the Meng Clan ship, and finally, the Young Lord caught sight of him. The Young Lord immediately looked delighted, but the Dao Protector behind him frowned and looked off into the distance. Seeing that no more members of the Meng Clan had emerged, he sighed.

Soon, the ship's shields were lowered, and Meng Hao boarded. He immediately coughed up a mouthful of blood and staggered off to the side, supporting himself on a handrail before managing to stand in place.

"How come you're the only one who came back?" shouted the Dao Protector. "What happened to everyone else?" Among the other members of the Young Lord's retinue present were a few people who were his long-time servants. One was a middle-aged cultivator, a butler who had recently

been berating him and now looked very surprised to see Meng Chen alive.

After all, of all the clan members who had gone into the 33 Hells, Meng Chen's cultivation base had been the weakest. And yet now, he was the only one to return.

On the other side of the ship was the young man from the Han Clan and his Dao Protector. The young man stood there looking at Meng Hao, his sinister eyes glittering with a strange light as he slowly licked his lips.

"I never thought that this guy would actually make it out alive," the young man murmured. "Seems he's pretty lucky...." As he looked Meng Hao up and down, his eyes gleamed.

His Dao Protector didn't say anything. He knew what that gaze meant, and he was aware that this clan's Young Lord had rekindled an interest in this Meng Clan cultivator....

In response to the shouting Dao Protector, Meng Hao's face paled, and he began to tremble. Sounding very bitter, he wheezed, "Dead, all dead...."

Meng Hao wasn't familiar with Meng Chen's manner of speaking, so he didn't say much, only a few words. He coughed up some more blood and swayed as if he were on the verge of toppling over unconscious. But then he looked over at the Meng Clan's Young Lord, and his heart thumped.

"Dead?!" the Dao Protector yelled again. "How come everyone else is dead, and you came back alive? What happened in there? Tell me!"

Meng Hao ignored the old Dao Protector and then slapped his bag of holding to produce a silver trident, which he held aloft.

"Meng Chen has accomplished his mission!" Meng Hao declared. "I nearly died, but I managed to bring this treasure out. This was the magical item that everyone died to get...."

The Young Lord's eyes gleamed. Striding forward, he grabbed the silver trident, tested it out a bit, and then an expression of delight filled his face. Then he looked at Meng Chen, grabbed his bag of holding and rifled through it, then handed it back.

“Not bad, Meng Chen. This will count as a bit of meritorious service for you.” The Young Lord held the trident in hand, looking more and more pleased, until he finally laughed out loud.

“Now that I’ve gotten my hands on a precious treasure, I can go back to the clan and be lavished with praise by the Patriarch.”

Meng Hao swayed back and forth, just barely managing to clasp hands, bow deeply and say, “This does not count as Meng Chen’s meritorious service alone; all of the clan members worked hard to get this trident. Of course, most important was that this was all part of the Young Lord’s master plan. That was the only way we successfully got our hands on the treasure.”

The Young Lord gaped at him for a moment, then clapped him on the shoulder and laughed loudly.

“Excellent, excellent,” the Young Lord said, clearly in a good mood. “Since you’ve made some contributions I’ll give you a reward too. You can get treated in the sick bay for three days. Men, take him away!” Men immediately came forward to lead Meng Hao to the sick bay.

The old Dao Protector frowned. Although he didn’t suspect Meng Hao of anything, he was considering how difficult it was going to be to explain the situation when he got back to the sect. Although he didn’t take time to think about how differently Meng Hao had been acting, the middle-aged cultivator off to the side who had had some dealings with Meng Chen seemed very surprised.

As for the young man from the Han Clan, his eyes were glued to Meng Hao, and began to shine even more brightly than before.

Time passed. After the three days were up, Meng Hao went to his cabin on the ship to practice cultivation. He posted a notice on the door that he was in healing, and nobody disturbed him; after all, few people paid attention to Meng Chen.

As far as life on the ship went, Meng Chen didn’t have any friends. During his time in the sick bay, Meng Hao had already sent his divine sense out to cover the entire ship. If he wanted to, he could kill everyone

on board with a single thought, even the Dao Protector.

After observing things for a while, including conversations between the ordinary clan members, the interactions of the Young Lord Meng De with his Dao Protector, and the perverse fetishes of the young man from the Han Clan which caused Meng Hao to frown, he was gradually able to come to an understanding the type of tough life Meng Chen had experienced on the ship. He had also experienced certain humiliations. Because of all that, there was no one here he could be considered very familiar with, with the exception, perhaps... of the middle-aged butler.

That was the one person who had appeared to be surprised by Meng Hao showing up. Meng Hao could tell after observing the man throughout these three days that although he appeared to be on familiar terms with Meng Chen, he harbored ill intentions. Finally, one night when the man was in a meditative trance, Meng Hao sent some divine will in his direction and quietly sent his mind into chaos, killing him silently.

The man's death caused a bit of a commotion among the Meng Clan, but the Dao Protector's investigations indicated that the man had passed away due to an incident during cultivation, leading to widespread sighing.

The matter was quickly forgotten, and the Meng Clan ship continued to fly through the Heavengod Alliance. It was as they neared one of the exit planets that Meng Hao left the sickbay and returned to Meng Chen's room, where he began to practice meditation.

Because of the death of Patriarch Blacksoul, and the other people Meng Hao had killed, the bounty on his head wasn't very enticing for the Heavengod Alliance any more. Add in the fact that the 33 Hells had opened, and it ensured that few people were even talking about Meng Hao any more. The only people who were searching for him were disciples from some of the sects whose Patriarchs Meng Hao had killed.

Therefore, it was much easier to get around the previously locked down Heavengod Alliance. Most of the exits and teleportation portals were unsealed, and other than inspections performed there, not much else was happening regarding the search.

Many people assumed that Meng Hao had simply died within the 33 Hells.

In fact, not even the Heavengod Society issued any orders regarding what to do about him. Because of all that, it was a simple matter for the Meng Clan's ship to pass through the exit planet and reach... the area outside the Heavengod Alliance!

When that happened, Meng Hao opened his eyes. He could sense the change in the starry sky, and walked out of his cabin onto the deck of the ship, where he stared back at the Heavengod Alliance, sighing.

He hadn't been in the Eighth Mountain and Sea for very long, but he had already experienced many, many things.

He had exterminated the Blacksoul Society, been put on the wanted list by the Heavengod Alliance, had fulfilled his long-time wish of taking the Imperial examinations again, had encountered the Daoist priest of the Righteous Noble Sect, had learned the Seal the Heavens Incantation, had entered the 33 Hells, had killed Dao Lords, had been possessed by Greed, had acquired an entire body's worth of good fortune, and had taken the place of Meng Chen on this ship.

"After I get to the Meng Clan... I'm definitely going to do some incredible things!" Meng Hao smiled, and his eyes glittered. It was at this point that the languid voice of a man suddenly spoke out behind him.

"You're going to be spending the night with me."

Chapter 1250: The Way Back

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever; he didn't seem to be surprised at all by the voice he had just heard. He turned around slowly and found the young man from the Han Clan leaning up against the bulkhead.

The young man was looking at Meng Hao with a strange gleam in his eye, almost as if he were teasing him. It was a look of derision, and at the same time, titillation. His glittering eyes almost seemed capable of piercing through Meng Hao's garments to stare at his entire body.

In fact... as he stared, he even started to pant.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever. Although he didn't have access to Meng Chen's memories, his divine sense had been enveloping the ship for days now, and he knew that this young man enjoyed back door action and had even humiliated Meng Chen in the past....

"I love that look in your eye!" the young man said, panting. "I'm not waiting until tonight!" He began walking toward Meng Hao, lifting his hand up as if to grab him.

At the same time, the young man's Dao Protector could just barely be seen behind him. Apparently, he was used to turning a blind eye to the young man's behavior. Currently, he simply closed his eyes.

Meng Hao smiled, and although it was an icy smile, to the young man from the Han Clan, it was the most beautiful and enchanting smile he had ever seen.

"You should be happy," the young man growled. "I usually only take people once, but you... I want you a second time!" As his hand latched onto Meng Hao's shoulder, he licked his lips. He was just about to stick his hand into his robe when Meng Hao's own hand shot up like lightning and grabbed the young man by the neck.

He squeezed softly, and the young man began to shake. Gaping, his face began to turn purple, and his eyes bulged, filled with an expression of

disbelief and shock.

As soon as the Dao Protector saw what was happening, his face flickered. Before he could even move though, Meng Hao looked at him.

One look.

One gaze.

The man felt as if the Heavens were crushing down on him through that gaze. It was like the bright glow of a precious treasure, and it stabbed all the way into the man's mind, where it became crashing lightning.

The Dao Protector didn't even have the time to scream. He shook violently, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. He was instantly blinded, and then blood began to ooze out of his orifices. His qi passageways were shattered and his bones crushed. Then, he flopped over, twitched a few times, and rapidly withered up into ash, which then faded away. It all happened in the blink of an eye.

The only thing that remained of him was some white mist, which Meng Hao quickly absorbed.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. He had subconsciously drawn on the power of the fourth Nirvana Fruit with that single glance, and had not expected it to be so powerful.

The young man from the Han Clan was gaping in shock and trembling. The look in his eyes as he stared at Meng Hao was one of complete terror and astonishment, and were it not for the fact that Meng Hao's hand was clamped onto his throat, he would be screaming.

He had always thought of himself as being quite resourceful, but in this moment of hopelessness, no amount of plans or scheming could do anything about the incredible power of the person he was facing. He simply had no way out.

If by this point he didn't realize that the person in front of him wasn't Meng Chen, then he didn't deserve to think of himself as being resourceful. In fact, because of the murderous aura coming off of Meng Hao, he was actually able to guess at who he was.

The fear in the young man's eyes betrayed his feelings, and within his eyes, a pleading look could be seen.

"There is no enmity between us, and I'm not a murderer," Meng Hao said coolly. "I wouldn't kill you just because you said something that offended me." However, Meng Hao's words didn't make the young man feel any better, and in fact, he was even more incredibly terrified than before, and the look in his eye grew more pleading.

"You seem to be an intelligent person, so presumably you know a bit about Karma," Meng Hao continued. "Meng Chen hated you, and I'm here to help him. Since you like back door action...." Meng Hao smiled. His hand turned into a gray blur which passed into the young man's body. Suddenly, the young man began to sprout fur....

The fur grew thick and luxuriant... and eventually covered his entire body. In the end, he didn't even look human any longer, but rather, more like a trembling animal. Finally, Meng Hao put him into his bag of holding... next to the parrot.

With that, Meng Hao waved his sleeve, causing all the evidence to vanish. As for the young man's background and identity in the Han Clan, Meng Hao knew all about it but didn't care.

He could exterminate the Heavengod Alliance's Blacksoul Society, and then cause chaos within their borders. Why would he possibly care about some Young Lord of the Han Clan?

Actually, in terms of status, the young Han Clan cultivator didn't come close to being as high as Meng Hao.

Waving his sleeve, Meng Hao walked back into the ship, where he sat down cross-legged in his cabin. Soon, the Young Lord of the Meng Clan discovered that the young man from the Han Clan had gone missing. However, no one worried that he was in any sort of danger; they assumed he had simply left of his own volition.

Time passed. Eventually, Meng Hao came to find out that Meng De was one of nine Young Lords of the Meng Clan, and that he was ranked toward the bottom. Although the position itself was high, the chances of him

inheriting the leadership of the clan were relatively remote.

His reason for going out traveling on his own had not been because of orders from the clan. No, it had been Meng De's idea all along. In his opinion, the cultivation resources available in the clan were insufficient. Therefore, he decided to travel to the Heavengod Alliance, purchase some goods that were restricted and not easy to find outside, then take them to some of the trading outposts in the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

He planned to use the subsequent profits to support his extravagant lifestyle.

That was why he was on this merchant ship. As for his bodyguards, like Meng Chen, they were all clan members who nobody else really cared about, who had been forced into service to Meng De.

From Meng Hao's perspective, he was nothing more than a brainless idiot born into power. Even Fang Xi back in the Fang Clan outclassed him in all aspects. Meng Hao almost couldn't believe that with his position as a Young Lord he was relying on these kinds of methods to try to make money.

Were Meng Hao in his situation, with status like that, he could think of countless ways to turn a profit without having to go on some trading journey.

At the same time, Meng Hao couldn't help but feel sorry for Meng De in his idiocy.

Meng Hao had also taken advantage of his time on board to carefully Soulsearch some of the members of the Meng Clan.

He learned that his grandfather's bloodline truly was extremely down and out; it was so bad that they had been driven out of the Meng Clan ancestral mansion, and were forced to live on the borders of the clan. Even some vassals had higher statuses than them.

Virtually everyone in the bloodline was mortal. Of the few dozen cultivators they did have, most were in the Spirit Realm. Meng Chen had been the only one with latent talent outstanding enough to make a

cultivation base breakthrough. By offering worship to an ancestral object, he had been able to acquire the power of a false Immortal.

As for the rest of the Spirit Realm cultivators in the bloodline, they didn't get picked on too much in the clan, but that was because... despite their names being on the clan genealogies, they were on the verge of being completely disowned.

To many other members of the Meng Clan, they were nothing more than servants. Actually, there was some truth to that. The several dozen Spirit Realm members of the bloodline had become very low-ranking retainers to the clan's Young Lords and Ladies.

As for why such a powerful bloodline could fall so far in less than a thousand years, that was a question that Meng Hao could not find an answer to in the memories that he had searched. However, there was one thing he became certain of....

His grandfather's bloodline really was nothing more than orphans and widows now. All of the Senior members of the clan were either dead, or had crippled cultivation bases, making them useless. Furthermore, when it came to males... there were very few.

If Meng Hao didn't take Meng Chen's place, then in another hundred years, his grandfather's bloodline might be fully wiped out, and then... there would be no more bloodline.

The mere thought of that caused Meng Hao's heart to twinge with pain. Even more so, it made him wonder how exactly it came to be that all the powerful experts were wiped out.

Who did such a thing!?!?

It would be very, very difficult for a bloodline like that to rise to prominence. Even Meng Hao wasn't sure exactly how to go about it. He might be able to personally intervene to support the bloodline, and could even prop this branch of the Meng Clan up by using his Hexes to manipulate a large number of clan members to serve under this branch. However, he would surely meet resistance, and given the strength of the rest of the clan he would be forced to enact a purge by blood. If a blood

purge occurred, and then another clan came along to fight the weakened Meng Clan, then it wouldn't be impossible for the entire clan to be wiped out.

Of course, all of that was mere supposition....

Most importantly of all, Meng Hao knew that true war was coming, and that was no internal conflict within the Mountain and Sea Realm, but rather the 33 Heavens and the other two powers that were crushing down over them.

Because of that, he couldn't stay in the Meng Clan for long. Therefore, he was now considering taking his grandfather's bloodline away to the Fang Clan.

All of these thoughts swirled about in his mind, but as he was mulling it over he continued to observe the situation.

The ship went from one bazaar to another, selling all the goods from the Heavengod Alliance. After each transaction, Meng De excitedly squandered the profits by purchasing all sorts of things that Meng Hao felt to be completely useless.

Meng Hao watched it all coldly. His main interest at the moment was finding out whether or not the Meng Clan had been weakened so much in the Eighth Mountain and Sea that people existed who would dare to lift a hand to one of their nine Young Lords, Meng De.

If no one did, it would show that the Meng Clan was still threatening despite their fall from power. In that case, Meng Hao might be willing to resort to a blood purge to restore the position of his grandfather's bloodline.

However, if someone did make a move... then it would show that the Meng Clan was a wilting flower. In that case, a blood purge... would only ensure the eventual destruction of his grandfather's bloodline.

Therefore, he decided to perform a little test. In one of the bazaars, he personally walked around and flaunted some wealth. After ensuring that he had attracted some attention, he made sure everyone realized that he

was with Meng De.

A few days passed, and the ship finally finished its trading route, and began to head back toward the Meng Clan. Meng Hao was in his cabin, sitting there cross-legged, when suddenly he opened his eyes. Off the distance, he saw nine black-robed men. Their faces were covered, but their eyes flickered with greed and malice.

“They’re covering their faces, which means they’re scared....” he thought. “However, they still dare to commit robbery. It seems that their fear doesn’t run too deep!”

Chapter 1251: The Wind Picks Up....

“One cultivation base in the great circle of the Ancient Realm. One mid Ancient Realm. Two early Ancient Realm. Five at the peak of the Immortal Realm.... A group like this would be taken seriously wherever they went. They could be overlords. In fact, in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, they could occupy an entire asteroid bazaar.

“They might even be able to start a sect. It wouldn’t be impossible.” Meng Hao looked them over a bit more closely.

“The most important thing to find out is whether or not they’re rogue cultivators. That’s the first thing. Second, are they from the Meng Clan? Third... are they concealing their faces because they’re worried about people using magic to see what happened here? Or do they simply not plan to kill anyone? Do they... not dare to kill anyone?!” Meng Hao’s expression was calm and thoughtful. He was definitely not the young scholar he had been years ago, who knew nothing of the world beyond the Imperial examinations.

The path of cultivation was a brutal one. Back in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, he had the Fang Clan backing him up. But in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, he was on his own. Add in the fact that his grandfather’s bloodline needed his care, and his help to rise to prominence, it resulted in his heart growing colder and more vicious than ever.

The parrot was perched on his shoulder, apparently savoring some wonderful memory. Occasionally it would look at Meng Hao out of the corner of its eye. It could sense the changes in him, faint as they were, and knew that the pressures of the world were altering him.

The meat jelly was flopped in front of him, stretching lazily. The mastiff, who was back to being tiny again, would occasionally bat the meat jelly around with its paws. Overall, the two of them were having a great time playing around.

After a long moment passed, the nine black-robed men gave each other

knowing looks and then began to perform incantation gestures. Instantly, a shield spread out, cutting off the entire area from communication with the outside world. Killing intent then flickered in their eyes as they transformed into nine beams of light that shot toward the Meng Clan ship. Meng Hao closed his eyes.

A few breaths of time passed, after which Meng De's Dao Protector, who was sitting there cross-legged, suddenly opened his eyes. Looking very nervous, he suddenly burst out of his cabin and looked off into the distance.

"Ambush!! Protect the Young Lord!" Although he was shouting, he kept his voice constrained so that it didn't travel beyond the ship. Immediately, all of the members of the Meng Clan on board burst into activity.

A moment later, a protective shield glittered into place, covering the ship. Meng De rushed out, trembling and ashen-faced, followed by more than a dozen other clan members. They all stood there nervously, not a single one of them bothering to notice whether Meng Hao was present or not. Everyone was looking at the nine beams of light which were streaking in their direction.

The cultivator in the lead position had a cultivation base at the great circle of the Ancient Realm, which was the same as Meng De's Dao Protector. As for the cultivators following him, those with Immortal Realm cultivation bases were less impressive, but the two early Ancient Realm experts caused the Meng Clan cultivators' faces to fall.

Other than Meng De's Dao Protector, who was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, everyone else was in the Immortal Realm, except for two who happened to be in the early Ancient Realm. That put the number of ancient realm cultivators on their side at one less than the enemy. 1

The one they were missing... was someone to counter the mid Ancient Realm enemy!!

One person could sometimes have a huge effect on a battle like this, and even determine the final outcome.

"Are they just passing by?" Meng De asked in a low voice, trembling in

obvious fear. “They must be. How could they possibly have the gall to attack the Meng Clan?”

“Young Lord, these people are not just passing by,” the old Dao Protector said, frowning. He looked at Meng De and sighed inwardly.

“That’s impossible!” Meng De screeched. “How dare they! How dare they show such disrespect to the Meng Clan. When I get back I’m definitely going to report this to the Grand Elder, and he’ll exterminate their entire clan!!”

“Oh, shut up!” the old Dao Protector said, clearly annoyed. He had already attempted to make contact with the Meng Clan several times, unsuccessfully. He knew that communications had been interfered with, and was inwardly feeling quite bitter. Waving his sleeve, he caused the ship to send shining lights up into the air, forming an enormous ‘meng’ character 孟!

“Greetings, friends,” the old Dao Protector called out, sounding quite tough. “This ship belongs to the Meng Clan. Please clear the way!” He knew the consequences that could result from showing weakness, so he bolstered his words with his cultivation base, causing them to echo out with the power of the great circle of the Ancient Realm.

The nine incoming figures didn’t even pause. Their eyes flickered with killing intent as they closed in on the ship. As they did, they performed incantations, then waved their fingers, causing the void around them to distort as a huge battle-axe materialized.

The battle-axe radiated a bloody, murderous aura that filled the entire area. It suddenly slashed down toward the Meng Clan ship, causing a boom to ring out when it slammed into the shield.

Cracking sounds could be heard from the shield as fissures spread out, cracking sounds which echoed like death knells into the ears of the members of the Meng Clan.

Meng De was shaking, and his face was the picture of terror. The other clan members behind them had looks of despair on their faces, and even his Dao Protector was shaken by how terrifying this combined attack was.

A huge boom rang out as the ship's shield exploded into fragments that swept over everything.

Several Meng Clan cultivators screamed out in agony as the shrapnel from the shield shredded them to bits.

At the same time, the black-robed men gazed down with killing intent as their leader charged toward the old Dao Protector. In the blink of an eye, the two were engaged in deadly combat, causing booms to ring out, along with the ripples of magical combat.

The two early Ancient Realm cultivators immediately attacked their counterparts among the Meng Clan, who had no choice but to fight back. Soon, all four were locked in deadly fighting, blasting out with magical techniques, causing booms to ring out.

The five enemy cultivators at the peak of the Immortal Realm immediately attacked the rest of the Meng Clan cultivators. Instantly, a slaughter was underway, and miserable shrieks rang out all over the ship.

As for the final black-robed man, the one in the mid Ancient Realm, he hovered above the ship, looking coldly at the shivering, terrified Meng De.

"What are you doing!?" Meng De shrieked. "I'll give you anything you want! You can't kill me, I'm a Young Lord of the Meng Clan. If anything bad happens here, it won't matter where you run to in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, you'll be dead!"

"The Meng Clan might be in decline, but we still have our prestige. If it's money you're after, you can have it!" Meng De quickly produced a bag of holding, which he tossed out. The decisiveness with which he did so caused Meng Hao's expression to flicker, and he suddenly started paying a bit closer attention to Meng De.

"So, he's not completely useless after all," he murmured. Looking back at the black-robed men, his eyes flickered. By this point, he could tell that the nine of them... were no rogue cultivators!

Rogue cultivators couldn't attack with such fluid unity, or have this kind of combination divine ability. Furthermore, the magical techniques and

items they were using all seemed similar.

“If they’re not rogue cultivators, that means the Meng Clan is still powerful enough to be threatening. However, if there are sects willing to try to rob the Meng Clan, it shows that however threatening they are, it’s beginning to be insufficient.” Meng Hao frowned. The more he learned about the Meng Clan, the more he realized how difficult of a task faced him.

It was at this point that the bloodcurdling screams ringing out on the ship began to fade away. Other than Meng De, everyone else was dead.

Out in the starry sky, the Meng Clan’s two early Ancient Realm cultivators exchanged ashen glances, then began to flee.

Before they could get very far, though, the mid Ancient Realm cultivator in the black robes let out a cold snort, then stepped out in pursuit. Moments later, two screams rang out into the void. Shortly thereafter, the black-robed man returned, a head held in each hand, which he then tossed down onto the ship.

The battle between the two cultivators in the great circle of the Ancient Realm was reaching a head. Meng De’s Dao protector suddenly roared, “Haven’t you people done enough killing!? Look, the treasure is right there, just take it! Why are you actually killing us?!?!”

Almost as soon as the words left his mouth, the black-robed man up above performed an incantation gesture, once again summoning the battle-axe.

The Dao Protector’s face fell and, despite his injuries, he began to retreat. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he transformed into a beam of light as he attempted to escape. His mission was to protect Meng De, but when it came down to his own survival, he would always place himself first.

However, before he could even move, someone flickered into being behind him, someone that not even Meng Hao had noticed until the moment before he made his entrance.

The Dao Protector, on the other hand, hadn't noticed at all. As soon as the person appeared, his finger slashed out, stabbing into the back of the Dao Protector's head. A pop could be heard, and a tremor ran through the old man. Then his head exploded, and his Nascent Divinity was shattered. Black flames engulfed his body, rapidly burning him up. Within the space of a few breaths of time, he was completely transformed into ash.

The other black-robed men immediately stopped what they were doing and clasped hands in respect.

This new figure was fully three meters tall, clad in a voluminous black robe. A white mask covered his face, a mask that was decorated with countless eyes and was terrifying in appearance.

He looked coldly at the other nine black-robed men, and then stepped forward onto the ship without saying another word.

Meng Hao still sat in his cabin, watching everything that was happening. Now, his face looked very serious. He got a strange feeling from these people, especially the cloaking techniques they used, which were something he had never encountered before. However, he was still confident that he could crush them in a fight.

"From the look of it, they aren't here to plunder...." he thought. Looking at the black-robed men, his eyes suddenly began to shine.

As for Meng De, he was trembling visibly, backing up and panting at the same time. It was at this point that the black-robed man in the great circle of the Ancient Realm slowly lowered his cowl to reveal his face. Shockingly... his face looked exactly like the dead Dao Protector's!

One by one, the other black-robed men began to reveal their faces, which looked exactly like the various dead members of the Meng Clan!

"You...." Meng De's face was ashen. Even if he were more of an idiot than he already was, he would be able to tell what was going on. He continued to back up, shaken, terrified as he continued to try to make contact with the Meng Clan. However, his efforts were in vain.

1. I'm pretty sure the number of Ancient Realm cultivators doesn't match up with the original description of the ship, although that could be explained as people joining while Meng Hao was in the 33 Hells, or during the subsequent trading activity.

Chapter 1252: Attack!

Meng Hao remained seated in his cabin, watching what was happening through narrowed eyes. Frowning, he turned his attention to the man in the mask.

“Well now, how much do we want to bet that this guy has Meng De’s face?” he murmured.

In almost exactly the same moment, the man with the mask of eyes slowly reached up and removed his mask. Just as Meng Hao guessed, his face... down to the tiniest detail, looked exactly like... Meng De’s!

They were exactly the same!!

Meng De’s eyes went wide, and he stopped in place, pointing a quivering finger at the black-robed man. His expression was one of intense fear, and then he began to laugh bitterly with the realization that he was going to die!

“Kill him,” said the man with Meng De’s face, his voice cool. “Clean everything up. We’re going... back to the Meng Clan.” Even the man’s voice sounded exactly like Meng De’s.

As the words left his mouth, one of the other cultivators who had changed his appearance to look like one of Meng De’s retinue smiled and reached out to end Meng De’s life.

However, it was in that very moment that a sigh rang out, filling the starry sky. The man with Meng De’s face looked shocked, as did the other cultivators, who immediately began looking around vigilantly.

“Whoever’s out there with these parlor tricks, show your face!” said the fake Meng De. His divine sense spread out, and the aura of the Dao Realm suddenly exploded out. Although he only had one Essence, to Meng De, that was thoroughly terrifying.

That sigh came from Meng Hao, of course. He had no choice but to act. If he allowed these people to kill Meng De, infiltrating the Meng Clan would become vastly more difficult. Obviously, they wouldn’t just let him

join up with them, and if he killed them all and went back to the Meng Clan alone, it would be very difficult to explain. Obviously, people would suspect him of being complicit in the events.

Meng Hao's main goal was to free his grandfather's bloodline, which first entailed getting into the Meng Clan, then understanding the situation as a whole before finally making a decision on what to do.

"This is so annoying," Meng Hao thought, shaking his head. He took a step out, eyes flashing, and as he did, his face transformed. When he appeared out in the starry sky outside, no one could tell that he had just emerged from within the ship. It was as if he had materialized out of thin air, right in front of the black-robed men.

The man with Meng De's face backed up, eyes widening.

"Kill him!" he ordered. The other nine black-robed men were scared, but they immediately complied, erupting with cultivation base power. Performing incantation gestures, they caused that murderous battle-axe to appear, which then slashed down toward Meng Hao.

Meng De shrank back into a corner, watching with nervous excitement.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever. Now that every aspect of his cultivation base had been raised by Greed, he didn't even attack, he just looked at the descending weapon. Then, instead of evading, he raised his finger and flicked the axe.

He did not use any divine ability or magical technique; he relied only on the power of his fleshly body. As soon as his finger touched the battle-axe, a boom rang out. The black-robed men had vicious expressions on their faces; they were completely confident in their joint attack power. When they combined forces to use this Daoist magic, it was so powerful that it could shake the Quasi-Dao Realm. The only downside was that they could only use it a limited number of times. Even still, it had been praised by a Dao Realm expert in the past, leaving these nine men completely confident.

However, their faces were now frozen in shock, their eyes wide with disbelief and awe. Three of them even cried out in alarm.

“This....”

“Impossible!”

“He....”

To their astonishment, when Meng Hao’s finger made contact with the axe, Meng Hao wasn’t shaken at all, nor did his expression change. A rumbling boom rang out, as well as numerous cracking sounds. Those sounds all came... from the battle-axe!

The combined Daoist magic of these nine individuals, a magical battle-axe that filled them with complete confidence, was covered with cracks by its mere contact with Meng Hao’s finger. The cracks spread out, growing more dense, covering the entire battle-axe, until it shattered....

The backlash hit the nine cultivators, causing blood to spray out of their mouths. Then they looked at Meng Hao with unprecedented terror and shock. Even the man with Meng De’s face couldn’t stop his eyes from widening.

Not even a white line appeared on Meng Hao’s index finger, his fleshly body had become so powerful that this battle-axe had absolutely no chance of affecting him even a tiny bit.

Meng Hao smiled slightly, quite pleased with the power of his fleshly body. He looked up at the nine cultivators, eyes flickering with killing intent. Then he suddenly vanished, whereupon the minds of all nine men exploded with a sensation of life-or-death crisis. Without the slightest hesitation, they began to flee.

However, they were not qualified to do any such thing in front of Meng Hao. He appeared in front of the man in the great circle of the Ancient Realm and casually bumped into him with his body.

A boom rang out as his simple blow slammed into the man, causing blood to spray out of his mouth, whereupon his body exploded. His Nascent Divinity didn’t even have a chance to escape, and was also destroyed.

That was from bumping into him!

The man with Meng De's face was astonished. Scalp numb, he fell back, transforming into a flickering shadow as he tried to escape. However, Meng Hao simply let out a harrumph.

The sound transformed into an explosive shockwave that rocked the starry sky. A tempest whipped up, sweeping across everything. Eight of the fleeing black-robed men were shredded to pieces, including their bones, organs, and Nascent Divinities. There was no need to mention their fleshly bodies. Popping sounds could be heard as they were transformed into a bloody mist that spread out into the starry sky.

"Dao Lord!!" cried the man with Meng De's face. Although he had already guessed at how terrifyingly powerful Meng Hao was, to see the destructive result of Meng Hao's single snort left him without any further doubts. No matter what Meng Hao actually looked like, his battle prowess... was something that only a Dao Lord could unleash.

The man's heart was trembling; he had never imagined that upon just beginning his mission, he would suddenly run into a terrifying Dao Lord. After all, in the Mountain and Sea Realm, Dao Lords were mighty figures who could affect the entire Realm with the stamp of a foot!

Dao Lords were only one step away from being Dao Sovereigns, who were qualified to vie for the position of Mountain and Sea Lord!

The black-robed man stared with wild eyes. He was already a blur as he attempted to flee; in the blink of an eye, he was gone, and the shockwave of Meng Hao's sound attack passed by the position he had just occupied.

When he reappeared, he was far off in the distance. Without even looking over his shoulder, he began to flee.

"What a strange Essence," Meng Hao thought, intrigued. He took a step forward and vanished. When he reappeared, he was right behind the fleeing man. Meng Hao reached out and made a grasping motion, using the Star Plucking Magic.

Instantly, a shocking gravitational force rumbled into being, spreading out through the starry sky as Meng Hao's hand turned into a black hole. The void distorted, countless motes of dust sped toward him, and fissures

spread out.

The black-robed man's mind was rumbling, and his astonishment reached a peak as he flew back toward Meng Hao, his body completely beyond his own control. The sensation of deadly crisis in his mind caused him to hold nothing back as he unleashed all of his Essence power to break free from Meng Hao's grasp. Suddenly, ghost images sprang up around him.

A boom rang out as hundreds of black-robed figures suddenly began to pour out, all of whom fled in different directions. The only thing left behind in Meng Hao's hand was a piece of skin.

"Clones?" Meng Hao murmured, looking around at all the fleeing figures. His eyes began to shine; these were obviously clones, and the sheer number involved piqued Meng Hao's interest.

He was also shocked; given his current cultivation base, not even Dao Lords were a match for him, and yet this 1-Essence Dao Realm cultivator had eluded him twice now.

Of course, some of that was because Meng Hao had not utilized a powerful divine ability. By now, he was at the point where even a casual attack on his part was something that a 1-Essence Dao Realm cultivator couldn't easily avoid.

Although Meng Hao was surprised, the man in the black robe was already frightened to death. He had risked everything just to escape those two times, and even still, the backlash had left him seriously injured. That was especially true of his final move of splitting into hundreds of clones, which seriously damaged his Essence.

"Dammit, he's no ordinary Dao Lord! He must be at the peak of the Dao Lord Realm. We've kept track of how many Dao Lords there are in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and he's not one of them!!" Even as the man fled in terror, Meng Hao's eyes gleamed with a gray glow.

He suddenly cried out, causing a huge wolf's head to appear behind him. This was one of Greed's magical techniques, although in Meng Hao's hands it was more wolf-like and less greed-focused. The wolf appeared in

the middle of the starry sky, radiating bloody murder, completely domineering as it opened its mouth wide and began to inhale.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE....

The entire starry sky trembled and began to shatter, converging on Meng Hao at the center. It was as if... everything in the area, including the natural laws and the energy of Heaven and Earth, were now being sucked in by Meng Hao!

The hundreds of clones screamed as they were swept up and then began to explode. In the blink of an eye, countless showers of blood filled the starry sky.

In the end, there was only one figure that didn't explode, which then spun toward Meng Hao, who grabbed him by the neck, sealed him, and tossed him into his bag of holding.

A mighty Dao Realm cultivator was treated like a baby chicken!

Meng Hao could sense how powerful he was after being re-moulded by Greed. He was now... in a state far more powerful than a Dao Lord.

"Once I push open the Door of the Ancient Realm... I'll be even more powerful!" Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and he turned to look back at the Meng Clan ship off in the distance, and Meng De, who was gaping at him wide-eyed. Gradually, Meng Hao faded away.

The entire starry sky was completely silent. Meng De's face was ashen as he stared blankly out into the starry sky. Then he looked around at the corpses on the ship. Fear still lingered within him, and grief was now welling up. Despite his age, this was his first time experiencing anything like this. Because of the terror and confusion in his heart, he didn't notice at all that because of Meng Hao's interference, whatever had been blocking communications had already been broken, allowing connection to the outside world once again.

Meng De began to weep, but then suddenly recalled something. After looking around at the corpses, he rushed back into the ship. It had just occurred to him that apparently... there was another survivor on board.

As of this moment, anyone left alive with him on board was like a relative!

Chapter 1253: This is the Meng Clan!

Before charging into the ship, Meng De really didn't have much of a notion as to who Meng Chen was at all. The main thing he remembered was that, of all the clan members who had entered the 33 Hells, he had been the only one to come out alive.

He had also offered up an ancient magical item which had pleased Meng De quite a bit. Because of that, Meng Chen did stick out slightly within his memories.

But now, he was filled with an intense hope that nothing had happened to Meng Chen. He didn't want to be the only living person left on the ship. When he thought about the deadly ordeal he had just been through, he was left trembling. He might be an idiot, but he wasn't so stupid that he was beyond redemption. Despite being a silkpants, he was still able to think for himself.

As a cultivator, he was merely average, but because of the prestige of his bloodline, he had become a Young Lord. However, even that hadn't been his choice; he had been given no options in the matter.

Right now, he wasn't thinking about his status at all. When people have brushes with death, status is usually the last thing they think about. He just wanted someone from his clan to be there with him, someone who could share the burden of this terrifying experience.

Meng De found Meng Hao lying unconscious at the very bottom of the ship. He hurried forward, and when he confirmed that he was unconscious and not dead, Meng De was elated. He didn't spend much time considering why Meng Hao was alive when everyone else was dead; he assumed it was because his cultivation base was so low, and had thus simply been swept aside by the divine sense of the black-robed men. Either they didn't care about him, or had planned to kill him later.

Regardless of the reason, Meng Chen wasn't dead.

Meng De excitedly pulled out some medicinal pills. Normally, he was very stingy when it came to medicinal pills, but in this case he poured

them all into Meng Hao's mouth.

"Don't die, Meng Chen," he said, tears streaming down his face. "There's only the two of us now, you can't die..." Picking him up in his arms, he carried him back to the main deck. There, he used the power of his own cultivation base to slowly get the boat to limp along.

He tried over and over again to make contact with the clan, but despite the barrier having been removed, his messages weren't going through for some reason.

Eventually, Meng Hao woke up.

When he did, Meng De approached excitedly, suddenly overwhelmed with feelings of familial connection. He immediately began to recount everything that had occurred, and before long, Meng De started feeling as if he and Meng Chen were friends.

Time passed. In Meng De's mind, the two of them were relying on each other to survive. They took turns steering, cautiously sending the ship in the direction of the Meng Clan, fearful of running into anyone they couldn't afford to provoke.

Meng De had never experienced any dangerous situations like this before in his life. He would frequently pull out a jade slip to try to make contact, but it never worked, so he had no choice but to spend his time with Meng Hao, fearfully flying through space.

They continued to chat to bide the time, and it eventually got to the point where Meng De didn't hold anything back. He talked with Meng Hao about the clan, and about everything else. He even began to give Meng Hao advice.

"Meng Chen, your cultivation base is too weak. That won't do...."

"Once we get back to the clan, I'll have them give you some techniques and medicinal pills. You need to get your cultivation base higher, at least to the peak of the Immortal Realm.

"Don't worry, in the future, you can count on me for everything.

“Hey, when do you think we’ll get home...? Why can’t we make contact with the clan? It hasn’t worked this entire time....”

On one particular day as he piloted the ship, Meng De suddenly thought of something. He looked over at Meng Hao, who was sitting there cross-legged, and suddenly asked, “Oh right, Meng Chen, I just thought of something. The first time I saw you, your face was as smooth as a baby’s. But the next time, your nose was busted and you had all those scars.”

“You don’t know what happened?” Meng Hao replied coolly. By this point, they had been drifting in space for almost a month. Because of Meng Hao’s vast experience in life, the two of them had reached a state in which Meng Hao actually occupied the superior position. Although he didn’t speak much, whenever he did, Meng De paid earnest attention to whatever Meng Hao said.

Meng De was the Young Lord, but if anyone who didn’t know them could watch them interact, they would assume that Meng Hao was actually the Young Lord.

“Huh? No, what happened?” Meng De replied, sounding shocked.

Meng Hao looked at him and could see that he really had no idea. From this, it was apparent that it was the butler who had arranged for Meng Chen to wait upon the Young Lord from the Han Clan, and not Meng De. The butler had clearly been acting on his own.

Meng Hao shook his head and didn’t say anything more. Meng De scratched his head and thought for a while, but really couldn’t think of anything that had happened on the ship. However, he could also sense that Meng Hao had perhaps been on the receiving end of some sort of abuse.

“Meng Chen, uh... you know, I used to be kind of a... nasty person. Well, back then we didn’t know each other. Don’t worry, from now on, whatever Meng De has also belongs to you!” Meng De slapped his chest and looked proudly at Meng Hao. For some reason, Meng De had come to care a lot about what Meng Hao thought of him.

Meng Hao smiled slightly. His view of things had changed a bit too in

recent days. He could see that although Meng De was a silkpants and occasionally acted like an idiot, he wasn't completely beyond redemption.

Two months later, Meng De's continued efforts to contact the clan finally paid off. Meng De was suddenly very excited, as he was finally able to report back and explain everything that had occurred.

A day later, Meng Hao could see five beams of light approaching from off in the distance. In the lead position was an old man with white hair. He looked threatening without being angry, and his cultivation base was in the Dao Realm. Although he only had one Essence, it was still the Dao Realm.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he stood there next to Meng De.

Behind the old man were three men and a woman. The woman was middle-aged, but had maintained her appearance well and was pretty. However, her brow was furrowed as she flew along, and when she caught site of Meng De and the terrible condition he was in, she began to cry. Immediately, she rushed forward and hugged him.

"Mom... I'm fine," he said, although he was also weeping. Everything that had happened recently had far exceeded his capacity to accept. Without Meng Hao there to help him, he wasn't sure how he would have coped.

"De'er, you poor thing...." his mother said, tousling his hair. There was something different about this version of Meng De. He had lost some of that boisterous silkpants air, and gained a bit of maturity. Although his mother was happy about that, her heart still hurt.

Of the three men who had come with the old Dao Realm expert, one was in the late Ancient Realm, just a hair away from the great circle. He and Meng De looked quite alike, and after looking Meng De over, he embraced him.

"Dad...." Meng De said, sobbing.

The other two men fanned out and began to inspect the ship,

occasionally taking note of the things they observed. As for the old Dao Realm expert, he looked softly at Meng De, then glanced over at Meng Hao, his gaze quite intimidating.

“When the master is humiliated, the servants are executed,” the old man said coolly. “Considering you managed to successfully keep him alive, you’ll be permitted to say some final words.” One of the cultivators inspecting the ship turned toward Meng Hao and began to walk in his direction, face stony.

Meng Hao frowned and sighed inwardly. He had overlooked the matter of face. The more people who learned about what had occurred on the ship, the worse it would be for the Meng Clan. He might be a member of the clan, but in this situation, the simplest way to handle the situation would be to eliminate him as a witness.

However, it was at this point that Meng De struggled out of his father’s embrace and leaped in front of Meng Hao. Looking pleadingly toward the old Dao Realm cultivator, he said, “Grandpa, this is my Brother!”

The old man looked at Meng Hao silently. As far as the other cultivator, he didn’t stop walking, and in fact reached out to grab Meng Hao.

Seeing what was happening, Meng De urgently cried out, “He saved my life! If you kill him, I’ll kill myself!” With that, he placed his hand threateningly on top of his own head and glared decisively at his grandfather.

Meng Hao stared in shock, as did Meng De’s grandfather. The cultivator reaching out toward Meng Hao stopped in his tracks. As for Meng De’s parents, they were equally astonished.

As far as they could remember, Meng De usually acted like a silkpants in public, but was always very compliant around them. Although they weren’t too happy about that, there was little to be done about it. But now, Meng De suddenly was losing his temper in front of their Patriarch, and even uttering threats. This actually caused his parents to be very happy.

The old man looked closely at Meng De and the decisiveness in his eyes. He knew his grandson well, and was aware that he had always had a weak

personality. In fact, this was the first time he had ever acted like this. After a moment passed, the old man suddenly laughed.

“Alright, it seems you’ve learned that you should protect your followers, even standing up to me to do it. De’er, you’ve grown up.” The old man swished his sleeve, sending away the cultivator who had been advancing on Meng Hao.

Next, the old man looked at Meng Hao and said, “De’er has a lot of weaknesses, but he also has unique strengths. He was willing to defy me for your sake, so in the future, take good care of yourself.” With a final look at Meng Hao, the old man turned and took control of the ship, sending it flying through the starry sky toward the Meng Clan.

Rumbling could be heard as it transformed into a beam of light that shot forward at a speed far beyond what it had been traveling at before. Soon, it vanished.

Two days later, the ship pierced through the starry sky into the area controlled by the Meng Clan.

From a distance, the Meng Clan looked like a huge continent floating out in the middle of the sky.

There were mountains and seas visible, as well as numerous cities. It was even possible to see living creatures that had multiplied over generations and were now everywhere. It emanated brilliant light and powerful ripples, and attached to the main continent were eight smaller continents.

Each of those lands was filled with imposing buildings and structures, all of which formed an enormous spell formation.

This was the Meng Clan!

In the very middle of the central continent could be seen an enormous statue.

Strangest of all was that the statue’s face had been scraped clean, and had no facial features.... Even still, it radiated intense power in all directions.

As soon as Meng Hao felt that pressure, he was inwardly shocked.

“Feels like a Dao Sovereign.... No. Wait, that’s... the qi flow of the Mountains and Seas!!”

Chapter 1254: Grandma Meng!

Meng Hao was completely shocked to be able to sense the qi flow of the Mountain and Sea Realm here, and it suddenly caused him to recall the fact that the Mountain and Sea Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea was supposed to be from the Meng Clan....

However, after arriving in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, everything he had heard and seen seemed to indicate the contrary, as if his memories were incorrect.

Meng Hao had been confused by that from the beginning, especially after hearing that the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea was called Heavengod. From then on, he had begun to speculate about the situation.

“Heavengod. Heavengod.... has no surname attached to it.” Eyes flickering, he looked at the statue, sensing the qi flow of the Mountain and Sea Realm. That was something that no one other than him could detect.

Based on the fact that the statue’s face had been scraped off, Meng Hao got the feeling that there was some secret connection between Heavengod and the Meng Clan in the past.

“We’re home!” Meng De shouted. “Finally... we’re home!! Meng Chen, we’re home!” Meng De stood next to Meng Hao, looking excitedly at the Meng Clan continent and taking in a deep breath. From the look on his face, it was as if he suddenly had a new lease on life.

“Home....” Meng Hao murmured. When he thought about the members of his grandfather’s bloodline, his eyes flickered and turned to focus on one of the nine smaller continents attached to the larger one.

According to the Soulseaching he had performed on the Meng Clan cultivators on the ship, his grandfather’s bloodline was on the smallest continent among the nine.

Soon, the ship landed on the central continent, in the huge city that surrounded the statue. That was also the location of the Meng Clan ancestral mansion.

Meng De flew out, to where hundreds of Meng Clan cultivators were all waiting to receive him. Once he appeared, they clasped hands, bowed, and said, "We offer respectful greetings, Ninth Young Lord!"

Of course, Meng De was the Ninth Young Lord, and almost as soon as he heard that greeting, he seemed to revert to his old silkpants self. He nodded slightly as people clustered around him to escort him off into the distance. His father and mother had long since departed, and just as Meng De was about to leave, he seemed to remember Meng Chen, and turned. He looked at Meng Hao with a smile, then waved his hand, sending a jade pendant flying out.

Meng Hao caught it, after which Meng De spoke in a loud voice: "I'll come looking for you in a few days."

Meng Hao hefted the jade pendant and smiled. At first, nobody in the area had paid the slightest attention to him, but after Meng De gave him the jade pendant, people began to take notice of him, and their eyes glittered.

Meng Hao didn't care about all of that. He disembarked from the ship, and then looked around at all the buildings. The entire place was unfamiliar, and the architecture was circular in design, much more flowing and unconstrained than the Fang Clan's orderliness and stark, angular layout. As for the ancestral mansion, it was also constructed in a circular shape, and gave off a sophisticated, courtly air.

Numerous cultivators could be seen in the ancestral city as Meng Hao walked down the streets, and he quickly noticed that most of them were in the Spirit Realm. Immortal Realm cultivators were less common; for every hundred people he saw, only a handful were Immortals.

There were no shops in the area, nor were there any inns. In fact, it would probably be more appropriate to call this place the outskirts of the ancestral mansion, rather than a separate city. However, in size alone it was comparable to a city.

It was divided into certain districts, just like the Fang Clan was. There were the districts in the east, west, south and north, within which were

huge courtyard residences where important clan members from the various bloodlines resided.

There was no Central District, nor was there a mausoleum, which might be expected. However Meng Hao could sense five unique auras inside the huge statue itself. Those auras were clearly auras of the Dao Realm!

However, of those five auras, two were very dim, almost on the point of being extinguished. The other three were much more vigorous, with one of them belonging to Meng De's grandfather.

"Five Dao Realm cultivators.... Three have flourishing auras, two of them being 1-Essence, and one 2-Essences. Of the weak auras, there's one Dao Lord and another... who I can't ascertain. However, from what I can tell, that aura is on the verge of being extinguished." Meng Hao looked away from the statue, eyes flickering as he sent his divine sense spreading out even further.

It only took a moment for his divine sense to fill the entire ancestral mansion, and for all the living beings therein to appear in his mind.

He glanced back at the statue, surprised that none of the five cultivators inside had detected his divine sense, nor activated any of the Meng Clan's defenses. Meng Hao then thoughtfully began to retract his divine sense and head in the direction of the continent where his grandfather's bloodline resided.

However, in almost the same moment that he made to leave, he suddenly stopped in place. There was a scene playing out somewhere nearby that he could see within his divine sense, which he then focused on.

An older woman could be seen in a courtyard residence, face ashen as she pleaded with a cold, arrogant middle-aged man. A younger woman lay at the man's feet, covered with bruises and wounds. Her right hand was clenched tightly around something, and her face was deathly pale as the middle-aged man kicked her viciously over and over again.

"Big bro, stop!" the older woman pleaded. "Meng Ru is just worried about her bloodline relative, that's why she stole the medicinal pill. Big

bro....”

“She’s only a servant,” the man spat, “and she actually dared to steal a medicinal pill! It doesn’t matter why she did it, she deserves to die! If I don’t beat her to death, then wouldn’t everyone else try to imitate her?!” The middle-aged man’s eyes gleamed with killing intent as he reached down and grabbed the young woman by the hair. She was pretty, but had a red birthmark on her face, which the man seemed disgusted by. “You’re not bad except for that birthmark. How nauseating!”

“Big bro, Ru’er’s older cousin is in the Immortal Realm. He’s one of the Ninth Young Lord’s bodyguards. All she took was a medicinal pill, you... you don’t have to go so far.” The older woman continued to plead anxiously, occasionally glancing down at the younger woman, who lay there, blood oozing out of her mouth.

The older woman had no way to know that, even as the words left her mouth, Meng Hao was actually only a few streets away in the ancestral mansion. A tremor ran through him, and he turned, his expression icy.

He had already heard that most of the members of his grandfather’s bloodline were stationed in the houses of other clan members, where they worked as servants in exchange for cultivation resources. As of this moment, Meng Hao was certain that the young woman he was seeing with his divine sense was a member of his grandfather’s bloodline, a younger bloodline cousin of Meng Chen.

Meng Hao didn’t hesitate for even a moment. He took a step forward and vanished, his action undetectable even by the five Patriarchs.

Back in the courtyard residence, the middle-aged man began to laugh coldly in response to the words just spoken to him.

“Her older cousin? You mean that pretty boy Meng Whatshisname? Meng Chen, right? You think a bodyguard deserves to get face from me?” The man knelt down and grabbed Meng Ru’s hand. Expression icy, he began to break her fingers one by one. She trembled from the pain, but gritted her teeth and didn’t make a sound.

Soon, the medicinal pill in her hand was revealed, which was already

dissolving because of the blood that had oozed onto it. The middle-aged man grabbed it and threw into a nearby pond.

Meng Ru's eyes went wide. She hadn't shed a single tear before this moment, not even when her fingers were being broken. But now that she saw the medicinal pill dissolving in the pond water, tears began to flow down her face.

"Aww, what's this? Crying?" The man laughed and reached down as if to wipe away the tears. Before he could touch her face, though, a hand appeared out of nowhere and grabbed his own hand.

The man stared in shock, then let out a shriek as he saw Meng Hao standing there next to the young Meng Ru. Without even thinking about it, he took a step backward.

"Meng Chen! How dare you!!" Although the man had been frightened, after realizing who it was, he seemed to regain his courage. With a shout, he unleashed his cultivation base, which was only in the Dao Seeking stage.

"Big bro...." Meng Ru said, slowly looking up. When she laid eyes on Meng Hao, she began to weep and shake from the humiliation she had just endured.

"Get your hands off me, Meng Chen," the middle-aged man said. "Dammit, what gall you have! If you dare to hurt me, I'll tell my big bro, and he'll wipe out your entire bloodline."

"Apparently you've forgotten that I'm also surnamed Meng. Or is that you don't consider us to be part of the Meng Clan any more?" Meng Hao had put some thought into the current miserable state of his grandfather's bloodline, but to see what was actually happening made him feel like a knife was slicing away at his heart.

Meng Hao suddenly clenched his hand down, causing cracking and popping sounds to ring out. The middle-aged man screamed as Meng Hao crushed his hand into a bloody pulp. Terror and pain washed through him, but even as the scream left his mouth, Meng Hao patted his back.

That motion caused more cracking sounds to echo out as each and every last bone in the man's body was shattered into powder. Without a skeleton to hold him up, the man collapsed into a pile of twitching flesh.

No more sounds came out of his mouth as he lay there, no longer in the shape of a human. His current state was one of pain that far exceeded that of death. The woman standing off to the side was so frightened that her jaw dropped. The suddenness of what had occurred left her in a state of disbelief.

As for Meng Ru, she was also staring in shock.

"Big bro...." she murmured as Meng Hao helped her to her feet. He placed his hand over hers, healing her broken fingers and injured internal organs. As she regained lucidity, she began to pant as she suddenly recalled something. Grasping Meng Hao's forearm, she said, "Big bro, hurry, we have to get back. It's grandmother, she's... dying...."

"Grandmother.... Grandma Meng!!!" A tremor ran through Meng Hao. Without the slightest hesitation, he picked Meng Ru up in his arms and flew off into the distance. 1

When he left, the older woman who remained behind in the courtyard finally screamed, which attracted the attention of other clan members. When they arrived, they saw the bone-less middle-aged man lying there, and they gasped.

"Who did this? This... is a cruelty worse than death!"

*

1. As you may be aware, there are numerous very specific forms of address for relatives in Chinese. In this case, Meng Ru specifically mentions her "paternal grandmother" which causes Meng Hao to think of his "maternal grandmother." This would indicate that Meng Ru is an actual member of the Meng Clan, with her father having been surnamed Meng, whereas Meng Hao is related to them through his mother, but would not be considered an actual member of the

clan. After all, his father's surname is Fang. I'm going to forgo translating the literal forms of address because they tend to get very clunky, especially when used in dialogue as a form of address. Instead, Meng Hao's "maternal grandmother" will be "Grandma Meng" or simply "grandmother" depending on the context. Please note, her surname is not Meng; in Chinese culture women don't change their surname upon marriage. However, you can address a female by the surname of her husband in Chinese culture, assuming you use the right form of address. If I remember correctly, Meng Hao's mom Meng Li was even called "Madam Fang" at one point. Similar forms of address exist for other relatives. I did the same thing in the past with Meng Hao's grandfathers. Instead of referring to them as paternal and maternal grandfathers, I've been calling them Grandpa Fang and Grandpa Meng. I think this way makes it much more simple to understand who is being referred to, and at the same time keeps the same familial feeling as the original Chinese. By the way, astute readers might remember a few times where an "Old Lady Meng" was mentioned, a real mythological character who serves people the tea of forgetfulness in the Underworld. Meng Hao's grandmother does not have any connection to that woman!

Chapter 1255: I'm Here To Defend You!

Meng Hao was enraged, but Meng Ru's words caused his heart to tremble. It was impossible to describe what they meant to him; after all, Meng Chen's grandmother was his Grandma Meng as well!

His Grandpa Fang and Grandpa Meng had gone missing, and his Grandma Fang had long since passed away. To suddenly find out that his Grandma Meng was still alive caused his heart to begin to pound, and he wished he could be at her side instantly.

However, he hadn't lost his ability to think straight, so although he sped as fast as possible in her direction, he also concealed himself so that no one could detect his presence. He soon appeared in the air outside of the ancestral mansion, and then sped off into the distance with Meng Ru.

Meng Ru was in the Nascent Soul stage, so to her, her older cousin Meng Chen, who was in the Immortal Realm, was the most promising and important person in the bloodline. He had an incredible cultivation base, and was in fact the hope of the entire bloodline. Although Meng Ru didn't understand the vast gap between the Immortal Realm and the Ancient Realm, in her mind, the speed with which they were traveling was something that should come naturally to someone like her cousin.

In fact... to her, Meng Chen was the Heaven of their bloodline!

If anyone could have observed what was happening, they would be shocked. In the space of a few breaths of time, he took Meng Ru across the starry sky to appear... directly on the continent where his grandfather's bloodline resided.

He didn't need any directions from Meng Ru to know where to go. He flew across the continent, sending his divine sense spreading out until he found a village on the border which almost seemed like a city of mortals. There, he identified a mansion which appeared to be filled with quite a few grieving people. In the instant that his divine sense touched the place, he noticed one room... in which he sensed an aura that had to be a blood relative.

“Grandma Meng....” he thought, trembling. He had never even imagined that his grandmother would still be alive, so at the moment, his heart was pounding in the same way that Meng Chen’s would have were he here. With Meng Ru in tow, he shot toward the village and then appeared inside the mansion.

Almost immediately, cries of astonishment could be heard in response to his arrival. As he looked around he noticed that, of the dozens of people in the residence, all were women. Not a single man was present!

“It’s Chen’er! Chen’er’s back!”

“Big bro....” Almost immediately, everyone began to get excited, and their eyes turned red as tears welled up.

Meng Hao glanced at everyone, but there was no time to examine them closely. He instantly walked toward the room where his grandmother was located. The other clan members stepped back, making a path for him as he sped forward like the wind. As soon as he entered the room, he saw an old woman lying on a wooden pallet.

Next to the old woman sat two old men, who seemed to be wheezing and in pain, as if it were difficult to even just be sitting up straight. They were very old, as if they had lived for countless years, and their auras were very weak. It even seemed a struggle for them to keep their eyes open, as if they were staying alive by sheer force of willpower.

There were also three middle-aged women in the room. They had clearly been beauties when they were young, but had been ravaged by the passing of years, and were also very weak. They also seemed to be hanging on by sheer force of willpower.

As for the woman on the pallet, she was completely covered with wrinkles, and seemed profoundly ancient. She radiated the stench of decay, and was withered to the point of being little more than skin and bones. Her aura was so weak that it seemed as if she might die at any moment.

However, despite that frail aura, the old woman had a certain strength to her. The wrinkles on her forehead seemed to bear testimony to all of the

pressure she had lived with throughout the years. As soon as Meng Hao laid eyes on her, he trembled and walked forward.

This was his Grandma Meng... and the mere sight of her caused tears to spill down his cheeks. His heart hurt as he examined her body, finding more than a dozen internal injuries. Furthermore, her qi passageways were completely withered.

As soon as he entered the room, the three middle-aged women turned to look at him. “Chen’er, you’re back....” one of them said. Their gazes were kind, and they did their best to hide the grief in their expressions, but Meng Hao wasn’t Meng Chen, and as such, he could see it.

As for the two old men in the seats, they struggled to keep their eyes open as they looked at Meng Hao with kind gazes.

Meng Hao wasn’t sure who all these people were, but after laying eyes on the old men, he could guess. He also had his speculations about who the three middle-aged women were.

He immediately dropped to his knees and kowtowed, knocking his head onto the ground. Then he got back to his feet and approached his Grandma Meng, who lay there with her eyes closed. Meng Hao reached out and placed his hand onto her arm, then sent some of his life force surging into her. However, almost as soon as it entered her, it immediately dispersed. That caused a gleam of shock and anger to flicker deep in his eyes.

He quickly sent some divine sense into his grandmother, and was shocked to find that hidden inside her body were nine black spikes. They were buried deep within her flesh, and even stabbed into her soul.

Those nine nails were preventing Meng Hao’s life force from entering his grandmother’s body. Even more infuriating to Meng Hao was that inside his grandmother, he could detect... poison!

It was a unique poison designed to corrode the cultivation base and eat away at her life force. Any other person would probably be dead already, but Meng Hao’s grandmother was hanging on tenaciously, presumably because her cultivation base had been so profound.

Meng Hao pulled his hand back, eyes flashing. Next, his right hand performed an incantation gesture, and then he rapidly pushed down on her body nine times. Each time he pushed down, he did so in the location of one of the black spikes.

When he was finished, his grandmother shivered, after which he performed another incantation gesture and then pushed his hand down onto the pressure point beneath her nose, pouring more life force into her.

When the three middle-aged women saw what was happening, their eyes began to shine brightly, and they seemed surprised. However, they didn't seem to be suspicious about what was happening. In contrast, the two old men who were sitting there in seeming discomfort suddenly trembled, and they stared at Meng Hao with wide, disbelieving eyes.

As Meng Hao's life force slowly flowed into his grandmother, the aura of death and rot that had previously filled her suddenly dissipated a bit. Before, her soul fire had been on the brink of being extinguished, but now it burned a bit more brightly than before. Even her complexion looked a bit better.

Meng Hao pulled his hand back. He didn't dare to pour in too much life force. His grandmother was already on the verge of dying, so if he wasn't careful, he could easily push her over that edge.

However, he was still confident that with a bit of care, she would be able to recover fully. After he pulled his hand back, he slapped his bag of holding to produce a medicinal pill, which he then placed in her mouth. Finally, he stood up and looked over at the two old men, who were clearly very shocked.

If he wasn't mistaken, these two old men would be the blood brothers of his Grandpa Meng, making them his granduncles. Apparently, they and his Grandma Meng were the only surviving members of the Senior generation.

As for the three middle-aged women, the fact that they were here in this room and not outside indicated to Meng Hao that they were the beloved partners of his uncles, the blood brothers of his mother.

It was at this point that Meng Hao was shocked to find that the three women, as well as his two granduncles, all had nine spikes buried inside their bodies. The main difference was that the spikes inside the women were silver and not black.

Meng Hao quietly produced some medicinal pills, which he respectfully handed to his two granduncles. The two old men looked at him. Although they were so weak that it seemed even a mortal could kill them, it was possible to see the power and dignity that still existed in their eyes as they looked at Meng Hao.

Gradually, their gazes turned kind. Opening their mouths, they consumed the medicinal pills and then closed their eyes.

Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed, then turned to leave. As he did, the three middle-aged women watched him with puzzled looks.

After leaving the room, Meng Hao's face darkened. He looked over the dozen or so younger women outside, which included Meng Ru.

"What happened here?" he asked in a gravely voice. His words almost immediately seemed to calm the surrounding bloodline clan members.

"It was the Xu Clan 1.... They pushed things too far. They kidnapped Meng Han, and then sent people here to say that we had to send them grandmother's corpse to get her back."

"The Xu Clan has gone too far. They've bullied us for years, but we're surnamed Meng! We're actual members of the Meng Clan! They're just a vassal clan who was given land on this continent by the clan. What right do they have to bully us like this!?"

"It wasn't even the direct bloodline of the Xu Clan that did this, just one of their auxiliary branches...."

"Just what are they thinking? Twenty-seven members of our bloodline have already died at their hands over the years, and all in vain! Nobody speaks up for us at all... and this time, they actually threatened grandmother, who has protected us for all these years!!"

"I'm here to help Grandma Meng, and defend the clan on Meng Chen's

behalf,” Meng Hao murmured to himself. “I’ll continue to do the protecting around here.” He sent his divine will out, and then began to walk forward, quickly vanishing. When he reappeared, he was in midair, looking down at the continent below. It only took a moment for his divine sense to locate the auxiliary branch of the Xu Clan that had just been mentioned.

It wasn’t too far away, located in a good-sized city that resembled the Meng Clan ancestral mansion, meaning that it wasn’t a true city, but rather a clan stronghold.

At the main gate of the city was a sign with one large character.

Xu!

Quite a few clan members inhabited the city, and most were mortal. There appeared to be only a dozen or so cultivators, virtually all of them in the Spirit Realm. There was only one old man who was in the Immortal Realm. Even counting him, no one in the city counted as anything more than ants to Meng Hao.

Fury burning in his heart, he stepped forward and was inside the Xu Clan’s ancestral mansion. No one detected his presence, and as he went along, he didn’t hurt the mortals, but he crippled the spirit meridians that would allow them to practice cultivation. As for the cultivators... it didn’t matter what they were doing at the moment, they simply exploded into clouds of gore.

As for the old man in the Immortal Realm, his head exploded even as he sat cross-legged in meditation. All of the cultivators died.

Meng Hao left, taking an unconscious youth with him, a young man who was covered with wounds as if from torture. Despite the injuries, his jaw was clenched shut, as if to indicate that he hadn’t begged for mercy even once.

Killing only this handful of people didn’t abate Meng Hao’s fury in the least. Sending his divine sense out, he found another of the Xu Clan’s auxiliary branches, and headed in that direction next.

One, two, three... Meng Hao went to a total of sixteen auxiliary branches. Not a single cultivator saw his face there; all of them exploded.

With that, Meng Hao eyed the Xu Clan ancestral mansion in the center of the entire content. He snorted coldly and was preparing to go exterminate the entire clan when, all of a sudden, his expression flickered, and he looked back in the direction of his grandfather's bloodline.

He could sense that his Grandma Meng had awakened.

*

1. Quick note about the Xu Clan that the character Xu here is not the same character as Xu Qing's surname.

Chapter 1256: Make a Name!

Meng Hao silently turned and headed back to the clan residence. When he arrived, he handed over the unconscious youth he had just rescued, then straightened his clothes and headed toward his grandmother's room.

He didn't immediately enter, but instead clasped hands and bowed deeply, then stood there with his head lowered.

After a long moment, the door opened, and the three middle-aged women filed out, glancing at him with curious expressions as they walked past. Then, an ancient voice spoke from within the room.

"Come."

Meng Hao bowed once more, then entered, closing the door behind him.

When he looked up, he saw his Grandma Meng sitting in a chair, her complexion much improved. She seemed weaker than a mortal, but at the same time, solemn and filled with an indescribable dignity. Her eyes were dim, but when her gaze settled on someone it seemed to be filled with a certain might.

On either side of her sat the two old men, who were also much improved. They were staring at Meng Hao without the slightest expressions on their faces.

The first person to speak was his grandmother. She looked at him and slowly asked, "Who are you?!"

Her voice was not backed by the power of her cultivation base, but seemed to inherently contain something that caused the natural laws in the area to fluctuate. Anyone who heard her voice would be affected by the mysterious pressure it contained.

"Greetings, Grandma Meng. Greetings, granduncles, I am Meng Hao...." Meng Hao then dropped to his knees and began to kowtow.

The oldtimers were visibly moved when they realized that he had used the forms of address for maternal relatives....

“You...” Meng Hao’s grandmother gaped in shock. Something clicked in her mind, and an expression of disbelief could then be seen. Meng Hao rose to his feet, and as he did, his facial features transformed from Meng Chen’s into his own.

Then he produced a jade slip from his bag of holding, which he respectfully handed over to his grandmother. Next, he sent some cultivation base power into the jade slip, which then projected a screen into the air. On that screen was the face of a woman, none other than... Meng Hao’s mother.

Then, as the three oldtimers looked on, he bit the tip of his finger and dropped a bit of blood onto the jade slip. The jade slip absorbed it, turning blood-red in the process.

This jade slip had been given to Meng Hao before parting ways with his mother. She had told him that if he ever encountered any relatives from her side of the family, he could use it to prove his identity.

Meng Hao’s grandmother began shaking, and the two old men on either side of her looked incredibly excited. In fact, there had been few times in their entire lives in which they had been this excited.

“Li’er... you’re... you’re Li’er’s son. Fang-Meng Hao....” His grandmother stared at him, breath coming in ragged pants. Suddenly, a tremor ran through her, as if something had just occurred to her. “Is your mother well...?”

Meng Hao immediately stepped forward and offered his arm to his grandmother to support her. “Grandma Meng, my mother is in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, safe and healthy.”

“As long as she’s safe and healthy, that’s what’s important....” his grandmother murmured, tears rolling down her cheeks. She raised a trembling hand to stroke Meng Hao’s cheek, her eyes shining with kindness. “You’re such a good kid. Why are you here? Where’s Meng Chen?”

Meng Hao sighed and then gave a simple recounting of how he had come to the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and then the circumstances in

which he met Meng Chen.

When his grandmother and granduncles heard about how he had exterminated the Blacksoul Society and then slaughtered Dao Lords and other such powerful experts, their eyes went wide.

Then they heard about Meng Chen's final words, and their eyes dimmed.

"Chen'er was also such a good kid...."

After a moment of silence, Meng Hao looked at the oldtimers and asked, "Grandma Meng, granduncles, I very much want to know what happened here? Why is our bloodline in such decline. What are those black spikes inside of you? And also... who poisoned you? Where is everyone else of the Senior generation?"

They exchanged silent glances for a moment, and then one of Meng Hao's granduncles sighed and began to explain.

"After your Grandpa Meng went to the Ninth Mountain and Sea, he never returned. All the news we got was that it had to do with you, and that he went missing along with your Grandpa Fang.

"Your grandfather's disappearance affected the clan a bit, but not fatally. Back then, there were seven of us brothers including your grandfather, plus many sons and grandsons. Although none of us were in the Dao Realm, there were many in the Ancient Realm. We decided not to contend for the place of Clan Chief, assuming that doing so would prevent conflict within the clan. How could we have ever imagined that everything would change overnight?"

"Although news about what happened in the clan that night never spread, that was the moment the Meng Clan fell from the height of their power....

"Mysterious cultivators invaded, and were joined by traitors within the clan. A huge battle was fought, and two of our Dao Realm Patriarchs were killed. Two others were seriously injured and still haven't recovered.

"Vast numbers of Ancient Realm cultivators died, and virtually all of the Immortal Realm clan members were slaughtered....

“Our bloodline narrowly managed to escape to this place. However, when we got here, there were nine mysterious experts waiting, apparently specifically for us. All of our other brothers died, and most of your uncles were killed. The only people left were the women and children....

“Those nine mysterious experts wanted to completely wipe out our bloodline, and the slaughter they carried out on us was far more severe than towards any of the auxiliary bloodlines. It almost seemed like their attack on the Meng Clan was targeting us specifically.

“In the critical moment, just when it seemed we would be exterminated, the ancestral statue began to glow, and emanated a powerful pressure. It turned into a voice which shouted at the nine mysterious experts, telling them to begone. Before they could be driven away, they didn’t hesitate for even a moment to kill themselves in order to transform into nine spikes. The spikes multiplied and then stabbed into our bodies, sealing our cultivation bases.

“From that day on, the Meng Clan in general was in decline, and our bloodline lost all of its cultivators. We wanted to return to the ancestral mansion, but it had already been occupied by other bloodlines, none other than the current nine bloodlines of the Meng Clan.

“We were forced to settle down here and try to restore our cultivation bases. However, the only result was that we got weaker day by day. More people died, and soon, we were barely able to hold on to life, not willing to even close our eyes lest we die. The two uncles of yours who survived could only look on in misery as the older generation was bullied, humiliated, and left gasping for life.”

After listening to the story, Meng Hao stood there silently for a moment. The explanation given was simple, and he could easily imagine how tragic the entire affair had been.

“Grandma Meng, I think I can heal your injuries, but I need some time.” Suddenly, he thought of something, and continued, “Those nine mysterious men, did they by any chance happen to have a combined magical technique that summoned a battle-axe?”

Almost immediately, his grandmother and granduncles looked at him with a start, shivering.

“They did use such a magical technique,” his grandmother replied. “However, they didn’t summon one battle-axe, they summoned three! You’ve seen such a thing before?”

Meng Hao then recounted what had happened en route back to the Meng Clan, which resulted in the three oldtimers’ faces flickering.

“So, they’re coming back, huh...?” he grandmother said.

Seeing the expressions on their faces, Meng Hao couldn’t hold back from asking, “Grandma Meng, those mysterious black-robed men, is there any chance... you know where they come from?”

The three oldtimers didn’t respond at first. Finally, his grandmother sighed and said, “The Seventh Mountain and Sea!”

As soon as the words entered Meng Hao’s ears, a tremor ran through him. He looked at his grandmother, and the serious expression on her face, and his thoughts raced. Finally, everything turned into four words....

“Mountain and Sea War....” he said slowly.

The three oldtimers maintained their silence.

Meng Hao’s mind trembled. As soon as he thought about the prospect of war between the various Mountains and Seas, he said, “Grandma Meng, granduncles, the Fang Clan in the Ninth Mountain and Sea has become very powerful. Seniors, I can take all of you to the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and give you a chance to rise to prominence there.”

“Hao’er,” his grandmother said, “your intentions are good, but the Meng Clan is our home. We won’t give up on it.”

As for his two granduncles, their voices were filled with decisiveness that could sever nails and chop iron as they said, “We were born here, and we’ll die here!”

Meng Hao said nothing more. Clasp hands and bowing, he once again transformed into Meng Chen. Just before leaving, he calmly said,

“Grandma Meng, if there really is a Mountain and Sea War, I’ll do my best to protect you. But if I can’t, please take my advice. Leave this place, and wait for the right opportunity to stage a comeback.”

Meng Hao then walked out of the room and looked around at the various bloodline clan members in the mansion. Then he waved his hand, and massive rumbling echoed out as the entire bloodline ancestral mansion and the land around it were carved away from the land mass within which it sat.

Meng Hao cut away a vast, 30,000-meter area, after which he slapped his bag of holding, causing one piece of Immortal jade after another to fly out. Organizing them in midair, Meng Hao performed an incantation gesture and pointed out, causing the vast quantity of Immortal jade to shoot down toward the land.

Each piece that touched the ground shattered, causing boundless Immortal qi to spill out like rain. In the blink of an eye, the entire area was filled with a shocking amount of dense Immortal qi.

Meng Hao then raised his hand and made a grasping motion. Rumbling could be heard as the entire vast area was sealed, ensuring that none of the Immortal qi could dissipate.

This also made the entire area occupied by his bloodline become like a paradise for Immortals!

To cultivators, practicing cultivation in places like this had vast, indescribable benefits. Meditating here for a day was like spending a month in the outside world. However, Meng Hao still wasn’t satisfied. He smacked his bag of holding again, producing even more Immortal jade. As that jade shattered, the quality of the Immortal qi grew even more profound.

Now, meditating here for a day was like spending two months outside!

The surrounding bloodline clan members were completely shocked. The three oldtimers in the room, plus the three middle-aged women, all gasped and looked at Meng Hao in astonishment. Then Meng Hao’s grandmother and granduncles recalled what he had said about exterminating Patriarch

Blacksoul and killing the other Dao Realm experts, and were completely convinced of the truth of the matter.

There were two other nearby rooms that suddenly opened, and two men walked out. Although they didn't seem very old, their skin was withered and sallow, and their eyes were dim, making them seem very ancient. They were skinny and weak, and even smelled of alcohol, as if they hadn't seen the light of day for many days. Currently, they were staring dumbfounded at the Immortal qi.

These two men were Meng Hao's uncles... the only surviving second-generation members of the bloodline.

"Meng Ru," Meng Hao said calmly, a cold gleam in his eyes, "go find all of the members of our bloodline who serve in other households. Tell them... to come home. If anyone tries to stop you, tell me immediately!" The appearance of cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea indicated that a Mountain and Sea War was brewing. That completely changed Meng Hao's plans. He would no longer lead his grandfather's bloodline to prominence from the shadows. There simply wasn't time for that.

His new decision was to take center stage, to make a loud proclamation that no one could dare to provoke this bloodline. The time had come to make a name!

Chapter 1257: Sermon on the Dao!

Meng Ru nodded excitedly in response to Meng Hao's words. Meng Hao then smacked his bag of holding, and the mastiff flew out. It threw its head back and roared, transforming into a beam of red light that carried Meng Ru off into the distance.

With the mastiff to protect her, no one would be able to cause trouble for Meng Ru as she went about accomplishing her task. Meng Hao looked around the bloodline mansion, at his excited relatives, and then took a deep breath. A brilliant gleam then appeared in his eyes; time was of the essence, and since he was going to help the bloodline rise to prominence... he would do it in spectacular fashion.

Meng Ru and the mastiff flew to the central continent of the Meng Clan and called back the bloodline members who had had no other choice but to follow the orders of the other nine bloodlines.

Meanwhile, the shocking deaths of all of the cultivators in the Xu Clan's various auxiliary headquarters had caused quite a stir among the Xu Clan's powerful experts in their ancestral mansion.

Everyone was in a rage, and finally, an ancient voice echoed out from within the Xu Clan ancestral mansion.

"The bedraggled bloodline thinks it can recover its former glory? Find the culprit and execute him! If anyone gets in your way, execute them too! Don't forget that the old cripples there can't do anything to you!"

The voice crashed like lightning, causing colors to flash in the sky and the lands to quake. Instantly, dozens of beams of light shot out, followed by hundreds of other figures, all of which headed toward the location of Grandpa Meng's bloodline.

The Xu Clan was so enraged with the bloodline that there was no need to speak words. They decided to attack immediately, and the murderous aura they emanated was incredibly intense.

At the same time, back in the central ancestral mansion of the Meng

Clan, another enraged shout could be heard coming from the courtyard where Meng Hao had crushed the Dao Seeking cultivator's bones, turning him into a pile of mush. Three old men could be seen there, their faces grim and their eyes burning with fury. Behind them were ten other clan members, all radiating intense killing intent.

"What gall!" said one of the three old men. "Their bloodline is weak to the point of dissipating. Who needs them? Now they're just intentionally provoking calamity. Men, come with me, we're going to crush this rebellion immediately!" With that, the old man flicked his sleeve and then flew up into the air, followed by numerous fellow clan members. All of them transformed into beams of colorful light that shot off in the direction of Grandpa Meng's bloodline.

It took only a moment for vast proverbial winds to surge, giving rise to waves in the dead brackish water that was the declining Meng Clan. And it was all because of Meng Hao.

As those things occurred, Meng Hao sat cross-legged on a boulder in the bloodline mansion, surrounded by other members of the bloodline. They all looked very excited, and were in the middle of practicing various breathing exercises. The vast majority were female, and as they practiced cultivation, their cultivation bases slowly improved.

The person sitting closest to Meng Hao was a young man, the very same one he had just saved, Meng Han. He occasionally looked over at Meng Hao, his eyes filled with adoration and zeal.

The truth was that he wasn't the only one; virtually everyone in the mansion looked at Meng Hao in the same way. The zeal they felt burned in their eyes; they finally had hope. This person that they were looking at had a cultivation base vastly greater than theirs. After years and years, he was the first person... to ever successfully enter the Immortal Realm.

"In the practice of cultivation, you must pass through the four Realms. Spirit, Immortal, Ancient, Dao. Each Realm bestows you with different types of power, and are all subdivided into smaller stages.

"It might seem complicated, but you must proceed forward one step at a

time. The further along the path you tread, the more and more powerful you will become!

“The Spirit Realm is divided into the stages of Qi Condensation, Foundation Establishment, Core Formation, Nascent Soul, Spirit Severing, Dao Seeking, and Immortal Ascension!

“I can see that most of you are in the Core Formation stage. Not many of you are in the Nascent Soul stage, and it seems you have no Spirit Severing cultivators....” Meng Hao spoke quietly, but his voice seemed to be filled with a strange power. As it echoed about the bloodline mansion, all of his bloodline relatives listened attentively.

Some of his bloodline relatives couldn’t hold back from pointing out, “Big bro Meng Chen, don’t forget that big sis Qiao’er is in the Spirit Severing stage. And big sis Yun is too....”

“Big sis Hong is in Dao Seeking....”

Meng Hao nodded and continued.

“Core Formation focuses on forming an inner core. You can use that core to coalesce your own pure qi, which can be used to conceive your Nascent Soul.... When I was in the Core Formation stage, I used the five elements as my foundation, making a five elements Gold Core, which then became my five elements Nascent Soul....

“... the true meaning of Spirit Severing lies, not in the Spirit, but in the Severing....

“There are three Severings, which are also Daos. Three Severings, three Daos. Afterward, you must seek answers inwardly to take the next step, Dao Seeking!

“As far as Immortal Ascension is concerned, it is actually simple; none of you really need to worry about it. You can simply imitate your ancestors and become false Immortals!” Meng Hao’s voice echoed out as he expounded upon the meaning of the Spirit Realm, explaining it in detail to his bloodline clan members.

They listened as if intoxicated; many areas which they had formerly

found very confusing were now explained clearly. Furthermore, Meng Hao's explanation was far deeper and more profound than any explanation they had received in the past.

Meng Hao's voice also contained that strange power, something that gradually caused a type of seed to appear within the bodies of his bloodline relatives. It was a Dao Seed, not the bloodline of an Allheaven Dao Immortal, but rather... Meng Hao's accumulated enlightenment regarding cultivation, his experiences within the Spirit Realm. It was... a Spirit Seed!

Meng Hao had a foundation in the Spirit Realm that was as rare as a phoenix feather or a qilin horn in the Mountain and Sea Realm. It would be no exaggeration to say that his understanding of the Spirit Realm exceeded that of any other person. No one had accumulated so much in that Realm, and no one had prepared more thoroughly to become a true Immortal. He had shaken the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea.

Because of that, his understanding, and his explanation, carried profound, indescribable meaning for all of his fellow clan members.

In addition to all that, the rich Immortal qi in the area vastly exceeded normal spiritual energy. The result was that the majority of his bloodline relatives were all sinking deeper and deeper into enlightenment.

Meng Hao's grandmother and grand-uncles stared in shock at what was happening, and then excitement began to build up on their faces. Meng Hao's two uncles had faces flushed with excitement, not only because of what was happening to all the members of the Junior generation, but also because the Immortal qi was helping them to revert from their crippled states.

The three middle-aged women were experiencing something similar.

Apparently, all of the bloodline relatives around Meng Hao were... slowly transforming!!

Meng Hao looked around at everyone in their states of enlightenment, until finally his gaze came to fall upon the young man Meng Han, whom he had rescued from the Xu Clan.

From what Meng Hao could tell, he had better latent talent than anyone else present, and although his cultivation base was merely in the Core Formation stage, he was clearly on the verge of a breakthrough.

A smile broke out on Meng Hao's face. He was now confident that within a few short years, his grandfather's bloodline should be able to achieve grandeur once again, which caused excitement to stir within his heart. It was at this point that he suddenly looked up into the sky, and a cold gleam flickered in his eyes.

He waved his right hand, causing a cloud of black pods to fly out from within his bag of holding. They immediately flew off into the distance radiating murderous auras. As they flew along, popping sounds could be heard as they transformed into black imps, whose gaping maws were filled with razor-sharp teeth.

"EEEEEEEEEE...." screamed the blackpod imps as they shot off into the distance.

Currently, outside of the 30,000-meter area Meng Hao had already set aside, hundreds of cultivators were flying around, radiating murderous auras and killing intent. The dozen or so in the lead had cultivation bases in the Ancient Realm, although the strongest of the bunch was only in the mid Ancient Realm. However, a group like this was not something to be underestimated, and comprised about half of the entire power base of the Xu Clan.

About thirty percent of the group was in the Immortal Realm, and the rest... were in the Spirit Realm. After all, the Xu Clan was one of eight subsidiary clans within the Meng Clan, which meant that it would be impossible for them to reach a terrifyingly powerful level. Even still, they had many powerful cultivators.

What they could see was a huge area filled with dense mist, and they could sense that within that mist was some invisible barrier. That barrier caused the eyes of the mid Ancient Realm cultivator from the Xu Clan to widen. He gasped, and his heart began to pound.

He had to ask himself if even he could breach that barrier, and as he

looked closer, he realized that the mist inside was...

“Immortal qi... so much Immortal qi. It’s... it’s so dense it’s manifested physically. It’s like this area is another world, like an Immortal world!

“But... who could possibly do this!?!?” Although he was shocked, few of his fellow clan members noticed any of these clues, and their murderous aura boiled just as strongly as before.

Tempers provoked, some of the Xu Clan cultivators began to shout out in rage. “Anyone from the Meng Clan in the area had better get out here right now!”

It all happened too quickly for the mid Ancient Realm cultivator to stop, and his face flickered as, all of a sudden, a grating sound rang out from the mist.

“EEEEEEEEEE....” Following the sound was a huge group of black-colored imps, moving as fast as lightning. Each one of those imps was radiating pressure equivalent to the mid Ancient Realm.

“It’s... run! Get out of here!!” The mid Ancient Realm cultivator’s scalp was numb. Although he had never encountered these blackpod imps before, he could tell how terrifying they were, and it filled his heart with an indescribable sense of deadly crisis.

He immediately fell back, to the shock of his fellow clan members. Unfortunately for them, they didn’t react quickly enough, and were quickly pounced upon by the blackpod imps.

Apparently, the imps had no inclination to possess any of these people. They simply bored into their bodies and began to chew them up. Miserable screams instantly began to ring out from the mouths of the Xu Clan cultivators.

A huge commotion was underway as more than a hundred out of the group of hundreds began to scream. Then their bodies exploded into clouds of gore and blood. As for the others present, their faces drained of blood, and they immediately began to flee.

In the blink of an eye, the blackpod imps shot out from within the gore,

vicious expressions on their faces as they went on the attack again. Miserable shrieks rang out as another hundred or so cultivators were slaughtered. The blackpod imps were like Yamas from hell, out to collect lives.

Not even the Xu Clan cultivators in the Ancient Realm were capable of fleeing. No matter how they tried to fight back, they ended up screaming, and their bodies withered rapidly as the blackpod imps scraped them clean from the inside out.

The strongest of their number, the mid Ancient Realm old man, bellowed in rage as he unleashed divine abilities and magical items to defend himself. However, it did no good. Soon, one of the blackpod imps bored into him. He screamed miserably and then... exploded.

The gory scene lasted for some time. Hundreds of cultivators died, and the air was awash with the reek of blood. As for the blackpod imps, they grinned cruelly and let out fearsome howls.

Finally, they formed back together into a black cloud that vanished back into the mist.

“EEEEEEEEEE....”

Chapter 1258: Exterminating the Xu Clan!

“Nascent Soul, Nascent Soul. The Soul aspect is physical, and as for the Nascent part of the term, it relates to the spiritual. Therefore, because what you are currently absorbing via breathing techniques is Immortal qi, which far exceeds ordinary spiritual energy... theoretically speaking, you should be able to pass through the Nascent Soul stage much more quickly!” Meng Hao’s voice was quiet as he continued to expound upon his understanding of the Spirit Realm.

He had just used a vast quantity of Immortal jade to create a huge area for the exclusive purpose of allowing these several dozen people to absorb Immortal qi. In the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, few people could accomplish such a thing. In fact, the only ones who could would be the Mountain and Sea Lords.

Even large sects who could afford it would not, primarily because... it wouldn’t be worth it. Sects always had numerous competing factions who were generally concerned with their own interests and thus wouldn’t agree to such a huge expenditure.

Meng Hao might love money, and had always dreamed of being rich. However, sentiment and honor were important things to him, and no amount of money could be more valuable to him than family.

Therefore, he didn’t think twice about the pain that usually came with spending money. As long as his grandfather’s bloodline could rise to prominence again, it would all be worth it.

As he continued to deliver his sermon, there were some in the audience who experienced cultivation base breakthroughs. At the same time, rumbling sounds could be heard. A strange gleam could be seen in Meng Hao’s eyes, and he wore a slight smile as the blackpod imps came flying back. After circling around in the air a few times, they began to drop bags of holding down toward the ground. Soon, there were so many it seemed like it was raining..

The women in the bloodline mansion stared with wide eyes as all of this

happened.

Meng Hao's expression was very somber as he looked back at all the women and continued to speak.

"You must all remember that we cultivators must never waste cultivation resources. If you venture out and see something, but don't pick it up, then it's the same as losing it. That's our maxim, and the most important principle we must keep in our hearts! 1

"Don't waste money, don't live luxuriously! If you have a chance to profit, then don't miss out on a single spirit stone!" The entire audience was completely focused on Meng Hao, eyes burning with zealous adoration. As soon as the women heard his words, they fixed them in their minds. Apparently, their personalities were even affected, and gradually... their eyes began to shine brightly.

Meng Hao was pleased with the look he saw in their eyes, although he didn't take the time to think of what the consequences would be of having an entire group of people molded after himself... In any case, he truly felt that this group was becoming much more to his liking.

As for the three old timers, they were watching with wide eyes, as were Meng Hao's two Uncles.

"This...." said one of Meng Hao's grand-uncles.

"He's so much like little Lili...." Meng Hao's grandmother said with a wry smile. After a moment of thought, she allowed things to continue on as they were. "With him here, the Meng Clan... we'll definitely need to change things up a bit."

Outside in the courtyard, Meng Hao waved his hand, sending the bags of holding flying out to hover in front of the other clan members, until each one had several.

"Alright, you hang on to these bags of holding. I'm heading out for a bit to get you some more cultivation resources." With that, Meng Hao rose to his feet, took a step forward, and vanished. When he reappeared, he was out in the mists. The blackpod imps flew around him, looking very

friendly. Meng Hao waved his sleeve to collect them up, then took another step, vanishing and reappearing high up in the sky. A cold gleam flickered in his eyes as he looked toward the center of the continent, and... the Xu Clan!

He had originally planned to exterminate the entire clan, but then his grandmother had woken up, which had caused a slight delay. However, moments ago when the blackpod imps wiped out the cultivators outside the mist, Meng Hao had been watching closely.

“Anyone who has a beef with my grandfather’s bloodline also has a beef with me,” he said coolly. Then he transformed into a beam of light which shot rumbling off toward the Xu Clan.

Deep in the heart of the Xu Clan’s ancestral mansion, within a hidden chamber, a red-haired old man sat there cross-legged. Suddenly, his eyes opened, and he shivered. A terrible feeling had just risen up in his heart, as if a huge disaster were heading his way.

His cultivation base was far beyond the great circle of the Ancient Realm, and was already half a step into the Dao Realm. In fact, he could make his attempt to complete that step at any time. However, he was very similar to Guru Heavencloud, who Meng Hao had encountered in the asteroid field back in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and didn’t have the confidence to try to make the attempt.

Therefore, it would really be less accurate to say that he could break through to the Dao Realm whenever he wished, and more accurate to say that he could force his way into the Quasi-Dao Realm at any moment!

This man was Xu Yushan, leader of the Xu Clan. His cultivation base was why he was the clan leader, and also the reason why the Xu Clan had been able to become a vassal clan and occupy one of the continents in the Meng Clan.

“What’s going on... could it be... THAT bloodline of the Meng Clan?” The red-haired old man’s eyes flickered, and he frowned.

“Impossible. That bloodline has declined to the point where it’s almost gone. In fact, that’s why I was stationed here, to keep an eye on them and

to make sure that instead of being wiped out in an instant, they slowly fade away into nothing. In a few hundred years, that mission will be accomplished.”

After sitting there in thought for a moment, his face suddenly flickered. Without the slightest hesitation or forethought, the man crushed a jade slip and then vanished.

The moment he vanished was the exact same moment that a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering boom caused everything to shake violently.

An enormous hand was descending from above, fully 30,000 meters wide, so realistic you could see the palm lines on it. It descended with such incredible speed that flames burst out all over it, racing down to scorch the earth.

As it descended, it caused numerous pagodas within the Xu Clan ancestral mansion to crumble under the pressure. Buildings collapsed, bursting into flames, and the cultivators in the Xu Clan ancestral mansion looked up in shock. It was as if doomsday had arrived for them.

“What is that?!?!”

“An ambush!!”

“Th-that hand, who does it belong to? Heavens....” The cultivators in the Xu Clan ancestral mansion were completely shocked, and began to tremble from the explosive will of extermination which weighed down on them.

In the blink of an eye, the hand slammed down onto the ancestral mansion, crushing countless buildings and sending a huge shockwave out in all directions. The lands quaked as if they were being struck by lightning, and the entire Xu Clan was instantly transformed into ruins, replaced by the image of an enormous handprint!

Flames raged everywhere, burning everything to a pitch-black crisp....

Despite all of that, there actually weren't very many cultivators who died. Meng Hao wasn't a cold-blooded killer, and based on the level of his cultivation base, the divine sense laced within the palm enabled him to

detect exactly who within the Xu Clan harbored evil designs toward his grandfather's bloodline.

Those hostile cultivators were all killed, causing bloodcurdling screams to ring out from within the sea of flames. As for the other cultivators, the flames merely sealed their cultivation bases, but didn't harm them physically.

The lands still shook violently, though, and the enormous handprint in the ground was shocking to the extreme.

Within the ruins that filled the palm print, the Xu Clan Patriarch blurred back into existence. As soon as he did, he coughed up a massive mouthful of blood. Face ashen, he looked around at the surviving clan members, and then at the ruins. Then he threw his head back and howled viciously.

As he looked up, he could see Meng Hao floating there in the air, radiating intense coldness. Considering what he had done with a single palm strike, he was clearly a terrifying individual. The Xu Clan Patriarch chuckled bitterly and asked, "Who are you?!?"

At the same time, he didn't hesitate to begin a cultivation base breakthrough.

"I'm Meng Chen!" Meng Hao replied coldly. Meng Hao didn't want to drag the Meng Clan into his problems with the Heavengod Alliance, and therefore, he chose not to use his identity as Meng Hao.

The Xu Clan Patriarch laughed bitterly. He didn't believe Meng Hao at all, but that didn't matter. His cultivation base shot up explosively, and clouds began to form in the air as Dao Realm Heavenly Tribulation began to descend.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered in the face of the descending Dao Realm Heavenly Tribulation. He then waved his right index finger, which caused the air to distort, and wave-like ripples to spread out. Gradually the ripples transformed into an enormous wolf, completely domineering, which howled as it charged the Xu Clan Patriarch.

It was on him in the blink of an eye, before the Heavenly Tribulation

could arrive. The Xu Clan Patriarch fought back viciously, but couldn't stop himself from being swallowed up in a single gulp by the gigantic wolf.

The Heavenly Tribulation, having lost its target, immediately began to fade away, and the path which had appeared vanished.

Meng Hao waved his sleeve. Ignoring everything down below, he turned and vanished.

Time passed. Around evening, more beams of light appeared above the lands near Meng Hao's grandfather's bloodline. These people looked different than the Xu Clan cultivators, and were in fact from the Meng Clan.

They were from the seventh of the nine bloodlines of the Meng Clan, which was a powerful group. However, only a few of their number had come; one was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, one in the late Ancient Realm, two in the mid Ancient Realm, four in the early Ancient Realm, and several dozen were Immortals.

A force like that was a powerful one indeed. Unless a Dao Realm expert showed up, they could wage an entire war on their own. Currently, the old man in the lead was flying along, enraged and bursting with killing intent.

As the group flew along, colors flashed in the sky and the winds screamed. Suddenly, the old man's furious voice could be heard ringing out.

"Xu Yushan, get out here right now!"

The booming voice echoed back and forth, making it sound almost like numerous voices were shouting. A huge wind blasted across the lands, sweeping away the clouds in the sky and shaking everything.

The old man hovered in midair arrogantly. In his view, the ideal way of handling this situation was to call out the leader of the vassal clan that was guarding this place and have him extinguish the rebellious bloodline that was on its last legs.

1. The comments about picking something up or else losing it were originally told to Meng Hao by his mother in chapter 1167. He's reiterated similar words a few times since then.

Chapter 1259: Imposing Grandma Meng!

The old man's voice rang out in all directions and yet no response could be heard, causing him to frown. He sent his divine sense out, and when it reached the Xu Clan ancestral mansion at the center of the continent, a tremor ran through him, and he gasped, an expression of intense disbelief filling his face.

"This...." He immediately shot off through the air. Behind him, the other members of the Meng Clan slowly began to reveal their own shock as the Ancient Realm cultivators sent their divine sense out and realized what had happened.

Dozens of them shot through the air toward the Xu Clan, where the old man in the leadership position was hovering in midair above the ancestral mansion, looking down at the enormous palm print, and the ruins that filled it. After a moment, he closed his eyes as he focused on sensing the area. Then his eyes snapped open.

"The aura of Dao Tribulation appeared here.... But I didn't sense any tribulation earlier. That indicates... that the tribulation vanished before it even started. It also means that Xu Yushan was killed before his cultivation base broke through!

"Other than a Dao Realm expert, the only other person who could do something like that would be a Quasi-Dao cultivator!" The old man took a deep breath and scanned the ruins. Then he waved his hand, causing one of the living Xu Clan cultivators to fly up into the air. The old man didn't ask any questions. He was the type of person who didn't trust what people told him with regard to important matters like this. He only trusted his own Soulsearching. It took but a brief moment before he saw Meng Hao, and the enormous palm destroying the Xu Clan. Then... he heard Meng Hao call himself... Meng Chen!

"Meng... Chen!?!?" The old man's eyes went wide, and he began to breathe heavily. Actually, the reason he had rushed over here in such domineering fashion was because of Meng Chen. Now that he understood

the terrifying nature of the person he had come for, the old man began to shiver. Knowing that he had narrowly avoided certain calamity, the old man immediately turned to leave.

The other members of the Meng Clan were looking around in shock. Then they noticed the old man leaving, and they began to ask questions.

“Elder, where are we going now...?”

“Where else?” replied the flustered old man. “Home! We’re going home immediately!” The old man couldn’t help but look back at the palm-shaped crater once more. He shivered, already petrified of Meng Chen, even though he had never even seen him face-to-face.

Based on what he knew about Meng Chen, he was sure that this terrifying cultivation base could not belong to him. In his judgement, Meng Chen had most likely been possessed or replaced, or something of the like. In either case, he himself didn’t qualify to tangle with whoever Meng Chen really was.

A person with a cultivation base like that could kill him as easily as flipping over his hand. Someone such as that was a person he couldn’t afford to provoke, and thus, it was without any further hesitation that he sped off as fast as possible.

The other cultivators exchanged dismayed glances, then hurried to leave. The old man’s sudden flight was just now beginning to fill their hearts with fear. Feeling as if some hidden force were behind them about to attack, they started going faster and faster until they were fleeing at top speed.

The group had burst onto the scene with a towering murderous aura, and yet before they had even seen Meng Hao with their own eyes, they fled, crestfallen and terrified.

As they left, Meng Hao was sitting cross-legged in the bloodline mansion, watching them hurry off, a cold smile on his face. Their quick reaction had saved them; had they dared show any evil designs, he wouldn’t have hesitated to wipe out their entire bloodline.

Regarding the matter of wiping out bloodlines, Meng Hao had already consulted with his grandmother and granduncles. According to them, the third, fourth, and fifth bloodlines were important, but as for the other five, they could be done away with at will.

Seeing the complicated expressions in the old-timers' eyes, Meng Hao had simply said, "I'll handle things, but let's wait until your cultivation bases are recovered before deciding exactly how."

Time passed. Meng Hao gave sermons on the Dao, but spent most of his time using his own cultivation base to assist his grandmother and the others in their recovery. The more he understood about the framework created by the nine needles, the more he realized that they couldn't be removed casually, not without risking the lives of the people who were affected.

He needed more time to fully understand them, and his grandmother and the others also needed more time to strengthen their bodies. Only then could further action be taken.

One afternoon a few days later, as Meng Hao was giving a sermon on the Dao, he suddenly stopped talking and looked up. A blood-colored light could be seen up in the air, which was the mastiff. On its back could be seen Meng Ru, as well as about ten other young women. Some of those women looked excited, others appeared to be torn, and some were confused.

Their return instantly caused a big commotion in the mansion. As for the young women, when they sensed the Immortal qi, they were astonished.

Meng Ru immediately found Meng Hao, clasped hands, and bowed. She looked a bit sad, and even hesitant, as if she weren't sure of how to express herself. After a long moment, she gritted her teeth and began to speak.

"Big bro Meng Chen, I wasn't able to bring everyone back. There were, um... three sisters who chose to stay with their masters. There were also two whose masters refused to free them. I... I was worried about making a

mistake, so I didn't dare to ask big bro mastiff to attack...." Apparently, Meng Ru felt a lot of respect toward the mastiff, and actually viewed it as a cultivator and not an animal.

"Three of them refused to return?" Meng Hao asked calmly. He wasn't too surprised about this. There weren't many people left in his grandfather's bloodline, so it was only natural that there would be some people who didn't wish to remain, and would try to strike out on their own.

It was at this point that the door suddenly opened, and Grandma Meng walked out without a single person supporting her. "Since they chose not to return, then they shall remain cut off for all eternity."

All of the bloodline clan members present immediately bowed their heads respectfully. Meng Hao quickly rose to his feet and clasped hands.

"Chen'er," Grandma Meng said calmly, "go bring back the final two who were prevented from returning." After her recent days of recuperation, she was in much better spirits than before, and her eyes glittered with determination. She had long since become the pillar of the bloodline, and it had only been when her body had begun to weaken that she had begun to lose control. Now that she had recovered, she once again radiated the air of a family leader.

Furthermore, she was aware of the situation between Meng Hao and the Heavengod Alliance, and was also wary of getting the clan involved. Therefore, she declined to address him as Hao'er, and instead used Meng Chen's name.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. Seeing his grandmother like this left him feeling quite relieved. At the very least, with her back in control of the bloodline, the task of helping it rise to prominence didn't fall on his shoulders alone.

"What if I meet opposition?" Meng Hao asked.

"Kill them!" Grandma Meng replied immediately. Although her words were not spoken loudly, they resounded like thunder in the ears of all present. At the same time, a murderous aura began to radiate from her,

something which had remained buried inside of her for too long.

“We’ve been away for too long,” said another voice. “It’s time to remind the Meng Clan who exactly we are!” Meng Hao’s two granduncles emerged from the room. They were no longer confined to their chairs, and although they looked very weak, they were clearly in much better condition than before.

All of the surrounding bloodline clan members were now looking excitedly at Grandma Meng.

“Your command shall be carried out,” Meng Hao said, clasping hands and bowing. Then he turned, leaving the mastiff to protect the bloodline clan members, but taking Meng Ru with him.

A moment later, the two of them had vanished. Grandma Meng and Meng Hao’s two granduncles watched them leave, and their eyes burned with faith and anticipation for the future.

Even as Meng Hao was working hard to help his grandfather’s bloodline rise to prominence, someone appeared in the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. It was a handsome young man who strolled along wearing a violet robe. He was currently looking off into the distance at... the Meng Clan.

“I can sense that you’re there....” the young man said, smiling. He was none other than Ji Dongyang!

Meanwhile, a huge turtle was floating in another part of the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, snoring as he napped. On his back was a huge continent, filled with all forms of life.

Suddenly, the turtle’s eyes snapped open as he awoke from slumber. His eyes shone like bright lanterns as he looked out into the darkness of the starry sky.

“Dammit, I just had a nightmare,” the turtle muttered. “I dreamed about that little bastard Meng Hao tracking me down in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Hahaha. What a hilarious dream! It’s totally impossible!

“There’s no way that little punk could find me here. Dammit! Why

would I have a dream like that? It's a bad sign, an ill omen. I can't believe I dreamed about being his mount!" That huge turtle was none other than Patriarch Reliance, who truly was frightened of Meng Hao. He let out a roar, then glanced around shiftily for a moment. Then he closed his eyes and went back to sleep.

Strangely, there appeared to be mysterious figures nearby Patriarch Reliance, figures he didn't notice, who were apparently keeping track of his current location.

Something else was happening at around this same time in the Seventh Mountain and Sea.... All of the sects there, as well as all the clans, were mobilizing. Gradually, an enormous military force was being organized, virtually without number. In the lead position of that enormous army floated a sizeable mountain peak, the very tip of which emanated powerful ripples. Just barely visible on that mountain peak was a person sitting cross-legged, looking toward the Eighth Mountain, eyes gleaming.

The figure then began to speak softly in an ancient voice: "I don't really want this war, but... there's no choice in the matter. It is my mission.... Perhaps I'm not the only one either.... It's not a betrayal; after all, there is nothing to betray. And yet... why do I feel so much pain in my heart...."

The terrifying army was filled with millions upon millions of cultivators, organized in formation so that they resembled an ancient, enormous dragon. They radiated intense murderous auras as they began to march closer and closer to the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Chapter 1260: What Is The Point... Of Leaving Any Behind!?

As the army from the Seventh Mountain and Sea was picking up speed, Meng Hao was back in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. He was also being tracked by shadowy figures who occasionally materialized and then vanished. Apparently, they were watching him and keeping track of his location.

There had not been any wars between the Mountains and Seas for many years, but it seemed one was about to break out now. There were even various entities above in the 33 Heavens who were using special techniques to observe the Mountain and Sea Realm without being detected. They were looking down at the Eighth Mountain and Sea, their eyes gleaming with anticipation....

Meanwhile, outside of the 33 Heavens, out in the boundless expanse, two forces were approaching from different directions, and they were growing inexorably closer.

Apparently, war... was nigh!

Meng Hao and Meng Ru were speeding along through midair when all of a sudden, an intense feeling of alarm rose up inside Meng Hao, causing his face to flicker. Before he could react, the parrot's shrill voice could suddenly be heard in his mind.

"They're coming. Coming, I tell you! They're close, I can sense them. Dammit, they're moving a lot faster than I anticipated.... Meng Hao, they're almost here!!" The parrot sounded anxious, even terrified.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. He knew exactly who the parrot was talking about, and it caused him to slowly lift his head up to look up into the sky. It was almost as if he could see out into the vast expanse beyond the 33 Heavens.

"Well then, I guess I need to hurry up," he said softly.

Off to the side, Meng Ru gaped in shock. "Big bro Meng Chen, what did

you say?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied, shaking his head as he continued to lead Meng Ru through the starry sky toward the Meng Clan's central continent.

He passed through the protective spell formations without triggering any of them, and proceeded directly toward the ancestral mansion.

"The two sisters we're going after are big sis Qiu'er and big sis Meng Fei," Meng Ru said quietly. "Their latent talent is better than mine, and their cultivation bases are higher.... I managed to meet them and pass the news about what was happening, but I was prevented from taking them away. If it weren't for big bro mastiff, I might have been detained as well.

"They're both in the hands of cultivators from the first bloodline...." When she looked at Meng Hao, it was almost worshipfully. In her mind, once Meng Chen arrived on the scene, all their problems would be solved.

Meanwhile, in the East District of the Meng Clan's ancestral mansion, there was a huge temple surrounded by nine pillars. Beneath each of those pillars was a furnace.

Those burning furnaces were causing the nine pillars to slowly heat up.

Bound to the pillars were nine young women, all of whom had ashen faces and were trembling. They looked terrified and were pleading for their lives, except for two who, although they were not spectacularly beautiful, were charming and pretty. Those two had their jaws clenched; despite the increasing temperature of the pillars they were tied to, they refused to utter any pleading words.

Sitting in the middle of the pillars and furnaces was an old man, who was currently performing double-handed incantation gestures and sending sealing marks out toward the furnaces, which were causing the furnaces to burn even more fiercely.

Surrounding the entire area was an audience of young men. The audience was clearly split into two groups, one of which clustered around a young man in a green robes, and the second group around another

young man in a yellow robe. Clearly, the two of them had very high statuses, and currently, their eyes were fixed upon the old man in the middle of all the columns. They were also turning deaf ears to the pleading cries of the young women.

After a moment passed, the young man in the green robe suddenly asked, "What are we betting on this time?!"

"I bet that this time, Grandmaster Song's pill refining will result in... her, her and her all becoming Young Beauty Pills!" As the young man in the yellow robe spoke, his eyes glittered as he singled out three young women among the nine. Two of those young women were those who refused to plead for their lives.

After a moment of thought, the young man in the green robe replied, "You made your choice pretty quickly. Well, in that case, I say that those three will fail to become pills!"

Then the two young men exchanged an icy glance.

It was at about this time that rumbling sounds could be heard as Grandmaster Song's eyes suddenly flared with light. He waved both hands forcefully out into the air, causing the nine furnaces to blaze with fire. The pillars instantly grew hotter, and in the blink of an eye, nine flaming threads shot out of the fires toward the nine young women.

Terrified screams of desperation rang out from the mouths of seven of the young women. As for the other two, they were trembling, and clearly terrified, but still refused to make even a single sound. However, their hearts were clearly filled with regret.

When Meng Ru had told them about what was happening back in their bloodline mansion, they had instantly wanted to return, but now, it seemed that would be impossible.

Sighing inwardly, they exchanged glances, then slowly closed their eyes as the flaming threads closed in on them.

"Become pills!" Grandmaster Song threw his head back and roared, rising to his feet and throwing his hands into the air. Strange light shone

out from his eyes, and yet, even as the words left his mouth, an enraged snort suddenly echoed through the air like thunder.

Cold words also rang out. "You're the one who should become a pill!"

As the icy words reverberated back and forth, cracking sounds could be heard as the ground froze over. The nine furnaces trembled, and their flames winked out. Next, the furnaces actually exploded, and cracks began to spread out across the pillars, which then shattered.

The nine young women could now move. As soon as their feet touched the ground, they began to flee, except for the two who had refused to beg for their lives, who looked up into the air, excited expressions on their faces.

The crimson threads attached to the columns almost seemed to be self-aware, and were trying to flee in fear. However, before they could get very far, a powerful force sucked them back, twisting them together into what looked like a white medicinal pill, which came to rest in the hand of a young man who had suddenly appeared in the air up above.

He waved his arm, sending the white medicinal pill flying toward Grandmaster Song's forehead. As it flew through the air, it crumbled, then fused into Grandmaster Song, who trembled and let out a miserable shriek. His body instantly burst into flames, and was burned into ash, all the way to the bone. What was left behind was a red medicinal pill.

The young man who had just arrived was none other than Meng Hao, followed by Meng Ru. Meng Ru was staring at the two steadfast young women, tears pouring down her cheeks. She quickly flew over and stood in front of them protectively.

This sudden development left all the bystanders completely shocked. As they edged backward, the two young men's faces darkened.

"What gall! How dare you kill Grandmaster Song! Men, kill these people!"

"Bring me his head!" In response to their orders, the crowd of cultivators surrounding them flew into the air toward Meng Hao.

“What kind of clan are you?” Meng Hao said quietly, his eyes blazing with icy killing intent. “Refining people into pills for pleasure? You completely lack any humanity whatsoever. What is the point... of leaving any of you behind?!”

*

Note from Er Gen: I wrote this chapter in the car, and ended up getting carsick. I feel horrible, but did my best and can't write any more. Please forgive me, this chapter is only 2,000 Chinese characters instead of 3,000.

Note from Deathblade: This chapter is indeed much shorter, coming in at about 1,300 English words instead of the usual 2,000+.

Chapter 1261: One Option... Amputate!

Meng Hao's eyes were as cold as ice, but inwardly he was sighing. For a clan to decline in power was acceptable, but for the morals of its people to degenerate was sickening. Leaving them alive... was truly pointless.

By means of illustration, you could say that his grandfather's bloodline had fallen into dire straits and was now at a point of extreme weakness, consisting of the elderly, the frail, the ill, and the crippled. The younger generation was forced into servitude, and the older generation was sick and decrepit. However, its soul was still present, and the heart was strong. They still stuck together like a family, and as such, would one day be able to rise to prominence again.

It was possible to sense that spirit within Meng Ru, Meng Chen, and the other two young women from just now. They all clung stubbornly to their hope for the future.

However, when it came to the rest of the so-called Meng Clan, Meng Hao felt quite disappointed.

"Even scum like these can be called Young Lords?" Meng Hao shook his head. During his entire life, starting in the Ninth Mountain and Sea and then in his short time in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, he had seen all sorts of Chosen, including Young Lords and Sect Princes. However, he had never seen people like he was seeing now in the Meng Clan.

"When dealing with such malignant rot, there's only one option... amputate!" Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent as the Meng Clan cultivators attacked him. He waved his right finger, causing rumbling to fill the air and ripples to spread out in all directions.

The ripples filled the area in the blink of an eye, and any cultivators they touched, regardless of their cultivation base, instantly exploded into ash.

The ripples spread, shaking everything, turning everything into dust. The two incredulous Young Lords didn't even qualify to try to flee. In the briefest of moments, they were inundated by the ripples. Of course, life-saving magic flared to life in the form of shields as they tried to defend

against the ripples.

However... they were completely useless. All they did was to buy a few breaths' worth of time. Then the shields collapsed. The eyes of the two young men widened with disbelief, and then bangs could be heard as they were transformed into ash as well.

All of the cultivators behind them were also transformed into dust.

Soon the only people left were Meng Hao, the Meng Clan girls, and the other young women. Everyone else... was gone.

Everything happened so quickly that the young women could only gape in astonishment and stand there trembling and panting. As for Meng Ru, even if she were a stupid person who knew little about the Immortal Realm, she would still be able to understand that the power unleashed by Meng Chen just now... was definitely not that of an Immortal!

As for the other two young women from the same bloodline, their eyes were even wider. Their cultivation bases were significantly higher than Meng Ru's, so they could pick up on even more of the clues. They looked over at Meng Hao, trembling with awe and reverence.

Meng Ru hesitated for a moment and then said, "Big bro Meng Chen... you—"

Before she could finish, one of her older cousins held out a hand to stop her from speaking.

Meng Hao looked at the three young women and nodded, his gaze gentle. Then he looked off into the distance, and once again his expression turned icy and somber. Suddenly, a powerful aura began to roil out from him, filling the area, causing the sky to dim and the lands to quake. The surrounding buildings and structures seemed incapable of withstanding the pressure, and soon creaking sounds could be heard.

Then, the creaking turned into rumbling as one building after another began to collapse. It was at this point that, from two different locations, a group of a few dozen beams of bright light each began to shoot toward them from off in the distance. Roaring shouts echoed out, filled with fury

and killing intent.

“Who are you that dares to get out of line in the Meng Clan!?”

“Are you looking to die!?” The two enraged shouts echoed out like thunder, causing two powerful shockwaves to speed toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao stood there looking coldly at the incoming cultivators. The highest cultivation base among them was merely in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, and the others were far from that.

“You people don’t even bother to determine who is in the right and who is in the wrong?” he said coolly. “Leaving you alive would also be pointless.” He took a step forward, vanishing. When he reappeared, he was right in front of the lead cultivator, a middle-aged man in extravagant clothing. The man’s eyes were red with rage, but the instant Meng Hao appeared in front of him, he began to shake, and his anger instantly faded half away into shock.

He had no idea what sort of technique Meng Hao had used to vanish and then reappear, but that was actually of secondary importance. Most important... was the fact that he could sense a boundless power radiating off of Meng Hao, in fact it was far more intense than the pressure that he would feel when standing in front of a Patriarch.

The man gasped and blurted, “You–”

The killing intent in Meng Hao’s eyes caused the man’s scalp to tingle so hard it felt like it would explode. He began to fall back, looking completely shocked by the terrifying power he sensed.

“You’re too slow,” Meng Hao said, shaking his head and simultaneously waving his sleeve. A massive tempest sprang out, transforming into a tornado that connected the sky and the land. It was so conspicuous that anyone in the Meng Clan would be able to see it.

It swept toward the middle-aged man and the cultivators behind him, moving with such incredible speed that they were incapable of fleeing. They struggled and fought back, but it only took a moment for the tornado to sweep over them, after which miserable screams rang out. It was as if a

gigantic hand were using a huge brush to paint the entire tornado bright red.

The entire Meng Clan was completely shaken. Numerous cultivators were pulled out of their meditative trances, and after looking up, many of them immediately shot up into the air with expressions of astonishment on their faces.

“An ambush!!”

“Another clan is invading!!”

“An enemy clan is attacking!! Dammit, why didn’t the clan’s grand spell formation activate!?!?”

Cries of alarm spread out, and the entire clan began to stir. There were also nine figures who began to fly toward the tornado from nine different directions.

They were followed by even more figures, and as their cultivation base power surged out, it transformed into a spell formation. Instead of flying directly to the tornado, they began to circle around it; soon colors flashed in the sky as the cultivators formed a massive vortex which thoroughly enveloped the area where Meng Hao was standing!

Meng Ru was trembling in shock, as were the other two young Meng Clan women. As for Meng Hao, he looked down at them from up in the air and smiled slightly. That smile seemed to contain the power to completely ease their hearts, and the fear the three young women felt instantly faded away.

Meng Hao turned. Completely ignoring the nine cultivators leading the formation, and all the others who were following them, Meng Hao looked off into the distance at one particular cultivator who had stopped in place and wasn’t moving.

He was an old man, and when Meng Hao’s gaze fell upon him, he gasped and began to tremble, then started to back up.

Even as he took a step back, though, Meng Hao waved his hand. A second tornado sprang into being, sweeping through the crowds toward

the old man, provoking numerous bloodcurdling screams. The old man had a powerful cultivation base, but it didn't matter. Nor did it matter what divine abilities and magical items he unleashed. He was still consumed by the wind.

Moments later, the second tornado was also stained blood red.

Meng Hao hovered in midair, looking around coldly. The two tornadoes whipped nearby, and if you looked at them long enough, it almost seemed as if two vicious wolves were lurking inside of them, peering out voraciously.

"Let's go," Meng Hao said calmly. He would not wipe out entire bloodlines this day. He would simply comply with Grandma Meng's orders to bring the girls back. Furthermore, he could sense that although the clan's defensive spell formation hadn't been activated originally, the slaughter he had just carried out was causing rumbling sounds to rise up.

There were also ripples beginning to spread, and within them, Meng Hao could sense a terrifying power. That power was definitely... the Meng Clan's grand defensive spell formation!

As soon as Meng Hao spoke, he took a step forward, and the three young women followed him anxiously. Before they could get very far, though, nine beams of light began to close in on them.

"Don't even dream about leaving!" roared one of the nine. In response, Meng Hao looked back at the man. This man was a Clan Elder, with a cultivation base in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, very close to the Dao Realm. However, he suddenly stopped in place, as though a powerful hand had clasped him by the throat. Face flickering with shock, he fell back, then turned ashen as he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood.

One gaze seriously injured an Elder, which caused everyone else to gasp. They could sense how terrifying Meng Hao was, but they could never have imagined... that he was this terrifying!

"Dao... Dao Realm!" whispered the Elder in a shaky voice.

Completely ignoring the nine cultivators, Meng Hao continued on his

way, followed by Meng Ru and the other two young women, who were incredibly excited. When they looked at Meng Hao, it was with complete enthusiasm and ardor. To them, Meng Hao was a towering mountain of their bloodline, someone who no amount of wind or rain could ever budge.

The nine cultivators didn't dare to try to stop him. The massive vortex spell formation also stopped in place, and the cultivators who were powering it parted to make a path for Meng Hao, looks of astonishment on their faces. As for Meng Hao, his expression was calm as he proceeded through.

Everything was extremely quiet. On the ground, numerous members of the Meng Clan stood outside of their houses and other buildings, looking up into the sky at what was happening, completely shocked. Meng De was there in a temple, looking up at Meng Hao with an expression of utter disbelief.

In another location in the Meng Clan, there were three other young women who were now looking at Meng Hao, Meng Ru, and the other young women of the bloodlines. These other three had complex expressions on their faces, and they almost looked as if they were being stabbed in the heart.

They were the bloodline relatives who had chosen not to return, and had instead opted to remain as servants to other clan members!

They had forsaken their bloodline, and therefore, their bloodline had cast them off.

It was at this point that, all of a sudden, an intense light exploded out from the enormous statue in the middle of the Meng Clan ancestral mansion.

“State your name!”

Chapter 1262: Activating the Clan Defense Formation

As the voice echoed out, the light shining out from the statue transformed into pressure that spread out, then converged onto Meng Hao.

Rumbling filled the air, colors flashed, winds screamed.... As Dao Realm pressure descended from above, natural laws retreated and dissipated, until the only thing present was the Dao Realm pressure.

The members of the Meng Clan looked on with wide eyes. The nine cultivators in the great circle of the Ancient Realm clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“Greetings, Patriarch!”

The cultivators in the vortex did the same, excited expressions on their faces.

“Greetings, Patriarch!”

Down below, all of the Meng Clan cultivators who had stepped out of the various houses and buildings, even the servants and cultivators with other surnames... all bowed deeply and joined their voices to cry out, “Greetings, Patriarch!”

Meng Ru and the other girls’ faces fell; they might have complete trust in Meng Hao, but deep down inside, any Patriarch... represented the most supreme and paramount power of the clan, and they were existences that were so far above them that even if they gazed upwards they would never be able to catch a glimpse of one.

The entire Meng Clan was completely shaken. Within that enormous statue were nine hidden chambers, four of which were empty. The other five were occupied by cultivators sitting cross-legged in meditation. The person who had just spoken was the figure in the eighth chamber, who now sat there with eyes open and a serious look on his face.

He was not the Patriarch from the ninth bloodline, the one that Meng Hao had previously encountered face to face. This was the Patriarch of the eighth bloodline!

Considering that the cultivators who had just been killed were members of his bloodline, he had no choice but to make an appearance.

Meng Hao stopped in place and turned to look at the statue behind him, without even sparing a glance at the Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering pressure descending toward him. Then he began to speak, his voice cool. The words he uttered were the type that anyone would think were wildly egotistical and arrogant.

“I bet you don’t even have the balls to try and fight me!” His voice was calm, but echoed out in all directions, instantly arousing the ire of the other members of the Meng Clan.

“What incredible gall!!”

“Are you looking to die?!?!”

“You overestimate yourself!” Numerous shouts of rage echoed out within the central continent. The cultivators of the Meng Clan had to admit that Meng Hao was powerful to a terrifying degree. But in their minds, if he tried to fight one of their Patriarchs, he would be defeated with a single blow!

That was the type of faith exercised in the clan Patriarchs by all clan members, both young and old.

Even Meng Ru and the other two young women were extremely nervous as they stood there next to Meng Hao, and the panic was visible on their faces.

In sharp contrast to all that was the object of the clan members’ veneration, the Patriarch sitting there in the eighth chamber, whose expression changed drastically. At the same time that Meng Hao spoke, the Patriarch was able to detect fluctuations that only someone in the Dao Realm would be able to feel.

Those fluctuations filled the Patriarch with a sense of intense terror, and

he knew that even if he went all out with every scrap of power he could muster, it wouldn't do any good.

The sensation he got was that he was like a tiny firefly, and Meng Hao was a burning torch!

"Impossible... what... what cultivation base does he have!?" The old man's eyes were wide; moments ago, he had been on the verge of stepping out in person, but now he was hesitating. In the end, he didn't dare to emerge and in fact... couldn't even think of words to say in response.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he looked coolly at the statue for a moment before turning and heading off with Meng Ru and the other young women. The only reason he was backing down was because he didn't feel like making complete enemies of everyone in the Meng Clan.

"This is the Meng Clan after all," he thought. "Once Grandma Meng's cultivation base is restored, she can decide what to do." He wouldn't exceed his authority in this matter. Even if his mother was a member of the Meng Clan, he himself was a Young Lord of the Fang Clan.

There were certain things he could do if he wished, but he had to do them very carefully. Even if he had good intentions, if he went too far it could lead to misunderstandings, which he didn't want to happen.

That was why, after a bit of thought, Meng Hao decided to just back down. Behind him, the various cultivators of the Meng Clan followed after him and stared at him murderously, even mockingly. However, their expressions of outrage quickly began to die down, until in the end, not a sound could be heard. These Meng Clan cultivators' faces flickered with bewilderment, and there were even some faces that went deathly pale with astonishment.

That was because, unexpectedly, after Meng Hao spoke, their Patriarch... didn't respond at all. It even seemed like his aura had gotten much weaker.

It was as if... Meng Hao had been completely correct about their Patriarch; he didn't dare to show his face and fight!

That fact caused the minds of numerous members of the Meng Clan to reel in shock. As for the cultivators in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, waves of astonishment battered their minds. Earlier, they had suspected that Meng Hao was in the Dao Realm, but now, there didn't seem to be any need for speculation. Apparently, this young man... really was in the Dao Realm!

"He... he really is... in the Dao Realm!" Gasps could be heard from among the cultivators in the great circle of the Ancient Realm as they watched Meng Hao leaving.

Meanwhile, the Patriarch in the eight chamber of the statue gritted his teeth. At the same time, he could sense that the Patriarchs in the ninth and first chambers were also awake, and yet were doing nothing.

"Dammit, they want me to probe this guy's abilities, huh...?" A gleam of determination could be seen in the eyes of the eighth Patriarch. No person could reach the Dao Realm if they lacked courage; if they did, how could they possibly have passed the Dao Realm Tribulation?

"With the clan spell formation, I can give it a shot!" he said, gritting his teeth. Suddenly, his cultivation base erupted with power, sending the fluctuations of a 1-Essence Dao Realm expert shooting out from within the statue.

The other members of the Meng Clan saw golden light shining out, which became a golden ocean then that transformed into an enormous hand, stretching out toward Meng Hao.

Colors flashed as the golden hand filled the sky, casting shadow over all the lands beneath!

Rumbling filled the air as boundless power bore down on Meng Hao. Even as the faces of Meng Ru and the other young women went pale, Meng Hao turned, and his eyes flashed with icy coldness.

"So you do have some balls," he said coolly. He did nothing to avoid the incoming golden hand, and in fact, leapt up toward it.

Then he slammed into it bodily and with complete disregard. Massive

rumbling could be heard as the golden hand tried to crush him; and yet, as soon as it touched him, it began to tremble, and then... collapsed into pieces!

As the hand shattered, the golden ocean disintegrated. Apparently, a Dao Realm attack couldn't stand up to a single move by Meng Hao.

When the hand collapsed, the old man in the eighth chamber of the statute trembled and then coughed up a mouthful of blood as he was sent flying backward, out of control. A moment later, he appeared outside the statue, where he coughed up another massive mouthful of blood. Face pale white, he stared at Meng Hao in complete terror and astonishment.

"Dao... Dao Lord? Dao Sovereign?" Intense fear pounded within the heart of the Patriarch of the eighth bloodline.

Equally shaken was the Patriarch of the ninth bloodline. He recognized Meng Hao from their earlier meeting, and to see him fighting at this level was completely and utterly shocking.

They were shocked, but as for the rest of the members of the Meng Clan, they were utterly dumbfounded. Their jaws dropped as they saw their Patriarch coughing up blood, whereas Meng Hao was standing there with a completely calm face. All he had done was take a step forward!

That single step caused a Dao Realm expert to fall into retreat, and to be injured. The faith of the Meng Clan cultivators in their Patriarch was completely toppled.

All faces were completely gray and ashen. Within the crowd was the young man Meng De, who had been watching all along, and had instantly recognized Meng Hao. His eyes were wide with shock as he watched everything play out.

Other than the gasps, there was no sound at all. Meng Hao looked over indifferently at the wounded Patriarch of the eighth bloodline. However, it was at this point that the Patriarch's eyes turned crimson. He suddenly threw his head back and howled, then slapped his forehead viciously with his right hand. A boom rang out, and the sky went dim. Suddenly, a massive pressure radiated out from the enormous statue. In the blink of

an eye, it had filled the area, and although no one in the audience could see anything out of the ordinary, Meng Hao was able to clearly see the shield which had sprung up.

“Defensive spell formation....” he thought. However, he didn’t back up. Instead, he stood in place, eyes flickering as the shield expanded out toward him and then clashed with him briefly.

That brief clash caused Meng Hao’s pupils to constrict slightly. He could sense a Heaven-destroying, Earth-extinguishing power in that shield, something that he couldn’t resist for very long with only his fleshly body power.

“This defensive spell formation could actually be even more powerful. It’s strong enough with one person controlling it, but with more people backing it, I would actually be in significant danger.” After sensing the power of the shield, Meng Hao decided not to fight it. Instead, he turned, flicking his sleeve as he took Meng Ru and the other young women away, vanishing off into the distance.

As Meng Hao left, the Patriarch of the eighth bloodline watched him go, his expression unsightly. The fact that Meng Hao had been able to stand up to the attack of the spell formation was completely shocking.

“I can’t believe... that he stood up to the ancestral spell formation and wasn’t even hurt.... Just what Realm is he in? He’s not a Dao Lord. Could it be... could it be that he really is a Dao Sovereign? But that’s impossible!!”

Back in the statue, the Patriarchs in the first and ninth chambers had very serious expressions on their faces, especially the Patriarch from the first bloodline.

“The tenth bloodline...?” he murmured quietly, face grim.

Chapter 1263: Removing Nine Spikes; the Seventh Sea Mobilizes!

Of course, Meng Hao was not a Dao Sovereign, nor was he equivalent to such a level. However, if he unleashed his full battle prowess, he could fight any Dao Realm cultivator under the level of a Dao Sovereign. That had to do with this fleshly body, his Paragon magic, and most importantly, the fact that he was an Allheaven Dao Immortal!

Because of that, despite the fact that he was merely an Immortal, he could still shake the Dao Realm.

“Soon all four Nirvana Fruits will be fully fused. When they become my Dao Fruit, they can help me push open the Door of the Ancient Realm and extinguish my Soul Lamps! The only thing I’m not sure about is exactly how many Soul Lamps I’ll end up with.” Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed with anticipation. Considering that he could already fight the Dao Realm, in his view the Ancient Realm was merely a stepping stone.

He hadn’t even considered the possibility of failing, and as far as he was concerned, the Ancient Realm wasn’t even very important. Of course... before Meng Hao, it had been a very, very long time since any Allheaven Dao Immortal had appeared. Virtually no one knew how difficult it was for someone like him to step into the Ancient Realm.

Meng Hao, being able to sense that his fourth Nirvana Fruit was nearing a state of complete absorption, was incredibly excited. Currently, he was whistling through the air with Meng Ru and the other young women in tow as he headed back toward the continent where their bloodline waited.

Soon, they were back. When the two young women who had just been saved saw how different everything was, they became very excited. Meng Hao went to see his grandmother and granduncles. After he told his grandmother about what had happened when he had rescued the two young women, she asked, “Hao’er, how confident are you that you can fully heal our injuries?”

All three of the oldtimers looked at Meng Hao as they waited for his answer.

He thought for a moment, then looked up and replied, "I wouldn't dare to say 100% confident. Perhaps... 80%!"

In response to his words, his grandmother began to breathe heavily, and his two granduncles began to tremble. All three of them exchanged glances and then nodded.

"Hao'er, use whatever techniques you can. It doesn't matter how dangerous the process is, we're willing to risk it!"

Meng Hao took a deep breath, then nodded seriously. He had long since come to the realization that if his grandmother and granduncles could recover their cultivation bases, then considering their previous standing within the clan, the bloodline would no longer continue to decline.

Time passed. Meng Hao spent his days giving sermons about the Dao and treating his grandmother and granduncles. He also worked on the cultivation bases of his three aunts and two uncles.

As the entire group improved, their auras grew more powerful, day by day.

As for his two uncles who had previously been so down and out, their eyes burned with life and vigor. Now, they had hope!

His three aunts recovered fastest of all. Within about ten days, they already possessed the battle prowess of Immortals. His grandmother and granduncles recovered the slowest, and yet, were gradually beginning to emanate more profound pressure.

Because of the strong Immortal qi available for cultivation, all the other bloodline clan members were stabilizing their cultivation bases, and every few days, someone would make a breakthrough.

Although all such breakthroughs were within the Spirit Realm, it was still possible to see that the bloodline had excellent latent talent, and the previous hard work they had gone through in their cultivation was now leading to large numbers of cultivation base breakthroughs.

Lately, everyone in the bloodline felt full of hope, and whenever they looked at Meng Hao, it was with fervent ardor.

In sharp contrast was the ancestral mansion of the Meng Clan.

People there were as jumpy as if enemy soldiers lurked around every corner, and the slightest breeze could cause panic. During the ten days which passed, everyone in the nine bloodlines learned of what had happened, much to their shock. The defensive spell formation was constantly on, as if war were expected to break out at any time.

Another month passed, and Meng Hao could tell that his fourth Nirvana Fruit had been completely absorbed. A mere thought on his part could summon the Door of the Ancient Realm.

Furthermore, his grandmother and the others had reached a critical juncture in the healing process. On one particular day, all of the bloodline clan members ceased meditating and stood guard. It didn't matter that their cultivation bases were relatively weak, they would still not allow anyone to disturb what was happening.

His grandmother and everyone else was out in the courtyard, while Meng Hao sat cross-legged alone indoors. Wisps of white mist rose up from his head, transforming into clouds, within which could be heard the faint sound of thunder.

After a moment, Meng Hao's eyes opened, and they shone brightly. He began to speak, and soon his words were heard by his grandmother and granduncles. "Grandma Meng will go last. Granduncles, you will go just before her. I'll start with everyone else."

Meng Hao could accept that accidents might happen with the others, but he wanted to be absolutely certain of being able to successfully treat his grandmother. He would use the others to ensure that he was comfortable with the process. That was why the final person he would treat would be his grandmother.

Grandma Meng took a deep breath, eyes shining brightly as she extended her hand, pointing toward one of her two sons, who had a very excited expression on his face.

That was Meng Hao's 7th Uncle, who took a deep breath as he entered the room where Meng Hao awaited them. He looked at Meng Hao sitting there cross-legged, then clasped hands and bowed deeply. Finally, he sat down cross-legged in front of him.

Meng Hao nodded, then reached out and placed a finger onto his 7th Uncle's forehead. Then he rotated his cultivation base, and poured the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal into him. 7th Uncle's body began to tremble, and he was clearly in pain. Gradually, nine spikes began to emerge from within him.

A moment later, a pinging sound could be heard as one of the spikes fell to the ground. In that instant, 7th Uncle's cultivation base surged with power. Next was a second spike, then a third, until eight of the spikes were removed. In that moment 7th Uncle's cultivation base was completely restored, and surged with the power of the early Ancient Realm!

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he pulled his hand back from 7th Uncle's forehead. As he did, a ninth spike flew out from 7th Uncle's forehead!

7th Uncle shivered, then threw his head back and roared. His cultivation base erupted with explosive power, moving past the mid Ancient Realm. Trembling as he took stock of his body's condition, he stood up, expression one of complete excitement as he once again clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao, then turned and left.

The process went similarly with the second person in line, and the third, and the fourth....

Two uncles, three aunts. All five people had nine spikes stuck in their bodies, which Meng Hao extracted one by one. As of this moment, his grandmother's bloodline now had five Ancient Realm experts!

The highest cultivation base among them belonged to his 5th aunt, who was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, just on the verge of being able to break through.

Around the same time that the spikes were being removed from the five of them, in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, past the invisible barrier which separated it from the Eighth Mountain and Sea, an altar could be seen

floating in the starry sky. Suddenly, rumbling booms could be heard coming from that altar.

The huge altar had an enormous magical symbol on its surface, and it only took a single glance for one to be able to tell that it was the character Meng. Numerous stone spikes could be seen stabbing into the character, a total of nine of them. The spike in the middle was the largest, with the spikes growing smaller as they neared the edges of the character.

Furthermore, all of those stone spikes oozed blood, causing the entire altar to be stained bright red....

That was only one of the altars. There were other altars in the area... a total of nine! Apparently, this was a very important part of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, as roughly 100,000 cultivators were standing watch over the area, including nine Dao Realm experts.

About the time that Meng Hao removed the spikes from his two uncles and three aunts, rumbling sounds filled the area, and on two of the nine altars, all of the stone spikes suddenly collapsed.

The 100,000 cultivators suddenly shivered and opened their eyes. The Dao Realm experts seemed especially affected, and their faces darkened.

“Something’s happened in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, in the Meng Clan.”

“Someone is tampering with the Lord-Elimination spell formations!”

“It doesn’t matter, as long as the master formation isn’t broken, it will be nothing more than an inconvenience....” The nine Dao Realm experts’ faces flickered as they looked at the fifth altar out of the nine respectively. Then they went to action, both stabilizing the altars and also sending their divine sense out in an explosive tempest.

As the nine Dao Realm experts were working on the altars, back in the Meng Clan in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, one of Meng Hao’s granduncles walked into the room and sat down cross-legged. A serious expression flickered on Meng Hao’s face, and he placed not just a finger, but his entire palm onto his granduncle’s forehead.

Seeing the serious look on Meng Hao's face, his granduncle laughed heartily and said, "Go all out with your cultivation base, my life isn't that important!" As Meng Hao's cultivation base power poured into him, he began to shake.

Meng Hao spent more time with him than he had with the previous five combined. As he extracted the spikes, his granduncle's cultivation base rocketed up madly, and soon was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm.

"Last one!" Meng Hao said. He pulled his hand back, and rumbling sounds could be heard. Blood sprayed out of his granduncle's mouth as the ninth spike few out of his forehead. As it did, it was possible to see a black thread attached to it, which caused Meng Hao's eyes to flicker. He quickly cut the thread, causing a cracking sound to be heard. His granduncle coughed up another mouthful of blood, and yet, his face began to change. He no longer looked like he had just crawled out of a grave. Although he was still old, his face radiated a powerful life force, and his cultivation base progressed even further. He was now past the great circle, and was comparable to the Quasi-Dao Realm!

He laughed heartily as he rose to his feet, his energy surging, and brilliant light shining from his eyes. He was now as he had been before all of the tragedy. He looked down at Meng Hao with a gentle expression and murmured, "It's high time our bloodline rises to prominence again!"

With that, he turned and vanished, reappearing outside, where he took a long, deep breath. Rumbling could be heard as he sucked in a massive quantity of the energy of Heaven and Earth.

When that ninth spike was extracted, and the thread was severed, back in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the stone spikes on another of the nine altars shattered. Furthermore, the altar itself trembled, and cracks spread out across its surface. It looked like it would collapse at any moment.

The surrounding cultivators' faces flickered, and they performed incantation gestures. The nine Dao Realm experts frowned, once again going to work to stabilize the altars. However, before much time passed, the same thing happened to the fourth altar that had just occurred to all

the others.

That was when the second of Meng Hao's granduncles had his final spike extracted, and experienced an incredible increase in cultivation base.

The nine Dao Realm cultivators' faces flickered, and one of them roared. "Dammit, we can't let any more of the altars be cracked. The fifth altar is the primary formation, it mustn't be interfered with! That will influence the entire offensive. Pour your divine sense into it and stop whoever is breaking the formations!"

The other eight had serious expressions in their eyes as they performed incantation gestures and sent their divine sense rumbling out.

Chapter 1264: Just Where Are You...?

Something else happened when four of the altars cracked, something that occurred in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, but not in the Meng Clan. Instead, it was in the Heavengod Alliance, in the very middle of the Eighth Mountain and Sea... on the Eighth Mountain!

At the very peak of that mountain was a heavenly pool, within which was a Xuanwu turtle, sitting there with its eyes closed. Next to the pond was a temple....

Heavengod Temple!

That was where the legendary and mysterious Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea resided... Heavengod!

No one other than Heavengod could set foot into that area of the mountain peak, as it was a restricted area. Currently, there was an oil lamp burning in Heavengod Temple.

That lamp burned eternally, and despite the fact that there was no wind, the flame danced, casting flickering lights about in the temple. Also visible within the temple was a huge throne, upon which sat a mysterious-looking figure.

His face was impossible to see. He wore a black robe, and his head was bowed as he sat there, completely unmoving. However, it was possible to see that this Heavengod was wearing a mask.

On that mask was an image of an intertwined turtle and snake.... 1

As one altar after another cracked in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the figure on the throne began to twitch... almost as if he were waking up.

Each time he did, the flame in the lamp also danced.

The figure on the throne.... was the most supreme and paramount figure in the Eighth Mountain and Sea... the Mountain and Sea Lord Heavengod. There were many, many legends about this person. Some said that Heavengod came from the Han Clan. Some said that he came from the Meng Clan. There were some people who claimed that Heavengod had

always existed, and did not originate in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Regardless of any of that, in all the years, no one had ever seen the true features which lay beneath Heavengod's mask. What people saw never changed; he always looked exactly like this.

Gradually, other rumors spread, although few people believed them because of their utter bizarreness. According to those rumors, Heavengod... had not always existed.

According to these legends... Mountain and Sea Lords did not live forever, and in fact, all of them had limited longevity. The only reason they continued to exist was because each Mountain and Sea Lord had a unique way of fooling the Heavens to continue on existing.

Supposedly, one of the methods, the one used by Heavengod of the Eighth Mountain and Sea... was the transference of their legacy. Supposedly, when Heavengod died, he would find a successor to pass on his legacy to, and thus ensure that Heavengod existed forever in a type of transmigration.

Meanwhile, back in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, on one of the Meng Clan's continents, Meng Hao rose to his feet and bowed deeply as his grandmother entered the room.

Meng Hao had not bowed in greeting to anyone else who had entered the room, only to her.

Grandma Meng looked at him with a kind expression on her face, nodding as she sat down cross-legged in front of him. Meng Hao took a deep breath, and a look of concentration covered his face as he sat down somberly.

"Don't be nervous," she said quietly. "I've lived for a long, long time, and experienced many things. There are few hardships which I would shy away from anymore, so even if you fail, it doesn't matter. With your two granduncles having been restored, our bloodline is already destined to rise to prominence.

"If I die, the only thing I'll regret is that I won't have a chance to see your

Grandpa Meng again. I can sense that he hasn't perished, and that... he isn't very far away." Finally, she sighed.

Meng Hao had mixed feelings, especially considering that his grandfather had gone missing while trying to save him.

"Grandma Meng, you won't have any regrets," he said softly. "I'm going to succeed in this, and one day, I'm going to find Grandpa Meng too!"

His grandmother chuckled, and the kindness in her eyes grew stronger.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and performed a double-handed incantation gesture. He was now very familiar with how to extract the spikes, and was very confident in his actions. He raised both hands and placed them onto his grandmother's forehead, then unleashed the full power of his cultivation base!

Even when treating his two granduncles, he had only used thirty percent of the power of his cultivation base. Now, he was going all out. His grandmother began to tremble, and suddenly, nine areas on her body, including her forehead, began to shine with brilliant light.

Those nine areas were where the spikes were located. As soon as Meng Hao saw the glowing light, his face flickered, and he suddenly heard nine voices roaring in his ears.

"Whoever dares to touch this spell formation will die!!" Those nine voices joined together, and their words stabbed into Meng Hao's mind as if to destroy it.

"You overestimate yourself!" he replied with a cold snort, eyes flickering with killing intent. Because he had cultivated the Dao Divinity Scripture, his divine sense was incredibly powerful. He immediately sent it out to counter the nine wills entering his mind.

He was essentially fighting the Dao Realm now, in a one-against-nine fight!

Rumbling could be heard as Meng Hao trembled. However, his two hands remained firmly in place. As his grandmother trembled, and the light grew more brilliant, the spikes began to be forced out.

It was at this point that, back in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the nine Dao Realm experts' faces flickered, and they went all out with every scrap of power they could muster, and yet they were completely incapable of doing anything to the person interfering with the spell formation.

"I'm familiar with all the powerful experts in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, where did this person come from?!?"

"It must be a peak Dao Lord, someone on the verge of becoming a Dao Sovereign! Dammit!"

"Just wait and see how long he can hold out. As long as Heavengod doesn't wake up and make a move, he won't have an easy time breaking the altar spell formation!" Roaring, the nine Dao Realm cultivators unleashed their divine sense again in an attempt to stop Meng Hao.

Rumbling sounds emanated as they fought, separated by a vast distance, yet no one besides they themselves could hear it.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he reached down and smacked the ground. The Lightning Cauldron appeared, floating above his head, pulsing with the power of lightning. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao and his grandmother vanished from the room to reappear in an empty field a vast distance away.

Meng Hao's grandmother had her eyes closed, and thus didn't even notice that the teleportation had occurred. Almost as soon as they appeared, he summoned the Paragon Bridge, sending a massive power shooting out in nine different directions.

Intense rumbling sounds echoed out as nine ravines were carved deep into the earth, within which black flames burned.

"Looking to die?!" Meng Hao's face was grim as his right hand flashed with an incantation gesture. Then he pressed down onto his grandmother's shoulder, from within which popped out a spike.

His grandmother didn't tremble, but the spike did. It also emanated a black mist which formed together into the face of an old man, who howled at Meng Hao. Meng Hao's eyes went wide, and he quickly sucked in a

breath. The face collapsed back into black mist, which Meng Hao then breathed in.

Then he bit down hard, and a scream could be heard. At the same time, back in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, one of the nine Dao Realm experts next to the altars suddenly coughed up a mouthful of blood.

“He consumed the divine sense I sent out!!”

It was at this point that, one by one, the other old men began to cough up blood. First a second, then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth....

Next, rumbling could be heard from the fifth altar as the stone spikes there began to shatter. The altar was trembling, and cracks spread out across its surface.

“Combine all of our power!” roared one of the nine Dao Realm experts. “Prevent the spell formation from being broken! The fifth altar is too important! It must not be broken!!” Immediately, the surrounding 100,000 cultivators performed incantation gestures, and began to murmur complex curse spells. Almost immediately, they began to shiver, and their bodies withered visibly.

Within the space of a few breaths of time, all 100,000 cultivators looked like nothing more than bags of bones. It was a huge sacrifice on their part, but the result was a shocking curse power that surged toward the altar.

In the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao sat on the wide plain, hands flickering as he placed numerous sealing marks onto his grandmother. The entire time, she hadn’t trembled once, and had kept her eyes closed. It was a completely different scene from when he had extracted the spikes from the others.

That was because she was Meng Hao’s grandmother, and he was working as hard as possible to ensure that any pain she felt was reduced as much as possible.

As the spikes were removed, they emanated black mist, which turned into faces. Meng Hao consumed them all, until finally, eight spikes had been forced out. His expression was very serious as he placed both hands

onto his grandmother's forehead and then wrenched them backwards.

Shocking rumbling sounds could be heard, as if lightning and thunder were pounding the land. A black spot appeared on his grandmother's forehead as the ninth spike flew out. It was accompanied by numerous illusory figures, all of them screaming as they spewed forth like an eruption.

This was the curse power converged by the sacrifice of the 100,000 cultivators, plus the rage of the final Dao Realm expert directed at anyone who would try to sever this connection's power.

Meng Hao's face turned grim, and he let out a cold snort. Then his right hand lifted into the air, and his eyes began to shine. Almost in the same moment that the curse power touched him, it exploded out into boundless black mist that instantly enveloped him.

However, it was also in that same moment that Meng Hao completely severed the ninth spike from his grandmother. The restrictive spell that had been placed upon her vanished, and the fifth altar in the Seventh Mountain and Sea shattered into countless pieces.

The other four had merely been cracked and fragmented, but now they also exploded, ensuring that of the original nine altars, only four remained intact!

At the same time, in the Heavengod Temple on the Eighth Mountain, the figure seated on the throne began to tremble violently. Almost imperceptibly, the mask flashed with light, as if the eyes behind that mask had opened a sliver. A terrifying pressure then radiated out from within those eyes!

Gradually, the figure's mouth moved, and he said something that no one could hear, something said only to himself.

He said... "Hao'er!"

Meanwhile, back on the vast plain on the continent in the Meng Clan, Meng Hao was trembling. Then he threw his head back and roared, and cracking sounds rang out from inside of him. His cultivation base surged

with power, and Greed's life force began to emanate from his fourth Nirvana Fruit.

That was the moment in which his grandmother awoke. As she did, her cultivation base rocketed up, and her eyes opened to see Meng Hao and the black mist covering him.

"Hao'er, you...."

Within the black mist, Meng Hao took a deep breath. Just as he was about to dispel the mist, he suddenly experienced a sensation of extreme danger, coming from out in the starry sky!

"Grandma Meng, I'm fine. You head back now, I just need some time to get rid of this curse." Eyes narrowing, he suddenly teleported out into the starry sky along with the black mist.

His grandmother's face darkened, and she fell back a few steps. Looking up into the sky toward where Meng Hao had disappeared, she didn't even think about her own cultivation base, but instead, began to worry about Meng Hao's safety.

If something bad happened to him, it wouldn't matter that her cultivation base had recovered, she would feel unending guilt. Suddenly, she thought about Meng Hao's grandfather, and she sighed.

"Just... where are you...?"

*

1. In Chinese mythology, the Xuanwu turtle is often depicted as being intertwined with a snake. P.S. If I recall correctly Patriarch Reliance was initially described as looking like this type of turtle, which is why I never found it weird that his head/face could appear in the State of Zhao above his shell.

Chapter 1265: Comeback

Meng Hao teleported out into the starry sky, where he hovered cross-legged, surrounded by black mist. At the same time, further out in the inky black and beyond the continents of the Meng Clan, a figure hovered a great distance from Meng Hao, gazing at him.

It was a handsome young man in a long black robe. His hair floated around him, and in some respects he almost seemed as if he were a part of the starry sky itself. Few people would ever be able to detect his presence.

It was none other than... Ji Dongyang from the Ninth Mountain and Sea!!

As soon as Meng Hao left for the Eighth Mountain and Sea, he had followed, and now here he was, looking at Meng Hao!

Ji Dongyang seemed a bit hesitant, but his eyes glittered. He had been watching Meng Hao for three days now, and currently, a slight smile could be seen on his face.

“This Meng Hao is one cunning, crafty character. Even if the curse power from the Seventh Mountain and Sea is tough to deal with, it shouldn’t have caused him this much of a problem....” Ji Dongyang’s eyes gleamed with decisiveness as he backed up and then vanished.

In the moment that he vanished, Meng Hao was hovering cross-legged above the Meng Clan continent, surrounded by black mist. However, his eyes were flickering as he stared in the direction in which Ji Dongyang vanished.

The curse power was not weak, but just as Ji Dongyang had said, it wasn’t anything that would cause difficulty for Meng Hao.

Three days ago, just when he had been about to dispel the mist, he had suddenly experienced a sensation of crisis coming from the direction of the starry sky. That sensation was too sudden, and was something he almost hadn’t sensed coming. Apparently, the fully-absorbed fourth Nirvana Fruit had bestowed him even keener senses than before.

Meng Hao wasn’t sure of the source of the danger, but he had decided to

delay in dispelling the curse, all in the hopes of drawing out whoever it was that was a threat. However, that person was too cautious, and after waiting for three days, had given up.

After a moment of thought, Meng Hao waved his right hand, causing the black curse mist to begin to roil. A moment later, it began to converge inside of him. The three days of refinement ensured that it only took the time it takes an incense stick to burn for the black mist to vanish completely.

The only part that remained of it was a tiny black spot on the tip of Meng Hao's finger. Shockingly, that was the refined combination of all of the curse power.

Meng Hao looked at his pitch-black fingertip and thought, "Getting rid of this curse power would be a big waste. I'm sure I can find some way to use it."

After looking out into the starry sky once more, he swished his sleeve and vanished. When he reappeared, he was back down on the Meng Clan continent, where he became a beam of light that shot toward his grandmother's location.

His grandmother had been waiting nervously for days, so when Meng Hao returned, she breathed a sigh of relief, her eyes radiating boundless affection. Meng Hao was her grandson, and although he might not have a strong blood connection to the others, he was still her direct relative and descendant.

After Meng Hao's return, all of his grandmother's people continued to make cultivation base breakthroughs. That was especially true of Meng Hao's two uncles and three aunts, and even moreso his two granduncles. By now, their cultivation bases had returned to their previous peaks!

His granduncles were in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, and although they had not yet stepped into the Dao Realm, they could battle evenly with Quasi-Dao cultivators.

As far as his grandmother, she was also in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, but now that her cultivation base was restored, Meng Hao could

sense some unique fluctuations on her. Apparently... that had something to do with the Meng Clan itself.

As of this point, everyone was making preparations... to make a comeback in the clan!

“The time has come to settle things in the Meng Clan,” Grandma Meng murmured. “What once was ours, will be ours once more.” The gleam in her eyes had been buried for too long. As she stood there with Meng Hao’s two granduncles next to her, rumbling sounds began to echo out.

“It’s time to leave. We’re... going home!” With that, she took a step forward, joined by Meng Hao’s two granduncles, two uncles, and three aunts. All of them transformed into beams of light that shot toward the Meng Clan’s central continent.

Meng Hao’s expression was calm as he followed along at his grandmother’s side. As for the other members of the bloodline, they were told to stay behind; even though their cultivation bases were higher than before, they weren’t high enough to allow them to participate in the fight that was about to take place.

Rumbling echoed out as Meng Hao and the others shot toward the main continent. It only took a short time before they arrived at the ancestral mansion.

Mixed emotions could be seen on the faces of his grandmother and granduncles, and as for his uncles and aunts, reminiscence could be seen in their eyes. They had been chased away from this place years ago, and had never imagined that they would be able to return. But now... here they were.

The only reason they could do so was because of Meng Hao, and although you couldn’t tell by the expressions on their faces when they looked at him, their hearts were filled with infinite gratitude.

The Meng Clan ancestral mansion was surrounded by a shimmering shield, which was the clan’s grand protective spell formation. Meng Hao had clashed with the shield before and knew how powerful it was. Just when he was about to advance toward it, his grandmother held out her

hand.

“Hao’er,” she said softly, “I can handle this spell formation.” With that, she waved her finger at the grand spell formation.

That swipe of a finger caused the grand spell formation, which filled even Meng Hao with dread, to suddenly begin to rumble. Then, a fissure spread out across its surface.

One of Meng Hao’s two granduncles turned to explain.

“Your grandmother’s skill with spell formations is something that few people in the Eighth Mountain and Sea can match. After marrying into the Meng Clan, she was entrusted with the responsibility of maintaining and adjusting the clan’s defensive spell formation. Other than the Patriarchs, nobody else in the clan understands it better than her.

“This spell formation... is your grandmother’s most powerful precious treasure.”

Then his granduncle transformed into a beam of light that shot into the Meng Clan ancestral mansion.

Meng Hao stared in shock for a brief moment, then looked over at his grandmother and smiled as he followed her along.

Their entering the ancestral mansion threw the entire clan into an uproar. The nine bloodlines were already on guard because of what had happened earlier with Meng Hao, and now that the spell formation was rumbling and rippling, numerous people flew out to investigate.

In the blink of an eye, hundreds of beams of light were flying directly toward them.

“Meng Chen,” someone roared, “just what do you– huh?” The person speaking stopped in mid-sentence. He wasn’t the only shocked one; everyone was staring in astonishment at Grandma Meng and the others.

“Y-you’re....”

“They....”

People soon began to recognize who had just arrived, although the only

ones who did were old-timers, whose faces were now filled with shock.

“Recognize me?” said one of Meng Hao’s granduncles, stepping forward. “Even if you don’t, that’s fine. I’m Meng Hong!” When his foot descended, everything rumbled violently, and the clouds above roiled. It was as if lightning were striking, and numerous booming explosions echoed out through the ancestral mansion.

Even as the ground quaked, Meng Hao’s other granduncle stepped forward, expression cold. His voice was soft like a hissing viper, causing chills to run up the spines of everyone who heard him speak.

“I’m Meng Yan. It’s been a few hundred years, but there should be a few of you who remember me.”

Gasps could be heard among the hundreds of Meng Clan cultivators up ahead.

“The tenth bloodline. It’s the tenth bloodline....”

“It doesn’t matter if you call us the tenth bloodline or the first,” Grandma Meng said coolly, “Today... we’re back.” She waved her hand, causing the entire defensive spell formation to rumble loudly. The sound was incredible, and it was bolstered by Grandma Meng’s voice until the sound itself whipped around, transforming into a tempest!

It was at this point that rumbling could also be heard from within nine separate districts of the Meng Clan ancestral mansion. Numerous beams of light shot out like lightning, filling the sky above the Meng Clan with over ten thousand beams of light.

Down on the ground were even more members of the Meng Clan, who were looking up into the sky, shocked expressions on their faces as the spell formation rumbled in response to Grandma Meng’s voice.

Soon, all eyes converged onto Meng Hao’s grandmother. Then the shocked experts of the clan noticed that Meng Hao was standing right behind his grandmother, and they gasped.

Grandma Meng stood there stoically, looking around. To her, it was easy to differentiate between the various factions that were the nine bloodlines.

With a cold snort, she began to advance, and no one made a move to interfere.

Right now, nobody wanted to offend the tenth bloodline, especially considering that Meng Hao was with them. His fight with the Meng Clan Patriarchs had struck fear deep into the hearts of all onlookers.

Before Grandma Meng got very far, she suddenly looked down at the ancestral mansion, toward one particular hall that was surrounded by smaller halls and other buildings to form something like a small city.

“This is where Hao’er’s mother once lived....” Grandma Meng said coolly, a domineering air radiating off of her. “Whoever is in there now had better scram immediately.... We’re taking the place back.”

The faction affected was immediately enraged.

“That’s pushing things too far!!”

“This is the ancestral home of the seventh bloodline! How dare you!!”

Next, a cold voice rang out from that large hall. “Liu Xiu, this is too much.”

A white-haired old man emerged, whose cultivation base was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm.

“So you still recognize little old me,” said Grandma Meng, her eyes flickering with killing intent. “Wasn’t it you who watched us getting chased away back then, and did nothing to help? Even worse, you were happy to kick us when we were down.” Waving her right hand, she caused the Meng Clan grand spell formation to converge above her head.

Chapter 1266: Not Strong Enough

“Kill them!” Grandma Meng said calmly. The instant her voice rang out, Meng Hao’s two granduncles transformed into beams of light that shot toward the old man outside the hall. Meng Hao’s uncles and aunts also unleashed their cultivation bases as they charged forward.

The old man’s face flickered, and the other members of the seventh bloodline roared and attacked. Instantly, shocking and fierce fighting broke out.

The wave of Grandma Meng’s hand caused a roaring to fill the air that sounded like it came from the mouth of an enormous giant. Under her control, the Meng Clan’s grand protective spell formation became numerous beams of light that shot through the air toward the cultivators of the seventh bloodline.

Miserable screams rang out; although the spell formation wouldn’t kill members of the Meng Clan, the cultivators of the seventh bloodline who were hit by the beams of light experienced an instant drop in cultivation base.

In the end, the protective spell formation became boundless light that covered the entire seventh bloodline.

It didn’t matter how many of them there were, they were incapable of fighting back. The miserable screams continue to ring out, and soon blood began to flow, filling the air with the reek of gore.

Cries of shock and disbelief began to echo about.

“She... she can actually control the protective spell formation!!”

“That’s the Meng Clan’s spell formation! She doesn’t have the blood of the Meng Clan in her, how can she control it!?”

“Is the spell formation actually the Meng Clan’s, or not?!” As the shouts of alarm filled the air, the older experts suddenly remembered something, and their faces fell.

The old man outside the hall roared in rage, and yet was no match for

the granduncles. However, this was one of the nine bloodlines of the Meng Clan, and they had many powerful experts, including numerous cultivators in the Immortal Realm. All of them attacked simultaneously, causing massive rumbling to fill the air.

They might have been suppressed by the spell formation, but the cultivators from Meng Hao's grandmother's bloodline were few in number. Just as it seemed like they were about to be overwhelmed, Meng Hao prepared to step in. However, Grandma Meng gave a cold harrumph and pushed her hand down toward the ground.

"Sin Blade, come hither!" she said. The main hall of the seventh bloodline suddenly began to shake, and then a huge crevice opened up, out of which a black light shone. Shockingly, within that light was a black dagger!

The sight of that dagger caused the minds of the Meng Clan cultivators to reel, and their blood to suddenly surge.

"A Sin Blade... I can't believe it's really the Sin Blade.... Those things still exist? How could it be possible!?"

"Sin Blades are formed from thousands of years of clan blood, and are used to punish traitorous clan members. Only three were ever forged, and according to the legends, they were lost in the sands of time. But, that's definitely a Sin Blade!"

"She... she's not a real Meng Clan cultivator, she married into the clan. But it doesn't matter how old she is, she shouldn't be able to control the spell formation and also a Sin Blade!"

The old man from the seventh bloodline stared with wide, disbelieving eyes. He obviously knew what Sin Blades were, but he could never have imagined that there was one buried beneath his bloodline's territory, and furthermore...

... could actually be controlled by this old woman!

Grandma Meng eyed the black dagger, and she seemed to be thinking about the past. With a soft sigh, she made a grasping motion with her

right hand, causing the dagger to fly into her grasp. Then, she pointed it at the old man.

“By the authority conferred upon me by the Meng Clan torture hall,” she said coolly, “I hereby excise you from the Meng Clan !” As she spoke, a flickering, blood-red sealing mark appeared on her forehead. As soon as the members of the older generation saw that mark, they let out a collective gasp.

“A bloodline seal.... Now it makes sense. As the Grand Elder of the clan back then, Meng Shan would have been qualified to bestow bloodline seals like that, to pass on his legacy to others.”

In that same moment, Grandma Meng slashed the blade toward the old man from the seventh bloodline, causing black light to flare out and then stab down toward him.

He tried to fight back, but was instantly cut down by Meng Hao’s granduncles.

His head flew off of his shoulders, and his body exploded. The other members of the seventh bloodline, even the Elders, were shocked, and immediately began to flee. Grandma Meng ignored them. Then a tremor ran through her which no one except for Meng Hao noticed. He could tell that the so-called Sin Blade really was formed by a convergence of will.

That will came from the spirit of the people who had sacrificed their blood to forge the blade. Because of that, only someone with a bloodline sealing mark could control the weapon. Although nothing seemed out of the ordinary, slashing out with the blade just now had actually injured her. After all, she really wasn’t a true member of the Meng Clan.

As for how she was able to control the grand protective spell formation, Meng Hao had already picked up on some of the clues. He could sense some of his grandmother’s aura within the grand spell formation, and could also sense fluctuations from the spell formation on her.

“It’s not because of any Daoist magic. Actually... the grand protective spell formation is allowing her to control it.” Meng Hao looked thoughtfully at the Meng Clan ancestral mansion, and the tallest structure

therein... the enormous statue!

That was not only where the Dao Realm Patriarchs stayed in secluded meditation, it was also the nucleus of the grand protective spell formation.

There were now no more members of the seventh bloodline in the main hall below. They had all fled.

Meng Hao remained in a position behind his grandmother, watching everything play out silently and not interfering. He would comply with his grandmother's wishes in everything. Truth be told, he only cared about his grandmother's bloodline; as for the rest of the Meng Clan, they didn't matter much to him at all.

Grandma Meng turned to Meng Hao, a kind smile on her face as she said, "Hao'er, this is where your mother used to live, and today, I'm bequeathing it to you." Then she turned, looking coldly in the direction of where the first bloodline lay, in the shadow of the enormous statue.

"That is where we used to live," she said, proceeding forward. The other members of the Meng Clan who were in her way hesitated for a moment, then fell back to make way, the fear in their eyes clear.

Meng Hao's grandmother could control the spell formation and the Sin Blade, plus had a bloodline sealing mark. All of that ensured that none of the other bloodlines were willing to attack. After all... they were confident that the tenth bloodline wasn't out to exterminate all of the other clan members.

However, as Grandma Meng and the others neared the district where the first bloodline was located, a growling voice echoed out from within the enormous statue.

"Enough. We're all part of the Meng Clan after all. There will be no more internecine strife within the clan. The tenth bloodline has returned, and the whole Meng Clan should be celebrating that. There's no need for fighting."

In response to his words, all of the surrounding members of the Meng Clan began to bow their heads. Grandma Meng was the only one who

simply looked up at the statue, a complex look in her eyes. After a long moment, she spoke in a raspy voice, “Is that you, Patriarch Meng Yan? I’m fine with holding back from killing, but the place occupied by the first bloodline belongs to us. Tell them to clear out, and we can call an end to the matter immediately!” 1

“Impossible!” said a cold, grim voice from within the district occupied by the first bloodline. “Your cultivation base is in the piddling great circle of the Ancient Realm. If it weren’t for that Junior generation expert behind you, it wouldn’t matter that you can control the spell formation and the Sin Blade, you still wouldn’t be qualified to cause a ruckus!”

The owner of the voice emerged, a white-haired young boy.

His face was distorted in rage, and he emanated the aura of the Quasi-Dao Realm. However, that aura was filled with a sensation of decay, as if his longevity within the Quasi-Dao Realm was almost completely expended.

That just made him seem more maddened, and as he emerged, killing intent surged. He flicked his sleeve and was just about to continue speaking, when Meng Hao interrupted.

“Pipe down!” he said, his voice cool and calm. His words transformed into a powerful, invisible force which instantly stopped the white-haired boy in his tracks. “When the adults are talking, pipsqueaks like you should keep their traps shut. If you don’t, however many hundreds of years of longevity you have left, I can end them now.” As Meng Hao’s cold voice echoed about, the white-haired boy stood there trembling, eyes bright red as he glared at Meng Hao.

Grandma Meng stood there silently, as did Meng Hao’s granduncles, uncles, and aunts. They had to admit that all of this was happening because of Meng Hao, and if it weren’t for his help, their comeback would have been impossible.

Meng Hao sighed. How could he not have come to realize the same thing himself? It became especially apparent to him when he realized that his grandmother had injured herself in the attack. Finally, he turned,

clasped hands and bowed deeply to his grandmother.

“Grandma Meng, may I please take care of the situation?”

His grandmother looked back at him for a moment, then finally smiled.

“I guess there’s no need to hold you back. Alright, go ahead and take care of things.”

Meng Hao smiled, then turned, gaze calm as he looked at the white-haired boy. “Scram!”

“YOU!!” the boy cried, eyes widening, body trembling. It didn’t matter that he wasn’t a match for Meng Hao. Considering he was in front of the entire clan, he couldn’t help but yell at Meng Hao in such a way. After all, his life would be ending soon anyway, so how could he fear death?

Before he could say anything else, Meng Hao snorted coldly. Then, he flickered into motion, suddenly appeared directly in front of the young boy. There, he waved his hand, causing a massive tempest to spring up, with the boy at the center. It rapidly became a tornado, which spread out in the blink of an eye to cover the entire district occupied by the first bloodline, picking up their cultivators and spinning them around, causing bloodcurdling shrieks to ring out.

The white-haired boy was at the center of it all. Meng Hao burned with hatred because of the insulting words he had spoken to his grandmother moments ago, so he waved his hand, causing the boy to let out a miserable scream. His body trembled and then began to disappear into a haze of blood and gore. His already reduced longevity was now forcibly being scraped away. Within the space of a few breaths of time, he transformed into ash which then faded away.

Everything was deathly silent; all eyes came to rest on Meng Hao, and they were filled with fear.

That was the exact result Meng Hao had been aiming for. He couldn’t stay in the Eighth Mountain and Sea for long, and if Grandma Meng wasn’t willing to go to the Ninth Mountain and Sea, then he had to ensure that they had a strong position within the Meng Clan.

If their position was strong enough, then when he left, the bloodline would be safe. Anyone who dared to think about provoking them would definitely consider the ramifications first.

“Unfortunately, their position.... isn’t strong enough yet,” he thought. Then he looked up at the statue, eyes flashing like lightning as his gaze pierced inside to stare at the five Dao Realm experts sitting there.

*

1. Meng Hao’s granduncle is named 孟衍 mèng yǎn, whereas this Patriarch is 孟炎 mèng yán. As you can see, there are two different “Yan” characters, and if you look at the tone marks you can see that their pronunciation is slightly different.

Chapter 1267: Together!

In almost the same moment that Meng Hao looked over at the statue, the three lucid Dao Realm experts inside could tell, and their faces flickered.

The Patriarch from the ninth bloodline looked at Meng Hao, then at the members of his own bloodline, and especially Meng De, who wore a very complex expression.

The Patriarch from the eighth bloodline had fought briefly with Meng Hao already, so he sat there gritting his teeth, not daring to emerge. However, his heart was filled with anticipation at the prospect of the Patriarch from the first bloodline stepping into the fray.

That very Patriarch was the last among the group of three to have awakened. He had long red hair which continuously burned with fire, and he currently sat there cross-legged, a grim expression on his face. After a long moment passed, he slowly rose to his feet and stepped forward, appearing outside the statue in front of Meng Hao.

As soon as he appeared outside, the surrounding members of the Meng Clan looked up at him. No one cheered, though; everyone stared at him and Meng Hao.

“You’re not part of the Meng Clan,” the red-haired old man said, his voice ancient and sinister.

“Whether I am or not doesn’t matter,” Meng Hao replied calmly.

“That’s true, it’s not important. Old Eighth, Old Ninth, if you don’t do something, then our Meng Clan is going to fall to a stranger this day.” Flames burst out around the red-haired old man, a manifestation of Essence of flame which caused the surrounding air to distort.

Back in the statue, the Patriarch from the eighth bloodline gritted his teeth, then finally chose to emerge. The Patriarch from the ninth bloodline, the one who had actually met Meng Hao, also came out.

Three Patriarchs had emerged, and finally, anticipation began to shine in

the eyes of the Meng Clan cultivators, as well as excitement. In their minds, even if Meng Hao were stronger than he was now, he still couldn't stand up to the combined might of these three Patriarchs.

"Just the three of you won't be enough," Meng Hao said, looking them over. Then his gaze shifted to the two slumbering figures that remained in the statue. "You've been awake for a while now, what's the point in pretending that you're still asleep?" he said. "You've lost the chance to make a sneak attack, so how about I give you the opportunity to come at me five against one?"

"If you win, I'll give you this treasure." With that, Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the Lightning Cauldron to materialize up above. It crackled with lightning, and the aura of a precious treasure, causing the three Patriarchs' eyes to widen, and their minds to spin.

Suddenly, two auras erupted out from within the statue. One of them was not quite at the level of a Dao Lord, but was very close. The other was very much at the Dao Lord level, and apparently was approaching four Essences. However, the little bit that he lacked meant that he was not quite powerful enough to earn the title of Dao Sovereign.

These two were the true Patriarchs of the Meng Clan, and the two of the most powerful forces that the Meng Clan had produced in many, many years.

As soon as their auras appeared, the air next to the three Patriarchs standing outside of the statue flickered, and two people appeared out of nowhere. They looked incredibly old and emanated powerful ripples, especially the nearly-4-Essences expert. He wore a long gray robe, and emanated an air of decay. He looked deeply at Meng Hao and said, "What if you win?"

"If I win, then the five of you must swear Dao oaths to protect my grandmother's bloodline for a thousand years." Meng Hao stared at the nearly-4-Essences Patriarch, who was one who he deemed most worthy of his attention. He was curious to see if the fully absorbed fourth Nirvana Fruit would enable him to fight four or more Essences.

“Why only a thousand years?”

“Because a thousand years from now,” Meng Hao replied calmly, “as long as I haven’t perished, no one in the Mountain and Sea Realm would dare to harm any of my relatives in the least.” Although his words seemed wildly arrogant to most of the people who heard them, the five Dao Realm Patriarchs’ expressions turned serious.

After exchanging glances, the five of them then nodded. In truth, they had no choice other than to fight. Besides, the stakes that Meng Hao had offered helped to ease the tension a bit. After all, the matter was an internal affair of the Meng Clan, and handling it in this way would be mutually beneficial.

“Very well!” said the 4-Essences Dao Realm expert. Then, he shot high up into the starry sky, followed by the four other Patriarchs. After all, a Dao Realm battle couldn’t be fought down below, lest the power of the attacks seep out and lead to widespread destruction in the Meng Clan.

Meng Hao looked over at his grandmother, and could see the care and concern in her eyes. He smiled and nodded, then transformed into a beam of light that shot up into the starry sky.

Instantly, certain members of the Meng Clan utilized various magical techniques to project an image of the starry sky down below so that the other clan members could watch the fight.

What they saw was Meng Hao appearing on the battlefield and then, instantly, the five Patriarchs attacking together!

Rumbling filled the starry sky as soon as Meng Hao arrived. The Patriarch from the first bloodline was slightly quicker than the others. An incantation gesture caused a sea of flames to burst out, which then transformed into a huge hand that reached out toward Meng Hao as if to grab him.

The Patriarch from the eighth bloodline threw his head back and roared, smacking his hands together in front of him, which caused a massive windstorm to erupt. That windstorm was backed by the power of his cultivation base and his Essence of wind. It quickly transformed into a

huge tornado which swept out in attack.

The Patriarch from the ninth bloodline made a somewhat strange attack. As he performed an incantation gesture, ripples spread out from his feet, filling the starry sky and causing an enormous mirror to materialize.

Those three attacks were the most normal of the group. There were still two Patriarchs left. The one who was close to being a Dao Lord began to glow with the color of blood, a glow that contained a towering will of slaughter.

Shockingly, this was a type of Essence that was very difficult to cultivate, but very powerful... slaughter Essence!

The final Patriarch was the strongest of the group. He took a deep breath, and as he did, a green glow appeared in the void. In the blink of an eye, even his body turned green, and a ring of green-colored lightning appeared around him. This was none other than Green Lightning Magic!

This was the most powerful Daoist magic in the Meng Clan; green lightning filled the area for a thousand meters around the Patriarch, a completely different type of green lightning than that used by Han Qinglei in the Windswept Realm.

Meng Hao's expression didn't even flicker. Currently, his fourth Nirvana Fruit was completely absorbed, and a mere thought on his part could summon the Door of the Ancient Realm. However, even if he didn't intend to do so, the powerful ripples of his cultivation base meant it was possible that the door might appear on its own.

"Well," he murmured quietly, "before I step into the Ancient Realm, let's see how powerful my battle prowess has gotten!" With that, his eyes gleamed brightly as he shot out toward the Patriarch from the first bloodline. That Patriarch performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing the enormous, all-powerful hand of flames to speed faster toward Meng Hao.

That hand was formed completely from Essence power, and was so strong that even a Quasi-Dao cultivator who was struck by it would be completely destroyed, let alone weaker cultivators. It could even shatter

massive asteroids.

It whistled through the void, seemingly capable of burning everything as it bore down on Meng Hao.

“I won’t be unfair,” Meng Hao said. “Since you’re using flame Essence... then I’ll use the same thing to beat you!” As soon as the words left his mouth, fire raged up around him, the complete manifestation of Meng Hao’s Essence of Divine Flame. As it appeared in full, it instantly began to rumble toward the first bloodline Patriarch’s flame essence.

This was fire fighting fire, and it wasn’t a matter of who could control it better. Rather, the question was... whose Essence was stronger!? Whose Essence was more terrifying!?

Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the flame Essence around him to transform into a giant fist made of flames, which then punched out toward the first bloodline Patriarch’s flame hand.

BOOOOOOOOMMM....

Everything shook as the Patriarch’s flame hand exploded. Meng Hao’s Divine Flame fist also fell apart, but as it did, it revealed the image of a monkey, which threw its head back and roared.

That roar caused all of the fire out in the starry sky to seethe. The power of Divine Flame then swept up together, forming a huge mouth which shot toward the first bloodline Patriarch as if to consume him. However, in the moment before it did, Meng Hao snorted, causing the flame mouth to stop in place, let out howl of defiance, and then slowly fade away.

The Patriarch from the first bloodline coughed up a mouthful of blood and then fell back into retreat, face flickering with shock. This was the first time he had ever been defeated by a similar Essence, and were it not for the fact that Meng Hao wasn’t in a killing mood, then he would have been killed beyond the shadow of a doubt!

“You lose,” Meng Hao said. Then he took another step, placing him directly in front of the eighth bloodline Patriarch and his screaming windstorm, which shot menacingly toward Meng Hao.

“I can’t use wind Essence,” Meng Hao said, shaking his head. He allowed the windstorm to slam into him, a terrifying force that could even kill a Quasi-Dao expert. Even Dao Realm cultivators of the same level would fear that wind. However, as it swept over Meng Hao, although some wounds appeared... that was the extent of the matter. That caused the eighth bloodline Patriarch to gasp, and instantly flee.

“I concede!” he blurted, expression that of astonishment.

The main source of his fear was that he could see that the injuries inflicted by the powerful windstorm couldn’t keep up with how quickly Meng Hao’s body was healing itself. Wounds that took two breaths of time to inflict were completely healed up almost instantly....

“What a terrifying fleshly body! How... how do you fight something like this!?!?”

Meanwhile, the members of the Meng Clan were all watching the scene play out on the enormous projection screen.

They could clearly see Meng Hao use flame Essence to defeat the first bloodline Patriarch, and then use his astonishing fleshly body to defeat the Essence Daoist magic of the eighth bloodline Patriarch.

From the position of the audience, he almost seemed invincible!

“C-compared to last time, it seems like he’s... even more powerful!!”

“What... what cultivation base does he have? He’s so young! How could he be... so strong!?!?”

This was the first time for Meng Hao’s grandmother to see how truly powerful he was. As she watched the images on the screen, a broad smile broke out on her face.

As of this moment, she didn’t care at all who was responsible for the comeback of the bloodline in the Meng Clan. Whether it was her or Meng Hao didn’t matter. That was because... he was her grandson!

Chapter 1268: The Door of the Ancient Realm is Coming!

In almost the same moment that the eighth bloodline Patriarch conceded, the ninth bloodline Patriarch, the old man who had met Meng Hao before, suddenly roared, raising both hands into the air and then clapping them together viciously.

“Mirror Massacre!” he yelled. Almost instantly, the starry sky beneath Meng Hao’s feet began to ripple as if with waves. Shockingly, the area beneath him then transformed into a gigantic mirror that reflected everything above it, including Meng Hao and everyone else involved in the fight.

“Eee?” said Meng Hao. He had fought with Dao Realm experts a few times, but this was his first time seeing Essence magic in the form of a mirror. He looked down at his reflection in the mirror, and the other version of himself did the same thing. When their eyes met, Meng Hao could suddenly feel a power like that of possession spreading out inside of him.

At the same time, a bloody glow was closing in on him, within which was the Essence of slaughter. It transformed into a blood-colored blade that slashed down toward Meng Hao. Meng Hao’s right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, causing numerous mountains to descend, blocking the blood blade. However, the blood blade blasted through them and a moment later, slashed Meng Hao himself!

Meng Hao looked down at the wound on his arm, and the blood that oozed out from it; apparently even his restorative powers were incapable of healing the wound.

“Slaughter Essence....” he thought with some indifference. Without a moment of hesitation, he suddenly turned and raised his hand to point behind him. Instantly, the more than 1,000 green lightning bolts which had been shooting toward him stopped in place.

But then, an ancient voice echoed out.

“Detonate!”

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

More than 1,000 lightning bolts exploded, inundating Meng Hao. At the same time, a red blade of light shot up from within the mirror down below, slashing toward Meng Hao with an air of blood and slaughter.

At the same time, the over 1,000 bolts of green lighting in the mirror also exploded; apparently the mirror was a type of magic that could cause wounds to double in severity. Meng Hao was surrounded by explosions.

The three Patriarchs who were still in the fight were staring at Meng Hao with serious expressions, having been deeply moved by his display of power.

The three old men exchanged glances, and then one said, “Even if that didn’t kill him, at least it should have seriously injured him....”

But then their faces fell as Meng Hao’s cold voice rang out from within the green lightning. “Well, isn’t this interesting.”

A figure flashed through the void toward the ninth bloodline Patriarch. The old man’s face flickered, and he bit his tongue, spitting up a mouthful of blood.

“Second Mirror!” he cried. Another huge mirror appeared in the void, directly in Meng Hao’s path. When he flew into the mirror, he actually emerged from the location of the first mirror.

As he did, the other two Patriarchs unleashed simultaneous attacks. The blood blade turned into a blood sea, and the green lightning became lightning chains, which shot out toward Meng Hao.

“Third Mirror!”

“Fourth Mirror!” As the ninth bloodline Patriarch roared, blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Four mirrors was his limit, and as he unleashed the magic, more attacks shot out from them.

The appearance of these mirrors caused the power of the various Daoist

magics aimed at Meng Hao to increase dramatically. A boundless blood sea and seemingly infinite green chains rumbled through the starry sky toward Meng Hao.

Down in the Meng Clan ancestral mansion, all of the clan members were watching excitedly. As for Grandma Meng, her eyes were filled with concern.

Just in the moment when all the other members of the Meng Clan seemed so excited, an intense rumbling sound echoed out from inside Meng Hao.

“Nice. What a useful Daoist magic you have there!” he said, sounding very enthusiastic. Suddenly, he began to radiate cultivation base power.

Astonishingly, he hadn’t been using his cultivation base at all in the fight; he had relied only on his fleshly body strength. But now he called upon the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal. His energy rose up to towering heights, causing the blood sea to evaporate and the lightning chains to shatter.

At the same time, Meng Hao’s drawing upon the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal caused him to experience the sensation that the Door of the Ancient Realm was coming. Although no one else could sense it, he fully understood what was happening.

The arrival of the Door of the Ancient Realm was imminent. He didn’t need to call it; it could descend on its own at any time!

Meng Hao’s expression was calm as he strode forward, waving his finger, a motion that caused his Allheaven Dao Immortal power to erupt out, and his four Nirvana Fruits began to rotate inside of him. That wave of a finger seemed capable of shattering the Mountain and Sea Realm. When it landed on the mirror, cracking sounds rang out, and fissures spread out all over its surface. Then it simply shattered.

When the first mirror shattered, the ninth bloodline Patriarch coughed up a mouthful of blood. Then Meng Hao waved his finger again, causing the second mirror to explode.

Then he waved his finger a third and a fourth time!

The third and fourth mirrors both shattered into fragments. The ninth bloodline Patriarch coughed up more blood, and his body withered. When they had first met, this man had acted completely arrogant, but now he was shivering, and his scalp was numb as he cried, "I concede!"

In almost the same moment that the two words left the man's mouth, the void in front of him crumbled, only a few meters away from his position. That area emanated a powerful will of destruction, and the ninth bloodline Patriarch knew that if he had been any slower in conceding, the collapse would have reached him.

The mere thought of that caused him to gasp.

"His gaze. That happened merely from his gaze.... His cultivation base is definitely similar to that of a Dao Sovereign. But how come I can't sense much Essence on him...?"

Even as the ninth bloodline Patriarch conceded, Meng Hao turned and waved his hand toward the Patriarch proficient with the Essences of blood and slaughter. Instantly, the starry sky began to shatter as a rift opened up and the Blood Demon emerged. It threw its head back and roared, which made everyone feel as if the blood in their own bodies had gone out of control. The Blood Demon then charged the Dao Realm Patriarch, emanating brutality, madness, and a thirst for blood.

The slaughter Essence Patriarch's face fell. However, instead of retreating, he suddenly shot forward to fight the Blood Demon. Meng Hao gave a cold snort, appearing suddenly in front of the Blood Demon, whereupon he unleashed a punch.

It was none other than the Life-Extermination Fist!

As the fist flew out, the Dao Realm Patriarch's face fell. He wanted to retreat, but had no time. The starry sky trembled, and blood sprayed out of the Patriarch's mouth. It was only then that he fell back, face filled with astonishment and terror. However, he wasn't giving up. As he retreated, his hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, causing nine coffins to fly out of his bag of holding, all of which emanated a sinister,

cold air. At the same time, a funeral garland appeared in his hand, filled with blood-colored flowers!

“Using magical items and a puppet, huh?” Meng Hao asked, looking over at the man.

“There were never any rules that said we couldn’t use magical items,” the Patriarch replied, his eyes flickering coldly.

It was at this point that the strongest of the five Patriarchs, the one with four Essences, opened his mouth and spit out a green trident. Instantly, the starry sky trembled, and countless bolts of green lightning began to converge on him. Soon, he was shining a bright green color, which, in addition to the green lightning, made him look like an actual green lightning bolt. He hefted the trident and was just about to charge Meng Hao, when a long spear suddenly appeared in Meng Hao’s hand. The spear looked like a dragon, and emanated a terrifying aura that caused the void to vibrate and even shatter. This was clearly a precious treasure!

Even more shocking was that as soon as the long spear appeared, the funeral garland in the hand of the slaughter Essence Patriarch began to shake. Then, the blood-colored flower petals began to wilt and dry up!

As for the nine coffins, they emanated strange droning sounds that seemed to be some sort of language. As soon as the Patriarch heard those voices, his face fell.

Things weren’t over yet, though. The trident held by the nearly-4-Essences Patriarch almost seemed scared, as if an incredibly powerful enemy had suddenly appeared. The Patriarch’s face flickered, and his heart began to thump.

This spear which could cow other treasures was none other than the weapon which Greed had unsealed. If it was the type of weapon that Greed would think was an incredible treasure, then obviously it wouldn’t be weak.

“Since you’re using magical items, then I guess I’ll use one of mine,” Meng Hao said coolly. “I happened to meet a kind-hearted person who helped unseal this spear for me. I still haven’t had a chance to get used to

it, so I'm not sure if I can fully control it. Are you two sure you want to keep fighting?"

He was now convinced that his battle prowess was enough to be able to fight a 4-Essences Dao Sovereign. However, as for whether or not he could fight five Essences, that was a different matter.

As soon as the words left his mouth, the remaining two Patriarchs' faces turned very unsightly. They didn't believe at all what Meng Hao said about a kind-hearted individual unsealing the spear, especially one powerful enough to make their own treasures wither and tremble as if facing some arch-nemesis treasure. Who would believe that a person would voluntarily refine such a treasure for someone else? The more they thought about it, the more Meng Hao's line about the kind-hearted individual seemed like complete nonsense.

Besides, if kind-hearted individuals like that really existed, why had they never run into one...?

To them, Meng Hao was using those words as an excuse. An excuse... to be able to kill them under the guise of stumbling in battle!

"I concede!" said the Patriarch adept with slaughter Essence. Gritting his teeth, he waved his hand, causing the coffins and the funeral garland to vanish.

The nearly-4-Essences Patriarch chuckled bitterly. The green glow faded, and he put his trident away. Then he clasped hands and bowed.

"I also concede," he said, looking at Meng Hao with a smile. "We're all from the same clan, so there's no need to fight to the death. As for the tenth bloodline... I admit that they are the primary bloodline, and promise to support them. What do you say, young friend. Do you agree to end things here?"

Meng Hao didn't respond. Instead, he looked up into the starry sky, a gleam of anticipation in his eyes....

Simultaneously, the five Dao Realm Patriarchs all looked up in shock.

The Door of the Ancient Realm was coming!

Chapter 1269: Shocking Tribulation!

Ripples spread out in the starry sky, sweeping about, instantly covering the entire area surrounding Meng Hao.

Those ripples contained layers of Dao, and as they spread out, anyone who heard them felt as if they were listening to countless living beings whispering in their ears.

The five Meng Clan Patriarchs' faces flickered as they looked up into the starry sky at... the origin of all of the ripples.

As of this moment, the starry sky was completely quiet, as was the Meng Clan with its central continent and nine auxiliary continents. The only thing which could be heard was the increasingly anxious panting of the audience.

The members of the nine bloodlines, regardless of the level of their cultivation base, could sense the ripples spreading out over the lands, and the indescribable pressure radiating down from the starry sky.

RUMBLE!

The lands began to tremble, breaking the silence as mountains crumbled and rivers suddenly went still.

Every face in the Meng Clan flickered, and their minds filled with roaring sounds.

"That's...."

"What happened?"

"What's going on? I can sense an indescribable pressure.... It's almost like Heavenly Tribulation!!"

Grandma Meng's eyes went wide as she looked up; she had her speculations about what exactly was happening, but almost couldn't believe them to be true. It wasn't just her; all the other Ancient Realm cultivators in the clan were filled with shock and astonishment.

That was especially true when they realized that all of it was happening

because of Meng Hao. Then, their astonishment reached a pinnacle.

“This is impossible!”

“The Door of the Ancient Realm!? This aura and pressure clearly indicates that the Door of the Ancient Realm is coming!!”

“No way! That’s not the Door of the Ancient Realm. This pressure far, far exceeds that. If this is really the Door of the Ancient Realm, then... it’s thousands of times more powerful than an ordinary Door of the Ancient Realm!!”

“None of those things are that important. The most important thing to remember... is that this Door of the Ancient Realm is coming for Meng Chen. In that case... his cultivation base.... Could it be in the Immortal Realm!?!?” People felt like their minds were about to explode.

The five Patriarchs up in the starry sky began to fall back, faces flickering with various emotions. Finally, the shape of an enormous door became visible. An ancient, archaic aura began to spread out, and expressions of utter disbelief appeared on the faces of the five Patriarchs.

“The Door of the Ancient Realm. It’s really... really the Door of the Ancient Realm!”

“He... really is in the Immortal Realm. But I’ve never heard of any Immortal who was strong enough to fight the power of the Dao Realm!!”

“Wait, I remember... there is one type of Immortal....”

“Allheaven Dao Immortals!!” The five Patriarchs’ minds were spinning, and as they exchanged glances, each of them could tell how utterly shocked the others were.

As of this moment, every single person in the Meng Clan was having the same reaction. After everyone sensed that it was indeed the Door of the Ancient Realm, massive waves of shock pounded their hearts, and they almost felt as if they were hallucinating.

Meng Hao stood alone in the starry sky, looking up into the boundless expanse, and the majestic ripples which were spreading out. Soon, the

shape began to take form... the Door of the Ancient Realm!

Meng Hao's Door of the Ancient Realm!

By converging Dao Fruit power and pushing open that door, he could be baptized by the Mountains and Seas, gain their approval, and thus, figuratively return to ancient times. He could... search for that ancient path in which the lamps were extinguished but the cultivator was not. Become... an Ancient Realm expert!

"My Door of the Ancient Realm!" he murmured quietly. Meng Hao's eyes shone with a brilliant light, and in almost the same moment that he spoke, a sound like muffled thunder could be heard ringing out, filled with power that could shake Heaven and Earth.

Amidst the rumbling, massive amounts of ripples spread out, and the Door of the Ancient Realm began to grow larger, larger, larger.... Eventually, clouds actually appeared in the starry sky, spreading out to cover everything.

Shockingly, figures could be seen within those clouds, people who wore clothing from ancient times, and who immediately began to emanate shocking auras.

There were even faint shouts coming from within the clouds, which grew more intense and strong as they echoed out, until finally it sounded like the Heavens were roaring. The ripples grew more intense, and the clouds seethed, covering the entire Door of the Ancient Realm, making its ancient, archaic aura even more prominent.

Soon, the area around the Door of the Ancient Realm began to twist and distort, almost as if time were flowing differently in that area, an area that was almost like another world!

Pressure suddenly exploded out, a terrifying pressure that caused Meng Hao's face to flicker. Without even thinking about it, he fell back a bit.

His hair began to whip about, and cracking sounds could be heard from within his body. It was as if the incredible pressure from Heaven and Earth wished to crush Meng Hao out of existence. Meng Hao's mind began to

reel.

“This isn’t right!” Meng Hao’s pupils constricted, and he fell back again. As for the five Meng Clan Patriarchs, they had long since fled far off into the distance.

They were now filled with intense fear, and their faces had drained of blood.

“Th-that’s... the Door of the Ancient Realm? How come it seems even more terrifying than Dao Realm Tribulation!?!?”

“The ancient records don’t mention anything about a Door of the Ancient Realm like this. I’ve never even heard of anything like it. How can a Door like this even be transcended!?”

“This is a grand tribulation of Heaven and Earth. Not even Dao Realm Tribulation can match up to this Door of the Ancient Realm....” The five Patriarchs didn’t even think it was possible for anyone to be able to pass through a tribulation like this Door of the Ancient Realm.

They weren’t confident that they could deal with it in their current states, and that wasn’t even taking into consideration the shocking, terrifying aura that could be felt from the clouds surrounding the door.

Meng Hao’s face looked extremely unsightly. As for the members of the Meng Clan down below, they stared with wide eyes at the door and the clouds, which were definitely the most terrifying thing they had ever seen in their lives.

They were one of a very small group of people in the Mountain and Sea Realm... who could personally witness an Ancient Tribulation that actually... exceeded Dao Tribulation!

Meng Hao’s face was exceedingly grim. He had believed all along that he would simply breeze through the Ancient Realm. After all, he was already strong enough to fight the Dao Realm. In fact, in the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, there were only a few people who might be able to beat him in a fight. Therefore, Meng Hao had considered himself to essentially be at the peak of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

But now he realized that he had been mistaken. Very, very mistaken. That mistake was not his understanding of the level of his battle prowess, but rather... the fact that an Allheaven Dao Immortal being able to defeat Dao Realm experts in battle indicated that his battle prowess was actually... a complete defiance of the Heavens!

Heaven-defying people would receive Heaven-defying punishment. Perhaps it wasn't merely a matter of ordinary defiance. Perhaps... like everything, a price had to be paid in order to acquire anything. Meng Hao had acquired incredible battle prowess, and the price he now had to pay for that... was an indescribably terrifying Ancient Tribulation!

He looked at the clouds, and the door just barely visible within them, and he could sense death!

"This won't just be a simple matter of opening the door and stepping into the Ancient Realm, then going through the process of extinguishing the lamps.... To me, the Ancient Realm will not be passed through casually. It will be a series of deadly crises.... As an Allheaven Dao Immortal, it's something that must happen...." Now that he finally understood, he sighed.

"I wonder if there were Allheaven Dao Immortals in the Paragon Immortal Realm... who succeeded in getting past the Ancient Realm and into the Dao Realm?" That question caused Meng Hao to suddenly feel completely shaken by this shocking Door of the Ancient Realm. He truly wished to know whether or not an Allheaven Dao Immortal had ever succeeded.

It was at this point that rumbling sounds could be heard from within the clouds. It almost sounded like people shouting, and it caused everything to shake. The minds of all the people up in the starry sky began to tremble.

The five Patriarchs' faces were pale white, and without any hesitation, they shot back down toward the Meng Clan continent, where they activated the Meng Clan's grand defensive spell formation, cutting themselves off from Meng Hao.

Apparently they feared the possibility of the tribulation of the Door of

the Ancient Realm pulling them in....

Although they knew that tribulations only targeted individual cultivators, and not bystanders, the terrifying nature of this Ancient Tribulation left them completely petrified.

Now, Meng Hao was the only person left out in the starry sky, facing the boundless clouds and the enormous Door of the Ancient Realm. Compared to them, he looked like nothing more than an ant.

Despite the intense sensation of deadly crisis, Meng Hao looked calm as he studied the clouds. It was at this point that his grandmother's voice could be heard calling out anxiously from the continent down below.

"Hao'er, get down here into the spell formation!" As she cried out, an opening appeared within the spell formation shield.

The appearance of the opening caused the five Patriarchs to cry out in fear. "Absolutely not!!"

Meng Hao looked back down at his grandmother. Her clear state of anxiety warmed his heart, but he shook his head.

"Grandma Meng, this... is my Tribulation!" With that, he turned, unleashed the power of his cultivation base, and shot toward the clouds. "It doesn't matter whether the process is difficult or easy. I'm still going to give it a shot, no matter what!

"I've been practicing cultivation for hundreds of years now, and I'm an Allheaven Dao Immortal. I'm not sure if there were people like me in the past, but... since I've gained so much, I have to pay the price!

"This Ancient Tribulation is that price, and it's nothing more than a thorny patch on the road stretching out in front of me.

"I'll just pluck the thorns up and keep going. If there were Allheaven Dao Immortals in the past who walked in the Ancient Realm, then I'm going to do the same thing!" Meng Hao threw his back and laughed, then shot like lightning toward the clouds.

He was directly tackling the tribulation of the Door of the Ancient

Realm!

Chapter 1270: Weird!

To most cultivators, the Ancient Realm was just another level. By walking the ancient path, one could follow in the footsteps of their ancestors, they would search the techniques they possessed to find... the most original strand of Essence that was hidden within them.

By extinguishing one Soul Lamp after another, one could sink further and further into one's own self, into the depths of one's cultivation base....

In the end, in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, when Essence began to stir and life force thrived, Dao Tribulation would occur. One could tread the Dao path and enter... the Dao Realm, to become a truly almighty figure in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

During that process, each lamp that was extinguished was a deadly crisis, which made the Ancient Realm very difficult.

Meng Hao had originally assumed that his journey through the Ancient Realm would be the same. He would rely on his cultivation base to reduce the level of difficulty and make things much easier. But now he understood what the Ancient Realm meant to an Allheaven Dao Immortal... it was a truly deadly situation.

The difficulty level involved was many times greater than that of the ordinary Ancient Realm. Generally speaking, when it came to the deadly act of extinguishing Soul Lamps, the success rate was about fifty percent. When it came to Allheaven Dao Immortals though, it could be considered more like ten percent!

Allheaven Dao Immortals were vastly more powerful, and their tribulation was far more deadly.

Meng Hao took all these things which he had been thinking about and buried them in his heart as he sped forward. In the blink of an eye, he was closing in on the seething clouds.

Even as he neared, the clouds churned as a figure emerged from within them. It was a person who wore ancient clothing, and yet... completely

lacked any facial features!

It was... a faceless man!

He moved with incredible speed as he closed in on Meng Hao, performing an incantation gesture at the same time. Rumbling could be heard from the clouds, transforming the energy of Heaven and Earth into numerous stone fragments which spun toward Meng Hao. The faceless man brimmed with towering killing intent, as if Meng Hao were an archenemy he could not live under the same sky with, as if he would not rest until one of them was dead.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent as the faceless man bore down on him. He didn't slow down at all, but instead barrelled forward. When the stone fragments hit him, they shattered, and Meng Hao shot like a meteor into the faceless man.

"DIE!" he growled, grabbing the faceless man's throat and crushing it. A bang could be heard as the faceless man exploded into pieces. However, there was no flesh and blood; instead, he faded away into streams of mist that then surged back into the cloud mass.

Next, three more faceless men flew out. When their cultivation base power emanated out, astonishingly, it was in the great circle of the Ancient Realm. Their attacks caused the starry sky to tremble, and the clouds to churn. However, Meng Hao's only response was a cold snort as he advanced, waving his sleeve, his cultivation base surging.

The three faceless men collapsed into pieces, completely incapable of resisting Meng Hao at all. However, an unsightly expression could be seen on Meng Hao's face. He didn't look happy at all, and the reason was... he had just begun the tribulation, and was already facing a humanoid tribulation of the great circle of the Ancient Realm. As for what would be coming later... he could only imagine.

What caused his heart to sink even further was that there was an incredible pressure pushing at him from behind. Apparently, even if he didn't want to try to transcend the tribulation, and attempted to flee, that pressure would prevent him from doing so.

"I'm... being forced to face the tribulation...." he murmured. He rotated his cultivation base again, and rumbling sounds could be heard as he shot toward the clouds. Next, six faceless men appeared, and this time, they weren't in the great circle of the Ancient Realm, but rather, appeared to be closer to the Quasi-Dao Realm.

They moved so fast they looked like lightning bolts as they closed in on Meng Hao.

"Scram!" Meng Hao barked. The sound of his voice exploded out, causing the six lightning-like figures to explode, and causing even the clouds to churn.

These opponents didn't count for much to Meng Hao, and his eyes burned like fire as he continued to press on.

"You don't have to force me to try to transcend this tribulation.... I've been looking forward to it for a long time!" He took another step forward, causing the starry sky to shudder, and the roaring in the clouds to grow more intense.

At the moment, countless members of the Meng Clan were down in the ancestral mansion, eyes glued to the scene which was playing out, looks of shock written on their faces.

That was especially true of the five Patriarchs, whose eyes were wide as they watched.

"Ordinary Ancient Tribulation sends lightning out of the clouds, or perhaps five elements magic. It isn't until the very end that the humanoid tribulation comes...."

"If your cultivation base is high enough, and you seize the moment, you might not even have to wait for those terrifying humanoid creatures to appear before opening the Door of the Ancient Realm...."

"But in this Ancient Tribulation, the humanoid figures appeared at the very beginning. How could you possibly transcend this...?" The five Patriarchs couldn't help but share a shocked glance with each other.

Meng Hao's grandmother was trembling from extreme anxiety.

Unfortunately, there was no way for her to help Meng Hao; she could only look on as he tried to transcend the tribulation, her heart stinging as if from the stabs of a knife.

Behind her were Meng Hao's granduncles, uncles and aunts, and all of them looked incredibly nervous.

Although not everyone in the Meng Clan felt worried for Meng Hao like his direct relatives, they were all shocked. Meng Hao had now closed about twenty percent of the distance to the clouds, and as he was speeding along, more roaring could be heard as, shockingly, twelve figures shot out at top speed.

Those twelve figures... were in the Quasi-Dao Realm!!

Meng Hao's heart sank further.

"Twelve Quasi-Dao. Will the next group have twenty-four 1-Essence Dao Realm enemies? Then forty-eight 2-Essences? Ninety-six... Dao Lords.... One hundred and ninety-two 4-Essences? Then four hundred 5-Essences. Eight hundred Dao Sovereigns....?" As Meng Hao followed this train of thought, his scalp began to go numb.

"Impossible. This tribulation comes from the Mountain and Sea Realm, and the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm cannot be interfered with. Even I, the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, must face this tribulation and experience this life-or-death struggle. But there's no way that eight hundred Dao Sovereigns are going to come out...." Face pale, Meng Hao gritted his teeth and shot forward to begin fighting with the twelve Quasi-Dao enemies.

He transformed into an azure roc which sped forward. Immediately, the Quasi-Dao enemies began to fall apart, and yet they didn't dissipate, but instead, self-detonated!

Shocking booms rang out, and a fierce expression could be seen on Meng Hao's face as he shot off into the distance in an azure flash. A Quasi-Dao self-detonation creates a destructive force that would cause even Dao Lords to frown. Meng Hao swished his sleeve, causing the force to fade away. Although it looked like he didn't need to use much

cultivation base power, Meng Hao was well aware that if he kept going... he wouldn't be able to get very far through the clouds.

"I can't let these clouds continue to grow. I need to get to the Door of the Ancient Realm as quickly as possible, that's my only chance!" Meng Hao clenched his jaw. Then, the azure roc threw its head back and roared. Meng Hao transformed into an azure beam that sped into the clouds, rocketing toward the Door of the Ancient Realm.

However, before he could get very far, numerous cold snorts could be heard echoing around him. Astonishingly... four faceless Dao Realm enemies appeared!

Those four faceless men were all 1-Essence cultivators, but as soon as Meng Hao laid eyes on them, his eyes glittered, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Only four, huh...?"

As the four faceless men closed in, he clenched his right hand and punched out. The starry sky shook, and a massive windstorm swept out, instantly shattering the four Dao Realm enemies.

As they fell to pieces, Meng Hao suddenly felt a cold chill on his spine. Without the slightest hesitation, he shot forward. However, the coldness remained at his back, almost as if... there were someone behind him, breathing down his neck.

Meng Hao sent his divine sense out, but didn't see anyone. But then, his face fell. Gritting his teeth, he spun around, and when he did, his scalp felt like it would explode. Standing there right behind him, almost touching his face, was... a white-robed woman.

She had long hair, pale skin, and listless eyes that stared dead at Meng Hao. Everything was very quiet; this woman's sudden appearance on the scene was very strange. Why couldn't he see her with divine sense?

Meng Hao's pupils constricted, and just when he was about to back up, the woman suddenly reached out and grabbed him. She moved so quickly that he couldn't dodge, and in the briefest of moments, her hand closed

around his arm. Then she suddenly began to pull him further into the clouds.

Meng Hao's face flickered. The place where the woman held his arm felt ice cold, and pulses of some sort of aura of decay were boring into him. Apparently that aura wished to corrode his entire body away.

Most shocking of all was that, as the woman dragged him along, the clouds up ahead transformed into a huge mouth, which was apparently where the woman was dragging him.

A sensation of deadly crisis rose up inside of Meng Hao, and he had the intense feeling that if the cloud mouth swallowed him up, he would be completely dead in spirit and body!

"Scram!" he shouted, causing the Paragon Bridge to erupt with power. An amorphous bridge appeared outside of him, and he wrenched himself free from the woman's grasp, and fell back.

The white-robed woman looked at the Paragon Bridge behind Meng Hao, and laughed. The laughter contained something completely blood-chilling about it as it echoed out.

Meng Hao could sense how terrifying this Ancient Tribulation was, but he couldn't flee. Gritting his teeth, he continued to speed in the direction he remembered the Door of the Ancient Realm being.

"Faster. Faster. Must go faster...." Meng Hao knew that his only chance to transcend the tribulation was to avoid spending a lot of time fighting in the clouds.

Just as he began to speed forward, four more figures appeared, figures that were far more powerful than the four he had fought moments ago.

2-Essences Dao Realm enemies!

Chapter 1271: Foreigners Invade!

While Meng Hao was in the middle of transcending the tribulation, something else was happening in the starry sky not too far away from the Meng Clan, although nobody could detect it, not even Meng Hao. Numerous black willow leaves could be seen floating there, each one fully 3,000 meters long. The veins of the pitch-black leaves were clearly visible on their surfaces, and it almost looked like there was blood flowing through them, giving the leaves a completely bizarre appearance.

There were dozens upon dozens of them, and on the surface of each were dozens upon dozens of cross-legged cultivators, altogether, about a thousand in total.

Each one of them was very calm, with coldly flickering eyes. They wore long black robes, and had extremely cold auras. Furthermore, closer examination revealed that the cultivation bases of these thousand cultivators was unexpectedly... in the Ancient Realm!

Some were in the early Ancient Realm, others in the great circle. If Meng Hao could see them, he would definitely find them familiar. That was because their auras were exactly the same as the people who had attacked Meng Hao and Meng De on their way back to the Meng Clan!

More shocking was that on some of the willow leaves were cultivators who radiated Essence aura. There were a total of seven, all of them Dao Realm experts!

Among those seven people were men and women, young and old. However, none of them were weak. As for the three strongest, two were Dao Lords, and one, a young boy, had a cultivation base... that could even suppress transformations in the starry sky. He... was a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign!!

4-Essences Dao Realm cultivators could be called Dao Sovereigns, but that was only the threshold of that realm. 5-Essences was a true Dao Sovereign, and 6-Essences counted as the peak. In all of the Mountain and Sea Realm, 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns and above were considered the

most powerful of all experts, people who were so domineering they could vie for the position of a Mountain and Sea Lord. People like that had statuses which ensured that wherever they went in the Mountain and Sea Realm, they could cause a huge sensation.

Right now, just such a person had appeared outside the Meng Clan.

“So someone is transcending tribulation...” the boy said, “and a very bizarre Ancient Tribulation at that....

“There is something about his aura which I find completely unsettling.... Well, notify the sects in the area which come from the Seventh Mountain and Sea to make the first move. Have them ascertain the current situation.

“Our Mountain and Sea Lord has instructed that we be very careful. There are to be no slipups. After this mission is accomplished... not a single person from the bloodlines of the Meng Clan will remain!” The boy then closed his eyes.

As his voice echoed out, orders were distributed, passed out into the starry sky to numerous asteroids and floating continents in the Eighth Mountain and Sea that didn't belong to the Heavengod Alliance. Within those sects, figures appeared who accepted the orders from the young boy.

When the orders were received, the first result was silence. But then, sighs could be heard. Next, the Patriarchs of those sects issued further orders, causing their sects to mobilize and then transform into beams of light... that flew out toward... the Meng Clan!

There were dozens of such sects, each one of which dispatched no less than a thousand cultivators. Soon, tens of thousands of cultivators were flying from different directions toward the Meng Clan, drawing closer and closer by the minute.

Storm clouds were gathering!

This was the first war to ever break out between the Seventh Mountain and Sea and the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and apparently... the first battleground would be the Meng Clan. However it ended, it would surely cause a huge sensation in the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Furthermore, considering the army was led by a Dao Sovereign, their first target in the war wouldn't be selected lightly. It would either be picked because of its strategic value or its overall importance in the Eighth Mountain and Sea!

In any case, Meng Hao was in the middle of transcending tribulation, and all the cultivators of the Meng Clan were completely mesmerized by it. However, anyone who was watching closely would notice that as soon as that boy issued orders... there were people in the crowd on the Meng Clan continent whose eyes suddenly flickered with nearly imperceptible light.

It was as if a wind were blowing down from the heavens, sweeping across the world... filling it.

**

RUMBLE!

Within the clouds out in the starry sky, Meng Hao was performing a double-handed incantation gesture as he faced off with the four 2-Essences faceless men. He unleashed the Mountain Consuming Incantation, causing numerous mountains to descend, emanating boundless pressure, crushing everything, sending the four faceless men into retreat.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent, but instead of taking the time to kill them, he transformed into an azure roc and shot onward. He didn't have time for this humanoid tribulation.

However, in the same moment that Meng Hao began to move, his eyes widened as he realized that up ahead in the clouds... was a swing!

Sitting on the swing with her back to him was a young girl, swinging back and forth. Her laughter rang out like the tinkle of bells, and yet when it reached Meng Hao's ears, it caused his mind to reel.

He then craned his neck to examine the situation closer, only to find that the girl had vanished. Only the swing was left behind, gently swaying back and forth.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered but he didn't stop moving. Suddenly, as he was continuing forward, he sent the power of the Paragon Bridge exploding out behind him. In almost the same instant that it appeared, he suddenly heard hissing sounds coming from that same direction.

He looked back coldly and caught sight of the girl he had just seen, heading in the opposite direction, her head bowed. The hissing sounds were coming from that very girl.

Seemingly able to detect Meng Hao's gaze upon her, the girl suddenly looked up. When that happened, Meng Hao's eyes went wide as he realized that the girl's mouth and eyes had both been sewn shut, and that black blood was slowly oozing out from their edges....

The strange sounds coming from her suddenly caused Meng Hao's body to shiver. Then, he realized that he was being dragged along with her, his body completely out of his control.

The things that were happening were completely shocking. In his practice of cultivation down to this day, he had experienced many things. However, it was only in these clouds surrounding the Door of the Ancient Realm that he felt such shock rising up from his heart.

He tried to rotate his cultivation base, but it almost felt as if it were separated from his body. Not even the Paragon Bridge could be summoned, nor could any of his other techniques or magical items.

The only things he could operate were his Nirvana Fruits. Suddenly, wild power poured out of them as he fought back against the girl, and those seemingly unending hissing sounds.

Even as she dragged him off into the distance, the power of his four Nirvana Fruits surged out, causing rumbling sounds to echo about as some sort of connection to the girl was severed. A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. The girl screamed, but didn't stop moving, and soon vanished into the clouds.

Meng Hao took a deep breath. His face was pale, and despite the level of his cultivation base he still felt a sense of powerlessness in this situation. Both the white-robed woman and the girl filled him with an entirely

creepy sensation. It was almost as if... his current self wasn't actually at a level that could deal with such things.

“So this is the Ancient Tribulation of an Allheaven Dao Immortal....

“In the Ancient Realm, one must seek the path of the ancestors, search for the Essence of one's techniques.... Well I guess that means that my version of the Ancient Realm involves searching for the source of the Allheaven Dao Immortal bloodline!

“I refuse to believe that other people see such strange things when they deal with the Door of the Ancient Realm. I have the feeling that both the white-robed woman and that girl have something to do with the secrets of the Allheaven Dao Immortal bloodline!” Meng Hao's face was unsightly, but in his eyes persistence still shone as ever. His body flickered as he once again shot through the clouds in the direction of the Door of the Ancient Realm.

“The bizarre phenomena only happened in the clouds, after I encountered the faceless men. First were the 1-Essence Dao Realm enemies, and then the white-robed woman appeared. Next were the 2-Essences enemies, and then the girl appeared.... In that case, the next thing I face... should be 3-Essences Dao Lords!” Meng Hao shot forward like lightning, drawing ever closer to the Door of the Ancient Realm. Suddenly, the clouds up ahead seethed, and four figures emerged.

Just as Meng Hao had guessed, these four faceless men were emanating cultivation base fluctuations of... 3-Essences Dao Lords!

If Meng Hao hadn't fully absorbed his fourth Nirvana Fruit, then when fighting any one of these faceless men, he would have only been able to fight to a draw, and would have been seriously injured at that. But things were different now. Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he proceeded onward.

Rumbling could be heard as the Paragon Bridge appeared. The power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal exploded out, and then Meng Hao appeared directly in front of one of the faceless men. He reached out and touched the man's forehead with his finger, and the man exploded.

However, in the moment that the man exploded, Meng Hao's face

flickered and shot backward. The exploding faceless man became a mist which, instead of returning into the clouds, transformed into a mist rope that shot toward Meng Hao. At the same time, the other three faceless men collapsed into pieces and also transformed into ropes, which then snaked toward Meng Hao.

Even as Meng Hao dodged to the side, a cold voice suddenly rang out from the clouds up ahead. It was the voice of a man, and the words it spoke were simple.

“Cease all movement!”

Meanwhile, outside of the clouds that surrounded the Door of the Ancient Realm, even as the members of the Meng Clan were riveted on the Ancient Tribulation, tens of thousands of beams of light were closing in on the Meng Clan.

None of them paused for even a brief moment; the cultivators had their jaws clenched, and radiated killing intent. Soon, they were actually within the territory of the Meng Clan, which suddenly caused a red light to spread out from the huge statue in the ancestral mansion.

When the Meng Clan cultivators saw that red light, their faces filled with shock. The five Patriarchs’ faces also flickered with astonishment.

“That red light means... foreigners are invading!!”

“Foreign invaders are here!!”

As the voices rang out, rumbling sounds could be heard from the nine auxiliary continents as the clan’s protective spell formation automatically activated. It rapidly spread out to cover the entire clan, and fight back against the tens of thousands of attacking cultivators.

In the blink of an eye, countless cold voices could be heard echoing out.

“Meng Clan, blood calls for blood. The debt you owe to the House of Heaven and Earth... will be repaid today!”

“The Meng Clan is already weak. There is no place for you in the Eighth Mountain and Sea anymore. We have risen up this day to exterminate you,

to put an end to that old legend that the Meng Clan will exist for all eternity!”

“The Cloudlands Sect is here to eradicate the Meng Clan!”

“The Water-Dao School is here to put an end to our grudge!”

“Even the fierce lion will grow old one day. That day has arrived, and on this day... funeral bells will toll for the Meng Clan!”

Chapter 1272: Retreat Is Not an Option!

Meng Hao was still in the clouds by the Door of the Ancient Realm, so he had no idea what was going on with the Meng Clan. The intense pressure weighing down on him made it so that even if he sent out divine sense, it would be shattered.

Furthermore, all of his energy was focused completely on the Ancient Tribulation. This was actually the most dangerous tribulation that he had faced in his entire life!

Even he wasn't absolutely certain whether or not he could succeed. However, the tribulation had descended, and whether he wanted to or not, he still had to attempt to transcend it. If he failed, he would die. The only chance he had to live... was to transcend the tribulation.

Massive rumbling sounds echoed out as Meng Hao faced the greatest danger of his life. Not even in the Windswept Realm had he faced a crisis like this. Currently, he was facing four 3-Essences Dao Lords, faceless men who had transformed into ropes that were now closing in on him.

Just as Meng Hao was in the middle of dodging, a sinister voice spoke out from the clouds. "Cease all movement!"

As soon as those three words entered Meng Hao's ears, the entire world seemed to go quiet and stop moving. It was as if they contained some boundless magical power that made Meng Hao cease all movement; suddenly, he hovered stock still within the clouds, completely motionless.

Actually, it was only Meng Hao who experienced such motionlessness. Everything else was normal, and the four ropes quickly began to wrap Meng Hao up. Two of them encircled his arms, hoisting him up as the other ropes bound his legs together, making it impossible for him to even struggle.

Simultaneously, another figure emerged from the clouds, an old man wearing a long gray robe. This man seemed completely ancient, as if even walking were difficult for him. However, his eyes shone with a brilliant light, and even avarice, as he stared at Meng Hao.

“It’s been so many years....” the old man murmured as he slowly approached Meng Hao. “At long last, the Dao Immortal Ancient Tribulation that we’ve been waiting for, has come.... You.... Are you the Dao body sacrifice offered by the later generation...? A perfect Dao body....

“I’m definitely going to succeed.... I will return. In fact, I’m already returning. Back then, we defeated those two people, but at far too great a cost. In fact, that cost was so great that we had to flee....”

As he neared, the clouds around him seemed to pass through countless years of time. They even changed colors, and behind the old man, the starry sky seemed to also pass through tens of thousands of years of time. Everything seemed to wither with age, and Meng Hao seemed to get older the closer the man got.

Even the ropes on his body began to decay. Then, the old man reached out with a skeletal hand, and tapped his finger toward Meng Hao’s forehead, his expression one of keen anticipation.

Just as his fingertip was about to touch Meng Hao, Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. A cold glow could be seen as he suddenly uttered two words.

“Battle Weapon!” Instantly, a beam of light shot out from within his bag of holding. It was the copper mirror, and as it flew out, a vigorous power erupted. The copper mirror fused into Meng Hao’s right hand, and in the blink of an eye, it had turned into a long, wicked blade!

This was... the Battle Weapon!

The sudden appearance of the Battle Weapon caused the starry sky to fill with rumbling sounds. The clouds churned, and the old man with the outstretched hand suddenly screamed. His eyes were fixated on the Battle Weapon, his expression one of disbelief and shock. Instantly, he began to fall back.

All of a sudden, he began to shout words that Meng Hao couldn’t possibly understand.

“It’s you, it’s YOU.... They said to wait for you.... I can’t believe that after all these years, it’s you....” Even as the old man fell back, a flash of killing

intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes. Rumbling sounds filled his body as he cast off the decaying ropes, then shot forward like a shooting star toward the old man.

As they sped along in prismatic beams, Meng Hao roared and slashed out with the Battle Weapon. An explosively glowing light shot out, causing the clouds to fall back. It was a blade glow that, as it slashed out, caused the old man to tremble violently. Even as he began to fade away, he spoke in a growling voice that echoed out in all directions.

"I'll be back.... Now that I know it's you, you're DEAD!"

"Blah blah blah!" Meng Hao said with a cold harrumph. The blade glow slashed through the clouds, opening up a path, which Meng Hao followed with his eyes until he caught sight of... the Door of the Ancient Realm!

Just now, he really had been rendered immobile, and had been completely restrained by the three ropes. However, in the critical moment, his four Nirvana Fruits had exploded with power, allowing him to shake off some of the effects and then unleash his most powerful item, the Battle Weapon.

Meng Hao suddenly flashed into motion, becoming a beam of light that shot toward the Door of the Ancient Realm. He could sense that time was wasting away, and that the tribulation within the clouds had already reached a terrifying level. If he didn't get the Door of the Ancient Realm open, and get rid of the clouds, then he would surely die.

In the instant that Meng Hao charged forward, rumbling sounds could be heard, and roaring echoed out in the starry sky. Shockingly, four figures emerged from the clouds to stand in front of Meng Hao. They were... 4-Essences faceless men!

The instant they appeared, they shot toward Meng Hao. Although they had no facial features, they radiated a murderous aura that instantly weighed down onto Meng Hao.

Even Meng Hao would have to be very careful when facing four 4-Essences Dao Realm enemies. However, he was running out of time, and the clouds were becoming more terrifying by the second. Beads of sweat

were running down his forehead, and his eyes were wide.

The level of danger he was now facing was completely unheard-of.

“Screw off!” Meng Hao roared, shooting forward toward one of the faceless men. Ignoring any potential chance of being injured, he slammed into him viciously. The faceless man was knocked back, but simultaneously performed an incantation gesture and waved his finger. A wild Essence power exploded out, causing Meng Hao to cough up a mouthful of blood. A vicious expression twisted Meng Hao’s face, and he was just about to take advantage of the faceless man’s backpedaling to charge past him, when two other faceless men closed in. Meng Hao’s Battle Weapon flashed with light as he slashed it toward them!

He didn’t hold back anything from his cultivation base in that attack. Explosive power burst out, and the blade glow was instantly upon the two faceless men. However, they didn’t attempt to dodge. Instead, they quickly performed incantation gestures and then pressed down onto their bodies, instigating a self-detonation!

Although Meng Hao had predicted that possibility, in the face of a self-detonation by a 4-Essences Dao Realm opponent, he had no option other than to evade. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth, and numerous wounds were opened up. However, he had no time to pay any attention to them. As he fell back, the Lightning Cauldron appeared. Even as the final faceless man closed in, Meng Hao transformed into an azure roc and smashed through the man. Blood oozed out of his mouth as lightning then surrounded him, creating an electric lake that shot toward the Door of the Ancient Realm.

Closer and closer!

3,000 meters. 2,400 meters. 1,800 meters.... It was at this point that, all of a sudden, four more faceless men appeared in front of him. When their cultivation base power radiated out, Meng Hao’s mind spun. These were... 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns!

These four were completely different from the other faceless men he had fought. These four had eyes on their faces!

Their expressions were completely merciless, and radiated boundless coldness. Each and every one of them possessed Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering energy. If any one of them could leave the clouds and emerge into the Mountain and Sea Realm, they would be powerful experts whose fame would spread throughout the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

And now, four of them had appeared simultaneously. All they did was hover there, and they already emanated towering pressure that caused everything to shake violently.

Actually, the most powerful type of Dao Sovereign had six Essences; 4-Essences and 5-Essences merely led up to that most powerful state.

Meng Hao had already reached his limit by slaying 4-Essences Dao Sovereigns. After Greed re-molded his fleshly body, and then fully fused with his Nirvana Fruits, his battle prowess was essentially equivalent to having five Essences.

Therefore, he wasn't confident at all in fighting a 5-Essences enemy. At most, they could fight to a draw and inflict serious mutual wounds. And yet, these 5-Essences faceless men were a bit different, and Meng Hao's eyes flickered with a mad light.

"Not giving me any chance to transcend the tribulation, huh...? Well, it's not completely hopeless. After fighting all of these faceless men, it's become clear that they're not really exactly the same as Dao Realm experts in the real world. They're missing a lot, including sentience. All they have is their cultivation base... they're essentially as mindless as puppets!" Meng Hao's eyes flickered with coldness, but there was little time. The terrifying, suffocating pressure grew on both sides, and howling sounds grew closer.

Even just the howls were enough to cause Meng Hao's scalp to go numb at the thought of what other terrifying entities might exist within the clouds.

"And here I thought this was nothing more than an Ancient Tribulation...." He smiled bitterly. How could he ever have imagined that an Ancient Tribulation would be this incredibly difficult....

Gritting his teeth, a light of madness filled his eyes as he shot forward. Waving his hand, he caused numerous mountains to descend, materialized a sun and a moon, and even summoned the Paragon Bridge. He went all-out with his cultivation base, rotating it at 120%. Even his fleshly body power exploded at its ultimate peak.

He called out the meat jelly, which became a suit of armor. By now, he couldn't use the Battle Weapon, so he pulled out his dragon spear, extending it in front of him as he shot forward.

As he began his charge, the four 5-Essences faceless men looked at him, killing intent flickering in their eyes. They attacked simultaneously, using the full power of their cultivation bases to stop Meng Hao.

From a distance, Meng Hao appeared to be soaked in blood and radiating madness. He was now completely committed to his course of action, as if becoming a crazed devil were his only path to survival!

Since retreat was not an option, the only thing to be done was strive forward!

RUMBLE!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as his Mountain Consuming Incantation collapsed.

The sun and moon shattered!

His Paragon Bridge fell apart, and the meat jelly screamed miserably.

Blood spurted out from numerous wounds. Meng Hao's kneecaps were shattered as he exploded with cultivation base power. He threw his head back and howled under the combined attack of the four 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns.

"Get the hell out of my way!" he roared. The pressure bearing down on him from both sides had reached a horrifying level, and only one thought now existed in Meng Hao's mind.

"I have to get through and open the Door of the Ancient Realm!" Blood oozed out all over his body, and half of his bones were shattered. These

injuries were even more serious than the ones he had sustained in the Heavengod Alliance. Using his last bit of energy, he swung his spear viciously; it was like a long dragon that slammed into the faceless men, pushing them back and... opening up a gap.

Chapter 1273: Soul Extermination!

The faceless man being shaken by the long spear might have a 5-Essences cultivation base, but despite fighting back with everything he had, he was still shoved backward relentlessly.

The spearhead then morphed into a huge dragon, which emitted a shocking roar that caused the faceless man to shudder and then suddenly begin to turn to stone!

It started with his chest, then began to slowly spread out. The faceless man retreated, seemingly acting on instinct. When he got far enough away, Meng Hao was no longer locked in place by the full formation originally created by the four faceless men; a gap had been opened.

The moment that gap appeared, and before the other three faceless men could do anything to intervene, Meng Hao roared mightily, a sound that echoed out like thunder in all directions. The three other faceless men were stopped in their tracks as Meng Hao burst forward with all the speed he could muster.

He shot forward with lightning quickness, like a meteor, leaving afterimages behind him as he burst through the gap, following the dragon spear toward the Door of the Ancient Realm.

600 meters. 300 meters. 150 meters....

The door of the Ancient Realm was getting closer and closer, but even as it did, the clouds behind Meng Hao swirled and, astonishingly, four figures appeared... 6-Essences Dao Sovereigns!

The mere pressure exerted by these four faceless men caused Heaven and Earth to tremble, and the starry sky to vibrate. Meng Hao was hit with an invisible blow, causing blood to spray out of his mouth. More than half of the bones in his body were shattered, and he lost feeling in his legs. His eyes were shot with blood, and yet despite the pressure weighing down, he continued forward. He was now a mere 90 meters from the Door of the Ancient Realm, and yet the 6-Essences faceless men were still closing in, radiating mind-boggling pressure.

“One Thought Stellar Transformation!” Meng Hao roared. The starstone in his eye melted and spread out to cover his body. Layer built upon layer, and before even a breath of time could pass, Meng Hao had transformed into a gigantic meteor which rumbled forward at incredible speed. He then passed the 30-meter mark; even as the 6-Essences faceless men continued in pursuit, he appeared directly in front of the Door of the Ancient Realm.

The area around the Door of the Ancient Realm itself was twisted and distorted. Time there flowed differently. As Meng Hao closed in, a wind sprang up, and in the blink of an eye, over a thousand years seemed to have passed....

It was at this point that roaring howls could be heard coming from the surrounding clouds. They got closer and closer, as if preparing to attack. Even the mere sounds contained boundless destructive power, intense pressure that was even more astonishing and terrifying than the 6-Essences faceless men.

The clouds seethed, and it was just barely possible to see two enormous arms, both struggling to emerge from the clouds. It was even possible to see the tips of the fingers on the leftmost arm.

The fingers were crimson, and the fingertips were violet. The entire arm was covered with scales, and on each of those scales were innumerable flickering magical symbols. Even just one of the fingertips on one of the hands was filled with the power to completely destroy souls. Apparently, nothing under the starry sky could possibly shake it, and it could rip anything and everything to pieces.

The clouds acted like restraints on the finger, which was currently struggling to break free, and a powerful howling sound even echoed out.

The crisis had reached a pinnacle, and if things stretched out any longer, the only thing that awaited Meng Hao was the end of his life, the destruction of his soul!

This Ancient Tribulation had become so difficult that he couldn't even comprehend it. Meng Hao couldn't imagine how any Allheaven Dao Immortal in the past had ever been able to fight back against this deadly

tribulation!

However, there was no time to ponder the matter now. He would either open the Door of the Ancient Realm, and earn a chance to keep living, or... die!

“How could I possibly die here!?” Meng Hao roared in his meteor form. Filled with determination, courage, and even madness, he slammed into the Door of the Ancient Realm.

“OPEN UP!” he roared. His voice sounded like muffled thunder coming from within the meteor. It was a roar that coalesced the power of his soul, transforming into life force power that propelled the asteroid forward with even greater power.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

A huge boom rang out into the clouds surrounding the Door of the Ancient Realm, reaching even the starry sky beyond. It was even audible on the battlefield of the Meng Clan.

The Meng Clan ancestral mansion was surrounded by a colorful, glittering shield, which rippled from the magical attacks being levied against it by tens of thousands of cultivators.

The spell formation had held this entire time. Occasionally, it would flicker with bright light, and colorful beams of light would shoot out to attack the invaders. Currently, the fighting had reached a deadlock.

The massive boom which had echoed out just now from the cloud-filled starry sky caused both sides to stop and look up. Everyone was completely shaken. In some ways, they were bearing witness to Meng Hao transcending tribulation. In fact, they were fighting directly beneath that tribulation, and couldn't help but be shocked to the core by what was happening.

Within the clouds, Meng Hao in meteor-form was bashing himself into the Door of the Ancient Realm with all his might. As the boom echoed out, his meteor form shattered, revealing his true form, coughing up blood and trembling violently. All the bones in his body were broken, and his

internal organs were mangled. In his entire life, he had never been wounded this badly.

Even more terrifying was that as each second passed, Meng Hao's hair grew grayer, and then even began to turn white. His body was incredibly weak, and was now beginning to wither away. His flesh became more and more emaciated, and he began to look extremely old.

The enormously huge door shuddered, and then oh-so-slowly... opened just a bit, revealing a thin sliver of light.

"Still not... all the way open...?" Meng Hao said with a bitter chuckle. He looked at the door, and the sliver of light, and his eyes shone with an unyielding gleam.

Almost in the same moment that the sliver of light appeared, the clouds in the area began to churn as if they possessed a will of their own. Apparently, the light from that huge door could dissipate the clouds, so suddenly, a powerful, apprehensive howl echoed out, filled with madness.

An entire legion of faceless men all charged Meng Hao. The enormous finger within the cloud fought back against the restraining power of the clouds as it shot forth in attack.

A will of soul destruction existed within the flickering light that emanated out from the fingertip, and it grew more intense and shocking by the moment

Meng Hao could sense that if that finger touched him, he would definitely be killed, and his spiritual soul and physical soul would both disperse.

If he didn't open the Door of the Ancient Realm, he would die. Therefore... he ignored the killing intent coming from the forces outside the door. His eyes were filled with an intense, unyielding glow, and deep within, flickering flames ignited, filling him. As of this moment... Meng Hao was burning his own soul!

Burning the soul was a huge price to pay in exchange for... an explosive increase of power to batter against the door a second time.

“OPEN!” Meng Hao roared. The burning of his soul caused intense pain, and his eyes were completely bloodshot. However, he didn’t care about any of that pain. He only had one thought on his mind...

Open that door!

“OPEN! OPEN! OPEN!” he roared, lifting both hands into the air and shoving them toward the door. Meng Hao was like an ant compared to the massive door, but the power he was unleashing could shake Heaven and Earth. Suddenly, an image appeared behind him, like an ancient giant, stretching its hands out to shove against the door.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The Door of the Ancient Realm opened a bit more. More light spilled out through the sliver, spreading out, causing the faceless men who were charging from behind to let out shrill shrieks.

One by one, they began to decay and fall apart, transforming into black smoke. Looks of shock appeared on their faces, and they fell back.

Meng Hao’s eyes were crimson, and his soul was aflame. He roared again, exploding with power. It looked like he was just about to truly open the Door of the Ancient Realm, to conclude the tribulation, to succeed... as an Allheaven Dao Immortal, and acquire the true good fortune that came with stepping into the Ancient Realm.

But then, all of a sudden....

That crimson, scaled finger with the violet fingertip broke out of the clouds, rumbling directly toward Meng Hao with Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering power and insane killing intent.

As it neared, the light spilling out from the door slammed into it. That light might be capable of terrifying the faceless men and forcing them into retreat. But this finger was far, far more terrifying, and when the light touched it, even though it began to melt, a howl rang out and... it just pushed on through, ignoring the light to reach out and tap Meng Hao!

Meng Hao chuckled bitterly. There was nothing he could do to fight back. Even were he at his peak, he wouldn’t be confident in being able to

handle the finger. That wasn't even to mention the fact that his soul was currently aflame, meaning that it was already starting to disperse.

"So I'm gonna die, huh...?" he murmured, fully able to sense the soul-destroying power. However, it was at this point that he suddenly seemed to recall something important. A tremor ran through him, and his eyes began to shine brightly.

"Perhaps... there's hope after all!" Almost in the moment that the thought occurred to Meng Hao, the terrifying finger slammed into him.

A massive tremor ran through Meng Hao, and then he exploded. The burning wreckage of his soul completely shattered.

Meng Hao was dead!

In the moment that he died, the Door of the Ancient Realm shuddered, then slowly began to fade away. The clouds around it began to thin, and the terrifying finger retracted. Cold laughter rang out from within the clouds.

Everything was over.

Meng Hao had gone all-out in his Ancient Tribulation, but had only been able to open the door a crack, a sliver. In truth, if Meng Hao had still had some power left in reserve, and if he had been able to batter the door just one more time, perhaps... combined with the energy from the two blows he had already delivered... It would not have been impossible... for him to actually open the Door of the Ancient Realm.

Not too far away from Meng Hao, the boy stood on the black willow leaf. When he saw what was happening, he said, "It's over. He was strong, and yet he still died in the tribulation. This Ancient Tribulation could not be matched by even Dao Tribulation. Well in that case, the time has come to go all-out and exterminate the Meng Clan."

Then, he prepared to charge into battle. However, it was at that point that his face suddenly flickered.

"This...."

Suddenly, just outside of the Door of the Ancient Realm, in the very spot where Meng Hao had died... something strange was happening!

Chapter 1274: Opening The Door of the Ancient Realm!

“As an Echelon cultivator... you shall be given... two... lives!”

Outside the Door of the Ancient Realm, after the enormous finger withdrew, the mangled gore and spattered blood that had been spreading out suddenly began to reform with indescribable speed.

It coalesced together into... Meng Hao!

His soul had just been destroyed, and yet it suddenly flared to life again. Meng Hao's eyes opened, and deep inside could be seen traces of the passage of time.

That was because the place where his body had exploded was right outside the Door of the Ancient Realm, where time flowed differently. Naturally, because of that, the newly reformed and resurrected Meng Hao had a body which contained the essence of the passage of time!

It was not Essence, but rather something more like a seed... a seed of the Essence of Time!

From ancient times until now, the Essence of Space and the Essence of Time were similar to the Essence of Life and Death in that they were very difficult to acquire. The only chance to do so was through incredibly rare good fortune.

As of this moment, it was by means of complete and utter coincidence that Meng Hao now had... a seed of the Essence of Time inside of him.

The moment he opened his eyes, he knew the truth. The two Echelon lives given to him by Paragon Sea Dream did not make his soul indestructible, but rather... branded him with a sealing mark, which split his soul into three parts. Each of those three parts grew in parallel as he progressed in his cultivation. Because of that, he could actually die two times before being truly exterminated!

That applied not only to his soul, but also to his flesh and blood. It was a

unique natural law, a magic of the type that Meng Hao couldn't even begin to comprehend. It was... the power of a Paragon!

In almost the exact instant that Meng Hao's eyes opened, the Door of the Ancient Realm, which had been fading away, suddenly flickered with light and formed back together. The disappearing clouds seethed, and the retreating figures let out howls of disbelief.

Countless faceless men charged madly forth, and the huge finger once again stretched out toward Meng Hao, accompanied by an enraged howl.

However, Meng Hao had already died once; how could he possibly die a second time? Having been reformed and resurrected, his face was icy. The feeling of death he had just experienced was something he never wished to feel again. Even as the faceless men and the enormous finger closed in on him, a cold smile twisted his lips.

He had not merely recovered his soul and his fleshly body, but also... his cultivation base!

His right hand lifted up, and then he smacked it down hard onto the Door of the Ancient Realm. That blow was backed by the explosive cultivation base of an Allheaven Dao Immortal, his powerful fleshly body, his Paragon Bridge, and the combined power of all of his divine abilities. That power converged into his palm as he delivered a third blow onto the surface of the Door of the Ancient Realm.

RUMBLE!

When his hand made contact, the door rumbled, and that sliver which had appeared suddenly trembled as the door... began to open!

As the door opened, dazzling light spilled out, as well as whispering voices that seemed to come from ancient times, voices which filled Meng Hao's ears and also echoed out into the surrounding area.

The faceless men let out miserable screams as the light enveloped them, rendering them incapable of getting any closer. They stared at the Door of the Ancient Realm as it continued to open, and they continued to melt!

In that same moment, the finger, with its power of extermination and

boundless howl, continued onward toward Meng Hao, melting and being shredded by the light as it went. However, just before it touched him, Meng Hao let out a cold snort, and stepped across the threshold of the door.

It was only one, single step!

However, it was like the difference between Heaven and Earth. As soon as he was inside the Door of the Ancient Realm, the finger stopped moving. It hovered there directly in front of Meng Hao, not an inch away from his face.

However, that inch was like the vast gap between the sky and the land, something completely and utterly impossible to pass.

“I’ll make sure you pay the price for trying to exterminate me,” Meng Hao said lightly. “I might not be a match for you right now, but one day I will be. I’ll drag you out of those clouds and then make sure you die a painful death!” Despite the calmness of his voice, the cold resolve therein was impossible to miss.

“Door of the Ancient Realm, open!” he said, flicking his sleeve. Boundless light began to radiate out from the Door of the Ancient Realm. The beams were like sharp swords that swirled around, dispersing the clouds. The faceless men that were able to escape into the clouds would disappear along with them as they faded away, but any who were caught outside by the swords of light would be stabbed through, provoking miserable screams as if they were dying in body and spirit. It only took moments for them to transform into nothing more than ashes.

The gigantic finger trembled, and a defiant roar echoed out from the clouds. The finger retreated, vanishing within the clouds. In that same moment, Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed coldly as he... stepped back out of the door.

If there were people present to watch what was happening, they would be completely shocked, and find his action outrageous. Anyone else in his position would surely be walking further into the Door and completing their entrance into the Ancient Realm.

But Meng Hao almost seemed to disregard the widely-open door. Not even the owner of that enormous finger could ever have predicted that he would meet someone like this during the transcending of tribulation.

Meng Hao was the type of person who repaid every slight he received. He wouldn't go out of his way to provoke people, but when people provoked him, he wouldn't simply let them off. That was especially true considering that this person had taken one of his lives. As far as Meng Hao was concerned, an enmity had been created that made it impossible for the both of them to exist under the same Heavens.

As soon as he stepped out of the door, the copper mirror appeared, transforming into the Battle Weapon with shocking speed. This was Meng Hao's most powerful weapon among all of his magical items. His Allheaven Dao Immortal cultivation base went into overdrive, bursting with power. Every bit of muscle and blood in his fleshly body radiated an intense and terrifying strength.

Inside of him, the Paragon Bridge connected him to Heaven and Earth, and outside, the image of the bridge itself appeared, causing the entire starry sky to dim and tremble, and fill with roiling flames. Meng Hao's legs then began to move in an odd cadence as he walked through Time, heading toward the retreating finger, and then slashing out with his blade!

BOOOOMMMMMMM!

Meng Hao looked like a celestial warrior with surging energy that caused the starry sky to tremble. Because the clouds were disappearing, Meng Hao's current appearance was suddenly revealed on the projection screen down below, making him visible to all the cultivators of the Meng Clan. Their minds spun as they saw both Meng Hao, and the resplendent Door of the Ancient Realm behind him!

As for all of the invading cultivators from the other sects who were outside of the shield, they could also see, and their eyes went wide.

From their perspective, Meng Hao's silhouette was wreathed with the light shining out from the door, which was almost like a cloak. His Battle Weapon was raised, visible to everyone as it viciously slashed toward the

enormous finger!

A massive cascade of light sliced through the starry sky, causing everything to shake violently as an indescribably powerful force exploded out. Next, the finger... despite being in a state of retreat, was still slashed by that cascade of light!

“Sever!” Meng Hao roared. A massive rumbling sound could be heard as the very tip of the finger was completely severed away!!

The piece cut away was only about three meters long. Compared to the rest of the enormous finger, it was insignificant. However, it was still part of the entire structure, and as it was cut off, blue blood flowed out. A miserable shriek could also be heard from within the disappearing clouds, a shriek filled with unprecedented madness and intense pain. To that entity within the clouds, who had existed for countless years, this was the first time... he had been injured!!

For far too long he had existed in the clouds and unleashed deadly tribulation upon Allheaven Dao Immortals who attempted to enter the Ancient Realm. Today, he had finally been injured!

“You’re DEAD!” howled an ancient voice. “I hereby curse you.... You shall die, for when the time comes to extinguish your Ancient Realm Lamps, I will return!!” Then the finger and the clouds vanished completely.

Only the Door of the Ancient Realm remained in the starry sky, casting resplendent, dazzling light out in all directions. Suddenly, the fighting down below stopped as everyone looked up in shock at Meng Hao.

His face was pale as he put the Battle Weapon away. His actions just now had been risky, but that was just how Meng Hao was. Not taking advantage of a situation was the same as incurring a loss. If he didn’t take the chance to strike back, then he wouldn’t be Meng Hao.

Meng Hao then looked at the three-meter slice of severed finger, and his eyes glittered. All of a sudden, a variety of curse-type Daoist magics flitted through his mind. He made a snatching motion, and the slice of finger flew into his bag of holding.

With that, he turned to face the Door of the Ancient Realm, and began to stride forward. When he entered the door completely, it shook violently, and massive amounts of radiant light shone out. Ancient voices echoed out into the starry sky as Meng Hao sank into the brightness. His listless cultivation base was restored and then, rumbling sounds could be heard as it... began to ascend.

This was the ascension from the Immortal Realm into the Ancient Realm!

He closed his eyes as he detected a sensation of ancientness spreading out from within him, an aura that emanated the unique fluctuations of the Ancient Realm.

Everything was quiet, both in the Meng Clan and among the invading sects. Even the crowds waiting on the gigantic willow leaves were watching Meng Hao.

They had borne witness to a terrifying Ancient Tribulation, and all of them knew deep inside that they couldn't possibly have been able to successfully transcend it. And yet, the man standing right there in front of them had!

The young boy stood there silently. He was a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign, and yet even he wasn't confident that he could succeed in such a tribulation.

"Allheaven Dao Immortal..." the boy murmured, a torn look appearing in his eyes. "Next, he will actually begin to enter the Ancient Realm. He will absorb the light of the Door of the Ancient Realm, and form... his Soul Lamps!

"I wonder how many Soul Lamps he will end up with.... Throughout all of history, the most ever converged was 29, by none other than Ksitigarbha from the Fourth Mountain and Sea! The more Soul Lamps there are, the more powerful one will eventually become, and yet, the more deadly the danger is.

"However, if cultivators feared death, then what would be the point of practicing cultivation to begin with? Considering this person's personality,

he will definitely open an extreme number of Soul Lamps....” The boy’s eyes flickered as he then lifted his hand and pointed toward the Meng Clan.

“Pass down orders. Exterminate the entire Meng Clan. Disturb this individual’s thoughts. If his mind is clouded when he ignites his Soul Lamps, then he will never reach the pinnacle. That is the way to cut off his path to the future. Reduce the number of lamps, and thus make him even weaker if he steps in the Dao!”

Chapter 1275: Drastic Upheavals in the Meng Clan!

As soon as the words left the boy's mouth, the dozens of enormous willow leaves transformed into black beams that shot toward the Meng Clan. The black-robed cultivators atop the leaves had eyes that glittered with cold killing intent as they powered up their cultivation bases to the absolute peak.

The beams were like dozens of sharp arrows, screaming through the starry sky at incredible speed. In the blink of an eye, they were outside the shields surrounding the Meng Clan continent. Without even pausing for a moment, they slammed directly into the shield.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

As the sound reverberated out, the Meng Clan's shield distorted, as if it were about to collapse. Cracking sounds could be heard as fissures spread out across its surface.

Seeing that the shield was about to collapse, the five Meng Clan Patriarchs roared, performing incantation gestures that caused a red glow to spread out from the spell formation. That red light caused the teetering shield to once again grow stable, and even resume counterattacking.

Numerous beams of blood-red light shot out toward the besieging cultivators. At the same time, rather than being resigned to their fate, the Meng Clan cultivators followed the commands of the five Patriarchs and borrowed the power of the spell formation to charge into the tens of thousands of enemy cultivators and began to fight them.

In the blink of an eye, the level of brutality on the battlefield increased significantly. Casualties were severe, and the reek of blood wafted out immediately. Bloodcurdling screams could be heard as... the slaughter began.

The cultivators from the random invading sects weren't difficult to deal with, as they had varied cultivation levels, and were, generally speaking,

much weaker than the Meng Clan. The Patriarchs of those sects were a different story though, and even more important was the fact that the black-robed cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea had intensely murderous auras, and were obviously famous individuals where they came from. When they attacked, the Meng Clan resistance was crushed like dry weeds, and the Meng Clan cultivators were pushed backward across the battlefield, over and over again.

Thankfully, the shield still held, ensuring that any members of the Meng Clan who were injured could quickly retreat from combat. The Meng Clan defenses were holding, and yet even as they held on tenaciously, all of a sudden, something happened in the nine smaller continents attached to the Meng Clan's main continent. With the exception of the Xu Clan, which Meng Hao had exterminated, four auxiliary clans on the other continents all rose up in rebellion!

At first, the Meng Clan merely experienced some inner turmoil. However, in almost that same moment, all of the cultivators in the Ancient Realm and above who came from the Meng Clan's seventh, fourth and third bloodlines suddenly shivered. Then, black glows appeared in their eyes, and cold smiles twisted their lips. They turned, and instantly began to attack their fellow clan members.

"You..."

"What are you doing!?!?"

"You're rebelling! You traitors!!"

Booms shook everything as the Meng Clan... was thrown into utter chaos!

Miserable shrieks rang out continuously, along with roars of disbelief. The Meng Clan was now in complete chaos. Not only were foreigners invading, internal strife had struck as well. The clan was on the verge of being overthrown.

Meng Hao was still up in the starry sky, standing there in the Door of the Ancient Realm, surrounded by boundless light. He was like a black hole, ravenously absorbing the light shining from the door.

Every beam of Ancient light that he absorbed caused his cultivation base to experience Heaven-shaking, Earth-toppling transformations as his Immortal power was transformed into Ancient mana! 1

Ancient mana was a unique source of power for Ancient Realm cultivators, a power that filled their bodies and could explode with force that far exceeded the Immortal Realm.

“Ancient Tribulation is the first step,” Meng Hao murmured. “After that, the light of the Door of the Ancient Realm is absorbed and transformed into Ancient mana.... That is the second step.

“The third step is to ignite the Soul Lamps. Only then can one truly be considered to be in the Ancient Realm.” At this point, he glanced down calmly at the Meng Clan, and saw the chaos unfolding, and the invading foreigners.

Truth be told, whether or not the Meng Clan as a whole survived didn't have a lot to do with Meng Hao personally. What he cared about was his grandmother and the rest of her people.

In the same moment that he looked down, the boy on the black willow leaf down below looked up, and he and Meng Hao locked eyes. It was then that Meng Hao realized that they were attacking at this moment to sow chaos in his heart.

The boy did nothing to hide that, and in fact, a gleam of sinister provocation could be seen in his eyes.

Meng Hao shook his head. A glance at the Meng Clan's spell formation confirmed that it would not easily be shaken; his grandmother and everyone else was currently safe behind its protective barrier.

Meng Hao looked away, ignoring the boy. Spreading his arms wide and throwing his head back, he allowed the light from the Door of the Ancient Realm to pour into him and spread even faster throughout his body.

As that happened, the Immortal power within him became Ancient mana. Simultaneously, the four Nirvana Fruits inside of him also began to transform, becoming... Dao Fruits!

“Ancient Realm cultivators have Dao Fruits, which serve as the foundation for stepping into the Dao Realm in the future. That is because Essence... blossoms from Dao Fruit!” Even as Meng Hao muttered to himself, rumbling sounds could be heard as roughly thirty percent of his Immortal power was converted into Ancient mana. At the same time, his first Nirvana Fruit began to emanate Dao fluctuations from his forehead.

Gradually, the shape of the Nirvana Fruit began to change and it began to glitter as if it were now filled with innumerable magical symbols, indicating that it was... a Dao Fruit!

As soon as that fruit appeared, Meng Hao’s cultivation base ascended to greater heights, and began to emanate intense cultivation base fluctuations.

“When all four Nirvana Fruits transform into Dao Fruits, then I can begin to ignite my Soul Lamps.” Meng Hao suddenly waved both arms, opening his mouth as he transformed into a black hole that began sucking in all of the door’s light.

As the light poured into him, the Door of the Ancient Realm began to grow dim, a sight shocking to all who were watching.

“His Ancient Tribulation was even more difficult than a Dao Tribulation,” murmured the boy on the black willow leaf, “and yet tribulations also count as incredible good fortune. After transcending it, the resulting transformative powers will be incredible!”

“He has a bizarre cultivation base. Just how much Immortal power does he have inside of him? Usually it only takes the space of a few breaths of time to transform all of your Immortal power into Ancient mana....”

The boy’s pupils constricted. Filled with shock, he waved his hand, causing a black sea to erupt out from him. As it grew larger and larger, howling sounds emanated from it, and a gigantic scorpion emerged.

The scorpion roared as it scuttled rapidly across the surface of the black sea water toward the Meng Clan and its shield. When it slammed into the shield, massive rumbling sounds echoed out, and the shield trembled. During that time, Meng Hao had converted thirty, forty, and then fifty

percent of his Immortal power into Ancient mana.

When he reached fifty percent, his second Nirvana Fruit finally transformed into a Dao Fruit. With two Dao Fruits, Meng Hao's cultivation base once again ascended rapidly.

He was experiencing transformations inside and out, incredible good fortune, which was... truly an indescribable cultivation base breakthrough!

He was stepping from the Immortal into the Ancient!

Meng Hao threw his head back and roared as more Immortal power was converted: sixty percent, seventy percent, eighty percent.

When he reached eighty percent, his third Nirvana Fruit transformed into a Dao Fruit. Meng Hao's aura became even more ancient, and he began to emanate an archaic air; it seemed that at this moment he could sense the true nature of his bloodline and had acquired the strength of his ancestral forefathers.

Meng Hao's fleshly body power was getting even stronger, and his eyes were shining brightly. He was now trembling violently, and also growing more and more gaunt. However, his Allheaven Dao Immortal aura was also growing more powerful.

"In the Ancient Realm," Meng Hao murmured, "one follows the path of one's ancestors, gropes for the nature of all living things. Searching, seeking... for the Essence of all life, for the qualifications to step into the Dao!

"Because I am an Allheaven Dao Immortal, in addition to searching for the Essence of all living things, I also... must search for the true meaning of my bloodline." He swished his sleeve, causing rumbling sounds to emanate out. There was no longer much light coming from the Door of the Ancient Realm. It was so dim that it appeared to be on the verge of winking out. As Meng Hao sucked in another breath, the light surged toward him, absorbing into his skin, pouring into his body.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

He threw his head back and roared as the final twenty percent of

Immortal power inside of him was transformed into Ancient mana. At that point, his fourth Nirvana Fruit finished transforming into... a Dao Fruit!

Rumbling echoed out from inside of him as the Ancient mana flowed through him. The four Dao Fruits in his forehead began to shrink and then expand. With each cycle, the Ancient mana within him would also surge explosively, giving Meng Hao a sense of... just how powerful he now was!

“The Ancient Realm....” he murmured. It was at this point that rumbling sounds echoed out as the Door of the Ancient Realm actually shattered into countless fragments. However, instead of fading away, the remnants of the door transformed into a sea of flames.

Seven-colored flames, like the fire of purgatory, swirled around Meng Hao.

The time had come... to ignite the Soul Lamps!

It was in this same moment that the boy down below performed a double-handed incantation gesture and then waved his finger at the scorpion. The scorpion roared, its energy surging as it grew even bigger than before. In the blink of an eye, it began to emanate a terrifying aura as it increased in size until it was as big as the continent itself.

Then, it clutched the protective shield with its claws and began to stab its legs slowly down into it.

RUUUUUUMMBLLLLLE!

Massive rumbling could be heard as the Meng Clan’s protective shield shook violently. The members of the Meng Clan inside, including the five Patriarchs, were all aghast and attempted to counteract the attack. Even as they tried to repair the damage, the crowds on the dozens of willow leaves, as well as the cultivators from the random sects, all joined forces to attack. Shocking rumbling echoed out as numerous dazzling magical techniques were unleashed.

Then, a massive explosion could be heard as the Meng Clan’s shield...

exploded!

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1. I just want to offer some behind-the-scenes information here. I really went back and forth about how to translate this term, and settled on Ancient mana. Part of the decision was based on a Patreon poll that nearly 400 members of the Heaven Sealing Sect participated in. However, I also got opinions from some others. For the record, RWX actually voted against Ancient mana, not because of the accuracy but because of the feel (correct me if I'm wrong about that assessment RWX heh heh). In the end, I actually like it and think it not only conveys the meaning of the Ancient Realm "source of magical power," but also sounds cool. And yes, Meng Hao will have to turn his cards 90 degrees to the side from now on to use any of his divine abilities or magical techniques.

Chapter 1276: Igniting the Soul Lamps!

Cracking sounds rang out as the gigantic scorpion's claws completely shattered the shield and then slammed down into the Meng Clan ancestral mansion, creating several deep craters!

At the same time, the vicious scorpion's enormous head lowered down until it was right in front of the crowds from the Meng Clan. Then, it shuddered briefly and then sprayed a sea of black water.

At the same time, the invading cultivators surged in. The Meng Clan cultivators were thrown into pandemonium. Not only was fierce fighting going on with the rebellious clan members, the invading cultivators were now joining in on the slaughter.

Miserable shrieks rang out, the land quaked, and colors flashed in the sky. Furthermore, rumbling echoed out as the black willow leaves shot downward with shocking speed.

As the leaves stabbed down into the land, the black-robed men transformed into a thousand black beams of light that instantly joined the battle.

"Kill them! Leave no one alive!"

"From this day onward, there will be no Meng Clan in the Eighth Mountain and Sea!"

The sounds of explosions filled the air, and slowly, expressions of hopelessness appeared on the faces of the Meng Clan cultivators. Then, they began to fight back as if they had gone mad. It wasn't that none of them had thought of surrendering; in fact, some had attempted to do just that, but the result was... they had been slaughtered in response!

Their enemies did not want captives, they wanted to exterminate the entire clan.

Thankfully, the invading cultivators' target was clearly the central continent; as for the surrounding smaller continents, although the flames of war burned there, they were much weaker. As for the continent

occupied by Grandma Meng's people, because the Xu Clan no longer existed there, virtually no invading cultivators went there.

The main force was levied against the Meng Clan ancestral mansion.

It was in this moment of chaotic fighting that Meng Hao's grandmother, granduncles, and other relatives all waded into the fight. However, they didn't attract much attention.

That privilege went to the Meng Clan's five enraged Patriarchs, who were fighting five black-robed Dao Realm experts from the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

That battle of ten experts shook Heaven and Earth, and was far more shocking than what was happening with the Ancient Realm cultivators.

"Getting nervous?" said the boy, who hovered in midair above the battlefield, looking up into the starry sky at Meng Hao, eyes flashing coldly. He hoped that attacking in this way would force his opponent's hand. For some reason, his subconscious was nagging him, telling him that if Meng Hao transcended his tribulation, then events would change in unpredictable ways.

Meng Hao's eyes shone with coldness as he looked down at what was happening. Unfortunately, he was at a critical juncture, and could not afford to be distracted. Eyes flickering, he waved his hand, causing the Blood Mastiff to appear, roaring. As it flew out, it was joined by his blackpod imps, who shot through the air, vicious expressions on their faces. Then he waved his hand, causing a rift to open, out of which leaped the Blood Demon, joined by Meng Hao's Blood Spirit. In the blink of an eye, all of them shot down into the battle. 1

At first, it seemed as if their focus was slaughtering enemies, but Meng Hao's orders were actually that they defend Granda Meng and the rest of the bloodline.

"Help me buy some time...." he murmured as he hovered there in the sea of flames formed by the remnants of the Door of the Ancient Realm.

"Soul Lamps, ignite!"

RUMBLE!

All of Meng Hao's Ancient mana burst out, almost like an attack. It surged out of the top of his head, causing a tongue of fire to ignite in that same position and remain floating there!

As soon as the flame emerged, it flared up fiercely; soon, the image of something like a bowl appeared beneath it. In the blink of an eye, it formed... a Soul Lamp!

As soon as the lamp formed, Meng Hao could clearly sense a strand of his soul, joined by some of the power of his bloodline, peeling away to... merge into the lamp!

"The flame is my soul, the basin is my bloodline. This Soul Lamp is like a clone!" That was the first sensation Meng Hao got. In fact, he could also tell that as soon as the Soul Lamp appeared, it did much the same thing he did and... began to absorb the energy of Heaven and Earth that existed in the area.

"So that's how it is. Soul Lamps are really clones. After separating from the original body, they can continue to advance in cultivation. Furthermore, with every Soul Lamp that is extinguished, it's like that clone is absorbed back in, redoubling your power!" Meng Hao's eyes gleamed with enlightenment. Taking a deep breath, he once again caused the Ancient mana within him to explode out!

A second Soul Lamp appeared, then a third, a fourth, and a fifth....

Every time his cultivation base erupted with power, he would form another Soul Lamp. Soon, he was surrounded by a total of 9 Soul Lamps. And he was still going!

As he continued with this process, the flames surrounding him were no longer enveloping him completely, enabling the crowds down below to clearly see him igniting his Soul Lamps.

"9 Soul Lamps.... He's already ignited 9 Soul Lamps. Just... how many lamps will he ignite in the end!?!?"

"The number of Soul Lamps you can ignite has to do with your Immortal

meridians. I'm not sure how many Immortal meridians he opened when he reached Immortal Ascension, but from the look of it, he's probably going to ignite at least 20 lamps!!"

People on both sides of the battle were taking the time to look up and observe what was happening. Although this was not the first time for most of the combatants below to experience someone making a breakthrough in the middle of a battle, it was their first time seeing someone transcending tribulation in the middle of a clan extermination.

"Already igniting his Soul Lamps...." thought the boy as he hovered there. A cunning gleam appeared in his eyes, and he suddenly shot through the air toward where the five Meng Clan Dao Realm Patriarchs were fighting. He waved his hand, and immediately, the ninth bloodline Patriarch coughed up a mouthful of blood, and fell backward.

"Not that one...?" the boy thought, letting out a cold snort. Meng Hao apparently wasn't reacting to his attack on the ninth bloodline Patriarch at all.

Of that, the boy was certain, the reason being because of his unique Daoist magic that allowed him to see the truth and falsehood within a person. That was the nature of the sixth Essence which he was currently studying; if he succeeded in his endeavor, he would become a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign.

As a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign, you could say that he would be virtually invincible!

For all intents and purposes, the level of 6-Essences Dao Sovereign was the limit for cultivators. For years and years, no one had ever been able to break through from six Essences to seven, to become an early-stage Paragon.

After all, Paragons, even early-stage Paragons, were still supreme beings!

Certain that Meng Hao would not intervene on behalf of the ninth-bloodline Patriarch, the boy was forced to change his tactics. Instantly, he disappeared in a flash toward the next Meng Clan Patriarch.

In almost that same moment, Meng Hao hovered out in the starry sky, cultivation base bursting with power as he ignited a 10th Soul Lamp. After that was number 11, 12, and then 13....

With each lamp that appeared, more of his soul and bloodline power emanated out. Despite how it was spilling out of him, he was not growing weaker. Quite the contrary. That power from his bloodline, and his soul, were actually naturally recovering!

Furthermore, his existing Soul Lamps were rapidly gobbling up the surrounding energy of Heaven and Earth. From the look of it, if they reached the absolute pinnacle, then they would actually be as strong as Meng Hao himself, or maybe even stronger.

“So this is the Ancient Realm....?” Meng Hao was shaken inwardly from the sheer fearsomeness and power of the Ancient Realm. He had slaughtered Ancient Realm cultivators in the past as if they were ants, but now he had to admit that the Ancient Realm... was a Realm in which cultivators would most definitely experience drastic transformations!

With each Soul Lamp that one extinguished, one could reabsorb its soul and bloodline power, causing oneself to double in all aspects.

With ten Soul Lamps, you could experience tenfold growth. With twenty Soul Lamps, twentyfold growth!

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes shone with a strange light. Although he knew that the more Soul Lamps he had, the more danger he would face... he still wanted to get more.

Each additional Soul Lamp represented another factor of power in the future, assuming he could successfully extinguish it.

“Essentially, if my current cultivation base counts as ‘one’, then each of my current Soul Lamps will have the potential to grow to equal that ‘one’. The only thing I don’t know is if, once I absorb my first Soul Lamp, will the remaining Soul Lamps stay at that same level, or will be able to break through by absorbing even more energy from Heaven and Earth and become equivalent to ‘two’?

“If the latter is true, then the Ancient Realm... is definitely a major dividing line!

“Although cultivators in this Realm are all technically in the same Realm, the weaker ones are vastly weaker than the stronger ones. It all depends on the foundation; the moment you ignite those Soul Lamps, that is when your power is determined!

“Step into the Ancient Realm weak, and in the end, you will still be weak!

“Step into the Ancient Realm powerful, and in the end... that explosive, multi-factored growth will make you powerful to a terrifying degree!

“The Ancient Realm. Ah, the Ancient Realm....” Finally, Meng Hao threw his head back and roared, bursting with even more cultivation base power, causing more Soul Lamps to appear, all the way until he had... 18!

And he wasn't finished!

Meanwhile, the boy down below had passed from each of the five Patriarchs to the next, seriously injuring them all. When he injured the final one, Meng Hao seemed to suddenly get ever so slightly nervous, but the boy's Essence told him that it was merely an act on Meng Hao's part.

“You might be able to disregard the Meng Clan as a whole, but there are definitely people here that you care about.” The boy laughed coldly, then waved his hand, causing one of the Meng Clan cultivators to fly up, whereupon he grabbed him by the head and began to perform a Soulsearch.

That was the point in which Meng Hao ignited his 19th Soul Lamp!

“I can still ignite more!” Meng Hao's eyes were crimson, and he was trembling violently. 19 Soul Lamp indicated that his cultivation base had burst out with power through the top of his head nineteen times. Not even Meng Hao could completely ignore such pain.

“IGNITE AGAIN!” he roared, bursting with cultivation base power. Pain filled him, then surged toward the top of his head. Rumbling sounds echoed out as yet another tongue of fire appeared and transformed into... his 20th Soul Lamp!

In that instant, the Meng Clan cultivator being held by the boy let out a bloodcurdling scream. Blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and then he exploded. As for the boy, a strange gleam appeared in his eyes.

“It seems I was in secluded meditation for too long, and allowed my powers of deduction to grow rusty. I can’t believe I wasted so much time coming to such a simple conclusion.” Smiling faintly, the boy suddenly shot toward Grandma Meng, eyes flickering coldly.

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1. The Blood Spirit is Meng Hao’s upgraded Blood Clone.

Chapter 1277: Battling a Dao Sovereign!

In almost the same moment that the boy began to close in on Grandma Meng, Meng Hao was up in the starry sky attempting to ignite his 21st Soul Lamp. Suddenly, his eyes flickered, and he looked down toward the Meng Clan ancestral mansion.

“Looking to die!?” he said, his voice echoing like thunder. Suddenly, he vanished, reappearing between the boy and Grandma Meng, still surrounded by the sea of flames.

It happened so quickly that the boy could never have anticipated it happening. Meng Hao’s speed was completely shocking, and the very instant that he appeared, he clenched his right fist and let loose a punch.

The Life-Extermination Fist!

As the fist rocketed out, the boy’s eyes gleamed, and he placed both hands together to perform an incantation gesture, then blew out a gust of air. Immediately, the black sea around him swept out to meet Meng Hao’s fist.

BOOOOMMMMMMM!

The fist slammed into the materialized sea, instantly shattering it. Seawater sprayed out in all directions, and the boy fell back, an expression of shock on his face.

Even as he retreated, Meng Hao’s 21st Soul Lamp appeared.

“Oh?” Meng Hao thought, eyes flickering coldly. “So it works that way too, huh?” Then he punched out again.

Bedevilment Fist!

A huge boom could be heard, and the ground quaked. A huge rift was torn open in front of Meng Hao, and cracking sounds echoed out. The boy’s face fell, and an intense sensation of crisis welled up within him.

“Dammit, he still hasn’t transcended the tribulation. How could he be so strong!?” The boy didn’t hesitate for a moment. He made a grasping

gesture, causing an enormous turtle shell to appear in the air in front of him. Eight ancient magical symbols could be seen on the surface of the shell, and yet when Meng Hao's fist hit it, it exploded into pieces.

In conjunction with the explosion, the boy's face went ashen, and he fell back yet again. However, his eyes flickered strangely.

"Eight Sealing Mountains!" As soon as the words left his mouth, the eight magical symbols on the remnants of the shattered turtle shell flickered, causing a mountain to suddenly appear above Meng Hao's head, which then began to descend.

Next was a second mountain, a third and a fourth, all the way until eight mountains could be seen, all of which crushed down onto Meng Hao. Meng Hao's legs trembled, and cracks radiated out on the ground down below. However, he simply began to chuckle, causing his cultivation base power to erupt out through the top of his head.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The eight mountains then collapsed into pieces, causing the boy's eyes to widen with shock. It was also in that very moment that three more Soul Lamps appeared!

22. 23. 24!

24 Soul Lamps swirled around Meng Hao, flames flickering, causing him to emanate a profoundly ancient energy that made him seem like an Emperor straight out of ancient times.

Moments ago in the Meng Clan ancestral mansion, the members of the Meng Clan had been sustaining heavy casualties. However, then Meng Hao had appeared, launched two fist strikes, ignited numerous Soul Lamps and caused flickering flames to illuminate his surroundings. The result was that the battlefield went completely silent. Both the invading cultivators and the Meng Clan cultivators all began to back away.

When they looked at Meng Hao, their eyes were filled with terror, although for the members of the Meng Clan, that terror also contained... a bit of hope!

“Dammit,” thought the boy. “What momentum! Can I... even stop him? Just how many Immortal meridians did he actually open when stepping into the Immortal Realm!?” His eyes flickered with killing intent and suddenly, he stopped retreating and instead advanced, waving both arms out in front of him. A shocking whistling sound could be heard, and the air around him distorted as an enormous scorpion appeared. It was pitch black, and immediately let out a howling screech as it leapt toward Meng Hao.

As it bore down on him, Meng Hao’s eyes gleamed. He took a step forward, causing the Ancient mana within him to explode out in the form of another fist.

It was none other than... the God-Slaying Fist!

Heaven and Earth flashed with bright colors, and a howling wind kicked up. All of the surrounding cultivators coughed up blood and fell into retreat. Countless buildings and structures were transformed into ash, and even the distant sun and moon went dim. When the God-Slaying fist was unleashed, it led to boundless slaughter.

The boy let out an agonized shriek and simultaneously performed an incantation gesture. As for the scorpion, as soon as it made contact with Meng Hao, an enormous boom rattled out, and the air distorted so badly that no one could see what was happening.

When everything returned to normal, people could see the scorpion shattering into pieces. The boy was in full retreat, blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth. As for Meng Hao, he hovered in midair, energy surging, surrounded by three more Soul Lamps than the 24 he had already ignited!

He now had 27 Soul Lamps!!

“Ksitigarbha of the Fourth Mountain ignited 29 Soul Lamps,” the boy thought, face falling as he fell back. “This man... has already ignited 27 Soul Lamps. From the look of it, he still has more to go!

“Dammit, I slipped up. I should never have interfered or tried to force his hand. I essentially helped him to ignite his Soul Lamps!”

Meng Hao's eyes shone with a bright light, and he licked his lips. During his brief exchange with the boy, he could tell that igniting Soul Lamps while fighting was actually much easier....

He wasn't sure why, and was fairly certain that other people wouldn't experience a similar thing in a state like his, but he did know that this was an opportunity that wouldn't come again. As such, he didn't take the time to try to figure out what was happening. Instead, he shot directly after the boy.

"Dammit," the boy yelled to his subordinates, "all of you get out there and kill that old woman and everyone with her!" The boy's terror regarding Meng Hao was growing, and he was feeling very disheartened. He just couldn't reconcile himself with the fact that he had actually helped Meng Hao by fighting him.

The invading cultivators from the random sects hesitated, but the black-robed men from the Seventh Mountain and Sea didn't. They instantly flew toward Grandma Meng and the others.

Grandma Meng and the others were completely outnumbered, and couldn't possibly match up. At this point, killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes and he roared, "How dare you people!"

His voice was like Heaven-rending, Earth-crushing lightning. At the same time that he called out, he waved his hand, causing a massive quantity of black mist to surge out. Seething, it formed into a huge black hand which shot toward the black-robed men.

The black-robed men were initially shaken just by Meng Hao's voice. Some of them began to bleed from their eyes, ears, noses, and mouths, then went stiff. Some directly exploded, down to their Nascent Divinities, and as for the others, before they could recover, the black mist palm smashed into them.

As the hand passed along, the black-robed men screamed and rapidly began to wither away.

"A curse! That's curse power!"

“That’s the curse power of our Seventh Mountain and Sea! How does he know how to unleash it...? Noooooo....”

Miserable screams rang out as the black-robed men who had been converging on Grandma Meng all were transformed into black liquid, which then showered down onto the ground. Everyone who saw this happen gasped, especially when people heard the words uttered by the men before they died. That left the Meng Clan cultivators completely shaken.

“The Seventh Mountain and Sea....”

“They’re from the Seventh Mountain and Sea! Heavens! Cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea are actually here, and there are so many of them. Could it be... that a Mountain and Sea War is starting!?!?”

Although the members of the Meng Clan were shocked, the clan rebels and the invading cultivators didn’t seem surprised at all, as if the matter wasn’t even a secret. Actually... they had been aware all along that the Seventh Mountain and Sea’s army would soon be coming to the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

A war between two great Mountains and Seas was beginning, and this day... was merely the first battle in that war.

Ignoring everything else, Meng Hao advanced toward the boy, whose face darkened as he looked back at Meng Hao.

“Do you really think I’m scared of you?” the boy said. “Since you’re looking to die, then even if you are in the middle of igniting your Soul Lamps, I... can still kill you anyway!” Gritting his teeth, he suddenly began to emit a green glow. At the same time, green grass sprouted beneath his feet, which rapidly grew to cover the entire area. In the short span of a single breath, the area surrounding the boy... became a huge grassy plain.

Enormous trees then began to rise up, and at the same time, a powerful plant-like aura began to fill the entire area.

On each and every bit of vegetation visible, faces could be seen which were none other than... the face of the boy!

“Get ready to be killed!!” the boy said. At the same time, the faces on the grass, trees, flowers and other types of vegetation all howled.

If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal, but at the same time, rain began to fall in the starry sky. The rain was black, and it rapidly formed into a huge sea. All of the drops of water in that rain and sea, shockingly, also had the boy’s howling face on them.

“Time to die!!”

The matter wasn’t over yet. The boy waved his sleeve, and immediately, he began to grow vastly larger. His black hair spread out, superseding the starry sky, creating a field of black that was like the dark of night!

His eyes then began to grow brightly, forming a contrast with the darkness. It was... light!

Of course, it was all illusory. All of the faces and the plants, the black rainwater, the light and darkness, and the boy’s enormous frame, none of it was real. Any cultivator would be able to see that it was all illusory. Furthermore, although some pressure emanated from these things, it wasn’t very strong!

It was at this point that all of a sudden, the enormous boy said one single word, a word that caused everything... to change.

“Reality!”

RUMBLE!

The plants became real, the black rain became real, the darkness became real, the light became real!

This was the boy’s fifth Essence. Reality!

Chapter 1278: Essence of Reality!

The boy's first four Essences were extraordinary to begin with. His Essence of plants and vegetation was not common, and his Essence of rain was unexpectedly black, indicating that it contained poison. Those two Essences alone were rare.

From the nature of these Essences, it could be imagined that just with these four the boy would occupy a position at the pinnacle of 4-Essences Dao Sovereigns. This was without even mentioning his fifth Essence, the Essence of...

Reality!

That fifth Essence was able to thoroughly transform his other four Essences, immediately conjuring forth from them a power that could shake Heaven and Earth. Currently, rumbling sounds were echoing out, and the starry sky was vibrating. A boundless cultivation base power was now erupting out from the Essence world that the boy had summoned.

"In the entire Mountain and Sea Realm," the boy said, "there are only four cultivators who are 6-Essences Dao Sovereigns!

"The most powerful is Ksitigarbha of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, who is at the peak of six Essences. Rumor has it that he's less than half a step away from becoming a 7-Essences Paragon. As for the other three people, they are the three great Doyens who were entrusted with the three classic Daoist scriptures!

"When it comes to 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns, there are a few more than the 6-Essences Dao Sovereigns. However, even in all of the Nine Mountains and Seas, there are no more than fifteen. Among those fifteen, I might not be the strongest, and am weaker than the Mountain and Sea Lords!

"However, even still, it doesn't matter that you've stepped into the Ancient Realm as an Allheaven Dao Immortal, and have a bloodline that reaches back to the Paragon Immortal Realm... you still aren't a match for me!"

The boy's eyes glittered coldly as his voice echoed out. His Essence world rumbled as it surrounded Meng Hao. Boundless greenery grew at an astonishing rate, sending out an intense power of plants and vegetation. Then there was the seemingly infinite black rain, each drop of which emanated astonishing pressure onto Meng Hao.

As for the darkness, it was even more terrifying, completely covering Meng Hao, turning him pitch black, as if he were being assimilated by the night.

And then there was the Essence of light, which was a power that could actually dispel darkness. It was slowly vaporizing Meng Hao; whereas before it had been illusory, with the Essence of reality, it was now truly capable of harming him.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

The cultivators of the Meng Clan, as well as the invaders, were so shocked by what they were witnessing that they completely forgot that they had just been fighting and killing each other.

All eyes were completely fixed on the battle between Meng Hao and the boy!

"5-Essences Dao Sovereign... that boy... is actually a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign!" The five Patriarchs of the Meng Clan were shaking in fear and astonishment. Although all of them were in the Dao Realm, this was actually their first time ever seeing someone brandishing five Essences simultaneously.

Although they had previously fought Meng Hao, the battle prowess he had put on display had only led them to speculate about the true limits of his power. However, now that five Essences really were on display, it was impossible to even describe how truly shaken they were.

Nowadays in the Mountain and Sea Realm, Ksitigarbha of the Fourth Mountain and Sea was a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign, but the other eight Mountain and Sea Lords were all at the 5-Essences level. The weakest of them all was Lord Ji of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, who hadn't even reached the 5-Essences level!

As such, it was possible to say that 5-Essences cultivators were peak almighty experts in the Mountain and Sea Realm. Any one of those people were the type who were powerful enough to destroy vast swaths of the starry sky.

In the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the most powerful people were two 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns, one of whom was the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and the other was none other than this boy, Xiao Yihan!

Only an almighty expert like him was capable of leading the vanguard in the invasion of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, to begin the Mountain and Sea War!

Another reason that only he qualified was that... the reconnaissance carried out by the Seventh Mountain and Sea throughout the years had long since revealed to them that in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, there was only one almighty expert who had reached the level of 5-Essences, and that was the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. After him, the next strongest were only 4-Essences experts!

The next most powerful expert after the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea was the Chief Dao Protector of the Heavengod Society, who was technically at the 5-Essences level. However, in Xiao Yihan's opinion, his fifth Essence was actually borrowed from the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and was not something he had personally gained enlightenment of. Therefore, Xiao Yihan wasn't worried about him at all.

"Still not dead!?" Xiao Yihan roared, eyes flickering coldly. The appearance of Meng Hao threw a wrench into their understanding of the power structure of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, which was not something that he could just accept casually. In order to ensure that the Mountain and Sea War went as planned, Xiao Yihan now wanted to kill Meng Hao more than ever.

"If I don't kill him now, and he goes on to successfully extinguish his Soul Lamps, then his battle prowess will only continue to increase. He might even exceed the level of the Mountain and Sea Lords!

“So this is an Allheaven Dao Immortal.... Back in the Paragon Immortal Realm, the ultimate terrors, the most powerful of all... were the Allheaven Dao Immortals!

“Thankfully, from ancient times until now, not a single Allheaven Dao Immortal has ever stepped into the Dao. All of them died in the process of extinguishing their Soul Lamps in the Ancient Realm. This man will be no exception. However, if I don’t kill him now, he will definitely be a thorn in our side later!” Xiao Yihan looked on with coldly gleaming eyes as his Essence world crushed down like a millstone onto Meng Hao, bent on completely obliterating him!

Rumbling sounds echoed out, and the starry sky vibrated. Meng Hao was also shaken; he could sense how the plants were trying to suck away at his life force in order to grow, and how the poison in the black rainwater was trying to eat away at his soul.

Most shocking of all was the power of darkness, which seemed to disregard how powerful his fleshly body and cultivation base was as it began to assimilate them. That in turn ensured that when the boy’s power of light assailed him, it was like ten thousand swords stabbing at his heart, filling him with intense pain. Meng Hao felt as if he were being swept over by floodwaters, as if he couldn’t move, as if his blood had stopped flowing. Countless wounds covered his skin, and he was even starting to fade away, as if the power of the five Essences were wiping him out of existence!

Meng Hao roared inwardly; the Essence world could put pressure on his body, but not his Soul Lamps!

In the critical moment of crisis, rumbling filled him as his cultivation base climbed up again and again! In the moment of deadly danger, Meng Hao’s 28th Soul Lamp flew out of the top of his head like a blossoming flower!

And that wasn’t it! It was at this point that a 29th Soul Lamp also appeared!

Then, the 30th! Now, a total of 30 ignited Soul Lamps were swirling around Meng Hao, letting off brilliant light. The darkness was dispelled,

the light was shoved away, the black rain was cut off, and the vegetation was severed away.

Blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth as his body rapidly recovered. He suddenly looked up at Xiao Yihan, who was now frowning.

"You're definitely strong," Meng Hao said. "My profound thanks for helping me to understand... what a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign is like!" As he wiped the blood from his mouth, he realized that he was now much more certain of the true level of his battle prowess.

"I'm curious," Meng Hao asked. "That old man from the Heavengod Society also has a 5-Essences cultivation base. Why is the difference between the two of you so great?"

If any other person asked this question of Xiao Yihan, he would never answer. However, Meng Hao was so threatening that, even though his cultivation base was not at the same level, his battle prowess was. The terrifying fact that he was an Allheaven Dao Immortal caused Xiao Yihan to consider for a moment, and then say, "You mean the Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society? He's really at 4-Essences. His fifth Essence is borrowed."

"Got it," Meng Hao replied, nodding.

Before transcending the tribulation, Meng Hao had believed that his cultivation base was sufficient to fight against a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign, but now he realized that his judgement had been based on the very Chief Dao Protector in question.

Most accurately speaking, before he transcended the tribulation, his battle prowess was comparable to the peak of the 4-Essences level, about half a step or so away from the true 5-Essences level. Therefore, during the actual process of transcending the tribulation, when he had faced the four 5-Essences faceless men, he had only been able to handle one of them. After all, they were not truly cultivators, and were actually slightly weaker than real 5-Essences cultivators. Had he been facing someone like this boy, he would not have been able to get past them.

Having transcended the tribulation and ignited his Soul Lamps, his

cultivation base rose, his Immortal power was converted to Ancient mana, and his Nirvana Fruits became Dao Fruits. At that point, he was truly equipped to battle 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns.

“In all of the Mountain and Sea Realm,” he thought. “there are only about fifteen 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns... including most of the Mountain and Sea Lords.... As for the Lords, most of them are at the peak of the 5-Essences level, just a hair away from 6-Essences.... Apparently, I’m still half a step behind people like that. This must be the case, because it seems that Xiao Yihan and I... are about even.” Meng Hao frowned. The root of the problem lay with the Soul Lamps. After all, Soul Lamps really just represented the potential for future power.

“Assuming I’m close to the level of the Mountain and Sea Lords, then as I successfully extinguish my Soul Lamps, then I will quickly bridge that gap!” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a bright light as he began to stride toward Xiao Yihan.

Xiao Yihan’s eyes widened. He had already begun to view Meng Hao as a powerful opponent, so seeing him advance in this way caused him to immediately fall back. His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, causing his Essence world to collapse.

As that happened, the fragments of the Essence world formed into five hands. Each of those hands was made of Essence, and they grabbed toward Meng Hao, causing the starry sky to shake and rumbling sounds to echo out in all directions.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as the copper mirror suddenly flickered in his right hand. It spread out, covering his hand, transforming into the Battle Weapon. At the same time, he performed an incantation gesture with his left hand, causing the Paragon Bridge to rumble out to defend against the five huge hands.

A massive boom rang out, shocking everyone. The Paragon Bridge slammed into the hands, causing radiant light to explode out. At long last, the Paragon Bridge was able to erupt out with something approximating its original power.

Rumbling sounds continued to echo out as the five hands and the Paragon Bridge pushed at each other, clearly in a deadlock. Xiao Yihan's face flickered, and he suddenly looked over at Meng Hao and screamed.

That scream caused the void in front of Xiao Yihan to shatter, layer by layer, and then sweep toward Meng Hao. When the sound wave attack hit him, he trembled, and was apparently incapable of moving any further forward.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, unleashing explosive cultivation base power as a 31st Soul Lamp appeared over his head. Simultaneously, he lifted his right hand up and then chopped it down toward Xiao Yihan.

Chapter 1279: Prime Lamp!

The chopping motion caused the starry sky to shudder as an indescribably intense beam of light slashed out. The scream-turned-soundwave was completely outshone. The blade's glow slashed down on it, cutting it in two, after which the light cascaded toward Xiao Yihan.

A vicious expression appeared on Xiao Yihan's face, and his hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture. Then he spat out a glob of white mist, which transformed into a white feather. That feather didn't attempt to block the Battle Weapon, but rather, shot directly toward Meng Hao.

Shockingly, Xiao Yihan was choosing to end the battle in mutual destruction!

The Battle Weapon landed on Xiao Yihan, and he instantly began to shake, and then shattered into pieces. However, what shattered was only an exterior surface. It was as if that boy had merely been an outer skin! A roar echoed out as the spot previously occupied by the boy was now occupied by a young man!

That young man appeared to be about twenty years old, and his features were similar to that of the boy. He wiped the blood off of his mouth, then looked venomously over at Meng Hao.

The shattered skin around him, were it formed back together, would definitely be able to form the shape of a boy!

Simultaneously, the white feather shot toward the top of Meng Hao's head with indescribable speed. He was incapable of dodging or evading, any more than Xiao Yihan had been able to avoid the Battle Weapon.

The feather seemed to merely be floating down toward him, but the reality was that it felt as if the entire starry sky had converged on that one point and was crushing him!

Meng Hao's body trembled, and blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth as he was shoved downward beyond his control. Xiao Yihan in

young man form looked on, killing intent flickering in his eyes, then took a step forward.

However, in the moment that he took that step, Meng Hao's cultivation base erupted with power over and over again! The feather on top of his head shot upward as if a fountain were propelling it, and Meng Hao's 32nd Soul Lamp shot out!

A Soul Lamp that was the color of blood!

As soon as it appeared, all of the starry sky was stained red. Furthermore, strands of blood connected the blood-colored Soul Lamp to the top of Meng Hao's head. Even more shocking was that its sudden appearance apparently caused Meng Hao to begin withering away!

It seemed as if this was the limit to the number of Soul Lamps that Meng Hao could ignite. The instant the blood-colored Soul Lamp appeared, it became the Prime Lamp among all the other Soul Lamps!

Most importantly, this lamp looked completely different from all of the other Soul Lamps which had appeared. In addition, the energy of Heaven and Earth that surrounded Meng Hao and supported him as he ignited his Soul Lamps started boiling in an unprecedented fashion. It began to surge toward him with mad speed, some of it pouring into Meng Hao's body, the other portion entering the Soul Lamp!

The Soul Lamp became like a blood-colored black hole, sucking in the energy of Heaven and Earth and the Essences which existed in the starry sky.

RUUUUMMMMMBLE! A huge sound rose up around Meng Hao, and the Soul Lamp's flame burned brighter and brighter. As for the feather, it was pushed further and further away. Apparently, it couldn't stand up to the power of the blood-colored Soul Lamp, and caught on fire.

The burning feather rapidly began to fade away. In the blink of an eye, it turned into ash, which then began to dissipate. That removed any pressure from weighing down on Meng Hao, and his blood-colored Soul Lamp began to shine even more brightly.

Because of the whole series of strange transformations of Heaven and Earth that led up to this point, as soon as that unique Soul Lamp appeared everyone could see it very clearly, including the members of the Meng Clan and the invading cultivators.

“Prime Lamp! That’s a Prime Lamp!!”

“When igniting Soul Lamps in the Ancient Realm, the final lamp to be ignited is the Prime Lamp!”

“Once the Prime Lamp appears, it means... the igniting of Soul Lamps is over!!”

“32 Soul Lamps. Heavens! None of the ancient records mention anything like this. This is definitely something that didn’t happen even in ancient times!!” In the fight between Meng Hao and Xiao Yihan, things had been happening too quickly for people to consider the ramifications of Meng Hao igniting so many Soul Lamps.

Now that they thought about the blood-colored Soul Lamp for a moment and realized what it was, they began to gasp and utter exclamations of amazement. Massive rumbling echoed out, and the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea vibrated.

Meng Hao’s act of stepping into the Ancient Realm was causing tremors across all of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Furthermore, back in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, all of the members of the Fang Clan could feel their blood boiling as a pulsing, gentle power erupted inside of their qi passageways.

When the Patriarch grew, the bloodline clan members also grew!

Meng Hao himself had become the source of the Fang Clan bloodline!

Back in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao was trembling. From the moment his blood-colored Soul Lamp appeared, he sensed that it was different from all of the other Soul Lamps. It was connected to his bloodline, and... it almost felt like he could transform into the lamp, and similarly the lamp would be able to reform his body!

As soon as it appeared, the flames of the other Soul Lamps raged even

brighter, and Meng Hao's injuries immediately improved. In this state of igniting Soul Lamps, he had special protection from Heaven and Earth!

However, Meng Hao could also sense that the energy of Heaven and Earth that had been fueling the ignition of his Soul Lamps was now fading away. Apparently, it was exactly as the crowds were speculating. This newest Soul Lamp... would be his final one!

However, Meng Hao wasn't quite convinced. He could sense that even after the blood-colored Soul Lamp appeared, astonishingly... there was still another Soul Lamp stirring inside of him!

"So, the blood-colored Soul Lamp is not my Prime Lamp. The true Prime Lamp is still inside, waiting to be ignited....

"If I truly want to ignite that Prime Lamp, I need more power, more pressure to force it out. Otherwise... it will remain dormant inside of me forever!" Meng Hao had the intense premonition that the true Prime Lamp inside of him was not something that could be underestimated. Even the energy of Heaven and Earth around him couldn't sense it.... That would definitely be his most powerful Prime Soul Lamp!

Xiao Yihan suddenly stopped in place. Instead of getting any closer to Meng Hao, he stared at him and then began to laugh.

"So your Prime Lamp has appeared. That means no more Soul Lamps will be appearing. 32, huh.... Definitely powerful. However, I've been waiting this entire time just for your Prime Lamp to appear!" His eyes flickered with killing intent, and his lips twisted in a cold smile. He sent out his divine sense, and could immediately sense that the energy of Heaven and Earth was fading away. Feeling assured that Meng Hao could not ignite any more Soul Lamps, he took a deep breath.

Although they were out in the starry sky, as he inhaled, a massive windstorm appeared around him. Even more shocking was that a portion of the energy of Heaven and Earth that had been sustaining Meng Hao's ignition of the Soul Lamps began to be sucked away, as if it couldn't resist the power being unleashed by Xiao Yihan.

Boundless power was sucked up by Xiao Yihan, it was formed together

into... an arrow!

It was a colorless arrow, completely invisible to anything other than divine sense, and it contained terrifying power.

Next, all of the black willow leaves down below near the Meng Clan ancestral mansion began to vibrate and emit loud rumbling sounds. Then they were uprooted and flew up into the air, rapidly growing smaller as they neared Xiao Yihan. Unexpectedly, they circulated around him and then transformed into... a meter-long black bow!

He reached out to grab the black bow, nocked the invisible arrow, and then pulled the bow back until it formed the rough shape of a full moon!

“This is my most deadly weapon, son. Today is the day you perish!”

An intense sensation of deadly crisis rose up in Meng Hao’s mind. It was like a voice roaring loudly inside of him, telling him that whatever happened next, he was mostly likely going to die!

However, at the same time, Meng Hao could sense that the true Prime Lamp inside of him was growing more solid. It felt as if it were thirsting... for the power being built up by Xiao Yihan!

“This 33rd Soul Lamp... is my Prime Lamp. Therefore....” Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with determination. There was little time for contemplation. Almost in the same moment that Xiao Yihan pulled the bowstring back, Meng Hao’s cultivation base rocketed up. Ancient mana filled his body, and his fleshly body power was at its peak. He summoned the meat jelly to form armor, pulled out the Battle Weapon, and called upon the blood-colored Prime Lamp. Then he summoned his Paragon Bridge and took a step forward to stand on the bridge itself, whereupon he faced Xiao Yihan and attacked!

“First arrow!” Xiao Yihan said with a cold smile. He loosed the arrow, whereupon green qi began to stream out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, which was absorbed by the arrow, transforming it from being invisible into being green!

Rumbling could be heard as the green arrow transformed into a beam of

green light that shot toward Meng Hao, leaving behind a trail of afterimages of plants and vegetation that then bloomed and flourished.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he slapped at the incoming arrow with both hands. A boom rang out. Meng Hao could not halt the force of the arrow; blood spurted out from his hands, and the arrow stabbed onward, piercing into his chest!

However, because Meng Hao's attack had deflected it, the place it struck was not his heart, but simply flesh. It stabbed through, accompanied by a huge boom. At the same time, the power of plants and vegetation exploded out, and green grass instantly sprouted from Meng Hao's wound as he coughed up blood.

Meng Hao seemed injured, but the truth was that he was very excited. He had actually let himself be injured by the arrow, and had intended for it to stab into him. As it did, the true Prime Lamp inside of him began to seethe as it madly absorbed the force of the blow.

"Second arrow!" Xiao Yihan said, apparently not having noticed what was happening. Smiling coldly, he once again pulled back on the bowstring. This time, black water streamed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, transforming into a black rain arrow, which he immediately let loose!

Next was a third arrow, and then a fourth!

One was an arrow of darkness, the next, an arrow of light. They turned into two beams which shot directly toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked up at the three incoming arrows, and his eyes gleamed brightly. He could sense that his final Soul Lamp... was about to ignite!

Chapter 1280: Paragon Soul Lamp!

This was a completely unheard-of Soul Lamp. The starry sky shook because of the completely astonishing... true Prime Lamp!

Fundamentally speaking, it should never have appeared. Were it not for Xiao Yihan, perhaps Meng Hao would have been able to ignite that 32nd blood-colored lamp, but he would never have reached 33 lamps!

Xiao Yihan had actually been attempting to prevent Meng Hao from igniting his Soul Lamps. How could he ever have imagined that the exact opposite had occurred... he had actually been the biggest factor in helping Meng Hao open his 33rd Lamp, his true Prime Lamp.

"I can tell that once this 33rd Soul Lamp appears," Meng Hao murmured, "everything... will change significantly." At the same time that Xiao Yihan's second arrow rumbled toward him, Meng Hao raised both hands to perform an incantation gesture. Then he pushed out toward the black rain arrow. Although he slowed it down, he didn't stop it. The arrow stabbed relentlessly into him, then spread out, becoming millions of black drops of rain that filled his body.

The black rainwater almost seemed self-aware; it burrowed into his flesh and blood, bored through his body, merged into his qi passageways, filled him completely with destructive power.

However, that power caused his final Soul Lamp to emanate a brilliant glow which then began to absorb the quivering black rain.

By now, Xiao Yihan could tell that something was going wrong. However, his arrows of darkness and light were already flying toward Meng Hao at top speed. A moment later they stabbed into him.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's chest, which virtually exploded. Bones were visible, as was his beating heart. The wound seemed very serious, and yet, a smile broke out on Meng Hao's face, and he even started laughing.

Xiao Yihan's face completely fell with disbelief. He was shocked,

astonished, could hardly believe that he was sensing... the aura of another Soul Lamp inside Meng Hao!!

“Th-this... is impossible! His Prime Lamp already appeared. It’s impossible for another Soul Lamp to emerge. Unless... unless the lamp from before wasn’t actually his Prime Lamp!!

“But that’s even more impossible. That blood-colored lamp was clearly his Prime Lamp!!”

Even as Xiao Yihan’s face fell, the Soul Lamp aura on Meng Hao didn’t just seep out, it erupted explosively. The four arrows which had just struck him completely vanished, having been absorbed by the new Soul Lamp.

Meng Hao threw his head back and roared and then, a beam of light appeared above him which was... azure!!

That light caused massive transformations in Heaven and Earth; the starry sky trembled, and the energy of Heaven and Earth, which had been fading, suddenly grew strong again, surrounding Meng Hao, turning into a vortex of power that poured into him. This was the power he needed to ignite his 33rd Soul Lamp!

Meng Hao’s roar echoed out as the azure light above him grew more and more intense. Everyone watching was flabbergasted, and uncontrollable fear exploded out from deep in their souls.

That included the members of the Meng Clan and the invading cultivators. No matter the level of their cultivation bases, be they in the Immortal Realm, the Ancient Realm, or even the Dao Realm, as of this moment, everyone was involuntarily struck with awe.

Even Xiao Yihan, who had started out as a boy and was now a young man, could not suppress the reverence that grew in his heart.

“That... that azure color....” he muttered, shivering. Everywhere in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, all regions were filled with rumbling sounds. At the same time, the Xuanwu turtle in the celestial pool on the Eighth Mountain lifted its head and howled.

In the Ninth Mountain, the Seventh Mountain, the Sixth Mountain... in

the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, the Xuanwu turtles in the celestial pools on all of the Nine Mountains trembled, threw their heads back, and howled.

The howls of the Nine Mountains' Xuanwu turtles shook the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, and everyone in it.

In fact, in the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Patriarch Reliance, who was floating along comfortably, also shivered. Suddenly, he felt as if he couldn't control his own body, as though his blood was somehow being awakened by something. He also... lifted his head up and howled!

Unexpectedly, his howling combined with the howls of the nine Xuanwu turtles, joining together, as if... there were a Tenth Mountain and a tenth turtle!

The sun and moon flickered and stopped orbiting. The Nine Mountains shook, and the Nine Seas churned. The azure light above Meng Hao grew more and more clear, until in the end, it was possible to see an azure flame there, within which was the figure of a cross-legged cultivator.

That cultivator wore a long azure robe, and although he resembled Meng Hao, if you looked more closely you would be able to see differences. Apparently, that azure-colored flame contained a bit of aura.

That was... the aura of a Paragon!

Meng Hao's 33rd Soul Lamp flared to life, and shockingly... it was the will of Paragon Nine Seals' blood inside of him that transformed... into a Soul Lamp!

It was... a Paragon Soul Lamp!

"Paragon Soul Lamp!!" Xiao Yihan thought, heart trembling. His eyes went wide with disbelief and shock as he suddenly recalled a legend, something that he had once read about in the ancient records and had assumed was an impossibility.

"He's... he's...." Xiao Yihan's scalp went numb as he watched Meng Hao. Then he looked at Meng Hao's head and the azure Paragon Soul Lamp

hanging over it, and realized that he could sense something on both Meng Hao and the Soul Lamp. It was... the aura of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

He backed up slowly, and then without the slightest hesitation whatsoever, turned tail in retreat, vanishing without a trace.

Even as he fled, Meng Hao suddenly looked up and said, “33rd Soul Lamp, ignite!”

He waved both hands, causing his cultivation base to erupt with power as the azure Soul Lamp floated up from the top of his head to float above in the starry sky.

Soon, the only color that could be seen in the starry sky was azure!

Because of that azure light, all of the other Soul Lamps dimmed, even the blood-colored Soul Lamp. Not only was it clear that this lamp was the sovereign over the others, it also caused Meng Hao to emit a stifling pressure that suppressed everyone whom it swept over, making it extremely difficult for them to rotate their cultivation bases.

It was as if the appearance of this azure Soul Lamp had caused something to awaken in Meng Hao... the aura of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm!

It came from the legacy of the League of Demon Sealers, and was... the pressure that came from the Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm! Although it wasn't very powerful at the moment, the more profound Meng Hao's cultivation base grew, the stronger the aura would get. In the end, even a single look from him would cause a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign's cultivation base to be thoroughly suppressed.

This was... the Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

An image appeared in Meng Hao's mind, an image of the Mountain and Sea Realm. He had the intense sensation that he... could stretch out his hand and take the entire Realm into his hand.

Then, he decided to do just that; he stretched out his hand, and it felt as if he were holding up something invisible. That motion caused the Eighth Mountain and Sea to tremble, as well as all of the other Mountains and

Seas. Even the sun and moon shone with brilliant light, and trembled... with anticipation!

It was only a brief moment, but that was all it took to almost instantly drain Meng Hao's cultivation base. He immediately pulled his hand back, and gradually, his cultivation base was restored.

33 Soul lamps circulated around him, emitting soft light. All of them were continuously absorbing the energy of Heaven and Earth, and constantly growing stronger.

"The Ancient Realm...." Meng Hao murmured. As of this moment, he truly was in the Ancient Realm. The next step would be the experience of slowly extinguishing all of his Soul Lamps. After reaching the great circle, he would... break through as an Allheaven Dao Immortal into the next Realm, the Dao Realm!

Meng Hao could already sense that he... despite not being in the Dao Realm, was already able to gain enlightenment of Essence, even to acquire it....

Furthermore, he had a gut feeling that these Essences pointed toward... his Demon Sealing Hexing magic!

"I'm a member of the League of Demon Sealers, and my Essences will be my Demon Sealing Hexing magics!" Meng Hao's eyes glittered.

"I just wonder if, after extinguishing my 33 Soul Lamps, I'll be able to acquire nine Essences. If I do, the realm that I've broken into... will it still be considered the Dao Realm...?"

"Or is it possible... that... I could reach that Realm which Paragon Nine Seals only managed to step halfway into... the Daosource Realm. Then I myself could become... a source of Essence!" Meng Hao's face shone with enlightenment. Although he was actually speculating, he at least had a direction to aim in.

"Since I'm an Allheaven Dao Immortal, and no one like me has ever successfully completed traversing the Ancient Realm, then I must surely travel a different path from others, and thus be able to increase my

chances of passing through the Ancient Realm!

“To Allheaven Dao Immortals, the Ancient Realm is actually an entire set of Ancient Tribulations. For me that means... 33 Ancient Tribulations!” His eyes flickered as he looked at his 1st Soul Lamp, and had the feeling that with a mere thought on his part, he could easily extinguish it.

At the same time, all of his Soul Lamps seemed as though they were somehow connected.

Meng Hao looked away, flicking his sleeve and causing his 33 Soul Lamps to enter his body. Then he turned and looked back at the Meng Clan and all the invaders and traitors.

As soon as he looked at them, they began to tremble.

It was at that point that, all of a sudden, a muffled roar echoed out in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. It came from far off, and gave rise to powerful ripples, and a tempest that swept across the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea!

All of the cultivators were shocked, and in that moment, the Heavengod Alliance was thrown into astonishment.

The sound came from the border region between the Eighth Mountain and Sea and the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Suddenly a huge rift opened in the barrier between the two Mountains and Seas. Lightning danced and the wind screamed as numerous figures shot through the rift, radiating killing intent. In an instant, it was clear that the number of cultivators was vast... and they were all entering the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

These were none other than the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

Chapter 1281: Take No Prisoners!

The Seventh Mountain and Sea was coming!

The entire army didn't arrive immediately. However, the first wave of invading cultivators immediately began to reinforce the rift between the two Mountains and Seas.

That gap was how they could enter the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and as soon as they appeared, they began to set up numerous spell formations, almost like garrisons. They also attacked the rift itself in an attempt to open it wider.

Even more impressively, a large group of Seventh Mountain and Sea cultivators joined forces to summon an enormous nine-headed dragon. It was pitch black, and when it roared into the gap, it began to grow in size, causing the rift to rip open wider and wider.

Winds screamed, echoing out through the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea, carrying with them the voice of the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

"I am the great Sima Dao, Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea! Today... I declare war on the Eighth Mountain and Sea! All ye, shall either surrender, or die!" His voice was as cold as ice as it rang out through the entirety of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Of course, the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea would not leave his home Mountain and Sea at this time. He would wait until the majority of the warrior cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea were deployed before making his appearance.

However, he would most certainly call out... and declare war!

His shocking words caused the Eighth Mountain and Sea to tremble. All cultivators and all sects heard him, and they were left in a state of shock and disbelief.

"This.... This...."

"The Seventh Mountain and Sea is invading!!"

“A Mountain and Sea War. A legendary Mountain and Sea War! I can’t believe it’s actually going to happen right now!!”

“This is too sudden. How could this be happening? The Seventh Mountain and Sea is actually inciting a Mountain and Sea War. But we’ve hardly had any dealings with them at all!”

Everyone in the Eighth Mountain and Sea was shocked, especially the Heavengod Alliance. Orders were immediately dispatched calling for everyone to assemble as quickly as possible.

The auxiliary branches of the Heavengod Alliance were included in that, as was the other of the Eighth Mountain and Sea’s great clans, the Han Clan. Grand protective spell formations were activated, and all stations were manned.

A great storm was coming!

These preparations began in the very instant that the Seventh Mountain and Sea began to come through the rift. At the same time, back in the Meng Clan, the invading cultivators were cowering in front of Meng Hao. But then they sensed what was happening, and their expressions flickered with excitement and even joy.

“Reinforcements from the Seventh Mountain and Sea are coming!!”

“Hahaha! The Mountain and Sea War is about to begin. We’re on the side of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and they’re definitely going to win the war!”

“You in the Meng Clan, war will soon be upon you! Why haven’t you surrendered yet?!” The shouts of the invading cultivators turned into sound waves that rolled out across the cultivators of the Meng Clan, including Grandma Meng and the five seriously injured Dao Realm Patriarchs. The Patriarchs’ faces fell, completely draining of blood.

As for the traitorous members of the Meng Clan, they threw their heads back and laughed uproariously. They sounded arrogant, and in very high spirits. They had just been quite cowed by Meng Hao, and now that the reinforcements from the Seventh Mountain and Sea were on the way they

had gained their confidence back. In their minds, the threat of Meng Hao was not so deadly now.

They firmly believed that both the Meng Clan and Meng Hao would now be struck with indecision, an indecision which... would ensure their own safety.

The invading cultivators weren't stupid. The first to fall back were the black-robed men from the Seventh Mountain and Sea. They knew that since reinforcements had come, they were already in the superior position. Since they could not wipe out the Meng Clan immediately, they needed to consider their own safety first.

In their minds, since the Meng Clan was hesitating, it was the perfect chance to retreat. Certainly, the Meng Clan wouldn't dare to pursue them now.

That was what the other invading sects were also thinking, as were the traitorous Meng Clan cultivators. Soon, everyone was falling back, preparing to leave.

Actually, their predictions were completely correct. The Meng Clan cultivators, including the five Dao Realm Patriarchs, stood there silently, not daring to continue the fight or attempt to prevent their enemies from leaving. When they thought about the imminent Mountain and Sea War, and the arrival of reinforcements from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the entire Meng Clan was struck with stifling pressure.

However, the invaders had miscalculated regarding one person in particular, and that was... Meng Hao!

"Did I say you people could leave?" he said coolly, hovering there in the starry sky. The Meng Clan was worried about the Seventh Mountain and Sea, as was the Heavengod Alliance. Meng Hao, on the other hand, couldn't care less.

The only people he cared about in the Eighth Mountain and Sea were his Grandmother and her people. Whether or not everyone else lived or died didn't have anything to do with him. Nor could he really do anything to stop what was happening. He knew that soon, a massive and shocking war

would strike the Mountain and Sea Realm. The two ancient forces outside of the 33 Heavens were coming, and that war... was unavoidable.

The words he had just spoken were like an icy wind that filled the invaders' hearts with shock. They looked back at him.

A cold voice rang out from within the crowds, "The reinforcements from the Seventh Mountain and Sea are already here. You're going to have your hands full defending your Meng Clan, do you really think you can spare the effort to stop us from leaving?"

Meng Hao's expression was calm as his eyes scanned the crowd.

It only took a moment to find the cultivator who had just spoken, and the power in Meng Hao's gaze suddenly rocketed up. A moment later, the man exploded. Meng Hao then leaped forward, waving his hand to summon the howling Blood Demon, which instantly slashed into the enemy forces.

The blackpod imps screeched as they began to unleash slaughter. The Blood Spirit and the mastiff also joined in, murderous auras raging.

"You had the gall to invade this place, so you won't be leaving. I don't really care about some war between the Eighth and Seventh Mountain and Sea, but I can tell you that I hate traitors.

"Whether you are a traitor to your clan or a traitor to the Mountain and Sea in which you live, it's all the same." Meng Hao's voice was cold as he once again waved his hand, unleashing his Ancient mana to summon numerous mountains, which began to descend from all directions.

These mountains no longer surged with Immortal qi, but rather, had an ancient and archaic feel to them, as if they had existed for many, many years. These were ancient mountains, and as they appeared, they sent powerful ripples out into the starry sky.

Meng Hao looked coldly out at the Meng Clan cultivators, including the five Patriarchs. When his gaze fell on those Patriarchs, they immediately began to tremble. "Meng Clan," he roared, "what are you doing standing there!? ATTACK!"

They had seen Meng Hao's terrifying Ancient Tribulation, had watched as Xiao Yihan fled on his heels, and had personally witnessed Meng Hao's horrifying power. Gritting their teeth, they decided to comply with his orders.

Roaring, the five Patriarchs charged forward. "Cultivators of the Meng Clan. ATTACK! Slaughter all of the rebels and invaders!"

The other clan members hesitated for a moment, then joined voices in a powerful battle cry as they shot forward in attack.

The battle resumed. However, this time, the Meng Clan was not in the weak position. Instead, the blood of the rebels and invaders flowed. Miserable screams rang out as endless lives were cut short.

Meng Hao took a step forward and vanished. When he reappeared, he was in front of a black-robed man, one of the old Dao Realm cultivators who had come along with Xiao Yihan. As soon as Meng Hao materialized, the old man bit his tongue, spraying out a mouthful of blood as he fell back at top speed. However, even as he did so, Meng Hao waved his finger.

It was simple motion, but the result was that the starry sky shook as an invisible force coalesced around the man, instantly weighing down on him with incredible pressure.

It was like the power of the Mountains and Seas themselves smashing down onto the old man, invoking a bloodcurdling scream. Even as the sound left his mouth, he was crushed to a bloody pulp.

"Mountain and Sea power," Meng Hao murmured. He could now more clearly sense the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm inside of him, and also knew how to control some of it.

When the other Dao Realm experts saw what he had just done, they were shocked. Just as they began to flee, Meng Hao turned to look at them and stepped forward, appearing in front of another Dao Realm expert. He waved his hand, causing an explosive wind to shoot out. Wherever it passed, screams rang out and powerful experts were wiped out of existence regardless of how they tried to defend themselves.

“Run! Run away!!”

“A jinx! This guy is an evil jinx!!”

“Dammit, the Seventh Mountain and Sea is going to wipe out the Meng Clan eventually!!” As the screams rang out, the beleaguered invaders and the Meng Clan traitors were overwhelmed by the fear of being killed, and could think of only one thing: how to escape.

Soon, only half of the original force of tens of thousands remained behind. Everyone was scattering, fleeing as quickly as they had ever moved, even using secret magics. The Meng Clan cultivators were hard-pressed to catch them, and soon, the invaders had completely scattered.

“When I wage war, I don’t leave survivors,” Meng Hao said coolly. He stamped down with his right foot, causing a sea of flames to roar out. It was none other than Essence of Divine Flame, and it rapidly spread out with complete mercilessness.

It only took the blink of an eye for the Divine Flame to sweep out, surrounding the fleeing cultivators. It moved far, far faster than they could, and soon formed a ring around them.

Meng Hao waved his hand, and the ring of fire transformed into a flaming wall, completely trapping the enemies and locking them down. Now, all avenues of escape were sealed off.

“Take no prisoners,” Meng Hao said, his voice cool. He waved his sleeve, causing a fierce wind to kick up. At the same time, the Meng Clan cultivators’ eyes turned bright red, and they charge forward in attack.

Miserable screams rang out without end, and the sounds of slaughter rose up. Meng Hao focused on the Dao Realm experts, and let the members of the Meng Clan handle the general slaughter, which also served the purpose of getting them used to fierce fighting and warfare.

One side fought brilliantly, the other screamed in terror. This was not a large-scale battle, and considering how mismatched the forces were, it only took a few hours for the traitors and invaders to be... completely put to death!

The Meng Clan had paid a heavy price, and suffered many casualties. However, the survivors had experienced the baptism of battle, and had been transformed. Although they still felt fear, the fire of slaughter burned in their eyes. Soon, quietness spread out across the battlefield, and slowly, all of the members of the Meng Clan turned to look at Meng Hao.

It was hard to say who said it first, but soon, everyone was kowtowing toward Meng Hao.

They joined their voices together and called out from the bottoms of their lungs, causing everything to shake. Surrounded by the mangled corpses and skeletons of their enemies, they shouted out in the starry sky: "Greetings, Patriarch!"

Chapter 1282: Cleansing the Lands With the Fire of War!

Even the five wounded Patriarchs were staring at Meng Hao with looks of awe. His valiant and terrifying performance, and his deadly decisiveness, caused even their hearts to grow cold with fear.

Grandma Meng was there in the crowd, and she was also completely shaken. This was her own grandson who had shocked her over and over again.

“I’m not your Patriarch,” Meng Hao said coolly, looking out at all the members of the Meng Clan. “Neither am I Meng Chen. My name... is Meng Hao.

“I’m from the Fang Clan of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.” His words caused all of the Meng Clan cultivators to stare in shock. Suddenly, the five Patriarchs recalled a certain matter, and their eyes went wide.

All eyes were on Meng Hao as he began to walk toward his grandmother. People respectfully made way for him, and soon he was standing directly in front of her. An emotional look could be seen on her face as Meng Hao gazed at her softly, clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“Grandma Meng,” he said.

When the members of the Meng Clan heard him address her in the manner of a maternal grandmother, they turned their shocked gazes upon her. After a moment of thought, people began to clasp hands and bow to her.

Even the five Patriarchs did so.

After this battle, Meng Hao’s grandmother and her people truly became the primary bloodline. Those who remained alive in the Meng Clan, regardless of what bloodline they came from, voiced not a single word of dissent. In fact, they all approved, from the bottoms of their hearts.

The five Patriarchs felt the same. It made sense, considering that the

Seventh Mountain and Sea had arrived, and a Mountain and Sea War was beginning. The fact that a terrifying figure like Meng Hao was there to take the lead made them feel as if they were being protected by a magic talisman.

With that talisman in place, the Meng Clan could be safe in the war, and in fact had an incredible advantage that would help them in moments of life and death. At this point, personal position and power within the clan had ceased to be important.

Strength was everything!

Grandma Meng didn't reject Meng Hao's words, and as such, became the acting Clan Chieftess, taking the place of the missing Grandpa Meng, and able to wield his authority. Numerous orders were transmitted. The Meng Clan had survived the battle, expelled the traitors, and now had a new lease on life.

The nine auxiliary continents were reorganized and transformed into a new clan spell formation. The ancestral mansion was also completely renovated.

Meng Hao chose to go into secluded meditation there in the Meng Clan. Although he was itching to go to the Fourth Mountain and Sea, right now the Meng Clan needed him.

Before beginning his meditation, he looked out into the starry sky. It was almost as if he could see Xu Qing, oh so far away in the Fourth Mountain and Sea. He sat there quietly for a moment, then closed his eyes, crossed his legs, and began to perform breathing exercises.

According to the Seventh Mountain and Sea's original plan, the Meng Clan should have been wiped out by now. It was a big defeat for the invaders, and when Xiao Yihan returned to the location where their main force was garrisoned, the rift between the two Mountains and Seas, he reported what had happened. After his report was given, few questions were asked about Meng Hao, nor did anyone try to press the matter.

Meanwhile, in the Heavengod Alliance, nearly 50,000 cultivators had already gathered together into an army. Numerous powerful experts were

given command positions, and they soon left the Heavengod Alliance and headed... toward the very rift where the Seventh Mountain and Sea was encamped.

The true first battle between the Eighth and Seventh Mountains and Seas was about to begin, and it was the focus of much attention. The Han Clan and the Meng Clan both dispatched cultivators to observe first hand what would happen in the battle.

It didn't take long; the fighting started three days later, right outside of the rift.

Cultivators had been pouring out nonstop through the rift from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and by now they had a force 60-70,000 strong. When the fighting started, it was incredibly intense.

No one held back, and the sounds of battle raged constantly. The Eighth Mountain and Sea went all out, mobilizing some of their ultimate weapons and magic treasures, as did the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and the fighting went on for seven days straight. Booms filled the starry sky, and as the seven days passed, the reek of blood spread out through nearly half of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Countless people died on both sides, even some Dao Realm experts. Occasionally, people chose to self-detonate, sending the sounds of explosions out in all directions.

The bitterness of the fighting was unmatched....

After seven days, the Heavengod Alliance... suffered a major defeat!

Of the 50,000 cultivators who had marched into battle, only about 2,000 returned. The casualties suffered by the Seventh Mountain and Sea were visibly less. In fact, cultivators seemed to be constantly pouring in from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, until tens of thousands of reinforcements had arrived.

That first battle completely rocked the Eighth Mountain and Sea. The sects of the Heavengod Alliance were badly shaken. What had been fought was a true battle, and the resulting loss was a very heavy blow to the

Heavengod Alliance.

If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal. But the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea took advantage of their victory to dispatch a force of 70,000... to slaughter their way into the Heavengod Alliance.

The war... had truly begun!

Outside of the Heavengod Alliance, the Han Clan was on complete lockdown, and had cut off all communication with anyone on the outside. They focused not on attacking the enemy, but only on protecting themselves. However, the only result of that was that a month later, the Seventh Mountain and Sea attacked them.

An entire division of the Seventh Mountain and Sea's army was sent against them.

The flames of war raged in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. There was endless slaughter and bitter fighting. Especially significant was that the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea were adept at using curse power. Furthermore, they had body cultivators, all of whom seemed virtually indestructible, and whose valiant power led to wholesale slaughter.

The cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea also used enormous beasts in battle. Those beasts could unleash shocking power, and had a huge influence on the fighting.

The only force that didn't seem to be affected at all was... the Meng Clan. It was as if the Seventh Mountain and Sea viewed their territory as a restricted area. Throughout the month during which the Mountain and Sea War was fought, the Meng Clan was like a utopia. Unexpectedly... not a single cultivator from the Seventh Mountain and Sea entered that area.

Although they would occasionally pass by, whenever they did, their faces flickered and they would hasten past as quickly as possible.

This point was not lost on the Han Clan and the Heavengod Alliance. Although they were shocked, there was no time to investigate the matter,

not in the face of the deadly offensive of the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

Meng Hao took it all in stride. He remained in a hidden chamber set aside for him in the Meng Clan, meditating. That chamber was of course located within the huge statue in the middle of the clan, a place where Meng Hao could sense even more of the qi flow of the Mountain and Sea Realm than before. It was of great assistance to his practice of cultivation.

He wasn't worried at all about the war going on outside; he was focused on cultivation, and on experiencing the difference between Immortal power and Ancient mana.

He also spent time observing his 33 Soul Lamps. With every moment that passed, they grew stronger, and Meng Hao's desire to begin to extinguish them grew stronger as well.

Although the Meng Clan was not participating in the war, they were gathering intelligence about what was happening on the outside. Those intelligence reports were passed on to Meng Hao, which he would examine to stay up to date on what was happening. After all, Meng Hao was well-aware that everything that had occurred so far was merely the beginning.

"I'm afraid the true war... is almost here," he murmured, thinking about how nervous and fidgety the parrot had gotten in recent days.

Things were peaceful and quiet in the Meng Clan. The clan members focused on cultivation, although they would occasionally look up into the starry sky, their eyes glinting coldly.

Time passed. Another half a month went by. Soon, the war between the Seventh and Eighth Mountains and Seas had been going on for two months. No longer were tens of thousands of cultivators involved, but rather, hundreds of thousands. And then millions.

The starry sky rumbled constantly, to the point where it even echoed out in the Meng Clan. The reek of blood spread out everywhere. The energy of Heaven and Earth was thrown into chaos, something that any Immortal Realm cultivator could detect.

Eventually, almighty experts in the other Mountains and Seas could sense that a Mountain and Sea War was underway in the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

In fact, Meng Hao was even able to sense that the qi flow of the Mountain and Sea Realm as a whole was slowly dissipating, almost as if from sorrow.

“Is it sorrow because, despite the impending arrival of the Outsiders... there is war within?” Meng Hao murmured. “Yet you aren’t putting a stop to it... Is it that you feel the same as me, that the greater war cannot be stopped and therefore, this Mountain and Sea War is like a crash course to acclimate us to the ways of warfare?” He looked down at a jade slip, which had just been delivered by someone from the Meng Clan, a report about the war situation during the last month.

Half a month before, the teleportation planets of the Heavengod Alliance had all been destroyed, and a million cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea had begun to fight their way to the center. The cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance experienced one major battle after another. Soon the war came to a deadlock, and both sides hunkered down, as if they were building up towards one final battle, a battle the conclusion of which could be predicted by no one.

However, smaller battles continued to be fought constantly.

Five days ago, the Han Clan... had been breached. After sustaining heavy casualties, the survivors had fled, but were being pursued relentlessly by the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

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Meng Hao looked up silently into the starry sky and thought about Han Qinglei, and then, his eyes suddenly flickered.

Off in the distance, near the border of the area controlled by the Meng Clan, he saw a force of several hundred cultivators flying along at top speed. There were men and women, young and old, and all of them were injured, with looks of grief and hopelessness on their faces. Occasionally, blood would spurt out of various wounds. They were being led by two old

Dao Realm cultivators, both of whom had ashen faces, and appeared to have suffered grievous injuries.

Astonishingly, Han Qinglei was right behind those two old Dao Realm cultivators, a vicious expression on his face. Although he radiated killing intent, his complexion was unusually dark, as if he had been infected by a curse. His body was also very gaunt, and apparently, still in the process of being withered up.

These people were the Han Clan cultivators who had managed to flee after their clan had been destroyed.

Behind them were three enormous beasts, each one fully 3,000 meters long. They were gigantic spiders, emerald green in color and completely vicious.

Sitting atop each of the spiders were more than a thousand cultivators, whose faces were filled with coldness and contempt as they pursued the cultivators from the Han Clan. On the central-most spider, a young man sat on an emerald green throne. One of his legs was resting on the back of a trembling young woman who knelt in front of him on all fours, and his arm was wrapped around another woman, a female cultivator.

The young man's eyes glowed with emerald light, and cruelty.

"Hear the words of the Young Lord," he said, a cold smile twisting his lips. "I want Han Qinglei alive. As for everyone else, feed them to the giant Demon beasts!"

Chapter 1283: Marquis Lu!

The young man in the emerald-green robe sat atop a huge spider, which could apparently understand the words he spoke. As soon as the words left his mouth, it roared, and a rapacious gleam appeared in its eyes.

The other two spiders also roared, which caused the energy of the entire group to surge.

Not too far off, the fleeing Han Clan cultivators heard the three roars, and their faces fell. There were even some faces which were filled with complete and utter hopelessness.

One of the two old Dao Realm cultivators next to Han Qinglei anxiously said, "Qinglei, are you sure about what you said? I must know! If you're wrong, then we're dead for sure. The Han Clan... will truly be exterminated!"

"The Meng Clan is our only hope," Han Qinglei said through gritted teeth. "Once we get there, we'll be safe!" After the invasion of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, it didn't take long before nearly everyone in the Eighth Mountain and Sea learned that the Meng Clan was not fighting in the war.

Also, the armies of the Seventh Mountain and Sea wouldn't even set foot into the area controlled by the Meng Clan. Most of the sects and clans found this unthinkable, and some even came to the conclusion that the Meng Clan had betrayed the Eight Mountain and Sea.

When the Han Clan was attacked and destroyed, Han Qinglei had watched in shock as virtually the entire Senior generation of the clan died in battle. Several of the most powerful Patriarchs were killed, and only the two 1-Essence Patriarchs had survived, both heavily wounded. They managed to lead the few survivors into escape. Of course, that slight bit of hope was granted to them only because the clan's most powerful Patriarch died to buy it for them.

However, there had been nowhere for them to run. In the boundless sea of stars, there was no hope to be found. The Eighth Mountain and Sea was fully immersed in the flames of war, with no safe haven to be found

anywhere....

In that critical moment, Han Qinglei thought about the Meng Clan!

He also thought about how he had never been able to track down Meng Hao in the 33 Hells, only a random young Meng Clan cultivator. However, he refused to believe that Meng Hao could be so easily killed. After contemplating the matter later, he grew more and more sure that the young man he had encountered... was definitely connected to Meng Hao.

Then, the Meng Clan unexpectedly didn't fight in the war. Then, word began to leak out that a huge battle had been fought there just when the Seventh Mountain and Sea had arrived. That only further fueled Han Qinglei's speculations.

With nowhere else to go, he decided to bet that Meng Hao was indeed in the Meng Clan. He was gambling that everything which had occurred with the Meng Clan was because of Meng Hao.

When the surrounding Han Clan cultivators heard Han Qinglei's words, they exploded with all the speed they could manage. Rumbling sounds could be heard as they flew toward the Meng Clan's territory, the three gigantic spiders hot on their tails and growing closer by the moment.

It was only when Han Qinglei and the others reached the border of the Meng Clan's territory, that they realized the Meng Clan was surrounded by a ring... of floating bones.

Those bones had been magically organized, as if to form a literal border. This... was the true border of the Meng Clan's territory, and those bones were naturally the bones of the enemies which had invaded them.

As soon as Han Qinglei saw these bones, his mind trembled. The other Han Clan cultivators gasped. However, it was without the slightest hesitation that they all passed into Meng Clan territory.

In that instant, the three gigantic spiders sped towards them from off in the distance, then screeched to a halt at the border. Suddenly, looks of hesitation appeared in their eyes as they looked at the Meng Clan continents off in the distance.

Seeing that the spiders had stopped, the young man in the emerald-green robe frowned. Next to him was an old man who suddenly spoke in a low voice, “Young Lord, that... is the Meng Clan. Our Mountain and Sea Lord issued orders that we shouldn’t provoke them lightly.”

The young man snorted. He looked at the bones, then looked at the rest of the Meng Clan’s territory, and at Han Qinglei and the others fleeing off into the distance. Then, a cold flicker appeared in his eyes.

“The Mountain and Sea Lord said not to provoke them lightly. He didn’t say to never provoke them. Onward!” The old man hesitated in response to the coolly-spoken words. For a moment, he thought of intervening, but then considered how powerful the forces of the Seventh Mountain and Sea already were in this early stage of the war, and decided that breaching the borders of the Meng Clan probably wasn’t a very big deal.

Rumbling sounds echoed out in response to the young man’s words, and the three spiders immediately advanced into Meng Clan territory, where they madly pursued Han Qinglei and the others. In the blink of an eye, they were bearing down on the small group.

When the Han Clan cultivators realized that their pursuers didn’t care about retaliation from the Meng Clan, their faces flickered. Before they could even react, the three giant spiders opened their mouths and spit out massive quantities of spider silk, which instantly transformed into a massive net that threatened to envelop the Han Clan cultivators.

The young man in the emerald-green robe looked on with a merciless gleam in his eyes. As for the other cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, they radiated intensely murderous auras.

The two Patriarchs from the Han Clan turned with bloodshot eyes, roaring as they prepared to fight back. However, it was at this point that suddenly... a cold snort echoed out through the void. Instantly, the descending spiderweb began to tremble and emit cracking noises. Moments later, it exploded.

The three spiders let out agonized shrieks, and didn’t dare to advance any further. In fact, they even started backing up. The cultivators on their

backs were shocked. Not only had that cold snort shattered the spiderweb, it left their minds reeling, and some of them even found blood oozing out of their mouths.

The Young Lord's face flickered, and suddenly, three old men appeared next to him. All of those men were in the Dao Realm, and their faces were grim as they stared at a young man who was currently materializing up ahead in the void.

That young man wore a long white robe, and looked like a scholar. However, there was also a certain ancientness to him. It was, of course, Meng Hao.

"Meng Hao!" exclaimed Han Qinglei.

"Brother Han," Meng Hao said with a slight smile. "I trust you've been well since we last met." He clasped hands and bowed.

The other Han Clan cultivators also clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao, except for the two Patriarchs, who simply looked at him, then looked around the area. When they confirmed that Meng Hao was alone, their hearts sank, and they were just about to say something when the Young Lord in the emerald-green robe rose to his feet and spoke in a cold voice, "What outrageous gall you have! How dare you interfere with our Seventh Mountain and Sea. Meng Hao... I'll give you two choices. One, get the hell back to your Meng Clan, and I won't exterminate your people.

"Two, I wipe you and your clan off the map this very day!" This so-called Young Lord's voice was cold and sinister, and his words were wildly arrogant. In the months that he had been in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, he had seen far too many local cultivators do nothing but tremble in fear when they faced him.

Because of that, his heart had swelled with arrogance. Although he knew that his own Mountain and Sea Lord had given orders not to provoke the Meng Clan, he still looked down on them.

As soon as the words left the young man's mouth, the Han Clan cultivators' faces flickered with fear, and they thought back to the fierce fight that had ensued when their clan was attacked. This Young Lord had

only been in charge of only one of many divisions in the battle to exterminate the Han Clan, however the fact that this corps contained a force of 3,000 cultivators meant that its battle strength was quite potent.

Furthermore, the Seventh Mountain and Sea clearly had the upper hand in the war, which ensured that the Young Lord was even more threatening.

The 3,000 cultivators on the backs of the spiders all rose to their feet and rotated their cultivation bases. A murderous aura exploded out, transforming into a tempest. As for the three old men surrounding the young man, they frowned, but also unleashed their cultivation bases. Those three old men were 1-Essence cultivators, not Dao Lords, but considering they represented the Seventh Mountain and Sea, almost no one in the Eighth Mountain and Sea would dare to provoke them.

“Pipe down!” Meng Hao said coolly, waving his right hand. That simple motion caused a massive pressure to weigh down from the starry sky. When the pressure slammed into the Young Lord, he screamed miserably. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and his expression instantly changed from one of arrogance to one of astonishment.

It was as if the starry sky itself was crushing down on him. In the blink of an eye, he was on the verge of being squeezed into a shapeless mass. However, it was at this point that a gray light erupted out from him, which attempted to fight back against the pressure of the starry sky.

That gray light transformed into the image of a middle-aged man, a man in black war armor. Behind him stretched a huge starry battlefield filled with countless fighting cultivators.

“Anyone who dares to harm my dear son is seeking an early death!!” roared the man. Shockingly, he erupted with the power of a 4-Essences Dao Realm expert.

Meng Hao’s face was completely expressionless, and he didn’t even bother to look at the man. In fact, the man’s voice was still echoing out when the gray light was shattered into pieces, and the Young Lord was crushed by the weight of the starry sky, transformed into nothing more

than a bloody pulp.

It happened so quickly that the surrounding cultivators could do nothing but stare in shock.

“Y-you....”

“You actually dared to kill the son of Marquis Lu! You....” The thousands of cultivators on the spiders could barely speak they were so shocked. The three Dao Realm experts’ faces went pale, and without the slightest hesitation, they charged toward Meng Hao.

They were well aware of how terrifying Marquis Lu could be, and they knew that if they didn’t kill Meng Hao immediately, then the three of them would suffer his wrath. As they flew out, their cultivation bases flared to life.

“Kill this man, all of you!” The three old men’s voices were laced with a secret magic that caused the three spiders to instantly roar, then pounce toward Meng Hao. The cultivators on their backs also flew out, unleashing a variety of divine abilities and magical techniques as they tried to kill Meng Hao.

The Han Clan cultivators gasped in shock as they watched Meng Hao standing up to 3,000 cultivators single-handedly.

Meng Hao looked calmly at the incoming cultivators, the three Dao Realm experts, and the three vicious spiders. His eyes flickering coldly, he slowly raised his right hand into the air and then...

Viciously clenched it!

A boom rang out, and the starry sky shuddered. It was as if an enormous hand thousands and thousands of meters wide was stretching out into the void... to grab the 3,000 cultivators!

Chapter 1284: The Power of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

In that one astonishing moment, Han Qinglei and the other Han Clan cultivators were completely shaken. Meng Hao's gesture caused an enormous illusory hand to appear in the starry sky, stretch out to cover the entire area occupied by the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and then clench down viciously.

A boom could be heard, and the void shuddered. Looks of shock appeared on the faces of all the cultivators, and many of them began to scream.

Each and every one, regardless of the level of their cultivation bases, felt an intense, indescribable pressure weighing down all over, mixed in with a power of expulsion.

It was as if the starry sky had rejected them, and wished to expel them. It was as if they were being rejected... by the Mountain and Sea Realm!

The cultivators with cultivation bases lower than the Ancient Realm simply couldn't take the pressure. Screams rang out as their bodies distorted under the pressure, until they didn't even look human. Then they exploded into clouds of gore!

Next were the early Ancient Realm cultivators, who began bleeding out of their ears, eyes, noses, and mouths. After holding on for a short time, expressions of terror and despair flickered on their faces, and they were crushed to pulp.

Bitter laughter rang out, as well as angry roars and even pleas for mercy. Those came from the mid Ancient Realm cultivators. Seeing everyone around them with lower cultivation bases than themselves being crushed to bloody paste, and smelling the reek of gore, caused their hearts to explode with intense feelings of hopelessness. Many of them unleashed divine abilities or magical items. But the divine abilities were destroyed as soon as they appeared, and the magical items shattered.

These cultivators lasted for only a few breaths of time before they were crushed into a jumbled mixture of bone and bloody flesh.

Next were the late Ancient Realm cultivators and those in the great circle. Before they could flee, they were also destroyed in body and spirit. As for the three enormous spiders, cracking sounds echoed out from them, and their legs began to twist. As their bodies were squashed into indiscernible shapes, green blood sprayed out.

And last... were the three Dao Realm experts. They watched wide-eyed as the 3,000 cultivators were reduced to bloody pulp, and boundless ripples emanated out into the starry sky. They were in a hell of gore, and they started trembling and coughing up blood; they too were being crushed under the pressure.

“NO!!” One of them began to laugh bitterly as he reached the point where he couldn’t hold on any longer. He produced all of the magical items he possessed, and even spit an enormous bell out of his mouth as he tried to fight back. But all of his magical items were crushed, and his body began to distort.

The other two Dao Realm cultivators laughed bitterly as they chose to self-detonate. Flight was impossible, as the starry sky had already been locked down tight. There was simply no chance for them.

Rumbling filled the air as the two Dao Realm Patriarchs’ power of self-detonation was overwhelmed by the gigantic hand, and then crushed.

All of this takes some while to describe, but actually happened within a few blinks of an eye. The area previously occupied by 3,000 cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea was transformed into a mist of blood as all of them were crushed to death!

Countless cultivators and magical items were squashed together along with the bodies of the spiders, forming a huge bloody paste, a swirl of green, white, and red fluid. The sight was spine-tinglingly shocking.

Han Qinglei’s face was ashen, and the two Han Clan Patriarchs, despite having participated in many bloody battles, began to shiver and look over at Meng Hao with dread.

Everyone else was staring with wide eyes and open mouths. Some of the women even vomited. When they looked at Meng Hao, their eyes flickered with the fear that you might expect to see if they were staring at a fiendish, bloodthirsty beast. Meng Hao was even more terrifying than the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

“What power was that...?” Han Qinglei murmured. He looked at the horrifying bloody paste, then back at Meng Hao, and realized to his bitterness that at some point, Meng Hao had long since surpassed him. Surpassed him to the point where he could never catch up.

“The power of the Mountain and Sea Realm,” Meng Hao said quietly. Ever since entering the Ancient Realm and igniting his Paragon Soul Lamp, it had become much easier for him to sense the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Before, he had been forced to stimulate the Paragon’s blood inside of him to summon the power of the sun and moon. Now, he didn’t need to do that. A mere thought on his part could unleash the power of the Mountains and Seas.

Although he couldn’t use much, he was certain that as his cultivation base grew, and more importantly, as his Demon Sealer’s aura grew stronger, the day would come when a single thought on his part could determine whether the entire Mountain and Sea Realm would continue to exist.

That was because he was... the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, and also... the Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Meng Hao smiled at Han Qinglei and said, “Brother Han, welcome to the Meng Clan. You’ll be safe here. Please, follow me!”

Mixed emotions could be seen in Han Qinglei’s eyes. After a moment, he clasped hands and bowed deeply to Meng Hao, then followed him, along with the rest of the Han Clan cultivators, back to the Meng Clan ancestral mansion. After formally meeting Grandma Meng, the survivors from the Han Clan were given some land in the ancestral mansion on the central continent, a place where they could multiply and rebuild.

In the following days, Meng Hao spent most of his time cultivating in the huge statue, although he would occasionally visit Han Qinglei to reminisce about old times.

The land that had been given to the Han Clan had an frosty lake in it, which was filled with Jedefrost Fish. Jedefrost Fish happened to have a lovely flavor that Meng Hao fell in love with as soon as he tasted it, so he often spent time at that lake, fishing with Han Qinglei.

It was a quiet respite from the brutal war which was being fought outside in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Han Qinglei often grew absent-minded, and sometimes even forgot about the war outside.

“Brother Meng, mm... with the level of your cultivation base, why is it that you’re not helping the Eighth Mountain and Sea drive out the invaders from the Seventh Mountain and Sea?” It was a question Han Qinglei had pondered for some time, and had been refraining from asking for many days. But one day, as he sat next to the frosty lake with Meng Hao, fishing, he finally gave voice to it.

Meng Hao didn’t answer at first. He jerked on his line that had been cast out into the lake, and immediately a large, jade-colored fish was yanked out of the water. He reeled it in, and it turned out to be well over a meter long. He pointed at it, whereupon a nearby Meng Clan cultivator approached and wrestled with the struggling fish, pinning it to the ground and then placing it into the fish basket.

“Brother Han,” he said quietly, “this war... is not going to end. Furthermore, even if the Seventh Mountain and Sea hadn’t made a move, one of the other Mountains and Seas would have....” After entering the Ancient Realm, something had changed about Meng Hao’s voice, and it somehow seemed more ancient.

He sighed and looked up into the sky, toward the border of the Mountain and Sea Realm, the 33 Heavens. “I’ll make my move, but now is not the time.

“Did you ever notice that the starry sky seems to have a lid covering it? And that that ceiling is slowly getting closer?” Meng Hao’s words caused

Han Qinglei to gape in surprise. He suddenly looked up into the boundless sky, and the endless stars, and began to breathe deeply.

“You mean... the 33 Heavens?!”

After a quiet moment passed, Meng Hao looked out at the frosty pond and calmly said, “I’m afraid that before too long, the 33 Heavens will likely descend.”

Han Qinglei’s face fell. He had been among the group that had gone to the Windswept Realm as Meng Hao had. He clearly remembered what the 33 Heavens represented, and knew that there were terrifyingly powerful experts there.

“Well... what are we going to do?” Han Qinglei asked bitterly. Before, he had taken the invasion of the Seventh Mountain and Sea to be some shocking and profound thing. But now he realized that it was merely a prelude. And yet, the Han Clan had almost been wiped away in that mere prelude, a prelude that to him already felt like the end of days. If war broke out with the 33 Heavens... then he wasn’t sure what he should do. He stared out into space, completely at a loss.

Meng Hao looked over at Han Qinglei, and then, his expression completely earnest and serious, said, “Get stronger! It doesn’t matter what war we’re talking about, the invasion of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, war with other Mountains and Seas, or even the arrival of the 33 Heavens. Even... the return of the two powers who destroyed the Paragon Immortal Realm oh so long ago. What you need to do in any and all cases... is get stronger!

“War cannot be avoided. Perhaps paradise exists somewhere, but definitely not in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“The true war will come sooner or later. And we will all be fighting in it.” Meng Hao’s eyes slowly began to shine with a brilliant light. Finally, he tapped his finger down onto the ground, causing a ripple to spread out and eventually fill the entire continent.

It was something he had done frequently in the past months. Even when he was in secluded meditation, he had often sent his divine sense out,

fusing his cultivation base with the lands, outlining an enormous spell formation.

Meng Hao didn't actually know much about spell formations. However, the particulars of this underground spell formation wasn't what was important, what was important was that the power that formed the framework of that formation was Meng Hao's... power of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

"Almost finished," he murmured to himself.

Han Qinglei sat there silently, with a bitter look on his face.

"I still don't understand, though," he said finally. "You could do something in the war right now. With your cultivation base, you could stop it! If fewer people died, then the Mountain and Sea Realm would be more powerful in the future!"

"Furthermore, right now there are enemies lying in wait for us on the Outside, and yet we're at war amongst ourselves. There's no point in fighting among ourselves!"

Meng Hao was silent for a moment, then finally said, "It's not the right time. The right time is coming. Soon."

He actually didn't explain the reason why he was not fighting in the war.

Only he knew that the reason he wasn't fighting was because... he wasn't alone here in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. He had the Meng Clan to look after.

Even if he didn't care much about all the other members of the Meng Clan, he cared about his grandmother. And his grandmother and her people cared about the clan in general. If Meng Hao went out and fought in the resistance against the Seventh Mountain and Sea, he would definitely suffer retribution at their hands. And in the end... he was only one person.

In the end, he could choose to defend against the Seventh Mountain and Sea's retaliation, or to escape, but the Meng Clan could not make that choice. As long as the Meng Clan existed, if Meng Hao stepped in... then

the clan would be dragged into the conflict and be exterminated.

That was why he had not stepped in, and the Seventh Mountain and Sea surely realized that. Therefore... that was why they had chosen not to provoke him, and why he and they had been able to maintain a sort of fragile impasse.

Chapter 1285: The Spell Formation Stirs!

Meng Hao might be the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, but as far as he was concerned, the Heavengod Alliance wasn't very important. They had even tried to track him down and kill him, so in some respects, they even counted as an enemy.

In fact, were it not for the invasion of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, after Meng Hao's identity was revealed within the Meng Clan, perhaps the Heavengod Alliance would have besieged them.

Whatever happened, Meng Hao didn't have strong feelings for this place. After all... it wasn't the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

And yet... there was someone in the Heavengod Alliance that he cared about, his Master the Noble Ran, who had passed the Seal the Heavens Incantation on to him. Furthermore, after entering the Ancient Realm, he had begun to vaguely sense certain fluctuations from the Eighth Mountain, which he knew belonged to the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Those fluctuations seemed very familiar, and in fact reminded him of... the aura on his Grandpa Meng's command medallion, which was tucked away safely in his bag of holding.

He hadn't mentioned any of those things to his grandmother, because he actually did plan to eventually fight in the war, both for the Noble Ran, and for... those familiar fluctuations he felt coming from the Eighth Mountain.

Because of those things, he felt that he had no choice but to join the war effort.

However, before he jumped into the fray, he needed to make sure that there was nothing that could be used against him. That was why, for the preceding two months, he had been constantly pouring power from the Mountains and Seas into the ground, to make... a spell formation!

Of course, all of these were things that Han Qinglei would have no way

of knowing.

Meng Hao didn't want the Meng Clan to become... the next Han Clan. He didn't want his grandmother to worry about such things either, nor did he want her to feel the pain of seeing fellow clan members die. Most importantly, he didn't want to see her hurt even a tiny bit.

His Grandma Meng was a relative, one of the people he cared most about in the world.

"Soon. The spell formation will be finished soon," he murmured to himself, looking out into the sky.

Another half a month passed, during which the war in the Eighth Mountain and Sea intensified. Reports came in on a daily basis from various members of the Meng Clan, each of which Meng Hao studied in minute detail.

The Heavengod Alliance had finally begun a counteroffensive... which was still under way. Both sides were taking heavy casualties.

One of the most important bits of news was that among those killed were not just 1-Essence or 2-Essences Dao Realm experts. There were already Dao Lords among the dead.

Many of the sects in the Heavengod Alliance were no more. One planet after another was destroyed. If the Heavengod Alliance met complete defeat, then the remaining cultivators would have no choice but to fall back to the Eighth Mountain itself.

Recently, more and more voices were pleading for the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea to come out.

Unfortunately... he never appeared.

The only people who did appear were cultivators of the Heavengod Society. In fact, the Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society convened a war council to coordinate the fighting.

The number of cultivators coming through the rift from the Seventh Mountain and Sea was growing increasingly fewer. However, there was a

burning life force within that rift that even Meng Hao could sense from his position in the Meng Clan, and it was growing more and more distinct.

It was a vigorous life force, a flame that could light up the entire starry sky. And it was slowly getting closer to the Eighth Mountain and Sea. It belonged to an entity who occupied a position of supreme power, and had a terrifying cultivation base. Because of that, passing from one of the Mountains and Seas to another was a slow process for this person.

That person was none other than... Sima Dao, Mountain and Sea Lord from the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

Meng Hao could sense him just as much as he could sense that awakening entity on the Eighth Mountain.

Simultaneously, both that entity and Sima Dao could sense the existence of the person entrenched in the Meng Clan... Meng Hao!

Three days later, Meng Hao's eyes snapped open, and at the same time, the surrounding nine continents of the Meng Clan began to emit droning sounds that sounded like earthquakes, as if some incredible power were rising up from the lands.

It was a big shock to all members of the Meng Clan, and no one had any idea what was happening, not even the five Dao Realm Patriarchs, who immediately sent divine sense out.

What they discovered shocked them; the nine continents were filled with a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering power, a power which was building up toward an inevitable eruption.

“Is the Seventh Mountain and Sea coming!?!?”

“What's going on!?” Everyone in the Meng Clan was astonished, including Han Qinglei and his people.

As the alarm spread, Meng Hao emerged from secluded meditation and appeared within the ancestral mansion, in his grandmother's courtyard. The moment he appeared there, his grandmother walked out, looking quite apprehensive.

“Hao’er, what’s happening?” she asked. In the recent days, she had been administering affairs in the Meng Clan, and had transformed them into a clenched fist; they were no longer in a state of disorganized chaos like before.

Now that Meng Hao had come out, the five Patriarchs hurried over, along with other powerful experts from the various bloodlines.

Han Qinglei wasn’t a member of the Meng Clan, but because of his relationship with Meng Hao, the Han Clan wasn’t excluded, and they also hastened over to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked around at everyone, then finally turned to his grandmother, clasped hands and bowed deeply.

After Grandma Meng saw the complex expression in his eyes, she understood what he was thinking, and she shivered. “Hao’er, you....”

Meng Hao looked up at his grandmother and began to speak softly, “Grandma Meng, I failed to comply with one of your previous orders, and took it upon myself to take care of a certain matter.

“The Eighth Mountain and Sea has been struck with war. It’s a war that I normally wouldn’t fight in. I would rather stay here to protect the Meng Clan. However... because of a certain person, I must intervene.

“However, if I do fight in this war between two great Mountains and Seas, then the Meng Clan will also get dragged into the matter, and could end up being wiped out by the Seventh Mountain and Sea....

“Grandma Meng....”

Grandma Meng looked at him silently for a moment, then sighed softly. How could she not have come to realize what had been going through Meng Hao’s mind lately? She actually had no desire to see him fighting in the Mountain and Sea War either. He might be very powerful, but in her eyes, he was still only a member of the Junior generation.

It might be a selfish decision to ask him not to fight, but to Grandma Meng, family was more important than politics, and the Meng Clan was more important than the Eighth Mountain and Sea. However, she had

overlooked his feelings in the matter, and therefore, after another long moment passed, she spoke, her voice somewhat hoarse, “I understand. You... already made your decision. If you want to go, then go. Can I help in any way?”

Somehow, Grandma Meng seemed much older after those words left her mouth.

Meng Hao looked at her for a moment. Then, smiling slightly, he stepped forward and embraced her.

“Grandma,” he said softly, “I want to send the Meng Clan to the Ninth Mountain and Sea. There is no war there yet, so all of you will be safe.”

Grandma Meng was quiet for a moment, then slowly nodded. At the same time, she reached out with her wrinkled hand and gently stroked Meng Hao’s cheek, her eyes glowing with love. “You’re a good kid. You’ve done so much for me already. Perhaps my previous decision was a bit selfish. But... you have to promise me that you’ll stay safe....”

Meng Hao nodded, then looked back at the others present, and his face darkened a bit.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I’m going to send all of you to the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Let me remind you, though, that as long as I live, if you dare to harbor any evil thoughts regarding the people I care about... you will regret it.”

Meng Hao’s words caused everyone to suck in a deep breath, even the five Dao Realm Patriarchs. Although they were struck deeply with fear, they were also quite moved by the fact that Meng Hao planned to send them to safety in the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

“Brother Han, how about the Han Clan go to the Ninth Mountain and Sea. What do you say?”

Han Qinglei’s jaw dropped in response to Meng Hao’s words. All of a sudden, he understood what Meng Hao had said half a month before about waiting for the right time to fight in the war.

It wasn’t that he planned to hold back forever. He really was... waiting

for the right time. And that time... was now.

“Many thanks!” Han Qinglei said, clasping hands and bowing deeply. For the Han Clan, the chance to go to the Ninth Mountain and Sea was an amazing opportunity. After all, they were no longer in a position to fight in the war.

Of course, it was difficult enough for one person to pass between two Mountains and Seas, let alone an entire continent and all its people like Meng Hao claimed he would do. Everyone was completely shocked.

“It doesn’t seem possible! That’s a huge amount of people, plus a continent. This....”

“Piercing through will expend an incredible amount of power. In fact, it’s incalculable!”

“The Ninth Mountain and Sea....”

Everyone looked at Meng Hao with even more alarm than before. If Meng Hao really could do as he said he would, then he would be even more awe-inspiring to them than he already was.

As long as he was alive, no one would ever dare to challenge his grandmother’s position or authority.

Meng Hao looked over the crowd for a moment, then took a deep breath and raised both hands into the air. In almost the exact same instant, the power of the Mountains and Seas exploded out from within him. It was as if a fuse had been lit, which resulted in an enormous pillar of light shining up from one of the nine smaller continents. It shot up into the starry sky, sending out boundless ripples.

Next, a second continent exploded with light, then a third and a fourth....

Pillars of light shot up from one continent after another, radiating intense power from the Mountain and Sea Realm, power that Meng Hao had been building up for months. Obviously, he didn’t have the power on his own to send a whole continent of people to the Ninth Mountain and Sea, so he had chosen to use the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm to accomplish that task.

Even with that extra help, he had spent months in preparation, so it was possible to imagine how much of a price the Seventh Mountain and Sea must have paid to invade the Eighth.

Almost in the same instant that Meng Hao unleashed the power of the Mountains and Seas, as the pillars of light shot up into the starry sky, suddenly, tens of thousands of cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea appeared, radiating killing intent.

The person in the lead position was a middle-aged man... the same man whose son Meng Hao had killed... Marquis Lu of the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

The man's face was grim, and his murderous aura seethed. As he closed in on the Meng Clan, he spotted the distant pillars of light.

"You killed my son, so I'll wipe out your whole clan! I don't care what a whit about the orders of the Mountain and Sea Lord. He might have let you off the hook because of your friendship, but... you should never have provoked me!"

Chapter 1286: Seeing the Meng Clan Off!

Nine pillars of light shot up from the nine continents surrounding the Meng Clan ancestral mansion. As they pierced into the starry sky, they sent out boundless ripples, causing everything to shake.

When Marquis Lu and the others arrived, it was as the eighth pillar of light exploded up.

“This....” Marquis Lu gaped in shock, his eyes wide. Considering the level of his cultivation base, after examining the situation, he could sense the terrifying power within those pillars of light.

Marquis Lu’s eyes glittered as he glanced down at a totem tattoo on the back of his right hand. Steeling himself, he gave a cold snort and then waved his sleeve. With that, he shot forward, followed by tens of thousands of cultivators. The entire army transformed into beams of light that shot toward the Meng Clan.

As they closed in, the murderous aura they emitted caused the starry sky to shake. The aura was so intense that it seemed as if it were on the verge of taking physical form and freezing everything in the area.

“Meng Clan, whichever one of you killed my son, get the hell out here and face me!” Marquis Lu’s voice boomed like thunder, echoing out in all directions as his energy rocketed up. His cultivation base was that of a 4-Essences Dao Sovereign, and as soon as it radiated out, the natural laws in the area shattered.

By this point, the people in the Meng Clan ancestral mansion could hear his roar, and could sense the vast coldness. Their faces flickered.

Meng Hao’s expression was as calm as ever as he looked into the starry sky outside of the Meng Clan continents, then turned his attention back to what he was doing. His hands remained lifted up, and a strange gleam could be seen in his eyes as he manipulated the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Nine pillars of light raged up into the starry sky. In that moment, a

gigantic vortex appeared in the sky above the Meng Clan ancestral mansion, far, far above, at the apex of the pillars of light.

The vortex was vastly enormous, and was already beginning to spin faster and faster. In the blink of an eye, boundless rumbling sounds could be heard echoing out, and a vast pressure began to weigh down.

Marquis Lu's face flickered, and he lurched to a halt, as did all the cultivators behind him. Then their eyes filled with shock as they saw the terrifying vortex appear overhead.

“What are they doing?!”

“What kind of spell formation is that?” The pressure weighing down on the group was completely shocking. It was almost as if there were some huge, invisible hand pushing them inexorably backward. Soon, the vortex was spinning so fast it looked like a black hole, sending out powerful ripples that the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea couldn't endure, forcing them backward.

Gradually, even Marquis Lu was affected by the pressure. Considering the level of his cultivation base, he was the last one to finally be pushed back, accompanied by massive rumbling sounds.

Meng Hao floated up into the air above the Meng Clan continents, out into the starry sky where he looked back down at everyone, and especially his grandmother.

Then his right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and he waved his finger.

That wave of a finger caused one of the nine continents surrounding the Meng Clan ancestral mansion to shatter into pieces, transforming into nothing but dust. Then, the pillar of light which had been attached to that continent exploded into countless motes, which then began to rise up into the vortex.

RUMBLE!

The vortex spun faster and faster, and the power and pressure within it grew more intense, causing Marquis Lu's face to fall.

Next, the second continent exploded, then the third and fourth. They all transformed into ash, and the pillars of light attached to them turned into motes which were sucked into the vortex.

The pressure from the vortex increased again, and Marquis Lu was shoved backward, as were all of the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea behind him.

“This....” Marquis Lu’s throat and tongue were dry. As he stared at the shocking vortex, he suddenly realized what it most likely was, although that seemed impossible.

RUMBLE!

The fifth continent fell to pieces, then the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth. The pillars of light shattered, sending countless motes of light up into the air; the pressure from the vortex increased dramatically yet again.

Now, the only thing that remained of the Meng Clan was the ancestral mansion and the continent upon which it stood. The members of the Meng Clan felt their hearts pounding; the terrifying vortex caused their minds to reel until they went blank.

Even the five Dao Realm Patriarchs were shocked, and felt their hearts thumping.

It was at this point that Meng Hao’s eyes began to glow. He performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, then waved his finger toward the final main continent.

“Open the path between the Mountains and Seas!” Meng Hao’s voice echoed out, causing wild colors to flash in the sky. The ash from all of the continents mixed with the motes of light and began to swirl together into the huge black hole.

In the blink of an eye, the black hole had absorbed the power of all of the continents, and all of their combined power from the Mountain and Sea Realm. As it did, it reached what seemed to be its maximum capacity, so when Meng Hao issued the order, the vortex exploded with an indescribable, shocking aura.

The intensity of that aura caused the minds of all living creatures to tremble, and their souls to shiver. Off in distance, Marquis Lu was staring at the black hole, and the huge beam of light which had just appeared within it.

That light... moved with indescribable speed as it stretched out across the starry sky toward the barrier between the Eighth and Ninth Mountains and Seas, where it then ripped open a rift!

This was an even more shocking scene than the one which had played out when the Three Great Daoist Societies created the Bridge of Immortality.

It was an amazing sight as the beam of light pierced through the barrier, going directly... from the Eighth Mountain and Sea to the Ninth.

In the Ninth Mountain and Sea, the entire starry sky lit up, and the cultivators there looked up and trembled. Regardless of whether it was the Fang Clan or the other sects and clans, everyone had the same reaction.

“What’s happening!?”

“What... what is that?!?!”

“What’s that light? It looks like... maybe some kind of valuable treasure is appearing?” A buzz of conversation filled virtually all locations within the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

However, it was at this point that in the Fang clan, there were some, including Fang Xiufeng, as well as the Grand Elder and certain others, who could tell that within that light... was a bit of Meng Hao’s aura!

Back in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Marquis Lu saw all of this happen. Falling back again, he looked blankly at the black hole vortex, and the beam of light.

“H-he ...opened t-the... the barrier... between the Mountains and Seas. His plan is to send the Meng Clan’s continents and clan members all the way to the Ninth Mountain and Sea.” With his cultivation base and powers of discernment, Marquis Lu was completely shaken by Meng Hao’s tactics and abilities, and his mind was left reeling.

He was well aware of the enormous cost that was required to open the barrier between Mountains and Seas. The Seventh Mountain and Sea had prepared for an incredibly long time, and had paid an astonishing price, to tear open that rift. But here Marquis Lu was, watching Meng Hao do exactly that same thing all on his own. How could he not be shocked?

Meng Hao looked up at the black hole and the beam of light. Then he spread both hands wide and roared. Instantly, the Meng Clan's entire ancestral mansion and the continent it was on rumbled up into the air. It was as if a giant were shouldering it... hoisting it directly toward the vortex.

Dust flew about, and everything quaked. Meng Hao was completely focused on the Meng Clan ancestral mansion as it rose higher and higher, drawing ever closer to the vortex.

Soon, it was just on the verge of reaching the vortex, and then Meng Hao murmured, "Grandma, please get there safe and sound."

With that, the Meng Clan ancestral mansion sank into the vortex, which seemingly gobbled it up. In the blink of an eye, the black hole vanished into the beam of light.

The beam connecting the two Mountains and Seas then began to vanish, starting from the side in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Or perhaps it wasn't vanishing, but disappearing into the distance!

It was soon gone from the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and appeared in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. There, the starry sky rumbled, and the void distorted.

Meng Hao had successfully sent the Meng Clan off.

The Meng Clan used to reside in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, but now, nothing remained behind. The starry sky quieted, and the ripples faded away. Meng Hao hovered there alone, looking off in the direction of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

Further away in the distance, Marquis Lu hovered there in shock. At some point, he had begun to sweat, and he suddenly realized that in trying

to wipe out the Meng Clan, he had been courting death.

Now he realized why his Mountain and Sea Lord had issued orders not to provoke the Meng Clan. It wasn't because he and Meng Hao were friends. No, it was because... he truly didn't want to provoke them!

That was because, hidden in the Meng Clan, there was a supreme entity, a powerful expert who was so strong... that even Marquis Lu knew he didn't dare to trifle with him.

He had... power to open the barrier between Mountains and Seas, to send an entire continent of clan members all the way to another Mountain and Sea. He was... a shocking, almighty expert.

"Retreat!" he said without any hesitation. Then he flickered into motion, followed by the other cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, whose murderous aura had transformed into expressions of astonishment.

They didn't care about the fact that they were running away with their tails between their legs.

Anybody could tell that whatever fetters had been holding this consummately powerful expert back... were now gone.

It was as if a ravenous primordial beast had suddenly been uncaged!

Rumbling could be heard as the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea retreated en masse. However, in that exact same moment, Meng Hao looked away from the Ninth Mountain and Sea, turning so that his gaze fell upon... the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

"You just showed up," he said calmly, "don't run away yet!"

Chapter 1287: Outsider!

As soon as the words left his mouth, the starry sky grew incredibly cold, as if invisible ice was spreading out rapidly in all directions. Wherever it passed, the fleeing cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea were filled with intense coldness, causing their souls to tremble.

Now that he didn't have to worry about the Meng Clan, Meng Hao turned to look at the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and his killing intent exploded out. He actually didn't have any personal vendetta with these people, and in fact, as the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, it would probably be appropriate to let them off a bit lightly, and not kill them all.

After all, there was a greater war coming, and the stronger the Mountain and Sea Realm was in general, the better. However, despite being aware of that, Meng Hao didn't choose that course of action.

He was not a hero or a leader, he was just an ordinary cultivator, a former scholar who had always dreamed of being rich.

Had they not provoked him, he could have let things drop. But they had attempted to exterminate the Meng Clan, which was something he couldn't tolerate. In fact, he didn't even want to tolerate it.

He snorted coldly and took a step forward. When his foot fell, an incredible pressure began to weigh down, covering the entire area in the blink of an eye.

Rumbling sounds could be heard, as if there were invisible collisions up in the starry sky. The thousands of cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea all coughed up huge mouthfuls of blood, and expressions of complete astonishment and terror covered their faces.

None of them dared to fight back. They remained in place, trembling and looking with terror at Meng Hao, not even daring to make the slightest of movements, let alone flee.

Marquis Lu's face fell, but then he gritted his teeth, causing violet light

to radiate out from him. It quickly enveloped him, whereupon he burst into movement, apparently intending to break out from the pressure crushing down from Meng Hao.

“Did I say you could leave?!” Meng Hao said coolly. He took another step forward, vanishing, then reappearing directly in front of Marquis Lu. He waved his hand.

RUMBLE!

An incredible force exploded out from Meng Hao, which transformed into a tempest. When it slammed into Marquis Lu, blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he tumbled backward like a kite with its string cut. A fierce expression could be seen on his face as he managed to stop in place, then glared at Meng Hao, flames of madness dancing in his eyes.

“I’m one of the three Marquis of the Seventh Mountain, Lu Yunli!” he shrieked. “If you dare to harm me, the Seventh Mountain will hunt you down and kill you, no matter where you run to!”

Meng Hao’s only response was to take a third step forward, and then unleash the Life-Extermination Fist, shooting forward and slamming his fist into Marquis Lu’s chest.

A boom echoed out as Marquis Lu’s chest caved in, causing blood to spray out as he fell back. Cracking sounds could even be heard as a layer of magical cloth armor, which had previously been invisible, shattered.

That was one of his life-saving magical items, something which had enabled him to sweep unrivalled across the battlefield when fighting the Heavengod Alliance. He had even relied on it to kill some of the Dao Realm experts of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. And yet, Meng Hao shattered it with a single blow.

“All of you, attack immediately! Kill him!” Marquis Lu cried urgently, face ashen. The other cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea around him hesitated, but about a thousand of them gritted their teeth and charged forward. They quickly formed into groups of nine, arranging themselves in special formation. Those spell formations then grouped into nines to create a grand spell formation!

Rumbling could be heard as dozens of spell formations appeared in the starry sky, which then shot toward Meng Hao. Brilliant lights flashed, and the ripples of divine abilities spread out. However, Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he made a grasping motion, which tore a rift open. The Blood Demon roared out, instantly charging toward the spell formations. Surrounded by the sounds of explosions, Meng Hao pierced through the spell formations and began to chase down Marquis Lu.

Madness could be seen in Marquis Lu's eyes. The fact that Meng Hao could simply disregard the spell formations caused that madness to grow more intense. Throwing caution to the wind, he threw his head back and roared.

"You made me do this!" he roared, extending his hand and causing the totem tattoo there to radiate violet light. It grew more and more intense, and in the blink of an eye, violet qi suddenly began to swirl around. Astonishingly, it transformed into... an enormous head.

It had eight horns on its head, its skin was greenish-black, and its face resembled that of a human. As soon as it appeared, a shocking energy burst out, causing the starry sky to tremble. Furthermore... the face emanated an aura that was not of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

It was... an Outsider!

An Outsider from the 33 Heavens!

As soon as Meng Hao saw it, he could tell where it came from. At the same time, he could sense the Mountain and Sea Realm stirring with hatred, with the desire to destroy Outsiders, to destroy anything with that blood running through their veins.

The Outsider threw its head back and roared, causing the starry sky to shatter, and a massive tempest to spring up and spin toward Meng Hao. Simultaneously, the head shot away from Marquis Lu's hand and headed toward Meng Hao as if to consume him.

"DIE!" screamed Marquis Lu, his face twisted with madness. This was his trump card, something that sucked away at his longevity every time he used it, forcing him to be very cautious about how he utilized it. It was

also the entire reason he had charged into the Meng Clan's territory with complete disregard for Meng Hao.

In his mind, the totem tattoo essentially made him invincible to 4-Essences enemies, and enabled him to fight it out with 5-Essences cultivators. In fact, during the fighting against the Heavengod Alliance, he had even fought to a draw with the Heavengod Alliance's Chief Dharma Protector.

Because of that, he was incredibly confident, and his killing intent was currently surging. Now that he had sent the enormous head against Meng Hao, he was sure that Meng Hao was as good as dead.

"This totem tattoo is a precious treasure that my Mountain and Sea Lord bestowed upon me. It draws upon the soul of a Heavenly Devil from the Outside world and gives me the power to fight against five Essences! It doesn't matter who you are, you're DEAD!!

"After you're dead, the rest of the Eighth Mountain and Sea will accompany you to the Yellow Springs, and the Meng Clan that escaped to the Ninth Mountain and Sea will still be exterminated. Even the Ninth Mountain and Sea will be destroyed!

"In the coming war, nobody will be safe. You're dead no matter what!!" Marquis Lu threw his head back and roared madly, drawing upon his longevity to power the totem. Stabbing pain filled his mind, making him go even crazier, to the point where he began to lose his grip on consciousness.

And yet he still maintained control. Performing an incantation gesture, he made the gigantic Outsider's mouth open wide. Its eyes shone with a red light as it made to devour Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and he snorted coldly. As the Outsider's head closed in on him, he extended his hand and pointed at it.

It was none other than the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

Meng Hao had known that his Demon Sealing Hexing magic was especially effective on Outsiders. As soon as he finished waving his finger,

he waved it again to unleash the Seventh Demon Sealing Hex. Then came the Sixth Hex and the Fifth Hex.

Four waves of a finger caused the Outsider to scream miserably. Black mist began to roil out from inside of it, as it twisted and distorted, howling, “Nine... Seals... Hexing... Magic.... DAMMIT!!”

It began to corrode, sending black mist out in all directions. Marquis Lu was shaking, and began to wither as his longevity was rapidly sucked away. However, instead of fleeing, he charged Meng Hao, face twisted with madness.

“Well, aren’t you interesting,” Meng Hao said, eyes flickering. He then reached out and made a grasping motion, but instead of utilizing the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm he unleashed the Star Plucking Magic.

His Ancient Mana flowed, and his 33 Soul Lamps burned brightly. Combining the power of his fleshly body with that of his cultivation base caused Meng Hao to explode with battle prowess equivalent to five Essences, and that was without the power of the Mountains and Seas!

It was... a terrifying power that was second only to that of a Mountain and Sea Lord. Rumbling could be heard as the Outsider screamed, its face twisting as it sped uncontrollably toward Meng Hao.

If Meng Hao managed to grab it, then he would have the soul’s life or death within his control. However the face suddenly screamed and began to turn blurry; apparently, it had chosen to self-detonate.

As the face exploded, it used that power to break free, blocking the hand of the Star Plucking Magic and simultaneously transforming into a stream of black mist that began to shoot back toward Marquis Lu.

Meng Hao swished his sleeve, causing a tempest to spring up. The power of the self-detonation instantly faded away, and Meng Hao took a step forward toward the black mist.

The black mist moved so fast that Marquis Lu didn’t have any time to react. It streamed into his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, causing him to

tremble and then let out a bloodcurdling scream, as if he were being possessed.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered coldly as he closed in. He was just about to perform an incantation gesture when Marquis Lu, face covered in black mist, let out an insane howl.

His energy then spiked, and his skin began to turn green and sprout scales. His head split open as eight horns grew out. Furthermore, his lips split in half so that his mouth was in the shape of a cross. In the blink of an eye, he grew to a height of thirty meters.

Vicious-looking spikes even pierced out through his clothing. Shockingly, what was standing in front of Meng Hao now was no longer a cultivator, but a humanoid beast!

It was... an Outsider!

The faces of the other cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea fell, and they began to back up. Clearly, even they had not known the true origin of Marquis Lu's totem tattoo.

There were only a few dozen whose faces flickered with what seemed to be panic, but which Meng Hao saw through to the zeal and devotion toward this version of Marquis Lu that was hidden beneath.

"You're dead! DEAD, I tell you!!" The beast-form of Marquis Lu threw his head back and howled, causing his energy to rise higher and higher. Then, his eyes turned red, and he seemingly lost all control of himself, descending fully into madness as he charged Meng Hao.

Chapter 1288: Seizing All Opportunities!

In almost the same instant in which Marquis Lu turned into a beast, Meng Hao could sense a rage welling up from the Mountain and Sea Realm, which grew clearer by the second. It would be impossible for others to sense how intense it was, or perhaps they would even believe it to be a figment of their imagination, but in any case, it affected people subconsciously, filling them with a loathing toward Outsiders.

Of course, Meng Hao could plainly detect this rage, which filled him with the desire to slaughter this Outsider. At the same time, he could sense the fluctuations of the Outsider's actual body, which were coming from... the 33 Heavens beyond the starry sky.

"The rage of the Mountain and Sea Realm, huh?" Meng Hao looked at the roaring Outsider, whose surging cultivation base exceeded that of the 5-Essences Xiao Yihan. "It's a possession, and at the same time, not a possession.... It's the projected image of a powerful expert from outside in the 33 Heavens, which possessed Marquis Lu. However, the reason it was able to possess him so quickly was that he's actually been this thing's host body for quite some time already." Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he advanced, using the power of his fleshly body to slam into the Outsider.

A boom rang out, and then they separated. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and it was the same with the Outsider. Furthermore, the Outsider's chest had caved in, and was leaking violet blood.

"A powerful fleshly body. However, this is only a portion of the power of the Outsider's real body.... Now that I think about it, whichever Outsider in the 33 Heavens is controlling this thing must be someone famous." Meng Hao's eyes glittered. Performing an incantation gesture, he sent the Essence of Divine Flame exploding out, instantly enveloping the Outsider.

The Outsider roared, causing numerous huge wooden logs to appear, the surfaces of which were carved with mysterious magical symbols. The logs also erupted with Essence power as they shot to meet Meng Hao's Essence of Divine Flame.

After a moment of thought, Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the Divine Flame to dissipate. Then he performed an incantation gesture and pointed out with his finger. Instantly, numerous mountains began to descend. Meng Hao didn't stop moving, though; he unleashed one magical technique after another, all of which slammed into the Outsider, as he attempted to get a better understanding of its body and cultivation base.

The Outsider roared under the bombardment of divine abilities. Then its eyes flickered and it extended its hand toward Meng Hao, making a grasping gesture. That gesture caused Meng Hao's heart to tremble, and he suddenly vanished. A moment later, the spot that he had occupied collapsed under a sudden onslaught of flame lightning.

That wasn't the end of it though. Even as Meng Hao reappeared off in the distance, the Outsider's eyes flickered with killing intent, and it threw its head back and roared, splaying its hands wide above its head, almost as if it were worshipping the sky above.

It was at this point that the starry sky began to tremble, and an aura which clearly did not come from the Mountain and Sea Realm began to spread out in all directions. The aura then began to congeal and take shape into the form... of a gigantic basilisk lizard!

It was fully 30,000 meters long and had towering energy. Meng Hao could sense the killing intent of the Mountain and Sea Realm explode to new heights. However, for some reason, it was being suppressed, and was unable to be released. It did not provoke the same type of transformations that had occurred in the Mountains and Seas when the Outsider appeared back in the Ruins of Immortality.

"True self, obliterate!" the Outsider roared. The scales on its body shattered, causing blood to spray out. The blood then shot out into the void, and in the blink of an eye, converged onto the right eye of the shocking basilisk. That scarlet-colored eye appeared to gleam with intelligence.

The eye turned to look at Meng Hao, filling his mind with intense pressure that caused his face to flicker.

“Paragon... Not 9-Essences, but at least 7-Essences,” he thought, shaken. A sensation of deadly crisis rose up, and his eyes flickered. He then made a grasping motion, summoning the power of the Mountains and Seas to defend himself.

It was at that point that a red beam shot out from the lizard’s eye, filled with terrifying destructive power. It shot directly toward Meng Hao, slamming into the converged power of the Mountains and Seas.

Rumbling echoed out as terrifying ripples spread out from the red beam. The power of the Mountains and Seas faded away, and the red glow in the huge basilisk’s right eye faded away.

Meng Hao waved his right hand, summoning the Paragon Bridge, which rumbled down to smash onto the body of the basilisk. As his battle prowess erupted, he waved his right finger through the air, causing the power of the Mountains and Seas to slash into the Outsider, sending blood spraying about everywhere.

That wave of a finger caused the starry sky to tremble. Marquis Lu, in the form of an Outsider, trembled and then let out a bloodcurdling scream. Performing an incantation gesture, he unleashed all of the power he could to fight back. However, a moment later, what seemed to be an enormous invisible finger appeared, apparently converged from the power of the Mountains and Seas, which pressed down onto him.

Blood sprayed out of his mouth as he fell back, his arms shattered, his chest caved in, exploding in a mass of blood and gore. As for the basilisk projection, it was crushed by the Paragon Bridge, and began to howl as it faded away.

“It would be a real pity to let you die like this,” Meng Hao said. Even as Marquis Lu in Outsider-form began to collapse into pieces, Meng Hao appeared next to him and reached out to grab the top of his shattering head. It was a Soulsearh!

However, what he was Soulsearhing was not just Marquis Lu’s soul. Rather, he was also using it as a bridge... to connect to the soul of the almighty expert above in the 33 Heavens.

That expert might be a Paragon, but Meng Hao would still perform the Soulsearh anyway. He wanted to know... exactly how much of a difference there was between his divine sense and that of a Paragon!

RUMBLE!

Marquis Lu's head trembled, and his eyes were fixed on Meng Hao. As of that moment, Meng Hao could see all of his memories, and at the same time, he could sense a faint and fraying thread connecting Marquis Lu to the 33 Heavens above the starry sky. Without a moment of hesitation, he began to follow that thread.

In almost the exact same instant that he began to follow the thread, his mind trembled, and he sensed a powerful will on the other end, something that he couldn't match up to by even ten percent.

He only made brief contact with that entity via divine sense, and yet the backlash almost destroyed him. He shot backward, eyes gleaming. He wasn't thinking about how he had almost been destroyed, nor was he thinking about his injuries. Instead... he was thinking about the rare chance he had!

It was an opportunity to dramatically increase the power of his divine sense!

A roar was echoing out from that towering divine sense, as if the Soulsearching Meng Hao had instigated was an unprecedented provocation of the Paragon in the 33 Heavens.

Divine sense rumbled out, shooting directly toward Meng Hao to eradicate him.

All of these things take some time to describe, but this battle of divine sense actually happened in an instant. Meng Hao's divine sense began to collapse almost immediately, and he followed the tiny remaining thread back into the Mountain and Sea Realm.

At the same time, the divine sense from the 33 Heavens' Paragon followed him!

Blood instantly sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and his face went

deathly pale. He shot backward, and Marquis Lu's head exploded into a haze of blood. At the same time, that boundless divine sense power shot out from the blood toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as killing intent exploded out from all directions, enveloping everything. The divine sense was instantly suppressed, and simultaneously the thread connecting it to the 33 Heavens was severed due to Marquis Lu's death.

The pressure of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm had severed the divine sense from its true form. Next, Meng Hao, eyes glittering, suddenly opened his mouth and sucked in a huge breath.

As he did, rumbling sounds echoed out, and the divine sense was absorbed into his body. His mind felt like it was about to explode, and blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. However, at the same time, the power of the Dao Divinity Scripture rotated madly within him.

After cultivating the Dao Divinity Scripture, Meng Hao had long since come to realize that it was actually a supreme Daoist scripture designed to allow the person who cultivated it to consume the divine sense of others and make it their own.

However, this time, he was consuming the divine sense of a Paragon. Although it was only a bit of the entire thing, to Meng Hao, it counted as a significant increase. He was shaking, and blood was pouring out of his orifices. A mist of blood surrounded him, and pain wracked his body; he felt like he was about to explode.

He coughed up one mouthful of blood after another, and his body shook so violently it felt like it would collapse. His Eternal stratum operated madly, forcing him to stay alive. Over and over again, blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he hovered on the brink of collapse.

He was a mangled mass of blood, and the flame of his life force was teetering on the verge of being extinguished. And yet, his eyes were shining brightly.

Then, a roar echoed out from beyond the starry sky, from the 33 Heavens, a roar of rage that could destroy Heaven and Earth.

A moment later, Meng Hao shuddered, and then the collapse of his body stopped. The Paragon's divine sense had been forcefully absorbed and suppressed, but only temporarily; he needed to quickly find a suitable place to go into secluded meditation and fuse with it.

His eyes were shot with blood, and his body was incredibly weak. However, his divine sense had experienced explosive growth, and was at least twice as powerful as before...and he had just begun the absorption!

With that vastly more powerful divine sense, he looked over at the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, who stood there trembling, not even daring to look at him. Most of them had heads bowed, and were kneeling in worship.

Meng Hao wiped the blood off of his mouth, then coldly looked up into the depths of the sky. Just now, he had experienced a brush with death; consuming the divine sense of a Paragon had been a very risky thing to do.

Even the Paragon out in the 33 Heavens had never even considered that someone would do something so wildly insane. That was because that person didn't know Meng Hao, and didn't know his philosophy that not acquiring something was the same as losing it.

Meng Hao was the type of person who, when encountering a Paragon whom he couldn't kill, would scheme to take that person's divine sense.

"Rewards come only with risk. How true, how true!" Meng Hao licked his lips.

Chapter 1289: Extinguishing the First Lamp!

Meng Hao ignored the reverence being offered by the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea. He turned and vanished, killing no one. The fact that they had all been so shocked by the sudden appearance of an Outsider was very telling.

However, there had been some whose eyes had revealed looks of devotion, although they had pretended to be surprised. As for those people, a moment later their heads all exploded, and they were killed in body and spirit.

The survivors looked around in shock, then slowly dispersed. None of them went back to the battlefields in the Heavengod Alliance. To them, seeing Marquis Lu turn into an Outsider was a huge shock. Because of the seed of hatred toward Outsiders which had been planted in their hearts, they began to speculate as to the implications of what had occurred.

When Meng Hao reappeared, he was far off in the distance, where he yet again coughed up a mouthful of blood. The Paragon's divine sense had once again burst out within him, breaking past its suppression. The Dao Divinity Scripture then began to operate madly, consuming the divine sense. Meng Hao gritted his teeth as blood spurted out of his wounds, and his body hovered on the brink of collapse.

He then struggled to perform a teleportation, reappearing on an asteroid some distance away. He quickly bored his way into the heart of the asteroid, where he sat down cross-legged, closed his eyes, and began to meditate.

Before slipping into deep meditation, he quickly set up layer upon layer of restrictive spells around himself. If anyone had been watching, they would have even seen the asteroid distort, and then seemingly vanish. In reality, it had merely been cloaked.

No one would be able to detect the asteroid or Meng Hao unless they

had a cultivation base and divine sense superior to his.

Seven days passed by rather quickly. During that time, Meng Hao experienced numerous near-death encounters. His body almost collapsed several times, and was barely held together by his Eternal stratum, as well as the consumption of medicinal pills.

He became quite gaunt, until he was almost nothing more than skin and bones. However, his eyes shone brightly, the reason being that during the seven days, his divine sense grew vastly more powerful!

In fact, by now, it had experienced threefold growth compared to before!

Such explosive growth in divine sense enabled Meng Hao to be much more confident regarding the use of his cultivation base, and also helped him to understand his divine abilities and magical techniques much better. Not only was he able to control and use them better, but, more importantly, the increase in divine sense led him to the position... where extinguishing the Soul Lamps of the Ancient Realm was now a distinct possibility!

After the seven days passed, Meng Hao opened his eyes. His body was no longer hovering on the brink of collapse. He was weak, and yet, the flame of his life force now burned hotter than ever, and was much more stable.

“Finally, it’s all been consumed,” he said slowly, eyes shining with intense brightness. “My divine sense is now thirty percent that of the divine sense of a Paragon....”

A smile twisted his face as he waved his sleeve, causing 33 Soul Lamps to suddenly appear around him.

After examining them for a moment, he gritted his teeth and closed his eyes. Rotating his cultivation base, he began to heal himself; because of the increase in his divine sense, his Eternal stratum was now much more powerful, which made him recover even faster.

This time, it only took a single day to recover from his gaunt state. Now, his cultivation base and his fleshly body were completely recovered to their peak state, as was his soul and divine sense.

Finally, he opened his eyes and looked at his first Soul Lamp. That lamp was at its peak, and was the first of the lot to have ceased absorbing the energy of Heaven and Earth

Meng Hao studied the lamp for a while, and the decisiveness in his eyes slowly began to turn into hesitation. After a while though, the decisiveness returned, and he made his decision.

He would... extinguish his first Soul Lamp, and experience that reversal of life and death that occurred along with the extinguishing of Soul Lamps.

“I have to extinguish these Soul Lamps eventually anyway. I’m now unprecedentedly powerful in terms of my fleshly body and my divine sense. Furthermore, I can tell that power of one’s divine sense and the strength of one’s soul are critical factors in extinguishing Soul Lamps.

“At the same time, I can test out... if extinguishing the first Soul Lamp will have some effect on the other Soul Lamps’ capacity to absorb the energy of Heaven and Earth.” Meng Hao eyed the first Soul Lamp, then clenched his jaw and unhesitatingly waved his hand in the direction of the lamp.

The first Soul Lamp immediately began to sway back and forth, and the flame inside began to flicker, as if it could be extinguished at any moment. That effect was the result, not of Meng Hao’s actual waving of the hand, but rather, the fact that all his willpower was focused on extinguishing the lamp.

Only when one’s will and body are aligned, can the lamps be extinguished!

“Extinguish!” he said softly. As the words left his mouth, the flame of the first Soul Lamp... winked out!

In the moment it was extinguished, Meng Hao trembled. The Soul Lamp was absorbed into his soul, and also connected to his blood, as if it had become part of his very life. In that moment, though, the shadow of death completely covered him.

Meng Hao began to shiver as the flame of his life force rapidly darkened. His vitality waned, on the verge of winking out, and his cultivation base couldn't rotate. Even the power of his divine sense was difficult to operate, and his thoughts began to fade.

An aura of death gradually began to emanate out from him, growing stronger and stronger. His soul also withered, and his fleshly body seemed to decay.

It was a strange sight; Meng Hao seemed to be hovering on the verge of death, his aura becoming weaker and weaker.

If anyone could observe him in that moment, that is what they would see.

The truth of the matter, though, was that although Meng Hao's eyes were shut, he was looking at... a different world. The inside of the asteroid was completely gray, and in fact, everything that he could see was also gray.

He rose to his feet and was shocked to find that his body remained in the same position as before, sitting there cross-legged. What had risen up was apparently his soul, which was in the process of dispersing.

He stepped forward and looked back at his fleshly body sitting there in meditation. He could see that his body was withering, and that his blood was wasting away. He saw the thick aura of death, and realized that his soul was dispersing. All of that made Meng Hao feel as if he were right at death's door.

"So this is what it's like to extinguish the Soul Lamps of the Ancient Realm...." he murmured. It was back in the Fang Clan that he had learned about extinguishing Soul Lamps. What he had learned was that every Ancient Realm cultivator experienced something different in the moment of extinguishing. Not only every person, but every single lamp was different.

However, throughout all the years, a certain general set of rules become clear to cultivators.

“My extinguishing of Soul Lamps in the Ancient Realm will be comprised of the Seven Desolations!” he murmured, eyes shining.

“Every five lamps brings one Desolation. Few people experience the Fourth Desolation, and even rarer is the Fifth Desolation. Some people only experience the Third Desolation.... The further along you get, the more dangerous they become....

“The First Desolation is also called the Desolation of Delusion....

“Well then, this must be the Desolation of Delusion.” Meng Hao walked back, sat down cross-legged in the same position as his fleshly body, and attempted to re-connect his soul.

However, nothing worked. It was as if his body were rejecting his soul. Meng Hao frowned, then stood up again. His fleshly body was even more withered than before, causing his expression to turn grim. He suddenly flickered into motion, appearing outside of the asteroid. When he looked around, he saw nothing but endless fog, swirling and churning. Everything was completely silent.

“The Desolation of Delusion,” he murmured, “The Desolation of Delusion.... Where does the ‘delusion’ part come in...?” He turned to look back in the direction of the asteroid, and suddenly realized that the asteroid had changed. It was now a huge, crimson heart, thumping and writhing. Countless faces could be seen on its surface, all of them howling at Meng Hao. Furthermore, those faces... looked familiar.

They were all the people he had killed in his life.

He looked coldly at the faces, and began to back up slowly. In that instant, a huge hand appeared, covered with blood-colored scales. It shot out from within the heart, rumbling toward him as it sought to crush him, causing everything in the area to shatter.

Its power caused the surrounding fog to writhe, and as it stretched out, it was joined by a vicious voice that echoed out from inside the heart.

“Meng Hao... I’ve been waiting for a long time.... Didn’t I say that when the time came to extinguish your Soul Lamps, I would come back!?” The

roar echoed out in all directions, and the heart began to shrink. In the blink of an eye, it shattered, disappearing along with the hand.

However, the cold voice continued to echo out.

“I’ve erased the projection of your fleshly body. You’ll never find the path back now. You’re stuck here. Soon, your fleshly body will wither up completely, and your blood will run dry. Your divine sense will vanish, and your soul... will dissipate within this place.”

Meng Hao’s face darkened, and he waved his sleeve. Instantly, the shattered pieces of the heart which had been flying about stopped falling down.

“The Desolation of Delusion is this entire place....” he thought. “A desolate, illusory world which appears after extinguishing the first Soul Lamp. My soul was pulled in here, and if I can’t get it back into my fleshly body before my body withers up, then I’ll definitely die. Whoever thought that the extinguishing of the first Soul Lamp would be like this?

“If I hadn’t consumed that divine sense from the 33 Heavens’ Paragon, then this might have been a bit of a difficult situation. But now....” Meng Hao laughed coldly. After all, despite being only a soul, his divine sense was still there. Suddenly, that divine sense exploded out, sweeping around him in all directions.

In the blink of an eye, his divine sense spread out to cover an area the size of what his previous divine sense could reach at its very limit. To him, however that was merely thirty percent of his total divine sense.

“Again!” he said, sending his divine sense sweeping out even further in all directions, sending out boundless ripples that caused the fog to seethe.

“Gotcha!” he said, eyes glittering. Astonishingly, he had just caught sight of an asteroid off in the fog, an asteroid which was the location of his fleshly body.

“Impossible!!” someone roared madly from within the fog. It was the same voice that had spoken just now, which was also the same voice he had heard during his Ancient Tribulation.

Chapter 1290: Returning to the Heavengod Alliance

“Nothing’s impossible,” Meng Hao said with a cold snort. His divine sense exploded out, and the fog within it seethed as though some gigantic, invisible hand were stirring it. It only took a moment for all of the fog to begin to spin around.

If it were possible to view the scene from high above, it would appear as if all of the fog in the world had transformed into a vortex, breaking the silence and causing rumbling sounds to echo out in all directions.

Meng Hao’s expression was the same as ever as he hovered there in the center of the vortex, his body seemingly ethereal and illusory. At the same time, a powerful aura emanated out from him, the power of his soul, combined with the power of his divine sense!

By this point, Meng Hao’s divine sense was at forty percent of the power of a Paragon.

Such power might not seem like much, but in truth, it had already reached a shocking level. After all... the power of the divine sense of a 5-Essences Dao Sovereign was only ten percent of that of a Paragon. Even the various powerful Mountain and Sea Lords would at most have thirty percent. Only 6-Essences Dao Sovereigns, at their very peak, could come close to forty or fifty percent.

Right now, though, Meng Hao already had the divine sense of a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign, and when it exploded out, wild colors flashed in Heaven and Earth, and the starry sky trembled. After all... a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign was the most powerful entity in existence beneath a Paragon!

Furthermore, Paragons were incredibly rare. For the most part, 6-Essences Dao Sovereigns could be considered invincible.

Meng Hao’s divine sense rumbled out, and his energy soared. He strode forward, and when his foot fell, he was directly back in front of the

asteroid!

All it took was a single step!

In that instant, a furious roar echoed out from within the void, and the huge hand with red scales stretched out to crush Meng Hao.

“Just what I was waiting for,” Meng Hao said with a cold snort. As the hand closed in on him, Meng Hao raised his arms, and his eyes flickered with a cold gleam of killing intent.

“Detonate!” As soon as he uttered that single word, this entire world which was suffused with his divine sense exploded out with destructive power that began to tear away at everything, starting at the borders, with Meng Hao’s location in the center.

From a distance, it would look as though the edges of the vortex were collapsing, layer by layer, growing closer to the middle. Even the body from which the huge hand extended, which was hidden within the void, was being enveloped by the destructive power of Meng Hao’s divine sense.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

Massive, shocking rumbling could be heard, and the scaled hand didn’t even have a chance to reach Meng Hao. A miserable scream rang out as it was overwhelmed by divine sense, and then shredded to pieces.

At the same time, not too far off from Meng Hao, within the void, an enormous figure became visible. It was just an outline, and was impossible to distinguish clearly, but it was fully 30,000 meters tall, with two horns growing out of its head. It was crimson, and was apparently a unique Greater Demon. As Meng Hao’s destructive divine sense overwhelmed it, it howled.

“I’m gonna kill you!!” it shrieked, fighting back against the power of Meng Hao’s divine sense, and even taking a step forward as if to approach him.

Meng Hao’s expression was cold as he waved his hand at the figure.

“Scram!” All he said was a single word.

However, when that single word left his mouth, the power of his divine sense became even more explosive. Now, it didn't spread out in all directions, it was completely focused on a single point. Instead of shattering his surroundings, he used all of that power to create a tempest which swept over the enormous figure.

Massive rumbling sounds echoed out, and the huge creature howled miserably. It was no longer trying to approach Meng Hao, but instead was being shoved back relentlessly by the tempest that was Meng Hao's divine sense.

"I refuse to accept this!" the creature roared furiously. However, it couldn't prevent itself from being forced backward, and in the blink of an eye, it was far, far off in the distance.

"You refuse, and so do I," Meng Hao said coolly. "Next time... you don't need to come looking for me, I'll come find you." With that, he strode toward the asteroid, floated inside, and then found his fleshly body sitting there cross-legged.

His body was withered to an extreme degree, and abounded with an aura of death. He was clearly on the verge of dying.

Meng Hao didn't hesitate for a moment. He quickly approached his body and then sat down cross-legged in the same position. His mind rumbled, and then he fused.

Back in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, within that asteroid that no one could see, the cross-legged Meng Hao suddenly trembled. Then his eyes snapped open, and their previously listless gray color changed to a bright gleam. At the same time, his fleshly body reverted from its withered state, and the aura of death vanished from his blood and flesh. His life force gradually began to surge.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, then slowly closed his eyes. His first Soul Lamp was now completely extinguished; a wisp of smoke curled up, which almost seemed to possess intelligence as it swirled into his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. In that instant, the extinguished Soul Lamp erupted with a shocking aura that filled Meng Hao.

He shivered as his fleshly body was fully restored, and his blood began to flow vigorously. At the same time, his cultivation base rose up. Everything except the physical aspect of him was rapidly increasing in power.

It was the same with his soul and his divine sense. Everything rocketed up. His divine sense increased, although not doubling as he had expected but, rather, increasing by a fraction. Even still, Meng Hao's energy had now reached a completely shocking level.

His aura climbed, and he virtually thrummed with the sensation of increasing power.

Three days passed by in the blink of an eye.

Suddenly, the void distorted as the previously invisible asteroid once again became visible. Then, it collapsed, although no sound emanated out at all. The entire massive asteroid noiselessly... transformed into ash, as if it had disintegrated.

Floating within that ash was a cross-legged figure, Meng Hao. He was surrounded by 33 Soul Lamps... 32 lit, 1 extinguished!

Ripples spread out from him that caused the starry sky to tremble, but then quickly vanished. His eyes snapped open, and they glowed brightly; for some reason, even the starry sky seemed to brighten.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, causing massive amounts of the energy of Heaven and Earth to rumble into him. Then, he slowly breathed out.

"The Ancient Realm..." he said softly, "This is where cultivators can advance by leaps and bounds, a place where the rotten can be changed into the magical. What a mystical Realm!" With that, he rose to his feet, whereupon cracking sounds echoed out from inside him.

Meng Hao looked over the rest of the 32 lit Soul Lamps, then slowly shook his head. "Unfortunately, it's not as I had speculated before. The remaining Soul Lamps will not become more powerful as I do."

Finally, he waved his sleeve, causing the Soul Lamps to grow blurry and fade away.

“I need to finish things here in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and then get to the Fourth Mountain and Sea as quickly as possible... to bring Xu Qing back.” He turned his head to look off in the direction of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, except, what he was looking at was not that Seventh Mountain and Sea, but rather, several Mountains and Seas beyond... to the Fourth Mountain and Sea.

“According to the memories of Marquis Lu... war... is not just being fought here.” After reviewing the information he had gleaned from the Sousearch, he realized that the Seventh Mountain and Sea wasn’t the only Mountain and Sea within the Realm which was invading a neighbor.

“The Sixth Mountain and Sea has also started a Mountain and Sea War.

“The Seventh Mountain and Sea invaded the Eighth with more than one purpose in mind. They also want use this location as a spot from which to march on to the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

“As for the Sixth Mountain and Sea, they have invaded the Fifth Mountain and Sea with exactly the same goal in mind... to lock down a position from which to attack the most powerful of all the Mountains and Seas, the Fourth!” After a moment of thought, Meng Hao took a step forward, heading in the direction of the Heavengod Alliance.

Without having to worry about the Meng Clan, he was free to act however he wished. In his view, the best way to end the war was not to simply prevent the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea from attacking the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Instead... he needed to go to the rift between the two Mountains and Seas, to face the ever-nearing Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

His eyes flickered thoughtfully as he got closer and closer to the Heavengod Alliance. As he did, he could sense familiar fluctuations coming from the Eighth Mountain, which was located within the territory of the Heavengod Alliance.

Several hours later, Meng Hao was at one of the entrances to the Heavengod Alliance. The planet that had once existed there was gone; it had become nothing more than rubble filled with corpses and ruins.

This was a place the Seventh Mountain and Sea had long since attacked and breached. It had also become their command center, and the ruins stretching out bore strong semblance to the Ruins of Immortality.

Both were the crumbled remnants left behind by war.

Meng Hao looked around and then proceeded into the territory of the Heavengod Alliance. As he went along, he could sense the ripples that were the remnants of magical techniques, as well as the all-pervasive sensation of blood and gore.

Off in the distance, he saw a few dozen figures making their way through the ruins and rubble, searching for cultivators who were feigning death and killing them, then looting their magical items and bags of holding.

As soon as Meng Hao appeared, those figures saw him, and almost immediately, their eyes flickered with killing intent. They sent their divine sense out, and when it reached Meng Hao, they could tell that he was only in the Ancient Realm, and vicious smiles broke out on their faces.

“So it’s a leftover cultivator from the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Kill him!” As soon as the words rang out, the dozens of cultivators powered up their cultivation bases, and their killing intent surged. Their eyes were red from the months of killing they had already participated in. Unfortunately for them, their cultivation bases didn’t qualify to be able to detect how truly terrifying Meng Hao was. Thinking him to be just another cultivator who had survived the recent battle, they closed in to finish him off.

Chapter 1291: Who Said It Was a Worthless Incantation?

It was almost as if Meng Hao didn't even notice those incoming cultivators. He proceeded along as before, but then casually waved his hand. Instantly, the dozen or so cultivators began to tremble. Their faces went slack, then they toppled over and became a part of the surrounding ruins.

Meng Hao didn't kill them, but rather dispersed their consciousness, putting them into a state of sleep from which they would awaken in a few months.

As he traveled through the Heavengod Alliance, he noticed many places where planets had once existed which were now nothing more than rubble. Everything was in ruins, and corpses could be seen everywhere, cultivators from both the Eighth and the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

Meng Hao's face was very grim as he went along, getting deeper and deeper into the territory of the Heavengod Alliance. Up ahead, he could sense Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering ripples, and could even hear the sounds of screaming mixed in, along with massive explosions.

That was clearly... where the front lines of the battle were.

His divine sense expanded out, spreading out through virtually the entire Heavengod Alliance. In that whole area, there were only two people he cared about. One was the Noble Ran, and the other... was on the Eighth Mountain.

In fact, those two people were the entire reason why he had come here to begin with.

With his divine sense, Meng Hao could see that half of the former Heavengod Alliance's territory was now in complete ruin, and was controlled by the Seventh Mountain and Sea. By now, their cultivators numbered in the millions, and had been divided into four main armies which stabbed into the Heavengod Alliance from four different directions.

The cultivators of the Heavengod Alliance were also split into four main armies to defend against the various offenses. However, it was obvious that they were being forced inexorably back, and would eventually be defeated. There was little hope of achieving victory.

Not too far away from Meng Hao, in the starry sky of the Heavengod Alliance, in the most bloody and bitter of the four battlefields, a shattered planet was transforming into a black hole, and had begun swallowing up many of the surrounding cultivators.

A grand battle was being fought here, with more than 700,000 cultivators on each side. It was a spectacular, sprawling fight, and at any particular moment the shrill cries of the dying could be heard.

Explosions echoed out constantly, and the glow of magical techniques rose up high into the starry sky. Terrifying ripples spread out chaotically, and the entire scene was one of disorder.

Higher up was where the Dao Realm experts were fighting. Meng Hao could see the Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society, as well as... the boy Xiao Yihan. The two of them were locked in a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering battle.

Clearly, the Chief Dharma Protector was no match for Xiao Yihan. However, he wore a green suit of armor that boosted his power to the point where he could at least hold his own.

There were more than a few Dao Realm experts in the battle, and wherever they fought, massive booms and explosions echoed out.

Meng Hao caught sight of the first Patriarch of the Righteous Noble Sect, who was in a very sorry state and seemed to be on his last legs. Meng Hao continued to scan the battlefield until he finally found the Noble Ran.

Shockingly, he was up against two Dao Realm experts from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, who were attacking him in unison. It was a breathtaking battle, and unfortunately, he was weakening by the moment. His body a mass of wounds and injuries, and his face was completely ashen. He looked like an oil lamp running low on fuel, sputtering on the verge of being extinguished.

As soon as Meng Hao caught sight of him, his eyes flickered coldly, and he took a step in that direction.

On the battlefield itself, the Noble Ran was laughing bitterly. Booms rang out, and blood spurted from his wounds as he was forced back relentlessly. His injuries were many and serious; in the past months, he had been in so many fights he had lost count.

Despite fighting so bitterly, the mad advance of the Seventh Mountain and Sea was unstoppable. The Righteous Noble Sect... was no more. Vast numbers of disciples had been killed, and the third Patriarch was dead. Only the Noble Ran and the first Patriarch remained.

“Perhaps this battle... is where I will perish,” thought the Noble Ran as he performed an incantation gesture, once again fighting back against his two Dao Realm opponents. One of those opponents was a middle-aged man, the other was elderly. Their cultivation bases were at the same level as his, and they attacked with complete viciousness. They clearly wanted to kill the Noble Ran more than anything else, and in response to his move, they unleashed their Essence power, creating a huge mountain of ice, within which was sealed a black eyeball.

As the mountain sped toward the Noble Ran, it melted, creating a powerful blast of freezing air. Cracking sounds could be heard as everything froze over and was covered by layer after layer of frost. Simultaneously, the black eyeball flew out, becoming a black beam of light that shot toward the Noble Ran.

He laughed bitterly as the freezing ice spread out over his body, and the black beam of light closed in. Finally, he bit his tongue and spit out a glob of blood, which transformed into a blood mist that blocked the black light.

Rumbling sounds could be heard, and a stubborn gleam appeared in the Noble Ran’s eyes. He took a deep breath and then said, “The Dao is in My Heart!”

Instantly, the ice covering him cracked and then shattered away.

The two Dao Realm experts he was facing began to laugh coldly.

“That move again? Noble Ran, we’ve fought back and forth numerous times, and this isn’t the first time you’ve tried to use that Seal the Heavens Incantation, and it never works! Anybody can see that it’s a completely worthless incantation!”

“The Seal the Heavens Incantation is a complete joke. I’ve heard people say that you got it to work once, is that right? To tell you the truth, I really look forward to seeing that happen. I want to see this ‘Seal the Heavens Incantation’ that you supposedly used to block tens of thousands of opponents at the same time.” The two Dao Realm experts continued to laugh coldly. Instead of unleashing attacks, they merely hovered there, looking at the Noble Ran with cold cynicism.

Their words stung, but the Noble Ran’s eyes gleamed with stubbornness. He had succeeded, albeit only once. However, that one time in which he had succeeded had given his apprentice the chance to escape.

That one success was something he would never forget.

The Seal the Heavens Incantation is not worthless!!

“The Will is in My Eyes!” roared the Noble Ran, then gritted his teeth as he assumed the proper pose, to further mockery from his opponents.

“I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas, Seal the Heavens Incantation!” The Noble Ran threw his head back and roared, splaying both arms out wide and then waving them out. However... absolutely no magical technique appeared.

The Noble Ran’s eyes faded, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. He chuckled bitterly, and yet deep inside he still believed that the Seal the Heavens Incantation was not worthless.

“How many times have you tried to use that magic? Every single time you prove that it’s a completely worthless incantation!”

“What a pity. We’ve still never even seen this so-called Seal the Heavens Incantation.” The two cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea shook their heads and then began to speed toward the Noble Ran, pulsing with killing intent.

In his bitterness, the Noble Ran slowly began to speak, more to himself than to anyone else, “It’s not a worthless incantation, it’s the Seal the Heavens Incantation, which I created myself.... The Seal the Heavens Incantation!

“I succeeded once before....” he murmured. He had paid an unimaginable price to create the Seal the Heavens Incantation, and the memories of what had occurred were something he didn’t like to recall. It was an incredible pain that he kept hidden away deep in his heart.

RUMBLE!

As the two Dao Realm experts closed in, they joined forces to unleash a powerful magical technique. The image of a huge black centipede appeared, a vicious creature which opened its mouth as if to consume the Noble Ran.

“Take your worthless incantation with you into death!”

However, it was at this point that an icy cold voice suddenly echoed out across the battlefield, exploding into the ears of the two Dao Realm cultivators.

“You people want to see the Seal the Heavens Incantation? Well then, I’ll give you that chance right now.... The Dao is in My Heart!” As soon as the words “The Dao is in My Heart” echoed out, massive rumbling filled Heaven and Earth and everything shook. At the same time, a shocking aura spread out to fill the starry sky.

The two Dao Realm experts’ faces fell. The voice from just now had pierced into their minds, causing them to tremble physically. They looked up into the starry sky and saw a figure approaching.

That figure wore a long robe, and his descent caused the more than a million fiercely fighting cultivators on the battlefield to be filled with shock. As for his words, they echoed about like the crash of thunder.

This new arrival was none other than Meng Hao!

When the Noble Ran saw him, he began to tremble, and his eyes filled with happiness. He began to laugh, and the look in his eyes turned to that

of excitement.

“My little disciple, my little disciple....”

“The Will is in My Eyes!” Meng Hao said, which was the second line of the incantation. His voice echoed out, booming like thunder, causing the two Dao Realm experts from the Seventh Mountain and Sea to cough up blood. Looks of shock and disbelief flashed across their faces.

They weren’t the only ones. The other Dao Realm experts in the area all looked over in astonishment. Of course, what was most shocking to them was not just the power of Meng Hao’s voice, but the fact that all of a sudden... an indescribable pressure had begun to weigh down on them.

That boundless pressure felt like an enormous mountain crushing down onto their backs.

It was... the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

The first Patriarch of the Righteous Noble Sect looked on in astonishment. The other Dao Realm experts on both sides of the battlefield felt their minds spinning. As for the Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society, when he recognized Meng Hao, he immediately gasped.

However, the one who was most shocked wasn’t him, it was... the boy Xiao Yihan. He looked at Meng Hao with wide eyes for a moment before turning around and fleeing.

That was the reaction of the Dao Realm experts. As for all of the other million or more cultivators on the battlefield, the power of the Mountains and Seas caused them to tremble, and their minds to reel. Instantly, all of the fighting completely stopped. All because of a single person!

“I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas....” Meng Hao said, the third line of the incantation. The entire starry sky was filled with booming sounds like those of war drums, sounds that caused everyone present to be completely shaken. Their minds buzzed as the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm seemed to become even stronger than before.

It was as if massive power had built up and was now being released,

creating a pressure that overwhelmed the minds of everyone present. It was a pressure that didn't just affect their cultivation bases; it actually caused everyone to stop breathing.

Only the Noble Ran was smiling. As for the two Dao Realm opponents he had been fighting, their faces were ashen, and their minds spun out of control.

The entire world, the entire starry sky, seemed to converge upon Meng Hao. They watched as Meng Hao... spoke the third line, stretched his hands out wide, then waved them toward the starry sky, simultaneously speaking the final words of the incantation.

“Seal... the Heavens... Incantation!”

Chapter 1292: Are you... My Grandpa Meng?

Rain began to fall in the starry sky.

Or perhaps it would be more accurate to call it the tears of the Mountains and Seas.... Tears for the battle, tears for the crumbled ruins, tears for the slaughter, tears because of the mutual destruction unleashed by the cultivators of the Mountains and Seas.

The tears began to fall in the instant that Meng Hao said the final words of the incantation. They fell from the starry sky down onto the battlefield, splashing onto all the cultivators there.

It was a gentle rain that seemed to contain no force whatsoever. The cultivators first stared in shock, but then began to relax. The pressure from moments ago had been shocking to the extreme, but in contrast, this rain seemed completely powerless. The Dao Realm experts from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, who had been so nervous moments ago, now had strange expressions on their faces.

The two who had been fighting with the Noble Ran even chuckled.

“Seal the Heavens Incantation? This is the Seal the Heavens Incantation?”

“How droll. What an amusing magical technique.” Their nervousness instantly began to fade away. After breathing sighs of relief, they then began to laugh loudly.

However, they backed up nonetheless. Although they did not fear the Seal the Heavens Incantation, the sudden addition of Meng Hao onto the battlefield was definitely fear-inspiring.

The Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society sighed inwardly, and the other almighty Dao Realm experts of the Eighth Mountain and Sea looked on with grim expressions. There were only three people on the battlefield who had different reactions. One was Meng Hao, and another was the Noble Ran.

The Noble Ran was laughing, a laughter filled with happiness and excitement.

The third person who was acting completely differently was the boy Xiao Yihan, who was fleeing at top speed, and in a flash had exited the battlefield. Of everyone present, he understood Meng Hao the best, and was completely terrified of him.

As for Meng Hao, he was completely calm as he closed his eyes. The Noble Ran's laughter continued to echo out as he too closed his eyes.

The moment that Master and apprentice closed their eyes, the entire starry sky began to shake. The falling rain then erupted with a power that could shake Heaven and Earth. As it surged out, the gentleness from before became a burning madness.

It was as if the Mountain and Sea Realm had suddenly gone from being incredibly sad to being exceedingly furious!

It was furious that the living beings in the Mountain and Sea Realm would slaughter each other, furious that the 33 Heavens had completely sealed the Mountain and Sea Realm. It was furious at anything and everything!

RUMBLE!

A raindrop exploded, bypassing the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea to slam into the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Their faces fell as the power of that raindrop's explosion hit them like a mountain.

RUMMMMBLLLE!

One raindrop after another began to explode, filling the battlefield with intense explosions. In the blink of an eye, the whole battlefield was collapsing as the boundless power of the Mountains and Seas erupted out violently!

Bloodcurdling screams rose up from the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, as nearly a million cultivators coughed up huge mouthfuls of blood. That blood merged together into an entire sea of

blood which swept out like floodwaters!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

Things weren't over yet. The explosions continued as all of the rain detonated. The power of the Mountains and Seas... was thoroughly unleashed; it was like a giant, roaring across the battlefield. Each time it waved its arms, blood sprayed from mouths and cultivators were sent spinning through the air.

The Dao Realm experts from the Seventh Mountain and Sea wore expressions of shock; they could clearly sense the power of the Mountains and Seas, and could tell that it was incensed!

“What... what power is this?!”

“I can feel the rage of Heaven and Earth, this... this is shocking!!”

“Heaven and Earth is furious, the Mountain and Sea Realm is rejecting us! I can even sense my Essence trembling!!” Cries of alarm rose up, filled with disbelief and astonishment. The Dao Realm cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea were being suppressed by the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm itself. Rumbling echoed out as blood sprayed out of their mouths, and they were sent tumbling through the air.

This shocking scene played out all over the battlefield. Blood sprayed out of the mouths of all of the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and they began to fall back, albeit not voluntarily; they were being shoved backward by a massive force.

All across the battlefield, the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea looked on with gaping jaws. The Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society was astonished, and the first Patriarch of the Righteous Noble Sect was shocked. All of the Dao Realm experts of the Eighth Mountain and Sea were aghast.

That was not even to mention the other cultivators who were not in the Dao Realm. Everyone was flabbergasted.

“This power... it's the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm, the will of the Mountains and Seas!”

“The Seal the Heavens Incantation... the Noble Ran’s Seal the Heavens Incantation can actually control the entire Mountain and Sea Realm!!” Looks of disbelief began to appear on the faces of the Dao Realm cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

A huge gap now existed between the two sides on the battlefield. However, no one was killed. The cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea were injured and shocked, and their cultivation bases were suppressed, but no one was killed.

Even still, what was happening was completely astonishing.

The two Dao Realm experts who had been fighting the Noble Ran were included in that. Their faces were masses of shock and fear, and when they felt the power of expulsion pushing against them, a deep sense of unease rose up in their hearts.

Both of them felt as if they were under attack by some monstrous power, and were sent flying backward accompanied by intense rumbling sounds.

Even as they tumbled back, Meng Hao’s eyes snapped open, and they blazed with killing intent. Voice cool, he said, “As for you two. You shall die!”

It was not a request. It was a command, uttered with extreme calm.

The instant the words left his mouth, the two Dao Realm experts screamed miserably as the power of the Mountains and Seas shredded them to bits. Blood and gore spattered out, and although their Nascent Divinities appeared and tried to flee, they were quickly destroyed by the power of the Mountains and Seas.

Those two deaths caused the cultivators on both sides of the battlefield to gasp. Now that the two sides had been forcibly separated, everything went silent. The Noble Ran opened his eyes, and a wide smile broke out on his face.

That smile was one of happiness and contentment, and when he looked at Meng Hao, his eyes glowed with deep gratitude.

Meng Hao looked around the battlefield, then slowly said, “Who said the

Seal the Heavens Incantation was a worthless incantation?”

No one responded. Not a single cultivator dared to say a word. Everyone from both the Seventh Mountain and Sea and the Eighth was completely shaken, and when they looked at Meng Hao, it was with deep awe and dread.

Anyone who could draw upon the power of the Mountains and Seas was someone completely terrifying. Someone like that... was similar to the Mountain and Sea Lords. They wielded power that ordinary people did not possess. Not even Dao Sovereigns were awe-inspiring enough to command the power of the Mountains and Seas, not unless they became Mountain and Sea Lords.

Were it not for the fact that the Dao Realm experts from the Seventh Mountain and Sea were sure that the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea was slumbering and had not awoken, they would have believed Meng Hao to be the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea!

Meng Hao's gaze swept across the crowds, then came to rest on the Noble Ran. Clasp hands, he bowed deeply.

“Greetings, Master.”

“Wonderful. Wonderful!” the Noble Ran said excitedly, laughing, but also staggering a bit from weakness and his internal injuries. Meng Hao hurried forward and held out an arm to help support him. As soon as he touched him, a gentle power sprang out from within Meng Hao and began to course through the Noble Ran, healing his injuries.

As of that moment, all eyes were on the Noble Ran, and as for the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, their expressions were those of dread.

When the Noble Ran felt his injuries healing rapidly, he looked at Meng Hao and mused that he really had made the right decision in taking him as an apprentice. In fact, for Meng Hao's sake, he had offended everyone in the entire Heavengod Alliance.

“Master, I can't stay,” Meng Hao said quietly. “There's an important

matter I have to attend to. Master, please take this jade slip. If... this Mountain and Sea is ever overrun by the enemy, please use it to borrow some of the power of the Seal the Heavens Incantation. Go to... the Ninth Mountain and Sea. That is my home.” He handed the Noble Ran a jade slip that could be used to pierce through the barriers between Mountains and Seas, one of several that he had made at the same time that he had set up the spell formation in the Meng Clan.

The Noble Ran smiled kindly and nodded, accepting the jade slip. He looked very content, as well as deeply proud. From this moment on, no one would ever dare to say that the Seal the Heavens Incantation was a worthless incantation!

To say that it was worthless was to say that the entire Mountain and Sea Realm was worthless!

Meng Hao once again clasped hands and bowed deeply to the Noble Ran. Then he looked around at the surrounding cultivators and said, “Anyone who dares to harm my Master, regardless of their status or the level of their cultivation base, will have their entire sect or clan exterminated by me!”

Everyone, both those from the Seventh Mountain and Sea as well as those from the Eighth, all heard him, and their hearts trembled.

A threat from someone who was similar to a Mountain and Sea Lord was a threat that even a Dao Sovereign had to take seriously.

Meng Hao once again clasped hands to the Noble Ran, then made his way off the battlefield. The only reason he had come here was because of the Noble Ran. He resolved the situation, healed his Master’s injuries, then said his parting words, certain that his Master would now be safe regardless of what happened in the war.

After Meng Hao left, neither side on the battlefield felt like fighting any more, and gradually dispersed, faces filled with awe and other mixed emotions.

This was the first time since the Mountain and Sea War began that... a battle ended in such a way.

News quickly spread among both sides, and soon, everyone in the Eighth and Seventh Mountains and Seas were aware of how terrifying the Seal the Heavens Incantation was. They learned of Meng Hao, and also... that there was someone else in the war who was not to be provoked... the Noble Ran.

No cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea dared to venture into the interior of the Heavengod Alliance. As for Meng Hao, he proceeded along through the starry sky, getting closer and closer to the Eighth Mountain.

As he neared, it became more and more clear that the shocking fluctuations coming from the top of the Eighth Mountain... were filled with a familiar aura.

A few more hours passed, and Meng Hao arrived at the foot of the Eighth Mountain. Looking up toward the peak of the mountain, he murmured, "Sir... are you my Grandpa Meng...?"

Chapter 1293: Storm Clouds Approach

Describing Meng Hao's thoughts at this moment would be a very difficult thing to do. He stood there silently at the foot of the Eighth Mountain for a long moment before taking a step forward and beginning to climb.

Considering the level of his cultivation base, there was really nothing to cause him any hesitation. However, he couldn't stop thinking about how important this was, and how much he wanted his Grandpa Meng to be at the top of the mountain.

Although he had his suspicions, he still wondered why his grandfather had come to be the Mountain and Sea Lord. Although, in the end, that part wasn't really important. What was important... was that his grandfather was still alive.

Deep in the memories of his childhood, he could recall the images of both of his grandfathers, how they had cradled him in their arms, how they had smiled happily, and how they had even devolved into angry arguments over whose turn it was to hold him.

Even more unforgettable was how his Grandpa Meng and Grandpa Fang had left together to search for a way to save him. After leaving... they never returned. Because of that, both of their bloodlines, which had once stood at the pinnacles of their respective clans, entered a state of decline.

Meng Hao was deeply moved, but also felt very guilty. Therefore, even if he had to pay a heavier price than he already had, he would willingly do so to protect his Grandma Meng and her people, and with no regrets at that. He had led the Fang Clan to prominence, but as for the Meng Clan, all he could do was protect them as best he could.

"It might be you, it might not," he murmured. "I'll find out when I get there...." After more time passed, he slowly began to walk up the Eighth Mountain. As he did, many memories swirled through his mind.

This was one of the great Nine Mountains, and it was actually the first time he had stepped onto one of them.

It was huge, so huge that a mortal could spend a lifetime climbing it and never reach the top. In fact, even among cultivators, there were few people who could ever reach the true peak of the mountain. However, this proved to be no obstacle for Meng Hao. As he walked along, time passed, although he wasn't sure how much. Soon he was halfway up the mountain, where he saw the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite.

It looked just like the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite on the Ninth Mountain, except that it was completely sealed, not by outside forces, but from the inside.

Meng Hao looked at it and could sense that there were cultivators inside, including several extremely powerful auras. In the same moment that he was studying them, they were doing the same of him.

A long moment passed, after which Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed. Then he proceeded along, slowly approaching the peak of the mountain.

Eventually he found himself standing in front of an enormous stone stele, upon which were written the words...

Heavengod Society!

As he looked at the words, he could sense the archaic feeling of many years upon the stone stele, as if it had experienced a baptism of time. He passed the stele, whereupon he caught sight of a narrow path. A path that led... to the peak of the mountain!

It was a peaceful little path with no people on it. Not a sound could be heard anywhere. He followed the path until he saw a body of water that was like a celestial pond.

Within that water was a statue of a Xuanwu turtle. Actually, despite the fact that it looked like a statue, Meng Hao could tell that within that Xuanwu turtle was... a spark of life, as well as... the aura of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

In that moment, the Demon Sealing Hexing magic inside of him trembled. Meng Hao felt almost as if something were calling to him. All of

a sudden, the Xuanwu turtle opened its eyes and looked at him.

One man. One turtle. As they looked at each other, Meng Hao's mind reeled. It was as if he was looking directly at the Mountain and Sea Realm itself. A long moment passed, after which Meng Hao finally settled his thoughts. Then, the Xuanwu turtle slowly bowed its head, indicating... that it was offering him its allegiance. It was offering formal greetings... from the Mountain and Sea Realm to its one and only Lord.

Past the celestial pond was a palace. It was not luxurious, but rather, built into the mountain itself. The front gate was closed, and everything was quiet and peaceful.

Meng Hao's gaze lingered on the Xuanwu turtle for a moment before he walked past it toward the palace. He stood quietly outside the gate for a moment, then raised his hand and pushed it open.

No sound could be heard as the gate slowly swung open to reveal a modest hall, lined with rows of statues on either side, which were clad in black armor. Further up ahead on a huge throne, a person sat cross-legged.

He wore armor, and his face was covered. A majestic, boundless power flowed inside of him, something that exerted stifling pressure even on Meng Hao.

The pressure was like a boundless force, an endless sea, quiet and yet profound. It was the type of power that, when it erupted out, could destroy the Heavens and extinguish the Earth. In addition to all that, Meng Hao was also able to sense... the fluctuations of the Mountain and Sea Realm itself.

They were fluctuations that could topple mountains and drain seas, and were apparently capable of focusing the power of the Mountains and Seas into a pressure that could destroy anything and everything.

Meng Hao stood outside the hall. He didn't set foot inside, but instead examined the armored figure who sat there cross-legged on the throne. Meng Hao's vision could pierce through the armor to see what was inside; the face of a very, very old man.

The fluctuations Meng Hao felt were familiar, and so was that face. Furthermore, the command medallion in his bag of holding began to show strong signs that it was homing in on the man. All of Meng Hao's suspicions were now confirmed. Trembling with excitement, he was now sure... that the person in front of him was none other than his Grandpa Meng!

"Grandpa...." he said. Although he had been prepared for this outcome, it was hard to suppress his excitement. He had been hoping to find his two grandfathers for many years now, and at long last, he had found one of them.

After a long moment passed, Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes glittered brightly. He could tell that there was something off about his grandfather. Although his cultivation base seemed to be alive and bursting with power, that was only the exterior. Inside, his true cultivation base wasn't even moving.

Apparently... there was something about his grandfather which was missing, something that would normally be able to stir his cultivation base into motion. Apparently, this body's soul... was sleeping.

After another long moment passed, Meng Hao closed his eyes and sent some divine sense out into the hall, as well as the surrounding area. Soon, it had covered the entirety of the Eighth Mountain. Time passed. Finally, Meng Hao opened his eyes, and they shone with a strange light.

"His soul is gone...." he murmured. It was a somewhat familiar situation. Soon, his eyes widened.

"I experienced something like this in the Desolation of Delusion.... Grandpa Meng's soul isn't in his body, it's somewhere outside.... However, it still exists. From the look of it, there's only one explanation.... Grandpa Meng's soul has merged into the Eighth Mountain and Sea. His soul... is everywhere!

"It's as if he took a mental journey through Heaven and Earth, but then... forgot to return." No other person would be able to reach such a conclusion so quickly. However, Meng Hao was the type of person who

could fight with Mountain and Sea Lords. Because of his familiarity with the power of the Mountains and Seas, he was quickly able to detect the various clues.

He thought back to the nails which had been stuck in his Grandma Meng and the others, and everything he had experienced in the process of removing them.

“Use the bloodline as the curse, and the relatives as the spell,” Meng Hao murmured. “Seal the soul, thus ensuring that it cannot find the path to return. The soul can only drift about in the Eighth Mountain and Sea as it gradually loses its consciousness, acting on instinct alone....” A bitter expression appeared on his face, but after a moment, his eyes began to shine. He clasped hands and bowed deeply to his grandfather, then closed the temple gate and left the Eighth Mountain!

“I’ve already broken the bloodline curse,” he murmured, floating through the starry sky, eyes shining brightly. “I’ve also ended the part of the curse cast by means of his relatives. Grandpa Meng now has what he needs to awaken. He just lacks... a strong catalyst!

“If he has that, his soul will instinctively... return to his body.” He now had a new direction: the rift connecting the Seventh Mountain and Sea to the Eighth.

“There could be no stronger catalyst than the intense ripples which would result from a battle with another Mountain and Sea Lord.

“If I really want to end the invasion of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, then the simplest way to do so... is to kill the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

“As the saying goes, if you want to catch bandits, first catch their ringleader. If the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea dies, then the war will be over.” With every sentence that Meng Hao uttered, the look in his eyes grew sharper.

“The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea....” he said, his eyes gleaming with decisiveness. With that, he took another step forward, and then vanished. When he reappeared, he was outside of the Heavengod

Alliance, near the border between the Eighth and Seventh Mountains and Seas. That was where... the rift was.

The Seventh Mountain and Sea had already heavily fortified the area with hundreds of thousands of cultivators and countless spell formations.

In fact, there were actually four Dao Realm experts stationed in the area. One of them was just as famous as Marquis Lu had been in the Seventh Mountain and Sea. He was also a Dao Sovereign, Patriarch Chi Yan.

Of the other three, one was a Dao Lord, and the other two were 1-Essence Dao Realm experts!

With those four in place, along with hundreds of thousands of other cultivators and countless restrictive spells and other spell formations, it had become a place that no cultivator of the Eighth Mountain and Sea would be able to breach easily. Furthermore, if someone tried to break through the defenses, but didn't succeed quickly, then the rest of the main army that was currently invading the Heavengod Alliance, as well as numerous other almighty experts, would surely hasten back to flank them.

However... Meng Hao was not just any cultivator!

As soon as he appeared in the area, he did nothing to disguise the fluctuations of his cultivation base. He circulated his Ancient mana to explosive effect, and even sent the aura of the Paragon Bridge emanating out. The power of the Mountains and Seas swirled around him, causing a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering tempest to spring up. As the tempest spread out, the starry sky distorted, and a boundless sea of stars appeared. It was an explosive power that could topple mountains and drain seas, causing the sky to grow dim, and massive rumbling to rise up.

Instantly, the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea awoke from their meditative trances, and their expressions flickered. At the same time, a powerful roar echoed out from the region of the rift.

"Who goes there?!" The sound echoed out like thunder as a red-haired old man appeared. When his eyes opened, they looked completely bizarre; each eye had two pupils!

Behind him was a pitch-black ox, fully 3,000 meters tall. Almost instantly, its eyes blazed with the fire of the underworld as it stared at Meng Hao.

Strangely, the fire that burned within the eyes of that pitch-black ox seemed to also burn within the dual pupils of the red-haired old man.

The result was that anyone who looked at either the old man's eyes, or the ox's, would suddenly feel their vision swimming.

Three other old men sat off to the side, and when their eyes opened, the Essence aura of the Dao Realm erupted from them.

As Meng Hao approached, he looked around at the hundreds of thousands of cultivators, then looked at the red-haired old man and calmly said, "I'm not interested in slaughtering more wrongdoers. Send these other cultivators away."

Chapter 1294: I'm Waiting For You!

As soon as the red-haired old man's gaze met Meng Hao's, the man's mind reeled, and an intense sensation of deadly crisis exploded up inside of him, as though a voice was screaming inside of him.

The sensation of crisis caused the old man to begin to tremble. He felt almost as if he were facing the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Although he seemed calm, beneath the surface, he was terrified.

The red-haired old man's dual pupils constricted, and he immediately waved his hand dismissively.

"Withdraw!" he said.

That single word caused all of the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea to be filled with shock. They began to back up, opening up a path in front of Meng Hao.

The old man frowned, then barked, "I said to withdraw!"

His voice echoed out like thunder into the ears of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators, whose minds spun. Almost immediately, they began to scatter away from the region of the rift.

The other three Dao Realm experts frowned in response to the red-haired old man's words.

"Patriarch Chi, this isn't very appropriate," said the almighty Dao Lord.

"Shut your mouth!" the old man roared. "I don't need you criticizing my orders." He leveled a glare at the Dao Lord, then turned towards the rest of the cultivators and frowned again.

"Withdraw further! Get five thousand kilometers away from here. Without my authorization, none of you are to set foot into this area. Go, now!" The booming of the old man's voice echoed within the minds of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators. They had no way to sense how terrifying Meng Hao was, but they could not afford to disregard the orders of the red-haired old man.

Soon, the hundreds of thousands of cultivators were in full flight. Soon, that five thousand kilometer area around the rift was completely empty except for the four Dao Realm experts, the leader of whom was the red-haired old man.

The old man stared at Meng Hao as he slowly rose to his feet.

His condescending manner caused the Dao Lord he had just rebuked to snort coldly, and his eyes to flicker with venomous hatred. However, the Dao Lord wasn't in the mood to get into an altercation, so he said nothing. But then, he looked more closely at Meng Hao, and just like the red-haired old man, he could sense the terrifying fluctuations hidden within him, and his eyes went wide.

The other two 1-Essence Dao Realm cultivators' expressions also became serious. As soon as the red-haired old man rose to his feet they also stood up, gathering the power of their cultivation bases to summon various magical techniques and items as if they were facing up against a mighty opponent.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he looked over this red-haired old man. The old man had complied with Meng Hao's wishes to send the hundreds of thousands of cultivators away, which left Meng Hao with a somewhat favorable impression of him.

He could tell that some level of benevolence existed within his heart, and that he realized having all of the other cultivators around when they were fighting would do little good.

In the end, those hundreds of thousands of cultivators would definitely end up being killed or simply fleeing. Allowing them to leave now was actually the best way to keep the forces of the Seventh Mountain and Sea at top strength.

The red-haired old man looked at Meng Hao, his heart full of caution, then asked, "Who are you, your Excellency?"

"Meng Hao," was the calm response as he walked forward. Almost immediately, the spell formations and restrictive spells burst out loudly, filling the area with brilliant light as they were completely activated.

However, in that exact moment, booms rang out as the restrictive spells collapsed and the spell formations exploded in brilliant flashes of light.

As Meng Hao advanced, all of the restrictive spells and spell formations were destroyed.

It was as if the mere pressure and energy coming off of Meng Hao turned into a power that could counteract anything, could crush all resistance like dried weeds.

The red-haired old man's face fell, and the eyes of the Dao Lord next to him went wide. The other two 1-Essence Dao Realm experts felt their hearts beating out of control.

All of this takes some time to describe, but actually happened in the briefest instant. As the Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering roaring booms filled the area around the rift, a blinding light spread out in all directions that seemed bright enough to light up the entire starry sky. When that light faded away, it almost seemed as if the previously glorious light of the starry sky was now gone.

The only thing left behind were ripples that spread out into the distance, filling a five thousand kilometer area.... As of this moment, all of the spell formations in the area... had been completely destroyed!

The hundreds of thousands of cultivators outside of the five thousand kilometer area could sense what had happened, and their minds filled with shock. That was especially true of the Ancient Realm experts. Despite having left the area, their divine sense enabled them to observe what was happening, and when they saw Meng Hao simply take a few steps, and use the pressure emanating from him to destroy all of the spell formations, their minds filled with raging waves of shock.

“What... what cultivation base is that?!?!”

“Dao Realm, and definitely not an ordinary Dao Realm cultivation base!” Everyone was astonished, and the four Dao Realm experts' hearts were pounding.

Accompanied by ear-splitting booms that caused everything to grow

dark, Meng Hao suddenly appeared only 300 meters in front of the group of four.

However, he didn't stop there. He continued to advance casually, not even looking at the red-haired old man or the others. Instead, he was staring at the rift which had been torn open in the starry sky, and the beast which was still holding the rift open.

That beast did not look like it once had when it had pried the rift open; it had transformed into creeping vines which covered both sides of the rift, preventing it from closing up.

As Meng Hao got closer to the rift, he could sense an astonishing life force approaching, getting nearer and nearer. He could tell that it wouldn't be very long before that life force reached the rift and stepped into the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

As Meng Hao neared the rift, the steps he took didn't appear out of the ordinary, and yet the red-haired old man and the others could sense a terrifying rumbling.

The level of terror they felt increased with each step, and the booms grew louder. The 1-Essence Dao Realm experts' faces were ashen, and blood began to ooze out of their mouths. Their expressions were those of complete terror as they were forced to step back in retreat.

Next was the Dao Lord, who also began to fall back, and finally, the red-haired old man.

They had no choice but to do so; as Meng Hao got closer, it felt to them as if a massive millstone was approaching, and if they didn't fall back, they would be destroyed, crushed into nothing but paste.

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao slowly advanced, and the group of four fell back again. Next, the Dao Lord began to bleed from the mouth. When Meng Hao was about 150 meters away, the pressure was so intense, and their fear so great, that it was as if all the Heavens were bearing down on them.

Cracks began to echo out from inside the bodies of the 1-Essence Dao

Realm cultivators as they began to fall apart. The Dao Lord's face was now magenta, and his blood could hardly flow through his veins.

The red-haired old man was trembling, and to him, it felt as if he were standing within the shadow of death.

They let out powerful roars, and their eyes filled with looks of madness. They knew that if they didn't do something about this pressure then they would soon lose any ability to resist it, and if Meng Hao took even a few more steps, they would be crushed to death.

The red-haired old man threw his head back and roared, fully rotating his cultivation base. Rumbling booms could be heard as he transformed into a beam of light that shot toward Meng Hao. His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, and a bizarre light shone from his pupils, causing the void ahead of him to distort. The pitch-black ox also threw its head back and bellowed, lowering its head to charge Meng Hao with its horns.

It was a spectacular and shocking scene!

As of this moment, the red-haired old man's cultivation base was bursting with power. He waved his hand, causing Essence power to surge out. Four streams of essence could be seen: wind, rain, thunder, and lightning!

The wind was like a storm, the rain was the Essence of water, the thunder was a roar, and the lightning crackled and danced. The four streams of Essence formed into the pattern of a spell formation which could shake Heaven and Earth.

The old man was the type to either not attack, or attack with his most powerful Daos. In addition to what he had already done, all of a sudden, his hair suddenly flew out, transforming into a crimson sea which covered the entire area. It rapidly became a blood mist, which was the Essence the old man was currently exploring, his fifth Essence. Although he hadn't completed the process, it still bolstered the power of his other Essences.

Behind him, the Dao Lord trembled in madness, performing an incantation gesture to unleash a divine ability. A beam of light shot

toward Meng Hao at incredible speed, piercing through the starry sky. Simultaneously, the image of numerous sword projections became visible around the Dao Lord.

Almost in the blink of an eye, there were more than 10,000 of them!

His murderous aura was so strong that everything shook violently. Shockingly, behind each sword projection was a vicious spirit, which propelled the swords toward Meng Hao, making it seem as if Meng Hao was not facing one opponent, but rather 10,000 sword cultivators.

Last were the two 1-Essence cultivators. Their cultivation bases were relatively limited, and because of the pressure from Meng Hao, they paid the steepest price of the group. Blood sprayed out of their mouths, their eyes were bloodshot, and their jaws were tightly clenched. Neither of them had more than one Essence, but even still, they combined their power to produce the image of a sun.

Meng Hao looked at his four opponents, and then stepped down with his right foot. When he did, he passed the thirty meter mark to appear directly in front of the group.

As he stepped down, the starry sky rumbled, and an astonishing power exploded out from him. His right hand reached out to tap one of the pitch-black ox's horns. The ox let out a miserable shriek and collapsed into pieces. At the same time, the wave of Meng Hao's hand caused the red-haired old man's Essences to be obliterated. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he was sent spinning away.

Meng Hao turned, snorting coldly. The sound echoed out, slamming into the 10,000 sword projections, shattering them. The sword cultivator Dao Lord coughed up a mouthful of blood, and was already on the point of being killed, all by a mere snort. He instantly fell back.

As for the two 1-Essence Dao Realm cultivators, all it took was a mere look from Meng Hao. His gaze was like a sword that shattered their sun image, and left them coughing up blood and fleeing in retreat.

"Considering none of you have Outsider totem tattoos, I won't kill you," he said coolly. Then, he was in front of the rift. The red-haired old man

and the others were completely shaken, and were now looking at Meng Hao with unmitigated awe.

Ignoring them, Meng Hao looked at the rift, eyes glittering. Then he sat down cross-legged.

“I’m waiting for you,” he said calmly.

The only response was an icy cold harrumph, echoing out slowly from within the rift.

Chapter 1295: The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea Arrives!

Meng Hao sat down cross-legged outside the enormous rift, waiting for the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea to arrive. For Meng Hao, this coming battle would be a true test of his battle prowess.

The person he wished to fight was one of the Lords of the Nine Mountains and Seas, someone that countless cultivators viewed with awe. He was the Mountain and Sea Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and although he might not be the absolute most powerful among the Mountain and Sea Lords, he was still incredibly strong.

To Meng Hao, this would be a very important fight, considering that it was critical to helping his Grandpa Meng awaken from slumber. It was also key to ending the Mountain and Sea War. If he could defeat the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea in battle, then the war with the Eighth Mountain and Sea would be over.

Meng Hao wasn't completely confident in being able to win. His current battle prowess was equivalent to the 5-Essences level, and his divine sense was even beyond that. However... he would be facing a Mountain and Sea Lord!

Although his opponent would also be at the 5-Essences level, in terms of experience and cultivation, anyone with the status of Mountain and Sea Lord was years beyond Meng Hao. Within his Realm... he was essentially invincible when fighting anyone other than other Mountain and Sea Lords!

Furthermore, his five Essences would surely be extraordinary, the type that could send the entire world into darkness upon their unleashing.

Even though Meng Hao had already extinguished his first Soul Lamp, he still wasn't completely confident that he could win. After all... the nine Mountain and Sea Lords were the most esteemed entities within the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

To become a Mountain and Sea Lord, one had to experience endless slaughter and conquer countless enemies. It was a long path of fighting and struggle to secure the position of being the Lord of one of the great Mountains and Seas.

“But I still want to meet this powerful expert... and fight him!” Meng Hao’s eyes burned with the desire to do battle. Taking a deep breath, he slowly brought his urge to fight under control, then closed his eyes and calmed his heart.

The time had come to focus his energy!

That focusing of energy ensured that not a single ripple of power emanated out from him.

Days began to pass. On the first day, a muffled rumbling sound began to echo out from within the rift, causing the entire starry sky to distort briefly.

Meng Hao didn’t open his eyes, but his heart thumped a bit faster for a moment before finally calming down.

On the second day, the muffled rumbling turned into five distinct booms. On the third day, those booming sounds rang out more than ten times. Meng Hao grew calmer, until even the sound of his heartbeat faded away from his consciousness. It was as if strength built upon strength, and the booming sounds were like a gentle breeze brushing against a towering mountain. 1

On the seventh day, the booming rang out ceaselessly. The starry sky outside of the rift was completely twisted and distorted, except for the portion where Meng Hao sat, which didn’t seem to be affected.

The red-haired old man and his fellows, who were still there in the area surrounding the rift, did not leave. They remained several thousand meters away, sitting cross-legged, watching the scene play out. As the seven days went by, the anticipation in their hearts rose, and they began to breathe heavily. After witnessing Meng Hao’s terrifying level of power, they had the deep desire to watch this coming battle.

It didn't matter whether Meng Hao won or lost in the end. In the cultivation world, the law of the jungle prevailed, so any cultivator who dared to challenge a Mountain and Sea Lord to battle was a person deserving of deep respect.

Even the fact that they were enemies could not suppress the respect and awe that came from meeting someone truly powerful.

Further off in the distance were the hundreds of thousands of cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea. They had set up camp there, nervous, but also unwilling to leave.

They were all waiting. Waiting... for the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea to emerge from the rift!

Meng Hao's expression was completely calm, and he almost didn't seem to be breathing. His energy was completely focused inward, without the slightest bit leaking out. It was almost as if he had become one with the starry sky; he was so calm that it was almost impossible to detect his existence.

The thunder-like booms that shook the Heavens didn't seem to affect him at all. He was so calm that he was like a still, waveless sea in a painting. He was simply waiting... waiting for the wind and storms to arrive, like a volcano preparing to erupt.

A massive pressure gradually filled the area around the rift, growing more intense. The pulsing frequency increased, and eventually it became clear that the two opponents were a counterpoint and foil to each other.

One embodied action, the other embodied calm!

Such action could shatter the highest Heavens, such calm was the stillness of a world in ruins!

Another day passed, and the sounds emanating from the rift grew even more intense. At the same time, Meng Hao became so still and calm that not a single trace of his aura was detectable....

It was at this point that, amidst the intense rumbling sounds, a tall and imposing figure appeared... within the rift.

It was a middle-aged man wearing a long white robe. His hair floated around him, and he looked threatening without being angry. His clothing seemed simple, and yet anyone who looked at him would be able to tell that he commanded supreme and ultimate respect.

He walked as if strolling, and yet every step he took caused countless booming sounds to echo out. It was as if his cultivation base was so powerful that, as he walked, he destroyed all obstacles in his path. His simple footfalls were the source of all the incredible booming sounds during the past days.

Almost as soon as he appeared within that enormous rift, intense pressure radiated out, sweeping across everything. The rift trembled, and opened wider. Ripples tore through the starry sky, ripping it up layer by layer. Several thousand meters away, the red-haired old man and his fellows all backed up, faces flickering as they clasped hands and bowed.

“We offer respectful greetings upon your arrival, Lord White!”

Further off in the distance, the hundreds of thousands of cultivators were getting very excited, and they too clasped their hands and bowed in the direction of the rift.

“We offer respectful greetings upon your arrival, Lord White!”

The Ninth Mountain had Lord Ji. The Eighth Mountain had Heavengod. The Seventh Mountain had Lord White, Sima Dao!

The voices of all the cultivators joined together, creating a powerful sound wave that shook Heaven and Earth. That, combined with the pressure radiating off of the white-robed man, caused the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea to shake.

Meng Hao, of course, was the main focus, but as the pressure crushed down onto him, his eyes remained closed and unmoving.

If you likened that boundless energy to pounding waves on a raging sea, then Meng Hao was a reef within that sea, remaining completely motionless regardless of how the sea howled.

If you likened the pressure coming from the Lord of the Seventh

Mountain and Sea to a wild tempest, then Meng Hao was a quiet, unmoving mountain in the midst of the wind!

At the same time, in the temple atop the Eighth Mountain, the masked Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea suddenly trembled, as if a catalyzing force had suddenly prodded him. It was as if his consciousness was now beginning to converge in the area, and he was attempting... to awaken.

The entire Eighth Mountain and Sea was shaken, except for Meng Hao. His aura, his soul, everything about him, was completely focused inwardly. He was as calm as placid waters, and was still like a motionless sea in a painting.

The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea was still inside the rift, and the two of them had not officially met, and yet they had already used the clashing of their dispositions as their first skirmish.

A cold snort echoed out from the rift as Lord White suddenly lifted his right foot and then stepped out of the rift.

The intense pressure weighing down on the Eighth Mountain and Sea caused everything to shake. The starry sky twisted, and numerous planets trembled. Back on the Eighth Mountain, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea trembled, this time more intensely than before.

A calm voice then echoed out from within the rift to spread out through the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea, "You are the first person to ever dare to stand in my way..."

It was in that moment that his foot stepped completely out from the rift, placing Lord White half way into the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Despite only being half way through the rift, the starry sky was trembling so violently it seemed it might collapse because of the power of the Mountains and Seas that was erupting off of Lord White.

As the starry sky shook, the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea on all of the Heavengod Alliance's battlefields felt blood oozing out of the corners of their mouths. Their faces flickered, and regardless of their specific locations, they could sense the explosive pressure coming from

above. It was like a mountain, crushing down, making it difficult for them to even rotate their cultivation bases.

It was exactly the opposite with the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Their faces lit up, and they could sense, not pressure, but power coming down from the starry sky above and melding into their bodies. Instantly, their battle prowess began to increase.

“Lord White has come!! We offer respectful greetings upon your arrival, Lord White!”

“We offer respectful greetings, Lord White!!”

“The Seventh Mountain and Sea is definitely going to win the war. Lord White is here!!” The cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea were shouting in excitement, causing their voices to echo out across the battlefields in the Heavengod Alliance.

In comparison, the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea felt their energy waning rapidly. Now that they were facing cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea whose energy was rocketing up, their faces went pale, and they subconsciously began to back up. Almost instantly, the Eighth Mountain and Sea cultivators were in a position to be completely routed on numerous fronts.

“... And you will be the last,” continued the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, his voice grim as he... completely stepped out from within the rift!

“Lord White!” Several thousand meters away, the red-haired old man and the other Dao realm experts all clasped hands and bowed, their eyes shining with excitement.

“Lord White!” roared the hundreds of thousands of cultivators off in the distance.

“Lord White!” shouted all of the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

RUMBLE!

Although the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea could not actually see the arrival of the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, their hearts were trembling.

RUMBLE!

On the Eighth Mountain, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea in the palace was now shaking continuously, and it seemed as if the eyes beneath his mask might open at any moment.

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao's eyes suddenly snapped open, and suddenly, what had been the placid image of a sea in a painting transformed into a violently erupting volcano. That will to fight which had lurked deep inside of him exploded out, causing colors to flash in the sky, and the starry sky to fill with rumbling sounds. Numerous layers of ripples instantly shot out to fill the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea!

Meng Hao's willpower, his energy, his everything, all merged into an indescribable pressure that crushed down toward the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

"So you're the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea? I've been waiting for you for quite a long time!"

The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea's eyes widened. The volcanic pressure which erupted from the formerly completely calm Meng Hao caused Lord White's energy to falter a bit, as if he had suddenly met his match. Massive rumbling rose up between the two, and the starry sky seemed to be on the verge of being torn apart.

All of a sudden, the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea who had been backing up just now felt much more relaxed, and their excitement began to build.

1. The last line in this paragraph is a huge nod to Jin Yong, the father of wuxia novels. It's actually a mnemonic from the Ning Yang Manual, a powerful martial arts manual in the Jin Yong universe. If you haven't read the Condor Trilogy, you should put it on your reading list. It should be considered part of the Old Testament for wuxia fans.

Chapter 1296: THAT Spear!

“Is that the Mountain and Sea Lord, Heavengod?”

“That’s definitely him. Only Heavengod would have the energy to sweep across the Eighth Mountain and Sea like that!” All of the cultivators from the Eighth Mountain and Sea were getting very excited.

Moments before, the feeling of being suppressed by the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea had overwhelmed them, but now that feeling was gone. However, despite all of the excitement, the Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society, as well as the other Dao Lords in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, were all completely shaken. Looks of bewilderment could be seen on their faces as they looked out into the starry sky at the source of the ripples that everyone else assumed to be coming from their Mountain and Sea Lord.

“That’s not... the exalted Heavengod....” thought the Chief Dharma Protector, his heart trembling. He could sense that Heavengod was currently on the Eighth Mountain, and was still slumbering. In fact, all of the other Dao Lords of the Eighth Mountain and Sea all had similar sensations.

“If he’s not the exalted Heavengod, then... who is he...?” That was the question running through the minds of the Chief Dharma Protector and the other Dao Lords. Then they all began to tremble as they... a certain person popped into their heads.

It was someone who had unleashed a shocking Daoist magic in battle recently, clearing the entire battlefield....

“Meng Hao!” said the Chief Dharma Protector, gasping. As soon as the name left his mouth, his heart filled with mixed emotions. As of this moment, he was certain that the person emanating an energy similar to that of a Mountain and Sea Lord was none other than Meng Hao.

The cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea were filled with excitement, but those from the Seventh Mountain and Sea were completely shocked. The huge disparity in their energy from moments ago

was now gone, and very quickly the fighting resumed.

However, the fighting that did go on was not very intense; no one seemed to be very interested in fighting at the moment, and the fact that the battlefield had calmed down gave everyone a chance to focus their attention on that location off in the distance... where a fight was about to begin that would determine the fate of two of the great Mountains and Seas!

It was... a battle of Mountain and Sea Lords!

If Lord White was defeated, then the tide of battle would completely turn in favor of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. If the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea was actually killed, then the cultivators from that Mountain and Sea would be decimated, and the Seventh Mountain and Sea would suffer an unrecoverable loss.

However, if Lord White won, then the Eighth Mountain and Sea... would no longer exist.

Everyone was waiting... to see how this battle would play out!

RUMBLE!

Outside of the rift, Meng Hao's energy skyrocketed. The Paragon Bridge inside of him surged madly, and his cultivation base surged into rotation. His Soul Lamps flew out, his aura radiated out, and the power of his divine sense caused the starry sky to shake.

And then, he took a step forward.

That step was like the eruption of a volcano. Meng Hao's energy solidified around him, forming something like an impregnable wall which then crushed out toward Lord White.

Lord White stared at Meng Hao with a strange light gleaming in his eyes. His expression was not the least bit contemptuous, and in fact, he felt the situation to be a grave one. He could tell that Meng Hao was an incredible threat to him.

Seeing that manifestation of Meng Hao's energy speeding toward him,

Lord White waved his hand, causing blinding white light to spill out, subsequently transforming into 1,000,000 sword projections, which proceeded to pierce out in all directions. Massive rumbling sounds echoed out as Meng Hao's converged energy was stabbed through countless times, and then collapsed.

In the middle of that collapse, Lord White strode forward, waving his finger toward Meng Hao, sending the 1,000,000 sword lights flowing toward him like a rumbling river.

From a distance, it looked like a river of stars sweeping along with the power to destroy entire worlds!

Shockingly, each beam of sword light contained terrifyingly destructive Dao Realm power that, when combined together, caused wild colors to flash in the starry sky.

Meng Hao's pupils constricted, and yet, he didn't back up. Instead, he took another step forward, clenching his hand into a fist and unleashing a punch.

It was none other than the Life-Extermination Fist!

The starlight shattered, and the sword beams distorted. Meng Hao's punch created an enormous vortex which rumbled as it spun, destroying the sword lights. From a distance, it seemed that the flow of that starry river had suddenly been obstructed.

However, things weren't over yet. Meng Hao took a third step, unleashing the Bedevilment Fist.

It was as if one willingly underwent bedevilment, a complete and eternal descent into madness. The Bedevilment Fist was backed by Meng Hao's energy and determination, smashing into the remaining sword lights, causing intense rumbling to rise up as more than half of them were completely shattered.

Meng Hao's eyes gleamed as he took a fourth step, and... the God-Slaying Fist made its appearance!

The will of the God-Slaying Fist could merge with Heaven and Earth and

fuse into the starry sky, converging the power of one's fleshly body. A cultivators with an indestructible Allheaven cultivation base could thus destroy the Heavens, extinguish the Earth, as a God of Slaying!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

The starry sky shuddered and began to be torn apart layer by layer. The remaining sword lights shuddered, and then were shoved backward toward Lord White as if by some mad wind.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent; without a moment's hesitation, he took a fifth step, performing an incantation gesture with his right hand that caused the Blood Demon to appear and lunge toward Lord White with gaping maw.

Lord White's pupils constricted. Snorting coldly, he said, "Interesting. You deserve for me to take you a bit seriously."

Next, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, then pushed down onto his chest. In conjunction with the pressing down, icy coldness appeared all around him, along with an aura of Essence.

However, this was not the Essence of ice, it was something else... something that could influence the power of Essence belonging to others. It was... emotionless extermination!

The key to being emotionless was to extinguish the seven emotions and six pleasures, to make oneself as cold as ice, and transform that into a will of extermination. As the finger waved through the air, Meng Hao shuddered as all of his blood suddenly iced up. Lord White's finger seemed to press down onto Meng Hao's soul, to wipe away all of his emotions!

Family love, friendship, romantic love....

In an instant, they seemed to be peeled away, separated from him, as if they were about to vanish. Meng Hao threw his head back and roared, causing a boundless light to shine off of him. The Paragon Bridge suddenly exploded out into the open, becoming a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering bridge that emanated an intense, archaic air.

As soon as the bridge appeared, everything began to shake, and Lord

White's Essence of emotionless extermination suddenly grew still.

In that brief moment, Meng Hao's eyes glittered with coldness, and he shuddered. His starstone melted, and he transformed into a meteor, the manifestation of none other than the One Thought Stellar Transformation. Instantly, he swept out toward Lord White with incredible speed.

He was... trying to clinch the victory right now!

In the blink of an eye, he was closing with an explosive power that caused Lord White's brow to furrow. Then, Lord White extended his right hand and pushed out into the air.

The power of his peak 5-Essences cultivation base converged into a huge palm that rumbled through the air toward the meteor and then grabbed down onto it!

The clenching hand seemed like it could even crush a planet within its grasp, and cracking sounds could be heard as fissures spread out across the meteor's surface. However, before it could get any closer to Lord White, when it was still over a hundred meters away, it suddenly exploded.

In its place appeared an azure streak of light, moving with indescribable speed out from the rubble of the meteor. As it pierced through the enormous hand, it became clear that it was a huge azure roc!

In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao was almost directly in front of Lord White, baring claws that were sharp enough to slice metal and shatter rock. Even as he slashed out with his claws, the Mountain Consuming Incantation summoned numerous huge mountains which crushed down from above.

That still wasn't enough, though. Shockingly, a long spear suddenly appeared next to Meng Hao in azure roc-form. That spear was the same spear that Greed had unsealed, with the World Tree haft and the dragon tip.

That spear rumbled through the air directly toward Lord White's forehead.

All of this takes quite some time to describe, but actually took place in the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint. Normally speaking, considering the level of the cultivation bases involved, a fight between Meng Hao and Lord White could last for months or even years.

After all, this level of fighting was rarely seen in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and there was even the likelihood that the entire Eighth Mountain could be destroyed in the process.

However... assuming one party was willing to go all out, then the length of the fight could be shortened drastically. Right now, the person going all out was Meng Hao. The situation was one in which Lord White assumed that he wouldn't do such a thing, wouldn't risk his life so blithely, yet that was exactly what he did.

Not even Lord White could have guessed that this would happen. He frowned, and killing intent slowly filled his eyes. However, there was no time to ponder the matter. He immediately waved his right hand, causing his five fingernails to shatter and form into five crescent moons, which radiated a shocking curse power as they shot toward Meng Hao.

Rumbling filled the starry sky as Meng Hao's Mountain Consuming Incantation collapsed. The Paragon Bridge began to shake, and his azure roc-form's claws collapsed. Even as blood and gore splattered about, Meng Hao appeared and grabbed onto the spear. Then, the speed of the spear increased dramatically, and the tip stabbed toward Lord White's forehead, until it was only about seven inches away!

Lord White's eyes widened as an intense sensation of deadly crisis rose up within him. He opened his mouth and roared, a shocking sound which instantly caused a huge illusory projection to appear behind him, which was also roaring at Meng Hao.

The power was like a tempest, causing all light to dim!

The dragon on Meng Hao's long spear roared, but compared to the giant, it was weak. Lord White's roar caused the spear to begin to shatter, and within moments... it was nothing more than ash!

"Too weak," Lord White said coolly, although inwardly his heart was

pounding with anxiety.

It was in that instant that the spear in Meng Hao's hand trembled.

"Demon Weapon, Lonelytomb!" Meng Hao said.

RUMBLE!

The collapse of the spear revealed that there was actually... another spear hidden inside of it!!

That spear was pitch black, and seemed to be congealed from numerous souls. It was... Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, a precious treasure that was unique to... the Demon Sealers!

As soon as the spear appeared, Meng Hao's energy surged, and the spear shot onward toward Lord White's forehead.

Everything so far had been connected. First was his explosive opening attack, then his near death, the collapse of the meteor, the destruction of the mountains, the dispersal of the dragon spear. Apparently... all of that had been building up to... this spear attack!

Lord White's face completely fell!

Chapter 1297: An Extraordinary Showdown!

Everything had happened in the briefest of moments!

Lord White, Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, with a peak 5-Essences cultivation base, had experienced untold slaughter, but he could never have imagined that Meng Hao... would be so ruthless!

Meng Hao had attacked him over and over again, allowing himself to be wounded, his starstone to be shattered, his azure roc to be destroyed, and he himself to suffer serious internal injuries to the point where blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth.

All of that was... simply for the chance to unleash this shocking spear!

Meng Hao hadn't hesitated at all to be wounded for that chance, and that was because he understood the gap that existed between himself and Lord White. Although that gap wasn't huge, to cultivators of this level, it was the type of thing that could mean the difference between victory and defeat, between life and death!

And what Meng Hao wanted was not just victory or defeat, but rather... to kill his opponent and come out alive!

It had nothing to do with enmity or hatred. The only way to end the war was to kill Lord White. With him dead, Grandpa Meng would be safe. Furthermore, the explosive ripples that would be unleashed prior to his death were exactly what was needed to bring his grandfather's soul back.

Therefore he chose to use this spear. In fact, Meng Hao's personality was such that he didn't even hesitate to waste the precious spear that had been unsealed by Greed!

The destruction of that spear had been the feint needed to unleash Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, which now shot directly toward Lord White's forehead, bursting with power. Lord White had no time to react or even do anything before... the spear stabbed directly into his flesh!

A ripping sound could be heard as his flesh was torn apart, and then cracking sounds echoed out as his skull was shattered. Demon Weapon Lonelytomb stabbed directly into Lord White's forehead!

However, as that happened, no look of relief appeared on Meng Hao's face. Instead, his expression flickered, and his pupils constricted.

That was because, even as Lord White's forehead was pierced, and his eyes dimmed, he suddenly spoke.

"Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation." In the same moment that the words left his mouth, an aura erupted out of him that Meng Hao found very familiar.

Unexpectedly, it resembled... the aura of the Eternal stratum!

As that aura erupted out, the flesh on Lord White's forehead began to wriggle. Simultaneously, that aura spread out into Demon Weapon Lonelytomb and then toward Meng Hao.

To Lord White, the aura was a restorative power, but to Meng Hao, it was like a surging wild beast. At the same time, his own Eternal stratum roared madly. Apparently, these two different auras were as incompatible as water and fire!

After all, Meng Hao's Eternal stratum had been acquired by walking the road of Perfection to the very end. Then, through a series of chance occurrences, he had managed to merge it with the Eyeless Larva. However, in the most fundamental of ways, it actually had some connections to the Mountain and Sea Scripture.

Just as Meng Hao was about to put his spear away, Lord White grabbed it, then stared into Meng Hao's eyes. A vicious gleam could be seen in his own eyes, and the Eternal aura around him grew stronger. Shockingly, an illusory ancient scripture suddenly appeared behind him, upon which were written three characters!

Mountain and Sea Scripture!

As the ancient scripture opened, Lord White's aura began to grow stronger.

Almost in the same moment that the protection of the ancient scripture appeared, Meng Hao's Eternal stratum began to surge with even more madness. Suddenly, a piercing cry like that of a silkworm began to echo out from inside of him, and behind him, a shocking illusory image appeared.

It was... the Eyeless Larva!!

This was the first time since the Eyeless Larva had become a part of his Eternal stratum that it ever appeared in this way. As soon as it became visible, it turned to Lord White and howled. 1

Lord White's face flickered with shock as he suddenly realized that Meng Hao had also... cultivated some of the Mountain and Sea Scripture!

"An incomplete Mountain and Sea Scripture, huh?" Lord White said with a cold snort. However, he was still shocked. He could sense the explosive violence within his Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation, and how it wished to attack the Eyeless Larva behind Meng Hao, and fight with it to the death.

Meng Hao's eyes went wide as he realized that his opponent intended to take away his Demon Weapon. He was not the type of person to let something like that happen lightly, so instead, he let go of it and uttered a single word.

"Detonate!" As soon as the word left his mouth, Demon Weapon Lonelytomb exploded with a huge bang. Once again, Lord White was injured, and yet, with his Eternal aura at work, he quickly began to recover.

Lord White looked deeply at Meng Hao. Without saying another word, he fell back to give himself time to heal and buy some more time. Earlier, he had not underestimated Meng Hao, but now... he wanted to kill him more than ever. It had been a very, very long time since he had experienced the sensation of imminent death that he had moments ago.

Were it not for the profundity of his divine ability, then with the way he had been stabbed in the forehead just now, while it wouldn't have killed him, it would have resulted in a grievous injury.

After the Demon Weapon exploded, it transformed into streams of black mist that swirled back to collect together near Meng Hao.

“The Mountain and Sea Scripture....” Meng Hao said, an unsightly expression on his face. From what he understood, the Mountain and Sea Scripture was a combination of the three classic scriptures of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Apparently, Lord White had actually cultivated the Mountain and Sea Scripture, but to a far higher level than Meng Hao. After all, Meng Hao had used fragments of the actual scripture, and then relied on his own deductive powers to make alterations as he had seen fit. 2

However, Meng Hao had the feeling that if his Eternal stratum could merge with the Green Emperor’s Eternal Incantation of his opponent, then... his own Eternal stratum would increase by a whole level!

“I wonder if there is something beyond the Eternal...?” Meng Hao thought, his eyes shining brightly. All of a sudden, he had yet another reason to kill Lord White!

The wound on Lord White’s forehead was rapidly healing up, and it seemed as if it would only be moments before it was completely restored. Meng Hao’s eyes flickered, and he took two steps forward, which were his sixth and seventh steps respectively.

The instant that his seventh step landed, Meng Hao’s energy spiked. Something like a roar echoed out to the ends of the starry sky as a terrifying foot suddenly appeared. It was like a planet descending from above, causing massive rumbling sounds to echo out as it crushed down toward Lord White!

This was none other than the ability he had learned from Su Yan, who was still in his bag of holding... the Seven God Steps!

As soon as that huge foot appeared up in the starry sky, Lord White’s face fell yet again, filling with disbelief.

“The Seven God Steps? That’s impossible!!” Shockingly, he recognized this particular Daoist magic of Meng Hao’s. Instantly, Lord White bit the

tip of his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood.

That blood rapidly expanded, instantly transforming into a sea of blood, which seethed out across the starry sky to slam into the incoming foot.

In the resulting massive explosion, Meng Hao's energy surged, and the killing intent in his eyes intensified. Next, his left hand flashed in an incantation gesture, and the meat jelly appeared. Muttering disconsolately, it transformed into a set of armor which covered Meng Hao. Then, Meng Hao extended his right hand, and the copper mirror transformed into a beam of multicolored light as it, along with the grumbling parrot, transformed into... a pitch black Battle Weapon!

The instant the Battle Weapon appeared, Meng Hao's desire to fight exploded out. The starry sky went dark, and the void trembled. Meng Hao's murderous aura rose to shocking heights as he slashed his blade out toward the fleeing Lord White.

"DIE!!" he roared.

The sensation of deadly crisis that exploded up within Lord White was impossible to describe. In fact, the sensation far, far exceeded the feeling he had experienced when Meng Hao had gone all-out to attack him with Demon Weapon Lonelytomb.

And yet, there was something different about it: Demon Weapon Lonelytomb had appeared completely unexpectedly, giving him no time to react. In this moment, although the sensation of deadly crisis was more intense, at least he had a moment to prepare.

Unfortunately... Lord White was still in the middle of utilizing his Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation to restore himself. He couldn't unleash his peak level of power, causing a vicious, intense gleam to appear in his eyes.

Glaring at Meng Hao, he roared, "Extermination!"

In that moment, Essence fluctuations appeared, which were none other than the ripples of the Essence of extermination!

"Power Essence!" He wasn't finished yet, though! As soon as the Essence of extermination appeared, a second shocking Essence aura roiled up

inside of him. The void around him distorted, and boundless ripples spread out through the starry sky from his second Essence... the Essence of power!

That was not the power of the fleshly body, but rather... power incited from within the starry sky!

“Curse!

“Land!

“Time!!” Lord White knew that this was a moment of extreme crisis, and as of this moment, fully realized how difficult it was to deal with Meng Hao. Furthermore, he also knew that he had lost out on an opportunity to seize the initiative. He had ceded that to Meng Hao, who was clearly extremely domineering. Once he got going, he kept going without stop!

Lord White had never encountered someone who fought like this in the past, but he could tell that once Meng Hao built up enough momentum, it would be difficult to stop him, and he would only continue to grow stronger.

“Five Essence Dao!” Lord White cried, spreading his hands out wide in Meng Hao’s direction and then pushing forward. His clothes and hair whipped about, and his cultivation base exploded out, merging with the starry sky, connecting with the Heavens, drawing upon the boundless energy of Heaven and Earth, sucking it into his body.

It was like he became a huge black hole which consumed the energy of Heaven and Earth. It poured into his body, which became like a transfer point for that energy, which he then sent out... to become five different Essences!

This was a way of using Essence that was completely new to Meng Hao. Instead of drawing upon the powers of the world and wielding them, it took Heaven and Earth and transformed it within oneself. The latter was definitely more domineering than the former!

“Either die, or screw the hell off!!!” roared Lord White. His five Essences became five natural laws, filling the entire world, sweeping through the

Heavens, instantly enveloping Meng Hao!

A will of extermination that could erase emotions and obliterate the soul!

A magic embodying the Essence of power that could crush the body and smash the mind!

A Dao of cursing that could defile the blood and eradicate blood vessels!

An Essence of land which could bury corpses and sever qi passageways!

The quintessence of Time, the ultimate of the five Essences, which could reach through Time to slaughter the enemy!

The starry sky trembled, and within that world of Essence and natural law, blood oozed out of Meng Hao's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. However his eyes were shining brightly, and his desire to fight was no less than before. Hefting the Battle Weapon, he... slashed it out in attack!

It was an extraordinary showdown!

The red-haired old man and the others had long since retreated from their position 3,000 meters away. They were now 30,000 meters away, where they sent their divine sense out to observe the fierce fighting going on between Meng Hao and Lord White. All four of their faces were completely pale, and their hearts were battered with waves of shock.

*

1. The Eyeless Larva was last mentioned in chapter 693 when Meng Hao used to it to acquire the Eternal stratum.
2. As a brief reminder, Meng Hao got the Sublime Spirit Scripture way back in the Reliance Sect. It set him on the path of Perfection, which eventually led to the Eternal. The Sublime Spirit Scripture was described as one of the three great classic scriptures, along with the Dao Divinity Scripture and the Heaven Severing Scripture. P.S. This line in the original Chinese actually contains a mistake which I fixed. If any of you are reading along in Chinese as well, you will probably

notice this.

Chapter 1298: Reproaching Seal!

The pitch black Battle Weapon sliced through the starry sky, turning into a beam of mysterious light that could sever all things, extinguish all auras. It slashed into Lord White's five unleashed Essences, starting with the Essence of extermination. Meng Hao shuddered as the meat jelly armor absorbed the brunt of the force. The Battle Weapon sliced like a sharp knife through bamboo as it destroyed the Essence of extermination and continued onward.

In the blink of an eye, Lord White's magic of the Essence of power closed in. It was capable of disrupting all sorts of power, be they of the fleshly body or the cultivation base. It was like Lightness-in-Heaviness, and at the same time, Heaviness-in-Lightness. The intense disparity caused Meng Hao to cough up a mouthful of blood. His face paled as the meat jelly armor shivered.

"Sever!" Meng Hao roared, his eyes completely bloodshot. Disregarding any injuries, he used all of the power of the Battle Weapon to slash down. Rumbling sounds filled the starry sky, which seemed to be on the verge of being sliced apart. The Battle Weapon sliced through the Essence of power like a hot knife through butter!

However, the Dao of the curse Essence then became a boundless fog that completely surrounded Meng Hao. His body began to wither, and the meat jelly armor let out a plaintive cry; cracking sounds began to emanate, as if it were on the verge of shattering.

Lord White's Essences were far beyond those of ordinary 5-Essences Dao Sovereigns. They were terrifying to a degree that Meng Hao had never seen before!

"You're definitely not weak," Lord White said in a sinister voice. "However, in the end... you have too few Essences. As an Allheaven Dao Immortal, you are powerful, but you cannot truly defy the Heavens, nor can you defy me!" The curse power mist roiled, swirling around Meng Hao as if it wished to burrow into him through the pores on his skin.

A vicious expression could be seen on Meng Hao's face as the Battle Weapon slashed out with scintillating, mysterious light. Ignoring the serious injuries that were being inflicted on him, Meng Hao slashed through the curse power, toward Lord White!

However, there was still plenty of Essence power in between them. Next was the Essence of land, which filled the space between them with what seemed to be planets and continents.

At this point, the meat jelly armor shattered into pieces, which then reformed into the shape of the meat jelly. It seemed extremely weak, and immediately transformed into a gray light that shot back into Meng Hao's bag of holding.

He lost the meat jelly armor, but in the moment before it disappeared, it still helped him to resist the power of the Essence of land. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth, but he still shot forward like lightning, like a shooting star, slamming into the Essence, slicing through with the Battle Weapon, backed by all the power of an Allheaven Dao Immortal.

The starry sky trembled, and everything dimmed. As the Battle Weapon slashed out, massive pressure exploded out, allowing Meng Hao to blast through the planets and continents to appear directly in front of Lord White.

However, it was in this moment that Lord White's final Essence erupted out. It was none other than Timeshift magic, which caused the world to distort and run in reverse. It was like a wind of time, which caused all of the other four Essences which Meng Hao had already vanquished... to suddenly appear again!!

"No beginning, and no end. That is Time. Since you cannot defeat my five Essences magic, then you do not qualify to be my opponent!" As Lord White's voice undulated out, Meng Hao once again coughed up a mouthful of blood as his internal injuries flared. He could no longer sustain the Battle Weapon, which vanished, returning to the form of a copper mirror, which flew back into Meng Hao's bag of holding.

In that moment, the five Essences magic was restored, forming

something like the image of a world up in the starry sky.

This was Lord White's five Essences world, a world in which the flow of time was distorted, in which lands rumbled, in which the power of extermination threw everything into chaos, in which extermination and curses flowed through Heaven and Earth, and which pulsed with the Essence of power. It was a shocking world which seemed capable of sweeping over anything.

It immediately began to rumble through the air, crashing down toward Meng Hao.

A sensation of deadly crisis surged up inside of Meng Hao. His eyes were bloodshot, and inside, he was sighing. However, in that very instant, the will to fight burned even hotter in his eyes.

"If a sudden onslaught won't work, then... I'll change styles!" Flames danced within Meng Hao's eyes. As the shocking Essence world crushed down toward him, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture, which instantly caused the fluctuations of the League of Demon Sealers to spring up inside him.

"The League of Demon Sealers can seal Greater Demons of Heaven and Earth. I wonder if perhaps... Essences can also be sealed?" Meng Hao's eyes flickered with a strange light as he became more convinced that his idea would work. Without any further hesitation, he performed an incantation gesture and then waved his finger toward the incoming Essence world.

Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao's cultivation base, life force, soul, divine sense, everything that was him flowed into the Demon Sealing Hexing magic which he was unleashing.

That image of a world, which seemed so impossible to fight back against, all of a sudden seemed to slow down. Although no observer would notice this, Meng Hao could sense what was happening. As soon as he unleashed

the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, countless, innumerable strands of light appeared to entangle the Essence world, causing it to falter.

“Its working!” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and even as a look of shock appeared on Lord White’s face, he performed another incantation gesture and then waved his finger again.

Demon Sealing, Seventh Hex!

Demon Sealing, Sixth Hex!

Demon Sealing, Fifth Hex!!

Karma. Life-Death. Inside-Outside. Three Hexing magics all erupted out of Meng Hao, flowing out through his finger. Instantly, the starry sky went silent, and the Essence world experienced a Heaven-shaking, Earth-toppling transformation.

It stopped in place, and was now surrounded by a boundless gray mist, which writhed and seethed as numerous magical symbols appeared on its surface. That was none other than the manifestation of the Life-Death Hexing.

Simultaneously, Karma Threads appeared on the Essence world, spreading out into the void, connecting it to who-knew-how many people. Most of those threads connected it to Lord White, and yet, as of this moment, the Karma Threads were merging together to transform into numerous sealing marks!

This was Karmic Hexing!

Finally, a massive power of expulsion descended from the starry sky onto the Essence world. Suddenly, the Essence world experienced a bizarre transformation. First it increased in size dramatically, then it shrank down, as the power of the Inside-Outside Hex exploded out.

“Impossible!” Lord White cried hoarsely.

Meng Hao had experienced a sudden stroke of inspiration, and now his eyes were shining brightly as his four Hexing magics descended onto the Essence world. It was at this point that the Demon Sealing Jade within his

bag of holding began to speak in its archaic voice after having been silent for so long.

“Demon Sealing Hexing magic can seal the Greater Demons of Heaven and Earth. This is Righteous Bestowal!

“Demon Sealing Hexing magic can seal the magic of all living things. This is the Reproaching Seal!”

Meng Hao’s mind spun as the voice echoed out within him. He then raised his right hand, and his eyes shone mysteriously as he pushed out toward the Essence world.

“Reproaching Seal!” he said.

As soon as the two words left his mouth, a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering sound erupted out, causing the starry sky to tremble. At the same time, an enormous magical symbol appeared, which then shot down onto the Essence World, sealing it!

Sealing the Essences!!

Instantly, the entire Essence world went still, almost as if it had been turned into stone. No ripples emanated from it, and its aura was gone. Lord White, who was hovering not too far off, experienced a backlash, and coughed up a huge mouthful of blood.

“This....” He didn’t recognize the Demon Sealing Hexing magic, but it reminded him of something that had left him with a deep impression long ago, and that was....

“The Dao of Lord Li!!” Lord White’s face flickered as he realized that his connection with his Essence had been severed. Although it wasn’t anything permanent, at the moment, he was completely incapable of unleashing Essence power.

Meng Hao was equally shaken. He looked at the sealed Essence world, and could sense the intense fluctuations of the Demon Sealing Hexing magic inside of him. Gradually, the glow in his eyes grew brighter.

Now, Lord White was looking at Meng Hao, not just with fear, but with

the intense desire to kill him.

“Even without Essence, I can still cut you down!” he said, waving his sleeve. His right hand then shot out toward the starry sky in a clawing motion. Instantly, five rifts were torn open.

“Five Venoms of the Seventh Sea, sow chaos in the skies of the Mountains and Seas, disturb the peace of all living things!” Lord White bit the tip of his tongue and spit out a mouthful of blood. Instantly, it became a blood sea which shot up toward the five rifts and then poured into them. Next, thumping sounds began to emanate out.

Apparently, there were entities inside of those rifts who were breaking through a barrier, attempting to pass through the rifts. With each thump, the starry sky trembled. Suddenly, cracking sounds could be heard as two spindly antennae burst out from within one of the rifts. They were followed by... a vicious bug which scuttled out rapidly. Soon, a 30,000-meter, pitch-black centipede appeared in the starry sky!

As soon as it appeared, it let out a shocking screech which caused all hearts to tremble!

Next, cracking sounds echoed out from the second rift as a crimson-red, three-horned viper popped out, tens of thousands of meters long, its forked tongue flickering, its eyes gleaming coldly. It threw its head back and howled as, all of a sudden, countless eyes appeared all over its body!

Next, cracking sounds could be heard from the third, fourth and fifth rifts, as more creatures emerged. There was an enormous scorpion, surrounded by swirling black mist, and a violet toad as big as a mountain.

Last of all was... a 30,000-meter long lizard with rugged scales that dripped with slime. It was a completely shocking sight!

“Five Venoms, kill this person!” Lord White’s eyes flickered, and the five venomous creatures roared as they charged toward Meng Hao.

Chapter 1299: Know This: The Mountain and Sea Realm is Mine!

As the Five Venoms charged Meng Hao, Lord White backed up and urgently shot toward the Essence world that was frozen in place up above, in an attempt to restore his sealed Essences.

His heart was filled with vigilance; he almost felt as if he were fighting with his hands and feet tied. From the moment he had arrived in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao had interfered with him at every step. He almost felt as if he were being led down a path by his opponent, and had no choice but to follow.

It was a truly humiliating feeling. In the final analysis, the reason things had turned out this way all stemmed back to how Meng Hao had not held back in any way when he had attacked with that spear!

Although Lord White hadn't actually been at risk of being killed by that spear, it had lost him the initiative in the fight!

Right now, Meng Hao's eyes were glittering. He had already paid an enormous price to be able to fight with Lord White, and although he hadn't killed him, he had already forced him to use some of the Mountain and Sea Scripture.

Because Meng Hao held the initiative, he was able to slowly gain an advantage, and had luckily managed to seal his opponent's Essence. Even though it had come at heavy price, and he had suffered serious injuries, it was all worth it!

It was all because he had managed to control the rhythm of the battle this entire time. He had never given his opponent the chance to take the initiative. Therefore... he would definitely not give him the chance to do so right now!

"You want to restore your Essences? What makes you think I'll let you!?" Meng Hao eyed the Five Venoms briefly, but he had no time to deal with them; his target was only Lord White.

“It seems I haven’t been using my Demon Sealing magic as much as I should. I’ve clearly underestimated it.” Eyes flickering, he suddenly slapped his bag of holding, whereupon a roar echoed out. Then, the mastiff appeared in a beam of blood-colored light, flying out in spectacular fashion.

Next came an entire host of blackpod imps.

Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a strange light. Now that he knew his Demon Sealing Hexing magic could seal Essences, he figured he might as well see the result... of using his current cultivation base to perform Righteous Bestowal!

“Righteous Bestowal!” Without any hesitation, he extended his right hand and then pointed out toward the mastiff. Instantly, the ripples of Demon Sealing Hexing magic began to emanate out from inside of him. The mastiff’s body trembled, and then its energy exploded up. It began to grow larger, and its cultivation base power rose up rapidly.

In the blink of an eye, the mastiff actually broke through from the great circle of the Ancient Realm into the Dao Realm!

Back in the Windswept Realm, Meng Hao had helped the mastiff consume the bat spirit. However, in order to help save Meng Hao, the mastiff had interrupted its breakthrough, leaving it stuck in the great circle of the Ancient Realm.

Now, with the aid of Righteous Bestowal, its cultivation base was able to continue to rise. It threw its head back and roared, then charged toward the Five Venoms. Next, Meng Hao looked at the blackpod imps, and unleashed another Righteous Bestowal!

Immediately, the blackpod imps began to transform drastically, allowing Meng Hao to sense a bit of the power of the Mountains and Seas on them. Of course, that was a power that only Meng Hao could detect. No one else, not even a Mountain and Sea Lord, could do so.

Meng Hao was quite shocked. After examining the mastiff a bit closer, he realized that he could sense the aura of the Mountain and Sea Realm surging within it! “So this is how Righteous Bestowal works. I can actually

bestow them with the right to be acknowledged by the Mountain and Sea Realm, and allow them to borrow some of its power!”

The mastiff and the blackpod imps slammed into the Five Venoms; booms immediately began to shake the starry sky as a ferocious battle erupted.

Next, Meng Hao charged toward Lord White!

Lord White’s pupils constricted, especially after seeing Meng Hao use Righteous Bestowal. Sighing, he realized that his plan of distracting Meng Hao with the Five Venoms while he himself unsealed his Essence, was a failure.

Lord White’s expression suddenly turned calm. Sighing deeply, he looked at Meng Hao and said, “There is no enmity between us, we just have differing viewpoints.... Well, it doesn’t matter. You might be strong, but as a Mountain and Sea Lord, I’m above your ability to deal with.... Since you keep trying, though, then... I’ll just help you see the true power of a Mountain and Sea Lord.”

His sigh caused the starry sky to tremble, and sent powerful ripples exploding out from his body. In the blink of an eye, they spread out to fill the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea.

“I am the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea....” he said softly, and suddenly, an illusory image appeared above his head. It was an image of a mountain, and of a sea!

When that image appeared, it emanated a shocking power. Rumbling sounds echoed out, and a mysterious light shone from Lord White’s eyes as he raised his right hand up high, causing an intense burst of the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm to appear!

At the same time, Lord White began to emanate explosive pressure. Cracking sounds could be heard, the starry sky trembled, and the void distorted as the aura of the Mountain and Sea Realm grew ever stronger upon him.

Furthermore, the image of the mountain and the sea above him grew

clearer and clearer.

As that happened, the starry sky of the Seventh Mountain and Sea seemed to drain, the void there grew dark, and life force was even sucked out of the heavenly bodies. Fissures spread out on the Seventh Mountain, as though the life were being extracted from it.

In the Seventh Sea, the sea beasts were trembling as their bodies visibly withered, and the sea itself began to dry up as its power and life force, the foundation of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, were pulled away... to Lord White!

A Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering white light began to shine off of him, a boundless glow that radiated throughout the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and instantly caught the attention of the other Mountain and Sea Lords within the Realm.

Lord White seemed immeasurably large, and the image of the mountain and sea above his head was now completely crystal clear. Looking at Meng Hao, he pointed his finger and said, "You're strong, but in the end... you're just an ordinary cultivator. I have transcended the identity of a cultivator, and have come to wield the power of one of the nine great Mountains and Seas. I... am the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

"In the Mountain and Sea Realm, no one can stand up to a Mountain and Sea Lord. I am the one who decides who lives and who dies.

"I call upon the power of the Mountains and Seas to crush you!"

As his voice echoed out, the aura of the Mountain and Sea Realm seethed around him, transforming into a white sun, which radiated indescribable pressure as it shot toward Meng Hao.

It was the type of attack that could not be sidestepped. It was backed by the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm, guided by the will of one of the great powers in the nine Mountains and Seas, the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

Lord White sighed softly. "For various personal reasons, I don't wish to waste any more of the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm than this.

After all, I have existed in this Realm... for many, many years.

“Since you are dying at the hand of the Mountain and Sea Realm, you can at least die without any regrets.” With that, Lord White waved his sleeve, causing the pressure of the Mountain and Sea Realm to increase dramatically.

Meng Hao looked at Lord White. “The Mountain and Sea Realm...?”

He laughed, and his eyes began to shine. Actually, his main strategy for this fight had two parts. The first part had been the spear gambit. After that, he had simply been waiting for his opponent... to draw upon the power of the Mountains and Seas.

“You want to use Mountain and Sea power in my presence?” Meng Hao waved his right hand, and suddenly, boundless amounts of Mountain and Sea power erupted out from within him. Immediately, Meng Hao’s aura began to rise dramatically.

Lord White gaped in shock, his eyes wide with disbelief.

“This....”

He had never, ever seen anyone other than a Mountain and Sea Lord unleash such a shocking amount of Mountain and Sea power. Furthermore, Meng Hao was clearly not a Mountain and Sea Lord. As such, Lord White’s heart began to pound, and his face fell.

Meng Hao’s eyes flashed as he continued, “You say you’re the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, but do you know who the entire Mountain and Sea Realm belongs to?”

Even as the words left his mouth, rumbling sounds echoed out as, shockingly... nine mountains appeared above his head!!

In addition to the nine mountains, there were also nine seas!

Nine Mountains! Nine Seas!

Although they were blurry and illusory, and far from the clear image of the mountain and sea above Lord White’s head, the instant they appeared they caused the entire starry sky, the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, to

rumble.

An intense pressure suddenly sprang out from Meng Hao.

Lord White's face completely fell yet again, and he began to tremble. Without even thinking about it, he immediately began to back up, his heart battered by waves of intense shock. Eyes wide with disbelief, he said, "That's... that's.... Impossible! You're... you're actually the...."

Lord White's mind was reeling. Considering his level of willpower, there were few things that could ever strike him speechless. But now, he was more shaken than he had ever been.

"This is MY Mountain and Sea Realm," Meng Hao said coolly, reaching out his hand and making a grasping motion toward Lord White.

That grasping motion caused massive rumbling to echo out in Heaven and Earth. The starry sky shook violently as the power of the Mountains and Seas exploded out of Meng Hao. Powerful pressure surged toward Lord White, and an intense sensation of deadly crisis erupted within him. Without any hesitation, he bit his tongue and spat out a mouthful of blood. Then he threw his head back and let out a bitter howl.

"Seventh Mountain and Sea!" Instantly, the power of the Seventh Mountain and Sea erupted out. The Seventh Sea grew dry, and the Seventh Mountain shook. The starry sky of the Seventh Mountain and Sea was on the verge of shattering, as even more Mountain and Sea power converged and shot toward Meng Hao.

In the celestial pond atop the Seventh Mountain, the Xuanwu turtle let out a bitter howl, a howl filled with pain and madness. Lord White used the increased amount of Mountain and Sea power to form another white sun, which clearly surpassed the level of power of any of the previous attacks he had used against Meng Hao during the battle.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLL....

The starry sky fractured into pieces, and a massive boom filled the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea. Blood sprayed out of Lord White's mouth, and his body was sent spinning backward. His clothes were torn, and more

blood sprayed out of his mouth before he finally came to a stop over a thousand meters away, looking completely bedraggled. When he looked up, his eyes shone with intense killing intent.

What he saw was Meng Hao, coughing up blood, also falling backward by hundreds and hundreds of meters. There was now nearly 3,000 meters between the two of them, and both of them saw the intensely murderous expressions in each others eyes.

RUMBLE!

Both of them flew forward in attack, unleashing a chaotic storm of divine abilities and magical techniques.

More intense booms rocked the Eighth Mountain and Sea as, in the following moments, they exchanged thousands of volleys. Each attack caused the starry sky to dim, and yet, they held nothing back.

Chapter 1300: A Projection of Dao Fang!

RUMBLE!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as Lord White's divine abilities merged with each other and slammed into him. He had no choice but to fall back, his injuries worsening. By now, it was clear that his Eternal stratum's regenerative power could not match the magnitude of his injuries.

As for Lord White, he had his Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation, which was truly a mighty asset. In fact, to Meng Hao's consternation, it ensured that even though Lord White was in a difficult situation, he still was not at the end of the line.

Killing intent swirled in Lord White's eyes, but secretly, he was shocked and even terrified. His mind had been racing after everything he had just seen, and he had actually been able to put the pieces of the puzzle together and thus... identify who Meng Hao really was.

"Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm! The one and only Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm.... If I can kill him, it will certainly be a huge detriment to the Mountain and Sea Realm. That would definitely count as an incredible meritorious service! I'll receive incredible rewards!" The killing intent in his eyes grew even stronger. As soon as his attack had battered Meng Hao away, he suddenly raised his hand.

"Mountain and Sea Scripture!" he roared. Instantly, the ancient Mountain and Sea Scripture was projected behind him, radiating a mysterious light. Lord White suddenly clenched his hand into a fist, and then opened it.

"The Mountains have three Daos. First Dao, Man-Mountain!" Lord White performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing the aura of the Mountain and Sea Scripture radiating from him to surge. When the words 'man' and 'mountain' left his mouth, his speed increased by an indescribable level, and he shot forward to appear directly in front of Meng Hao. Then he raised his hands up and shoved them forward.

That motion caused his body to transform into a mountain. His cultivation base surged, and a Heaven-destroying, Earth-extinguishing power slammed into Meng Hao.

Meng Hao didn't even have a chance to dodge. Rumbling sounds echoed out, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. His chest caved in, and even as he shot backwards, a bloody gleam appeared in Lord White's eyes.

"Second Dao, Earth-Mountain!" With that, he vanished again, to reappear beneath Meng Hao. There, he transformed into an even more majestic mountain, which instantly shot upward toward Meng Hao!

His speed was so great that Meng Hao was yet again incapable of evading. The mountain slammed into him, shattering his bones and sending blood spraying out of his mouth. His life force weakened, and despite the fact that he wanted to either dodge or defend himself, he simply couldn't.

"Third Dao, Heaven-Mountain!" The instant his voice rang out, he appeared up above Meng Hao as a mountain even more enormous and shocking than the previous two!

Then, he crushed down onto Meng Hao!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

Blood sprayed from Meng Hao's mouth. His cultivation base was crushed, and his fleshly body was on the verge of falling apart. Even as the Heaven-Mountain faded away, Meng Hao tumbled backwards like a kite with its string cut.

Lord White's eyes widened. "Still not dead!?!?"

The three Mountain Daos were peak Daoist magics of the Mountain and Sea Scripture. He rarely used them and, when he did, it always resulted in the death of his opponent.

But clearly, Meng Hao, despite being seriously injured, was not dead. This caused Lord White to frown, and his killing intent to rise.

However, things weren't much better for Lord White, and blood was

currently oozing out of his mouth. The Mountains and Seas' Three Daos and Three Magics were actually extremely difficult for him to control. "The Seas have three magics...."

Meng Hao was alarmed as he struggled to stay on his feet, and he immediately consumed some medicinal pills. His Eternal stratum was on the verge of being depleted, and his injuries were so severe that his organs were all shattered. In fact, his bones were only being kept from collapsing into fragments by sheer force of willpower. Whether it was his fleshly body or his cultivation base, Lord White's three attacks had virtually annihilated him.

Those three mountains left him in complete astonishment. He had never seen Daoist magics so shocking, and although they seemed relatively simple, their deadly attack power was beyond belief.

"So that's the Mountain and Sea Scripture, huh...?" he thought, panting. Then, he realized that apparently Lord White was about to unleash some other, similar Daoist magic. Shaken, he took advantage of this time when his opponent was preparing his next attack to suddenly walk in a very strange fashion.

Then, a brutal gleam appeared in his eyes as he murmured, "Withering Flame!"

Instantly, his body began to wither, as if he were burning his blood, transforming it into a flame that then raged outside of his body.

It was at this point that Lord White, eyes flickering with intense killing intent, unleashed his magical technique.

"First magic, Commoner's Magic. The Commoner's lot is his body, exterminate the body to exterminate the magic!" Lord White extended his hand and pointed his finger at Meng Hao. Instantly, the illusory ancient book behind him began to vibrate, and then, suddenly, Lord White actually vanished. When he reappeared, he was right in front of Meng Hao, towards whom he reached out with his finger.

That finger contained a bizarre magic, and Meng Hao sensed that if it touched him, his body would be broken and exterminated!

However, just before the finger touched him, Meng Hao's bizarre walking method suddenly caused the Dao of Time to be unleashed, and by the narrowest margin, he walked past Lord White, avoiding his finger attack. At the same time, a bizarre gleam appeared in Meng Hao's eyes.

"Demon Magic!" As soon as the words left his mouth, he began to emanate strange fluctuations, which merged with the flames, causing a stream of qi to fly out that rapidly formed a vortex.

Within that vortex, it was just possible to hear the sound of a beating heart that shook Heaven and Earth.

"Second magic, the Minister's Magic. The Minister inherits the bloodline, exterminate the blood to exterminate the body!" Roaring, Lord White waved his finger again, this time moving even faster. If this finger attack landed, then he would definitely destroy Meng Hao's blood.

However, in the moment before it landed, Meng Hao's shocking time-walking technique once again enabled him to barely avoid the danger. Lord White's face darkened, and he turned around to unleash the third magic!

"Third magic, the Emperor's Magic. Everything under Heaven belongs to the Emperor; where his words reach, the Emperor's Magic is boundless!!" As he spoke, he unleashed the third finger attack, and instantly, his finger tapped down onto Meng Hao's forehead!

It was as if this moment... had been fated to occur from the beginning!

A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and in the instant that the finger tapped onto his forehead, he spat, "True Self Dao!"

As the words were spoken, a blurry image appeared behind him that looked exactly like him in every respect!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

A massive boom rang out as the Emperor's Magic caused the non-illusory version of Meng Hao to be instantly killed. First his soul was destroyed, then his blood withered away, and finally his body collapsed into a pile of mangled gore.

As for the illusory version, it rapidly backed up.

At the same time, a strange gleam appeared in Lord White's eyes. Performing an incantation gesture, he spread his arms wide.

"Star-Chain Eight Soulbanes, cut off the path of all souls being reborn!" As soon as the words left his mouth, eight beams of red light shot up into the air, transforming into eight chains of blood which completely locked down the entire area. In the blink of an eye, rumbling filled the air as the entire starry sky was locked down!

Within that area, the chains cut off everything. They exploded with the intensity of rumbling lightning and shot toward the illusory image of Meng Hao.

"Even if you have a rebirth magic that lets you send out a bit of your soul at a critical moment, you have been fated to die this day. My Eight Soulbanes is specifically designed to cut off the path of unattached souls. Your soul body will now be transformed into ash!" Lord White was nearly purple from the effort it took to unleash the Mountain and Sea Scripture. The Three Daos and Three Magics of the Mountains and Seas were enormously powerful, and were incredibly high level techniques. In fact, rumor had it that they were collectively a Paragon magic, which meant that even Lord White was not qualified to unleash them easily. Every time he did, he had to pay an enormous price.

A boom rang out as the eight chains of blood, bursting with the power of soul-extermination, landed on the illusory version of Meng Hao. However, they ended up passing right through him without hurting him in the least.

This scene caused Lord White to stare in complete shock.

"That's not a soul body?"

Even as Lord White's face fell, that illusory figure suddenly turned completely clear. It was actually the real Meng Hao!

Both in terms of his facial features and his physical frame, he looked exactly like the person Lord White had just killed. However, this was no soul body, but rather, a genuine fleshly body, though it seemed somewhat

gaunt, as if it had lost a lot of qi and blood!

Because it was a fleshly body, the Eight Soulbanes were completely useless against it!

That was because, in the moment before death, Meng Hao was well aware that he could not do any more to fight back against the Three Daos and Three Magics of the Mountain and Sea Scripture. Therefore, he chose to use another method, something that would have a similar effect as the Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation. And that was none other than the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao!

He simply... created a body substitution!

In the critical moment, he used some of his own qi and blood, along with the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao, to create a clone, a clone which could stand in his place to die!

"Dammit!!" Lord White's face fell, and he had to force himself to not cough up a mouthful of blood. The level of anger and frustration inside of him was impossible to describe. He had just paid an enormous price to unleash the Mountain and Sea Scripture's Three Daos and Three Magics. In terms of his longevity and the state of his body, both were a far cry from what they had been before.

He had been absolutely certain that Meng Hao was already dead, and had even unleashed his Eight Soulbanes. How could he ever have imagined that Meng Hao would have a body substitution magic!?

Now he was experiencing the same thing as Meng Hao had earlier when he had gone all out, regardless of the price, to make his killing move with the spear, only to be defeated by the Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation.

"This kid has GOT to die!" Lord White growled, glaring at Meng Hao. Gritting his teeth, he threw his hands up toward the starry sky, and a strange light gleamed in his eyes.

"Star-Chain Eight Soulbanes, lock down the starry sky. Oh great Dao Fang, please descend to help me... destroy everything!" As soon as the words left his mouth, the locked down section of the starry sky suddenly

shuddered. Next, a roar of rage echoed out from within the void as an enormous figure suddenly appeared behind Lord White.

It was an enormous monkey holding a huge staff in its hand. Its eyes were crimson, and as soon as it looked over, Meng Hao's mind reeled with shock.

He had seen this figure before!!

An unsightly expression appeared on his face. He had managed to escape the deadly situation moments ago, but he had now lost the initiative. He was seriously injured, so badly that every move he made caused his entire body to teeter on the verge of collapsing.

As soon as he saw the image of that monkey, he instantly knew who it was. It was... Dao Fang!

Dao Fang, who had suppressed the Essence of Divine Flame!

However, as soon as the image of Dao Fang appeared, the Essence of Divine Flame inside of Meng Hao suddenly erupted beyond his control. It flowed out from him, spreading out to fill the area, with him at the center, creating an entire world of flame.

Gradually, within that sea of flames, a shocking will converged.

"Dao Fang must die!!" roared a voice filled with rage, enmity, and madness. At the same time, the Divine Flame began to form into a person.

It was a middle-aged man, wearing a set of flame armor, who was roaring at the image of the monkey.

Chapter 1301: Victory!

Meng Hao didn't know this man formed from the Essence of Divine Flame. However, there was something very familiar about him, and then Meng Hao recalled some of the things that had occurred in the land of Divine Flame.

The enormous eye there had been surrounded by raging fire, as if it had been the soul of the sea of flames.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, as he came to the conclusion that this man was most likely... the same man whose enormous eye existed in the world of Divine Flame.

He was the same almighty expert from ancient times who had been imprisoned on Planet South Heaven in the Ninth Mountain and Sea by... Dao Fang!

In the same moment that this man appeared, back in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, beneath the surface of Planet South Heaven, the world of Divine Flame quaked as all of the Divine Flame there erupted out, setting the entire world aflame.

The enraged roaring there was echoed in the Eighth Mountain and Sea by the man standing in front of Meng Hao, forming a resonance.

"Dao Fang, you must die!!", the man howled. It was as if the obsession which fueled this man's soul could never be eradicated. The projection of Dao Fang which had been summoned by Lord White began to tremble with both rage and enmity as he took a step forward. The sea of flames rumbled and churned as the man therein waved his hand, causing crashing flames to surge out like waves across the sea, directly toward... the projection of Dao Fang.

Meng Hao's mind was reeling, and as he narrowed his eyes, they began to glow with brilliant light. Off in the distance, Lord White was completely shocked. No matter how he considered the matter, he would never have imagined that the stream of Dao Fang's divine will would not instantly eradicate Meng Hao, but also... that Meng Hao would have an astonishing

soul hidden on him!

Both that soul and Dao Fang exploded with astonishing energy that was not the energy of a Dao Sovereign, but actually exceeded that! It was... the energy of a Paragon!

RUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

A massive eruption of sound shook the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea. The eyes of Dao Fang's projection glowed with a strange light as he strode forward, brandishing that gigantic staff and then smashing it down toward the middle-aged man.

The man roared, eyes flashing with enmity as he performed a double-handed incantation gesture and then raised his hands up into the air, summoning a massive flame head, which grinned as ferociously as an evil spirit. With an unyielding roar and unmatched madness, it shot forward in an attack that contained tens of thousands of years of hatred.

When they slammed into each other, the entire starry sky shook, and a massive shock wave swept out in all directions. When it hit Meng Hao, blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he staggered backward. As for Lord White, he was also seriously injured, and coughed up blood as he was shoved away.

However, even as they both fell back, even as the man in the flames began to fight with Dao Fang, both Meng Hao and Lord White ground to a halt and then instantly charged toward each other.

Their battle was not over. Despite the fact that both of them were like oil lamps on the verge of flickering out, even though both of them were seriously injured... they would still fight!

RUMBLE!

As they closed in on each other, the glow of magical techniques rose up, and the ripples of divine abilities spread out. The power of the Mountains and Seas was unleashed by both sides, and they even collided physically. In an instant, they exchanged thousands of volleys.

Their injuries worsened, and both of them were coughing up mouthfuls

of blood. The bloody wounds which covered their bodies were a sight to see; not even the Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation that Lord White possessed could keep up.

After a moment, echoing booms rang out as the two of them fell back. They were spattered with blood, and their faces were twisted into vicious expressions. Lord White was gritting his teeth, and from the look in his eyes, he was throwing caution to the wind. He had already used virtually every technique and method he could think of, but was unable to take down Meng Hao. In fact, it was even possible to say that Meng Hao was... the most powerful opponent he had fought in his entire life!

"On this day, you will die!" he roared, hair flying about in disarray. He suddenly made a grasping motion, summoning nine pitch-black swords!

As soon as the nine black swords appeared, they began to emanate intense, acrid fumes. At the same time, countless vengeful ghosts began to swirl around them, letting out inaudible screams.

"With life comes death, with death comes life! Curse power can kill with a word, and its highest level is... Death Curse Magic!" Lord White's eyes gleamed with madness. As far as he was concerned, this Death Curse Magic was even more terrifying than the Three Daos and Three Magics of the Mountain and Sea Scripture. In fact, the Death Curse was something that even he, the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, had only unleashed once before in his entire life.

That was when he had become a Mountain and Sea Lord. In that battle royale, he had used this magic in a critical moment to secure victory. However, the price he paid... was that from that moment on, his cultivation base was eternally stuck at the 5-Essences level. Any progress beyond that would be extremely difficult.

Right now, he was using the curse magic a second time!

He didn't hesitate at all; changing his mind was something that he would never tolerate. The madness in his eyes grew more intense as he waved his hand; a droning sound then filled the air as one of the nine black swords shot toward him and stabbed him in the chest!

When the sword stabbed into him, Lord White let out an intense roar. At the same time, his divine sense erupted out explosively. Next, a second sword, a third sword, a fourth, and a fifth sword all stabbed into him one after another, one for each of his limbs. At this point, Lord White's divine sense was raging upward nonstop, to the point where even Meng Hao was shocked.

As of this moment, Lord White's divine sense was close to thirty percent that of a Paragon!

Things weren't over though. The sixth sword, seventh sword... and finally the eighth and ninth swords all stabbed into Lord White. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and his flesh was a mangled mass of gore. Blood began to ooze out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and yet, his divine sense had reached a pinnacle; it was now at fifty percent of that of a Paragon!

The terrifying divine sense erupted out, shaking the starry sky. At the same time, Lord White's face twisted in an insane smile as he looked at Meng Hao and then said, "Death Curse!"

Instantly, his divine sense exploded out, materializing into an astonishing curse, a complex, pitch-black magical sealing symbol which shot toward Meng Hao. The curse power's foundation was divine sense, so the stronger the divine sense was, the stronger the curse would be.

And now, Lord White, in exchange for being stabbed through by the nine black swords, had increased his divine sense to the equivalent of fifty percent of a Paragon's divine sense. Because of that, to those at the 5-Essences level, this Death Curse... was invincible!

Intense rumbling echoed out as it closed in on the grim-faced Meng Hao, whose eyes shone with a strange light. As the curse neared him, he took a deep breath and then... erupted with divine sense!

RUMBLE!

Meng Hao's divine sense swept out across Heaven and Earth with mad intensity.

RUMMMMBLLE!

He instantly went all out, fighting back with his own divine sense, which was at forty percent of the level of a Paragon.

RUUUUUUMMBLLE!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and oozed out of his eyes, ears, and nose. He was shaking violently, and yet, his divine sense still managed to hold up against the Death Curse. Off in the distance, Lord White coughed up a huge mouthful of blood, and his eyes filled with disbelief. He could sense how strong Meng Hao's divine sense was; it was clearly powerful enough that it could resist his Death Curse!

"This is impossible!" he cried. Unable to believe what was happening, he threw his head back and roared. The Death Curse Magic was not something he could sustain for very long, and if it didn't hit its target, the resulting backlash was something he wouldn't be able to endure.

It was in this very moment that, atop the Eighth Mountain, Meng Hao's grandfather, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, was shaking violently. The battle between Meng Hao and the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea was acting as an enormous catalyst to him!

In fact, his aura was now radiating off of the Eighth Mountain with increasing intensity.

However, Lord White was too preoccupied to notice that. As the saying goes, once you start riding a tiger, it's not easy to get off. He began to laugh maniacally, then took a deep breath and performed a double-handed incantation gesture, after which he slapped his own forehead.

"Mass Cloning! Focus the Joss Flame power of the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, utilize it to... transform!" As Lord White's voice echoed out like thunder, a ghost image suddenly sprang up as he transformed from one person into two. Those two became four, and then eight, and then sixteen....

Meng Hao's pupils constricted as Lord White rapidly created more than a hundred clones, each one of which emanated terrifying ripples and

then... all began to self-detonate.

The power of those self-detonations bolstered the Death Curse Magic. Lord White's divine sense grew even more powerful, resulting in the magical sealing symbol growing rapidly larger and even more pitch black.

"DIE!" roared all of the collapsing versions of Lord White, clone and true self alike.

However, in the moment that the Death Curse Magic crushed Meng Hao's divine sense and was just about to land on him, he closed his eyes.

"The Dao is in My Heart. The Will is in My Eyes...

"I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas... Seal the Heavens Incantation!" In the critical moment of this decisive battle, in the last insane attack, Meng Hao unleashed his Seal the Heavens Incantation!

The power of the Mountains and Seas rumbled down, and the will of the Mountains and Seas merged with Meng Hao's divine sense. The starry sky then erupted with power, with Meng Hao as the center of it all!

The starry sky collapsed and the void shattered. The Eighth Mountain and Sea shuddered, and the incoming Death Curse Magic was suddenly beaten back. Fissures spread out across the surface of the pitch black magical symbol, until finally, the combined power of the Seal the Heavens Incantation and Meng Hao's divine sense caused it to shatter. Cracking sounds rang out as it exploded into countless pieces!

BOOM!

The Death Curse Magic collapsed into numerous magical symbol fragments which swept out towards Lord White, instantly piercing into him.

Lord White let out a miserable shriek as the backlash power instantly withered him. Vast quantities of his blood were evaporated, and the shadow of death instantly enveloped his mind. However, there was nothing he could do to fight back; in fact, he could hardly even struggle.

"No, I am Lord White, I am the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, I

can't die here....” Even in that moment, however, his body began to collapse, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

As of this moment, Meng Hao knew that he had secured victory. Coughing up a mouthful of blood, his consciousness began to fade. The victory he had just won had been a very, very difficult one!

Chapter 1302: Critical Juncture....

It was a heavy price to pay, and despite how strong Meng Hao was, he still ended up being seriously injured. His consciousness was fading, and blood oozed out everywhere. Just when he was about to move to consume Lord White's Mountain and Sea Incantation, his mind reeled, and he turned to look at Lord White.

In that moment, Lord White was collapsing, hovering on the verge of death. However, an aura that was not of the Mountain and Sea Realm suddenly emanated out from him. It only lasted for a moment, but it managed to propel Lord White toward the rift that connected the Seventh Mountain and Sea with the Eighth. In the blink of an eye, he was on the verge of entering the rift.

Things had been going hazy for Meng Hao, but now he forced his head to clear. Without the slightest hesitation, he then took a step toward Lord White; he absolutely could not allow him to escape!

This had been a bitter battle, and Meng Hao was well aware that the victory he had eked out had come by chance, and definitely had not been a certainty from the outset. If the two of them fought again, he was not convinced he would be able to win again.

As Lord White neared the rift, killing intent boiled in Meng Hao's eyes. He then stretched his right hand out toward Lord White and made a grasping motion.

It was none other than the Star Plucking Magic!

He was using the absolute last scrap of energy that he had left to unleash this magic. Rumbling could be heard as Lord White suddenly began to tremble. He was already half-covered with fissures as Meng Hao latched onto him and began to drag him back.

It was in that moment that the shattered and bleeding Lord White suddenly opened his eyes, within which could not be seen even a trace of madness or despair. In fact, they were icy cold to the point where... they shone with merciless clarity.

Apparently, everything he had just done had been an act. His true intent had been to wait for Meng Hao to get so close that he couldn't evade the next attack.

"In the end... you're still just a bit too immature," Lord White said quietly. As of this moment, the feeling he gave off, both in terms of his energy and his words, were completely different from moments ago. He was not possessed. No... this was the true him!

The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea!

His eyes were icy cold as he extended his right hand and performed an incantation gesture. Then he grabbed out in Meng Hao's direction, causing the starry sky to tremble as an indescribable, shocking power erupted out.

Despite his complete calm, blood sprayed out of his mouth, and his face went ashen. Perhaps he had been keeping the true nature of his personality hidden beneath the guise of insanity, but as for his injuries... they were very real. He had been seriously injured almost to the breaking point, and this attack was powered by the last bit of power he had.

He only had enough energy to make this one final attack. However, the way he had lured Meng Hao in, and his intense desire to kill him, showed how profoundly sinister Lord White was, and how adept he was at scheming!

He might be on the verge of lapsing into unconsciousness, and he might have run almost completely out of energy, but he could still eke out a victory in the end!

Meng Hao's face fell, and bitterness welled up in his heart as his Star Plucking Magic was destroyed by Lord White's grasping attack. Blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth, and his vision swam. He had no power to fight back, and as the attack closed in and became clearer, an unyielding gleam appeared within Meng Hao's eyes.

However, all of a sudden, a loud squawk echoed out from within Meng Hao's bag of holding. At this critical juncture, a multi-colored beam of light suddenly flew out, which was none other than... Lord Fifth!

Lord Fifth looked extremely pleased, and even let out a domineering squawk.

“Every time there’s a critical moment, Lord Fifth takes the field to turn the tables!” the parrot howled, flapping its wings. “Hahaha! Lord Fifth has a fever, and there’s only one cure! I’ve been waiting for this day for a very, very long time.” All of a sudden, the Demonic cultivators from the Ninth Sea popped out.

It was a grand scene as they settled into formation... and prepared to sing.

“Come, come, sing together with Lord Fifth!”

The parrot’s shrill voice echoed out in all directions, as did the completely shocking seafood song.

“I’m a seafood dish, I’m a seafood dish....”

As the seafood song echoed out, indescribable ripples appeared, which shot in the direction of Lord White’s attack. When they slammed into each other, Lord White’s attack shattered, transforming into infinite motes of light which slowly dissipated. It was at this point that the seafood song began to reach a climax.

“... I was a bad kid when I was young, I’m a little seafood dish! Lalalalala! Seafood dish. Dobedobedoooo. Little seafood dish! Hey you, in the white robe, come, come, sing along with Lord Fifth!” Suddenly, the parrot flapped its wings, looking almost infatuated. Within the rift, Lord White’s eyes went wide, and he stared in complete and utter shock, his mind becoming a complete blank.

As the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, he held a position of supreme respect. He had assumed there was nothing he hadn’t seen in his life... but he had never seen a parrot like this, who left him feeling completely overwhelmed. Then he heard singing that was so horrible it was impossible to even describe.

Even more astonishing was that after the parrot spoke, and as the singing echoed out, Lord White almost couldn’t stop himself from joining

in to sing along. It was a sensation that left him feeling as though his head would explode.

Before he could do anything, the ripples caused by the singing rumbled into the rift, inundating Lord White. He suddenly shivered, and then opened his mouth and began to sing.

“I’m your little, dear little seafood dish.... AAAAGGHHHHHH!!” Lord White only sang half a verse before he began to scream miserably. His eyes were wide with fear as he realized that his wounds were too serious, and he was beginning to lose consciousness. At this point, he knew that he would not be able to kill Meng Hao, so he gritted his teeth, causing that same aura from before to erupt out, the power that was not of the Mountain and Sea Realm. It wrapped him up and then dragged him into the rift.

Even as he vanished, he shouted out one more time in rage, “I’ll be back!!”

“Hey!” the parrot said, glaring. “Why are you leaving? Fudge, can’t you give Lord Fifth some face?” The parrot’s heart was actually thumping in complete fear, and now that Lord White was fleeing, it secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

Letting out another angry squawk, it put the seafood dishes away and then puffed out its chest and looked back at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s aura was already recovering, but he was still incredibly weak. Looking at the parrot, he chuckled, then glanced back at the rift, eyes flickering murderously.

It had been a difficult battle, even more difficult than Meng Hao could have anticipated. Although it seemed like he and the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea were evenly matched, Meng Hao knew that he was weaker by just a bit.

“I couldn’t quite kill him....” he thought, sighing. He had gone all out with every bit of power that he could, and right now, his face sank with that realization. However, his eyes continued to flicker with cold killing intent.

He knew that Lord White was also seriously injured, and that it would take him some time to recover. When he did, he would return to the Eighth Mountain and Sea, whereupon their battle would continue.

Unfortunately, Meng Hao was not convinced that he would be able to come out on top next time.

A sense of crisis began to well up inside him, and he suddenly looked off into the distance, eyes glittering.

“When I used the Demon Sealing Hexing magic, Lord White blurted something about the Dao of Lord Li....

“I need to get my hands on the legacy of Lord Li as soon as possible. Only then will I be able to get a bit stronger before Lord White returns. Only then... will I be able to cut him down!”

A while back when he had been igniting his Soul Lamps, his divine sense had spread out explosively, filling the Eighth Mountain and Sea. At that time, he had caught sight... of Patriarch Reliance!

He took a step, and was off in the distance. Although his mind was a bit foggy, he forced himself to hang on, and let none of that state show on the outside. Inwardly, his defeated Eternal stratum was slowly awakening again.

“A month,” he murmured. “I need a month before I’ll recover fully.” He frowned as he realized that although he needed a month, Lord White would surely recover more quickly than that.

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The Eighth Mountain and Sea had already begun to rejoice. Although people weren’t able to actually see the battlefield, they could sense that the pressure from the Seventh Mountain and Sea had vanished from the starry sky.

As that happened, the Seventh Mountain and Sea’s cultivators’ faces went ashen, and their expressions were that of horror. Although they didn’t want to believe it, there was only one explanation for the reason why the aura of their Mountain and Sea Lord had vanished.

Their Mountain and Sea Lord... had been defeated in battle!

It didn't take long for that realization to sweep across the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Their morale instantly dropped, and their fighting spirit plummeted.

Contrariwise, the Eighth Mountain and Sea cultivators were bursting with power and excitement. Roaring, they went on the offensive, and instantly, fierce fighting broke out. This time, the ones to be beaten back over and over were not the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, but rather, the Seventh!

Booms echoed out as the fighting once again resumed!

On the Eighth Mountain, Meng Hao's grandfather, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, was no longer trembling, but was calm. Apparently, his eyes were on the very verge of opening....

Meng Hao sped away. The red-haired old man and the other nearby hundreds of thousands of cultivators had long since backed up to an even further vantage point. The shocking battle they had witnessed left them trembling, and they simply watched as Meng Hao left.

They could sense that he was weak, but none of them dared to try to test him out....

Not even the red-haired old man had the courage to do so. He wouldn't attack Meng Hao unless his injuries were even worse than they were, or perhaps he was unconscious.

As Meng Hao left, he breathed a sigh of relief.

After reaching a point some distance away, where no one could see him, he stopped, blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth. He quickly consumed some medicinal pills, then closed his eyes and rotated his cultivation base.

In the same moment that Meng Hao closed his eyes, an intense sensation of deadly crisis suddenly welled up in him. He turned his head to see a young man stepping out of thin air.

As soon as he recognized who the young man was, Meng Hao's eyes gleamed with an intense light.

The young man looked excited, but kept his distance. When he realized he had been spotted, he clasped hands and bowed.

"Brother Meng, at long last we meet again. Thank you for giving me this chance. I've been waiting a very, very long time for this. I never imagined that in such a short period of time, you would... become so strong!!"

This newcomer was none other than... Ji Dongyang!

Chapter 1303: Possessing and Consuming!

“Should I call you Ji Dongyang, or should I call you... the Ji Clan Patriarch?!” As Meng Hao looked at Ji Dongyang, his eyes narrowed, and his heart filled with vigilance. The sensation of deadly crisis continued to grow, to an extent that it was even clearer than when he had been fighting Lord White.

After all, Meng Hao was now at his absolute weakest, and the fact that Ji Dongyang was making his appearance right now proved one thing: he had been waiting and watching for quite some time. It would have been impossible for him to come across an opportunity like this based on chance alone.

One thing that led Meng Hao to suspect Ji Dongyang’s true identity was how he had been able to follow him and spy on him for such an extended period of time without being detected. Therefore, Meng Hao had given voice to his guess as to who this person really was.

Furthermore, Ji Dongyang had slipped up and revealed a bit of vital information, perhaps because of his excitement at finally gaining the opportunity he had been waiting for. If he knew the truth, that Meng Hao had guessed who he really was based on a single sentence, he would be completely flabbergasted.

Ji Dongyang gaped for a moment, then chuckled and realized it didn’t matter that Meng Hao knew who he was.

“Nowadays I prefer to go by Ji Dongyang, but in the past I was known as... Ji Tian!”

The instant the words left Ji Dongyang’s mouth, Meng Hao’s pupils constricted. Ji Tian was none other than the Ji Clan Patriarch, a powerful expert from the same era as the first generation Patriarch of the Fang Clan. In the struggle for the Lordship of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, he had come out on top.

“There’s no need to try to buy time to heal. Your injuries are too serious to recover from in a short period of time. Even I would have to worry

about Lord White, considering the level of his battle prowess. In fact, if I fought him, I would definitely lose.

“As for you, you’ve made me very, very happy....

“Deciding that you would be my ninth life was definitely the best choice I could have made.... Come now, Meng Hao, become one with me. Become my ninth life. Then I will restore things to how they once were, taking the Ninth Mountain and Sea to fight back against the 33 Heavens and to resist their return.

“Sacrifice yourself, and you will help not just me, but the entire Mountain and Sea Realm! I can even promise you that I will take good care of the Fang Clan....

“Everything that is yours... will be mine.” Ji Dongyang laughed heartily, and his eyes sparkled. However, he still didn’t get close to Meng Hao. The battle he had just witnessed from a distance had left him completely shocked.

Meng Hao’s face was very grim, but he didn’t respond. He merely hovered in place, looking coldly at Ji Dongyang.

Meng Hao didn’t move, nor did Ji Dongyang do anything rash. They stared at each other for about ten breaths of time, after which Ji Dongyang frowned, then suddenly took three steps toward Meng Hao.

As those three steps fell, Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with killing intent, and he began to stride toward Ji Dongyang. That sudden movement caused Ji Dongyang’s heart to tremble with surprise, and without even thinking about it, he fell back.

However, in the moment that he retreated, Meng Hao suddenly did the same thing, and in the blink of an eye, was far off in the distance.

Ji Dongyang’s eyes flickered coldly, and he gave chase, sighing inwardly with relief. As he closed in, he extended his right hand, performed an incantation gesture, and pointed out. Instantly, a black stream of light shot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao also sighed inwardly. He knew that dealing with Ji Dongyang

would be difficult; for him to have reached the level he had indicated that he was the type of person who tested the waters before making a move. Obviously, he was an extremely cautious person.

Furthermore, Meng Hao was not in a position to be wasting energy. His injuries were very serious, and he had only just begun to recover. Frowning, his eyes flickered as he waved his hand toward the black beam of light, shattering it.

A boom echoed out, and the backlash caused blood to ooze out of his mouth. Behind him, Ji Dongyang laughed softly.

“Brother Meng, don’t be so anxious. We still have plenty of time left. Your injuries are severe, and I’m patient. I’ll just wait until you can’t hold out any longer and pass out.

“Of course, you can always turn and fight if you want. I can guarantee that... before you manage to kill me, you’ll lose consciousness. So you should really consider... whether or not you want to fight me.” Ji Dongyang’s eyes glittered as he looked at Meng Hao for a moment, then performed an incantation gesture with his right hand, causing ten beams of black light to shoot toward Meng Hao, each one filled with Karmic power.

Meng Hao didn’t do anything in response, other than shoot off with increased speed. In the blink of an eye, he had increased the distance between them and was shooting, not in the direction of the Heavengod Alliance, but rather... toward the rift connecting the Seventh and Eighth Mountains and Seas!

He was now following exactly the same path Lord White had when he had fled.

Meng Hao moved with incredible speed, shooting past the red-haired old man and the other cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, who looked on in shock.

Ji Dongyang was hot in pursuit, face flickering in surprise. He had already made plans for what to do, regardless of whether Meng Hao attacked or not. If he didn’t attack, he would force him into fighting. If he

fought, then he would run him ragged. However, he had never predicted that Meng Hao would actually choose to enter the rift.

If he did that, he would be teleported to the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Doing that would put him in a situation of extreme peril, but it seemed Meng Hao felt the chances of survival were slightly better there.

Of course, the danger would be the same for Ji Dongyang. His chances of surviving... would be small. After all, if he went to the Seventh Mountain and Sea, his clone would be two Mountains and Seas away from his true self, adding latency to his reaction time, which could end up proving fatal.

Thus, his original plan had been to possess Meng Hao while in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. However, when the Seventh Mountain and Sea invaded, and Meng Hao had chosen not to leave, he had to delay his plan.

“Dammit!” Ji Dongyang’s face flickered, and rumbling sounds echoed out as he pushed forward toward Meng Hao with greater speed. Even as Meng Hao closed in on the rift, killing intent flickered in Ji Dongyang’s eyes, and he reached out and made a grasping gesture. Countless Karma Threads swirled out to form a huge hand which grabbed toward Meng Hao.

However, the hand was slow, and Meng Hao was already halfway into the rift. He seemed to be on the verge of escaping, and in this most critical of moments, Ji Dongyang had no time to think, no matter how cautious he wished to be. If he hesitated for even a moment, Meng Hao would vanish. Gritting his teeth, he surged with cultivation base power, and in conjunction with power from the Ninth Mountain and Sea, his energy spiked, and the majesty of a Mountain and Sea Lord erupted out.

The extra power came in the blink of an eye, and he transformed into afterimages as he shot toward Meng Hao, who was now eighty percent into the rift.

“Possession!” Ji Dongyang howled. His body seemed to be melting, and his soul was on the verge of flying out to possess Meng Hao. However, in that very instant... just as he was opening his mouth to spit out his soul, Meng Hao suddenly turned back, a derisive expression on his face. His

mouth twisted into a cold smile, and from the look on his face, it seemed he had no plans whatsoever to flee. In fact, it appeared that everything had been a ruse to lure Ji Dongyang into a trap!

This was a tactic that he had just picked up from Lord White.

Ji Dongyang's eyes went wide.

"The Wolf Consumes All!" Meng Hao roared. Meng Hao truly did have only a tiny scrap of energy left inside of him, and the question had been how to use that scrap. And yet, this last bit of energy would be able to decide whether he won or lost against Ji Dongyang.

What he did was use that scrap of energy to stimulate Greed's life force Essence, which existed within his Dao Fruit. Instantly, the image of an enormous, Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering Heavenly Wolf appeared behind him, which threw its head back and howled!

Even as Ji Dongyang attempted to possess Meng Hao, the wolf attempted to consume Ji Dongyang!

One was attempting to possess, the other was attempting to consume, and it was impossible to determine who would succeed. Ji Dongyang's soul pierced into Meng Hao, all the way to his sea of consciousness, and simultaneously, Ji Dongyang's body transformed into life force quintessence which was consumed by the Heavenly Wolf.

Rumbling could be heard as Ji Dongyang vanished. A tremor ran through Meng Hao as an explosive power rose up from within him, propelling him away from the rift, whereupon he vanished.

Neither Meng Hao nor Ji Dongyang had any desire for any further consuming or possessing to play out in front of the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Both of them simultaneously teleported away. In the blink of an eye, they were gone, to reappear once more in a remote corner of the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Meng Hao looked like a corpse as he floated there, his body occasionally emitting pulses of life force. Occasionally, rumbling could be heard, and at the same time, the injuries he had sustained in his battle with Lord White

healed up, the result of the restorative powers gained by Meng Hao from consuming the life force of Ji Dongyang.

At the same time, his internal injuries were also healing rapidly!

However, there within Meng Hao's sea of consciousness, a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering battle was unfolding between the powers of consuming and possessing! The struggle had reached a critical moment, and whoever lost would definitely die!

Furthermore... it was certain that the price paid by one of them dying, would help the other party to grow stronger.

Ji Dongyang, in his craftiness and malevolence, had waited for this very specific moment to attack Meng Hao, when he was extremely weak in terms of cultivation base and divine sense. Therefore, if all had gone according to plan, Ji Dongyang would have been able to possess him with relative ease.

Ji Dongyang had prepared for a very long time for this one moment of possession. He had studied Meng Hao extensively, and was aware of his fearsome divine sense and extraordinary cultivation base. He knew that he was the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, which, although terrifying in some ways, actually fueled his obsession. He had waited oh-so-patiently to possess Meng Hao, and just when he thought Meng Hao would escape his clutches and that everything had been for naught, the moment he had waited for had arrived; Meng Hao fought Lord White and ended up being in an extremely weak state.

That had been a moment of extreme excitement!

However, in all of his careful planning, there was the one area... in which he had slipped up.

Despite the fact that he had gone to the extent of following Meng Hao into the 33 Hells, he had not been able to follow him into the necropolis therein. In that moment of extreme crisis when everyone was sucked into the necropolis, he, like the Chief Dharma Protector of the Heavengod Society, had chosen to flee. Therefore, he had no idea about everything that had occurred with Greed.

Therefore, he had no idea about the very power which Meng Hao drew upon at the last moment, the life force Essence of Greed. Greed's Essence could consume everything, including Ji Dongyang's life force and his soul. Even the possession power he had unleashed was consumed!

“NO!!” Several days later, something like an illusory howl of rage echoed out inside of Meng Hao. A tremor ran through him, and his eyes opened. As for his mouth, it had the same smile of derision that it had before.

Chapter 1304: Old Turtle Reliance!

At the same time, massive rumbling sounds echoed out from the Ninth Mountain. The whole mountain trembled as a will awakened, spreading out to fill the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea.

An enormous eye appeared above the Ninth Mountain, which seemed to burn with fires of rage. However, the flames soon died down, and within the pupil of the eye, the image of an old man became visible. He was sitting there cross-legged, a grim expression on his face. After a moment passed, though, he suddenly started laughing.

“I’m not sure whether I should thank you or hate you....” the old man murmured.

“The fact that I did not succeed comes as no surprise, and yet is also contrary to expectation.... Had I succeeded, I would have no longer been myself. That strand of my will which usurped my true self would have become unprecedentedly powerful. I could have instantly transformed from being the weakest of the Mountain and Sea Lords, to being in the position to challenge Ksitigarbha.

“However, although the failure has lost me that chance, now that the strand of will has been destroyed, I... have finally regained full control of my faculties.” There was an ancientness to the man that seemed to suggest that he had been asleep for a long time, but was now awakening.

“Meng Hao....” he murmured, looking thoughtfully off into the distance. After a long moment passed, he closed his eyes once again.

Meanwhile, back in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao opened his eyes as something like the rumble of thunder echoed out inside of him. At the moment, his injuries had recovered almost completely.

Ji Dongyang’s possession had failed, and in fact, he had ended up being consumed by the life force Essence of Greed. He actually ended up becoming a wellspring of power to fuel the recovery of Meng Hao’s wounds. In fact, Meng Hao liked to think that Ji Dongyang had delivered himself up as an aid to his recovery, instead of a real attempt at

possession.

It wasn't that Ji Dongyang hadn't made his move at the correct time, or that it was not a critical point for Meng Hao. Rather, in a divine sense battle for possession, the slightest mistake could lead to death, and Ji Dongyang had made just such a mistake.

Meng Hao's eyes shone with a brilliant light as he recalled what had occurred in the divine sense battle. Finally, his eyes glittered, and he flickered into motion and vanished.

He did not spend any more time pondering the matter of Ji Dongyang. Although he had come out on top in the battle of possession, Meng Hao had still been in danger. He had never liked the Ji Clan to begin with, but after what had just happened, he was certain that he would meet with Ji Tian again one day, and settle things once and for all.

"Time is of the essence right now. The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea will definitely be returning. Before he does, I need to get stronger. That's the only way to secure victory!" Meng Hao appeared in the starry sky, a thoughtful look on his face as he sent his divine sense rumbling out. In a short period of time, it spread out to cover the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Everything that existed in the Eighth Mountain and Sea was now visible to him in his mind. He saw cultivators fighting in battles. He saw countless corpses and ruins. He also saw a certain something far off in a remote corner of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

It was a huge land mass that almost looked like an island. There were mountains and rivers, cities and sects, mortals and cultivators all existing on that piece of land hanging in the starry sky. It seemed to be floating completely aimlessly among all of the mountains which existed there. On that huge land mass was a certain mountain that held an eternal place in Meng Hao's mind. It was... Mount Daqing.

Beneath the land mass was an enormous turtle, who supported it on his back. He was currently yawning lazily as he floated along, a smile on his face. Then he began to hum a little tune which echoed out in all

directions.

In the instant that Meng Hao's divine sense swept over the turtle, the turtle shivered and stopped humming. His turtle eyes went wide, filling with a look of disbelief. He suddenly turned to look out into the starry sky and then... let out a miserable shriek.

"That divine sense... dammit! It's you! You little bastard! Ahhhhhhhh. The Patriarch fled all the way here and y-y-you... you actually found me!!"

That turtle was none other than Patriarch Reliance.

His previously good mood suddenly turned wretched. He had just been feeling incredibly comfortable and at ease, but now he was shaking, overwhelmed with frustration, sadness, madness, and irritation.

In order to get away from Meng Hao, he had left Planet South Heaven and gone to Planet East Victory. Then he had fled to the Ruins of Immortality, and had finally pierced through the barrier between the Ninth Mountain and Sea to the Eighth. He had assumed that he would never see Meng Hao again in his life. How could he ever have imagined that he would actually... be found yet again?

"Dammit, DAMMIT!" roared the turtle, eyes bulging. "You intolerable bully!! The Patriarch can't deal with this anymore!!" A very uneasy feeling had risen up in his heart; Meng Hao's divine sense seemed so powerful it could cause him to explode. He threw his head back and let loose a long cry, causing rumbling sounds to echo out as his speed increased tenfold, and he shot off into the distance.

He felt truly wronged, and couldn't think of any sin he had committed to earn him this fate....

"Dammit, dammit, DAMMIT! The League of Demon Sealers is full of bastards! All bastards, I tell you!

"All those years ago, that psycho didn't think that beating me up by himself was enough, so he had to find a whole group of psychos to help beat me up. Bastards, bastards, BASTARDS!!

"Fine, if you want to beat me up, I don't care. But you went so far as to

seal me!? I refuse to give in! The Patriarch refuses to give in!!” Even as Patriarch Reliance sped along, he roared out his grievances.

It was at that point that a bright light could be seen flickering on top of his head, where a young woman was seated. Laughing softly, she patted Patriarch Reliance’s head and said, “Calm down, Patriarch. Isn’t it a good thing to reunite with old friends?”

“Good thing, my ass! The League of Demon Sealers is full of bastards. That little bastard is a bastard among bastards!” Utterly discomfited, Patriarch Reliance took a deep breath, causing the starry sky to tremble. Boundless energy of Heaven and Earth poured toward him and was sucked in, whereupon he exploded with even greater speed, turning into a bright beam of light that shot off into the distance.

In another distant location, Meng Hao’s eyes glittered.

“Gotcha,” he said, snorting coldly. He was so familiar with old turtle Reliance that he couldn’t be any more familiar. They had even fought each other more than once in the past.

“Let’s see how you try to escape this time!” Meng Hao took a step forward, then vanished. When he reappeared from the teleportation, he was far off in the distance and immediately saw the panic-stricken Patriarch Reliance fleeing.

“Don’t even dream of running, you old turtle!” he roared in a frightening tone.

“There’s no need to see me off, you little bastard!” shouted Patriarch Reliance, trembling. He even went so far as to spit out some of the quintessence of his soul to unleash even greater speed, piercing through the void.

Meng Hao’s expression was very serious, but a hint of laughter could be seen in his eyes. Every time he recalled what had occurred between him and this old turtle, it all seemed as if it had happened only yesterday.

His time in the Reliance Sect was something very precious to Meng Hao, and those years had somehow turned into his most idyllic memories.

Now that the turtle was fleeing with even greater speed, Meng Hao gave a cold harrumph, then extended his right hand and made a grasping motion as he unleashed the Star Plucking Magic. Instantly, the turtle's little tail was grabbed.

Rumbling sounds echoed out, and Patriarch Reliance's scalp felt like it was about to explode. The sensation of having his tail grabbed filled him with rage. A brutal gleam appeared in his eyes, and he turned his massive body around with stunning agility. Then, a vicious expression could be seen as he opened his mouth to gobble Meng Hao up.

"I'll give you some good fortune, you little bastard!"

"Mm-hmm," Meng Hao didn't even try to dodge to the side. He simply hovered in place. Patriarch Reliance's gaping maw lurched to a stop, and a grieving, maddened look appeared in his eyes.

"Meng Hao, you little bastard, we're going to fight to the death, right here, right now!" he roared. His energy spiked, and it looked like he really was going to go all-out in a battle to the death.

Meng Hao's expression was very serious, but then suddenly, his jaw dropped as he realized that although Patriarch Reliance seemed to be infuriated, and just on the verge of fighting to the death, the truth of the matter was that he was actually backing up. This felt very familiar to Meng Hao, and he suddenly recalled that bizarre body cultivator back in the Ninth Sea, who had done the exact same thing. Patriarch Reliance and that body cultivator were actually very similar in this regard. 1

Patriarch Reliance was instantly on the run again, and had already put quite a distance between them. He was going all out... to flee! Furthermore, a complacent gleam had already appeared in his eyes.

"So, the little bastard doesn't quite measure up to the Patriarch in terms of intelligence. Haha! He thought I was going to fight him to the death, but it turns out my real plan was to run away!" Even as Patriarch Reliance was rejoicing in the midst of his escape, and was beginning to feel quite pleased with himself, a boom rang out, and the void up ahead of him shattered. A huge rift opened up, and a tempest burst out, blocking

Patriarch Reliance's path.

Patriarch Reliance's beady eyes went wide, and he quickly changed directions. However, it only took a moment before the same thing happened, whereupon he changed directions again.

Meng Hao, of course, was right on his tail, leisurely following him around and waving his finger, causing the starry sky to distort and shatter. Patriarch Reliance's heart was beginning to pound in shock, and he suddenly howled, "How come you're so powerful, you little bastard? Psycho! The League of Demon Sealers is full of psychos!!"

All of Patriarch Reliance's paths were blocked. Finally, he waved his tail, and suddenly everything around him began to tremble. Apparently, he had been building up his power, and was now about to burst out in one final attempt to free himself.

However, even as he powered up, he unexpectedly didn't flee, but instead charged Meng Hao. Inwardly, he was so arrogant that he actually believed himself powerful enough to personally handle Meng Hao.

Roaring, Patriarch Reliance closed in on Meng Hao. "Hmmmphhh! The Patriarch is the smartest yet again! When you think I'm going to fight to the death, I flee. Then, when you think I'm going to flee, I decide to stake my life!"

Seeing this new development caused a strange expression to appear on Meng Hao's face. It was definitely true that he was having a hard time keeping up with Patriarch Reliance's train of thought. Just when he seemed to be on the verge of escaping, he would attack. Meng Hao smiled bitterly and then extended his hand. Rumbling sounds could be heard as a huge illusory hand appeared, which grabbed viciously toward Patriarch Reliance.

A boom echoed out as the hand grabbed onto Patriarch Reliance and began to squeeze. However, Patriarch Reliance let out a roar, causing golden light to glitter out from his body, shattering Meng Hao's illusory hand.

"Hah! The Patriarch is invincible!!" he roared. "Are you scared yet, Meng

Hao, you little bastard?!” He glared at Meng Hao, the whiskers on his face floating about in bizarre fashion, making him look very intimidating.

*

1. Meng Hao fought the “bizarre body cultivator” back in chapter 1072. If you recall, he even had a turtle shell....

Chapter 1305: Legacy Door!

Meng Hao sighed at the sight of the blustering Patriarch Reliance, and suddenly felt a headache coming on. "I never smacked you on the head when you were little, did I?"

Unfortunately, Meng Hao's words only served to rile up Patriarch Reliance even more. His eyes turned bright red as he apparently remembered something, whereupon he roared, "Meng Hao you little bastard, I'm going to end things between us right now! Take THIS!"

Howling, energy surging, Patriarch Reliance began to move his relatively stumpy legs in a special pattern. His eyes began to glow brightly as, unexpectedly, his qi and blood began to flow in a unique way, as if he really were going to go all-out in a fight to the death.

However, what actually happened was that an enormous teleportation portal popped into existence around him. In the blink of an eye, it activated, teleporting Patriarch Reliance away.

Even as he vanished, his smug laughter echoed out, along with the following words: "The Patriarch is out! Don't bother to come looking for me ever again, I'm sick of you!"

Meng Hao could only imagine how pleased Patriarch Reliance must be with himself at the moment. A strange look on his face, Meng Hao took a step forward and then vanished.

In another stretch of the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Patriarch Reliance's massive form suddenly appeared, along with ringing laughter.

"I, the Patriarch, am intelligent, dashing, extraordinary, and completely invincible! Did that wimpy little Meng Hao really dare to try to compare himself to me?" Patriarch Reliance looked extremely proud, as though he were standing at the pinnacle of all intelligence, looking down at everyone else far, far below.

However, even as he was sighing emotionally, a dry cough could be

heard coming from off to the side.

Patriarch Reliance gaped in astonishment.

“Hallucinating,” he said. “I must be hallucinating. How come that cough sounded so much like that little bastard?” Heart thumping, Patriarch Reliance looked to the side to find Meng Hao right there next to him. His eyes widened.

In terms of size, Meng Hao was like nothing compared to Patriarch Reliance’s enormity. But that didn’t stop him from reaching out, grabbing one of Patriarch Reliance’s whiskers, and then flinging him out through the starry sky, sending him spinning round and round.

Then, a huge boom could be heard as he landed not too far off in the distance.

Patriarch Reliance roared in rage, then shot back toward Meng Hao, mouth wide open to devour him. But then Meng Hao snorted coldly, and Patriarch Reliance let out a yelp and closed his mouth.

“Aaaahhhhhh! I’m going crazy! Dammit! Dammit! I can’t fight you, can’t run away from you, can’t even eat you! The League of Demon Sealers is full of bastards! I’m going to kill all of you people!!” Patriarch Reliance’s roars transformed into sound waves that rumbled out through the starry sky. At the same time, he backed up at top speed, shaking his back slightly.

“Disciples of all generations of the Reliance Sect, get out here and kill this guy!” When Patriarch Reliance shook his back slightly, it was like an earthquake as far as the State of Zhao was concerned. Almost immediately, hundreds of people flew out, after which they stared at Meng Hao in astonishment. It was hard to say who did it first, but after a moment of gaping, they began to clasp hands and bow to him.

“Greetings, Junior Patriarch!”

“It’s the Junior Patriarch? Greetings, Junior Patriarch....”

These people actually recognized who Meng Hao was. After all, Meng Hao had encountered this group of people back in the Milky Way Sea on

Planet South Heaven. Back then, Patriarch Reliance, believing himself to be a profound schemer with incredible foresight, had publicly acknowledged Meng Hao's Patriarchal status, all in an attempt to divert his suspicions. 1

When Patriarch Reliance saw all of the cultivators clasping hands and bowing to Meng Hao, the rage in his heart burned hotter than ever. Now, instead of trying to consume Meng Hao, he tried to crush him with his head.

By this point, he knew that he wouldn't be able to escape. Meng Hao was so fast that it left him sighing, so the only thing he could do now was ram Meng Hao with his body, which at this moment seemed as big as a planet whizzing through space.

"Stop fussing," Meng Hao said with a frown, then smacked out with his right hand.

An intense slapping sound echoed from Patriarch Reliance's head, and he was sent staggering backward. Angered to the point of madness, he roared, "Who's making a fuss? I'm perfectly calm! Y-y-you... you tyrant!"

"In all my years of roaming the Mountain and Sea Realm, the worst thing that ever happened to me was running into you bastards from the League of Demon Sealers. You people are so unreasonable!!" Patriarch Reliance appeared to be on the verge of tears. By now, he could sense how powerful Meng Hao was, and his heart was pounding as a result. However, he still didn't want to give in. Eyes burning with decisiveness, he opened his mouth and roared, causing innumerable magical symbols to flicker all over his body. Apparently, he was attempting to break through the seals on his body.

Rumbling could be heard as a massive energy burst out, something that caused even Meng Hao's eyes to widen.

"Back then, the people from the League of Demon Sealers had to team up to seal him," Meng Hao said softly. "It seems Patriarch Reliance really is remarkable." With that, he slapped his hand out again.

A boom rang out as Patriarch Reliance was once again sent spinning. At

the same time, his enraged roar echoed out.

This time the sound was multiple times louder than his previous shouts. It transformed into a roaring windstorm that swept out. Simultaneously, a huge, terrifying image was projected behind him.

“You and me are going at it to the death!” he raged. “You piss me off so much! SO MUCH!” The countless, densely-packed magical symbols flickered brightly, looking almost like a huge net covering Patriarch Reliance.

However, Patriarch Reliance’s energy spiked, and the golden magical symbols began to separate from him and float out into the starry sky, as the shocking energy on Patriarch Reliance grew even stronger.

As the starry sky rumbled and shook, Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a strange light. This was not his first time getting into a showdown with Patriarch Reliance. However, on the previous occasions, his cultivation base had not been powerful enough, and he hadn’t pushed Patriarch Reliance into such a corner. Now, the old turtle had no options left, and was really going crazy!

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then pointed at Patriarch Reliance.

“Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!”

Instantly, Patriarch Reliance ground to a halt. At the same time, the golden magical symbols floating around him blazed with light and then pressed back down onto him. Patriarch Reliance went stiff, and his eyes widened as he glared furiously at Meng Hao. However, there was simply nothing he could do against the Demon Sealing Hex.

“Now that’s a good boy,” Meng Hao said, stepped forward and patting Patriarch Reliance on the head. Patriarch Reliance glared at him angrily, but was incapable of even moving, and could only make slight whimpering sounds.

Meng Hao felt a bit bad, so he looked at Patriarch Reliance and said, “Patriarch, I have my own problems to deal with. Just stop struggling. You

know, even becoming my mount wouldn't be too embarrassing, right? Look, how about this? Just let me get Lord Li's legacy, and then if you don't feel like coming along with me after that, you can just go on your own way."

Patriarch Reliance looked up in thought, and even Meng Hao could tell that he was planning something. However, he ignored that and flickered into motion, appearing down on Patriarch Reliance's back. The hundreds of cultivators that had flown up all continued to bow to him respectfully from a distance, not daring to get near him.

Meng Hao looked around before stepping forward to appear in one of the lowlying areas in the State of Zhao, on the shore of a lake. Guyiding Tri-Rain was standing there looking very charming, and as Meng Hao approached, she smiled.

Their gazes met, and they laughed happily.

"I haven't forgotten about my promise to you," he said. "I will help you become a sea one day."

"Oh, I've already become a sea," she replied, covering her smile with her hand.

Startled, Meng Hao looked out at the lake, and then looked at Mount Daqing off in the distance. Finally, he nodded thoughtfully. Then he suddenly sank down into the ground, moving downward into the depths of the State of Zhao. Down and down he went, sending his divine sense ahead to lock down onto a certain position at the very bottom of the State of Zhao, where it actually met with Patriarch Reliance's back. There... was a door!

However, as Meng Hao got close to it, Patriarch Reliance's body suddenly shuddered as he violently cast off the Eighth Hex. At the same time, a violent energy began to build up.

Rumbling could be heard as the golden magical symbols seemed to once again be on the verge of being cast off.

The lands trembled, a sensation Meng Hao could clearly experience

considering how far down he was. Frowning, his right hand flashed with an incantation gesture. This time, the wave of his finger unleashed the Seventh Demon Sealing Hex. Patriarch Reliance once again roared, body trembling. However, Meng Hao's Seventh Hex formed a resonance with the hex inside of him, and once again he was stabilized.

"Don't get so excited," Meng Hao consoled calmly. "I'm just here to take the legacy. After that you can go. I've known for years that you were here in the Eighth Mountain and Sea and still never came looking for you to be my mount." With that, Meng Hao took a step forward toward the door.

A faint light surrounded the door, and as Meng Hao neared it, he could sense familiar fluctuations. It even seemed as if something were calling to him!

Those fluctuations were those of the League of Demon Sealers, and the calling seemed to send his Demon Sealing Hexing magic into sudden motion. In fact, the ancient Demon Sealing Jade inside of his bag of holding was also vibrating.

"Definitely the League of Demon Sealers.... In that case, I wonder... what generation Demon Sealer Lord Li was?!" A strange light shone in Meng Hao's eyes as his previous speculations were confirmed by at least seventy percent.

However, even as Meng Hao neared the door, and the sensation of a resonance grew even stronger, Patriarch Reliance once again began to struggle mightily, as if he had been pricked. As he roared, the golden magical symbols once again began to shake, as if... they were just about to collapse.

Even more shocking was that a powerful aura was rising up within Patriarch Reliance. Unexpectedly... it was similar to the Dao Realm, and it was rising rapidly!

1-Essence. 2-Essences. 3-Essences Dao Lord....

Amidst all the rumbling, Meng Hao frowned. If he couldn't get Patriarch Reliance to calm down, it could affect his attempt to acquire the legacy.

“Patriarch, calm down. Be a good boy.” Meng Hao stamped his right foot down, shattering the connection between Patriarch Reliance’s shell and the land mass above it. As that happened... a pitch-black turtle shell was revealed, as well as numerous shocking spikes which were imbedded therein!

Furthermore... something else was visible on the turtle shell, off in the distance. It was... something that had slowly been twisted over time as Patriarch Reliance had grown up. It was... a line of writing.

As soon as Patriarch Reliance realized what was happening, he roared in fury and embarrassment: “Hey, don’t look at that!!”

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1. Meng Hao got called Patriarch by the cultivators in the State of Xiao/Zhao back in chapter 647.

Chapter 1306: Third Generation Demon Sealer!

Patriarch Reliance was intensely angry and embarrassed. Shaking, he roared as he attempted to cast off Meng Hao's Demon Sealing Hexing magic. It was possible now to see how enraged he was because of the characters written on his back....

Meng Hao gaped in shock as he studied the line of characters which had been warped and faded over time as Patriarch Reliance grew up. Soon... a strange expression appeared on his face.

"Meng Hao's turtle...." he read. His eyes went wide, and he cleared his throat. He almost couldn't believe what he was seeing. Then he thought about what had happened with his Wooden Time Sword and Stepdad Ke's terracotta soldier, and gradually he understood. 1

Everything that had happened back in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect had seemed illusory, but the truth was... by means of the divine ability of the Demon spirit Night, it was actually real. As of this moment, Meng Hao felt completely shaken.

"So it turns out that the turtle I saw in that pagoda in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect really was the young Patriarch Reliance?" Even as Meng Hao pondered the matter, Patriarch Reliance roared in rage.

"I figured it out a while ago, Meng Hao you little bastard! Long, long ago I somehow ran into you, and y-y-you... you actually had the audacity to carve words into my back!!"

The expression on Meng Hao's face grew more wry as he realized that, in addition to the turtle's pride, the main reason Patriarch Reliance didn't want to become his mount could very likely be... the words he himself had carved onto his back.

Perhaps if someone else had become the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer and had tried to make him a mount... then Patriarch Reliance wouldn't have refused so vehemently.

Meng Hao's thoughts were in a jumble. As of this moment, he had gained a deeper understanding of the Dao of Time and grasped onto some ideas regarding it, but at the same time clear enlightenment evaded him.

Meng Hao cleared his throat and said, "Ahem. Listen, Patriarch, being stubborn isn't a good personality trait, you know."

Ignoring the roars of Patriarch Reliance, he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then waved his finger a few more times. Instantly, Demon Sealing Hexing magic was unleashed, landing on Patriarch Reliance and causing him to shiver. The golden magical symbols surrounding him flared with bright light, completely suppressing him.

In that moment, Patriarch Reliance was immobilized, hovering in the starry sky and unable to do anything except whimper, which caused an intense feeling of unfairness to well up in his heart.

Meng Hao flashed into motion; in the blink of an eye, he was in front of the door, and then he stepped into it. As he did, the fluctuations of the League of Demon Sealers inside of him exploded out.

The call and resonance grew to a shocking level, and Meng Hao's mind reeled. At the same time, the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, the Body Hexing Magic, was unleashed. Next was the Seventh Hex, Karmic Hexing. After that was the Sixth Hex, Life Death Hexing. Finally came the Fifth Hex, the Inside Outside Hex.

For the first time, the four Hexing magics... solidified within Meng Hao's mind!

They transformed into four magical symbols which shone with brilliant light. As they floated there in Meng Hao's mind, his vision began to swim. A moment later, though, it cleared, and he was inside the door!

He saw... a strange world!

It had a yellow sky that spread out in all directions. The clouds were black, and roaring sounds could be heard therein, as the occasional flickering shadows of enormous beasts about could be seen moving about.

No plants or vegetation could be seen on the ground, which was pure

white and stretched as far off as the eye could see. It gave a peculiar impression that nothing here was real. Off in the distance was an enormous statue of a middle-aged man sitting cross-legged in meditation. It was so gigantic that despite being seated cross-legged, the man's body reached as high as the sky, seemingly bracing up Heaven and Earth!

Although the statue didn't seem to be very far away, when Meng Hao sent his divine sense out, he found that despite its current level and the level of his cultivation base, he was unable to even touch the statue. Apparently the statue was much farther away than it actually seemed.

Just looking at it, he could see that both of the statue's hands were locked in incantation gestures, and that a slowly rotating magical symbol floated above each hand. Furthermore, roiling mist could be seen at the statue's forehead, pulsing with a boundless life force that could shake Heaven and Earth.

After looking around at his surroundings, Meng Hao was shaken. These lands, this world, everything here was clearly vastly different than what was on the outside. Everything seemed so different that the feeling of unreality seemed even stronger than before.

After a moment of thought, he looked back at the statue with an even keener gaze than before.

"Lord Li..." he murmured softly. Almost as soon as he laid eyes on the statue, he had been able to tell... that this was the former Mountain and Sea Lord of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, Lord Li!

Although Meng Hao had never seen him before, his heart was telling him that this statue depicted none other than Lord Li!

His heart was filled with mixed emotions as he looked at the statue. Lord Li was a legendary figure in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, a person who represented the former glory of a bygone era.

Back when he was alive, Patriarch Fang and Patriarch Ji had both been subservient to him, as well as the Archdemons, plus Ke Yunhai and his contemporaries as war generals. Because of all of that, the Ninth Mountain and Sea, while not the most powerful force in the Mountain and

Sea Realm, was most assuredly not viewed as being weak.

“Lord Li returned life to the Heavens....” Meng Hao murmured, recalling something that Ke Yunhai had told him. 2

After a while, Meng Hao took a deep breath, then clasped hands and bowed deeply to the statue of Lord Li. As the Crown Prince of the Fang Clan, and having been born and raised in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, it was only proper for him to pay respects to the former Lord of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

After offering formal greetings, Meng Hao looked back up and then gaped in shock.

He had no idea why, but now that he looked at the statue, it didn't look like a middle-aged man, but rather, a woman. Although she wasn't spectacularly beautiful, she seemed kind and gentle.

Meng Hao looked more closely, and suddenly, the statue seemed to be a man once again. It was really difficult to tell the difference.

Meng Hao pondered thoughtfully. According to the legends, Lord Li's true origins were shrouded in mystery. However, even more mysterious was he himself. No one actually knew whether he was a man or woman; in fact, not even people who had been his closest companions truly knew.

Even as Meng Hao frowned, the entire world suddenly filled with a sound like murmured whispering. It floated about, filling Heaven and Earth, brushing past Meng Hao's ears.

“In the past... I gained enlightenment regarding all living things, and returned life to the Heavens....

“The Sublime Spirit Scripture. The Heaven Severing Scripture. The Dao Divinity Scripture.... What has been passed down in the world are only fragments. The three scriptures, when combined, become... the Mountain and Sea Scripture.

“The Mountain and Sea Scripture has nine volumes, and each one of the Lords of the Nine Mountains and Seas has one of those volumes....

“Then there are the three great Doyens, who have passed down their legacy for tens of thousands of years, all for the sake of the destined holder of the Scriptures....

“Heaven and Earth are everlasting, the starry sky is boundless. I come from a distant place, and am not a cultivator of the Mountain and Sea Realm.... However, because a fragment of my obsession remained unquenched, I desired to borrow these skies to live....

“My obsession then resided in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and I gained enlightenment of the Dao of Nine Seals. I encountered the Second Generation Demon Sealer, and was redeemed. I learned of the difference between what is correct and what is incorrect, and I became... the Third Generation Demon Sealer!

“As a Demon Sealer, I eventually walked the path of a Paragon. I looked into the past to observe the First Generation, Nine Seals. I came to understand his Dao, and to know him as a person. Eventually I achieved my dream regarding the Daosource.... I pursued the Dao of reality, and walked the Aeon Span which covers all living things....

“Here I leave some divine will, on the back of a sly devil, as a remembrance for the League of Demon Sealers.... The legacy that I shall pass on is not the Mountain and Sea Scripture, it is not an ordinary cultivation method, it is not Karma magic. I shall not bestow it upon some almighty expert, nor upon someone connected to me by destiny. I shall pass it on... to the League of Demon Sealers!

“This has launched a new era, and fulfilled my ultimate desire.” When the undulating voice reached this point, everything began to tremble, and the magical symbols floating above the statue’s hands suddenly exploded with Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering light.

Meng Hao trembled as the words and the magical symbols caused his Demon Sealing Hexing magic to fluctuate thousands of times more powerfully than before. The magical symbols formed from the manifestation of the four great Hexing magics in his mind suddenly made him realize what the two magical symbols held by the statue were. They

were... two great Hexing magics of the League of Demon Sealers!

“One is the Hexing magic of the Second Generation Demon Sealer, the other is... the Hexing magic created by Lord Li, the Third Generation Demon Sealer!!” Meng Hao gasped as he came to understand the full meaning of the words spoken to him so long ago by the Demon Sealing Jade.

“The First Generation is the Ancestor,” he murmured, “the Second Generation is the Inheritor, the Third Generation is the most powerful!” A tremor ran through him as he took a step toward the statue. However, even as he did, the magical symbol in Lord Li’s left hand flew out, radiating dazzling light as it then merged into the ground. 3

At the same time, Heaven and Earth distorted. The black clouds roared, and the sky screamed. The lands quaked as numerous primordial beasts appeared up above, roaring as they flew toward Meng Hao. Everything in Heaven and Earth seemed to radiate a hostility targeted specifically toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s foot paused in mid-stride; as soon as he stopped, rumbling sounds filled the sky, and the land directly beneath his feet began to sink down. At the same time, the lands far away began to stretch up, as if Heaven and Earth were merging together to form a sphere, collapsing and closing in on itself!

And Meng Hao was about to be crushed inside!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The clouds collapsed, and the primordial beasts howled as they attempted to escape. And yet, many of those beasts were crushed to pieces, creating a rain of blood that fell down onto the ground. The Heavens above also began to distort as if to connect with the rising portions of the Earth. Everything was shrinking, and massive pressure weighed down. Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood as he looked around, his eyes flashing.

“Is this a test? Or is this how the legacy is passed on?” He looked around, but couldn’t immediately find any method of escaping this place.

While all of that was happening, while Meng Hao was on Patriarch Reliance's back attempting to gain the good fortune of the legacy, an incredible power was exploding out in the rift between the Seventh and Eighth Mountains and Seas, shattering the void and causing Essence power to lash about chaotically.

All of that was happening because of Lord White!

His face was grim and twisted with pain as he sat cross-legged within the void, healing himself. Occasionally he would growl as layered scales appeared all over his body, which would then disappear moments later.

His aura was gradually growing stronger, and his injuries were healing rapidly. Every so often his eyes would open, and they would radiate with hatred and indescribable killing intent.

"Another month, and then I'll be completely healed. Next time I encounter him, he's dead!

"I know all his tricks now, so next time... he shall die!"

Rumbling sounds echoed out as Lord White closed his eyes, covering up the killing intent. However, a murderous aura continued to radiate out, filling the entire area, causing an explosive windstorm to surge around him.

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1. You might remember how Meng Hao buried the Wooden Time Swords in [chapter 592](#) and then one of them came back in [chapter 742](#) as the precious treasure of the Solitary Sword Sect. And of course, the terracotta soldier waited for Meng Hao in the Fang Clan Ancestral Land for many years. The "Meng Hao's turtle" line is from [chapter 584](#).
2. Ke Yunhai mentioned something about what Lord Li did back in [chapter 597](#). The matter was also mentioned again in [chapters 579](#), [587](#), [589](#) and [841](#).
3. The line about the First, Second, and Third Generation Demon Sealers

comes from chapter 490.

Chapter 1307: Hex Enlightenment

Within the world of the door on Patriarch Reliance's back, everything was turning upside down. Heaven and Earth were connecting, becoming an enormous sphere. Inside that sphere, Meng Hao felt incredible pressure weighing down on him, causing cracking sounds to echo out as if he were about to collapse.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as everything shrank down at rapid speed. Originally, he couldn't even see the ends of this Heaven and Earth, but in the next moment, the border was visible only 5,000 kilometers away.

The shrinking of Heaven and Earth would apparently be completed within the space of a few breaths of time.

Either he would successfully pass the test and acquire the legacy, or... he would die here, undeserving of the League of Demon Sealers. Although there were no spoken words to explain this, the shocking sight of the destruction of Heaven and Earth made it very clear what was happening.

Meng Hao's eyes were bright red as Heaven and Earth shrank down rapidly. He had little time to think, and in fact, the edges of the sphere were now only 3,000 meters away. The speed with which they were moving was unthinkable, and the rumbling sounds completely inundated Meng Hao.

Pain stabbed through him, and the sensation of death reached an indescribably intense level. Just as Meng Hao seemed to be on the verge of being eradicated, his eyes suddenly snapped open, and they glowed with enlightenment!

"My obsession resided in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and I gained enlightenment of the Dao of Nine Seals. I encountered the Second Generation Demon Sealer, and was redeemed. I learned of the difference between what is correct and what is incorrect, and I became... the Third Generation Demon Sealer! Within the words spoken earlier by Lord Li, there were two specific words that were the key!

"Correct and incorrect!"

The Hexing magic of the Second Generation Demon Sealer had something to do with what is correct and what is incorrect. If you combine the so-called correct and incorrect with what is happening right now, then you could actually replace them with two other words!!

“Real and unreal!” Meng Hao’s eyes glowed with bright light. As the pressure weighed down on him, a thousand thoughts ran through his head, and suddenly, his eyes flickered.

Suddenly, Meng Hao said, “The Second Demon Sealing Hex, Real-Unreal Hexing!”

In that instant, Heaven and Earth rumbled, and the sphere they formed completely covered him. They would not tolerate resistance, and yet, Meng Hao did not struggle or fight back.

RUMBLE!

Heaven and Earth had become one!

Meng Hao’s mind reeled as he realized that he couldn’t feel his body. It was as if it had been destroyed in that moment in which Heaven and Earth became one. Only his soul existed, floating there as he looked around blankly. Then he looked down and saw that his fleshly body was nowhere to be seen. The sphere formed by the combination of Heaven and Earth had turned into a tiny dot, which was now beginning to expand. It grew larger and larger, and gradually, primal chaos could be seen inside of it.

It had a Heaven, and an Earth. There were living beings and creatures, all mixed together. As it grew larger, it became endless, and then everything separated.

Part of it sank down to become land, and part of it floated up to become the sky....

Primordial beasts could be seen everywhere, flying about in the sky, crying out with piercing screeches that echoed about. Soon, trees became visible on the land, which grew tall and mighty.

Mountain ranges rose up, and rivers appeared. Somehow all of it seemed intensely real to Meng Hao.

“Do you understand?” asked a placid voice. A man appeared out of thin air to stand in front of Meng Hao.

It was none other than the man carved in the statue, Lord Li!

When he looked at Meng Hao, though, Meng Hao got the sensation that Lord Li wasn't actually looking at him. It was a very odd feeling.

“The Second Generation Demon Sealer's Hexing magic is that of the real and unreal....” Lord Li continued, “After searching for the legacy of the First Generation Demon Sealer's original Hexing magic, he gained enlightenment of the Real-Unreal Hexing.

“What is real is unreal. What is unreal is real. With a single thought, what is unreal can be taken as real, and what is real can be taken as unreal....”

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes gleamed with enlightenment. This was not his first time encountering such a thing. Back when he fought the 5-Essences Xiao Yihan, he had seen the boy unleash the Essence of reality.

After looking around one more time, he slowly closed his eyes and sat down cross-legged. He then sent his divine sense out to seek enlightenment in Heaven and Earth, to find that spark of understanding of the Real-Unreal Hexing that had flashed through his mind moments ago.

Time passed, although he wasn't sure how much. Finally, his eyes opened, and a smile could be seen on his face. Meng Hao extended his hand. Although it was illusory, it seemed real, and yet, at the same time, was real, and seemed illusory. Gradually, his entire arm, and then his whole body, experienced the same type of transformation. Meng Hao let out a long sigh.

“Real becoming unreal,” he murmured. “Unreal becoming real. It's simply a type of transformation.... The Real-Unreal Hex can turn real things illusory, and vice versa. What a powerful Hex.... In fact, only Paragons could truly control it.” He looked up at the projection of Lord Li which had been standing there this entire time. Rising to his feet, he clasped hands and bowed.

“Many thanks, Senior. I understand now.” As soon as he said that he understood, the image of Lord Li seemed to suddenly become more lifelike, and he smiled.

“That is the Second Generation Demon Sealer’s Hexing magic. As for mine... it is very different. I will show it to you. As for whether or not you will be able to understand it, well, that is up to you.

“Let me ask you a question. Do you truly understand the difference between what is real and what is unreal?” With that, the image of Lord Li looked deeply into Meng Hao’s eyes, then suddenly vanished.

Only his voice remained behind, floating about gently before fading away: “My obsession has ended, and I shall now pursue the path of my true self. If you and I are connected by destiny, then we might meet again. Or perhaps... that will only come after countless eons.”

Meng Hao frowned, looking around him once more. Unfortunately, he could find no traces whatsoever of the Hexing magic to which Lord Li had referred.

“The Third Generation Demon Sealer’s Hexing magic....” he thought, looking somewhat confused. Finally he closed his eyes and began to seek enlightenment of his surroundings.

Time passed. Several days later, Meng Hao opened his eyes, and yet still had no idea of what to do. The only thing that he could sense was that the world he was in seemed like something from ancient times.

Also, he could confirm that this place... was not illusory, but was indeed real.

He looked down and could see that he had no body, only a soul. After considering the matter for a moment, he began to fly, to examine the land, the sky, and the vegetation....

More time passed. A month. Meng Hao was starting to get anxious because of the passage of time, which he could clearly sense. According to his speculations, the passage of time in this world was no different than that in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“I need to figure out a way out of here. Based on how much time has passed, Lord White of the Seventh Mountain and Sea will most likely have fully recovered by now!” Meng Hao sent his divine sense out to search for an exit.

However, another whole month passed, and he still had no idea what was going on. More anxious than ever, he waved his right hand, summoning a divine ability. Everything began to tremble, portions of Heaven and Earth collapsed, and yet no exit could be seen.

Apparently, this place was a trap, and he was now stuck here permanently.

One month. Two months. Three months.... Meng Hao was starting to go mad. Booms rang out constantly as he attempted to free himself. He unleashed the Demon Sealing Hexing magics, and yet, none of that did any good.

He howled, demanding for Lord Li to appear, but Lord Li had long since left. There were primordial beasts in the world, but considering how much Meng Hao was raging, none of them dared to show their faces.

Despite Meng Hao's deepening anxiety, time passed relentlessly.

A year. Three years. Six years....

Meng Hao watched time passing by, lonely and also worried about his Grandpa Meng. However, there was nothing he could do except experience the stabbing pains in his heart.

“Six years have already passed....” he murmured bitterly. He could only hope that his own judgement regarding the passage of time was somehow incorrect, and that time moved differently here than in the outside world.

However... ten more years passed. Meng Hao could feel his soul aging, and his body trembling. Because of that, he now had the feeling that his previous speculation had indeed been correct, that time here and time in the outside world... passed at the same speed.

A hundred years went by, and Meng Hao had become calm. Except, that calmness was a facade. Deep in his heart, he was worried about his

Grandpa Meng, the Ninth Mountain and Sea, Xu Qing, and especially the 33 Heavens and the other two terrifying forces approaching the Mountain and Sea Realm. The worry in his heart was impossible to dispel.

“What’s going on...?” he thought bitterly. Throughout the hundred years which had passed, he had tried everything he could think of, but nothing worked.

500 years later, Meng Hao was truly calm.

After that much time had passed, whatever happened on the outside world was over and done with, and could not be changed.

Most of the time, he wasn’t even conscious. He spread his divine sense outwards ever further, and would go for long periods without retracting it.

1,000 years passed. Then 1,500. Then 5,000....

Eventually, Meng Hao lost sense of the passage of time. Whether it was 50,000 years or 100,000, he didn’t really know. He was no longer truly conscious. The only thing that remained behind were the tiny strands of thought that were diffused throughout the world.

He had seen the world transform, had seen animals live and die, had seen the grand passage of time. He had even seen humanoid creatures come into being. They hunted the wild beasts, gradually learning their habits, and eventually began to develop. Meng Hao sent his thoughts out into the world, whereupon the living beings learned how to practice cultivation.

More time passed, although it was impossible to tell how much. The cultivators of the world grew more numerous, and their cultivation level grew higher. They began to war with each other, and the resulting dead were innumerable.

More time passed. After the wars passed, life flourished again, and everyone prospered. Then there was war again, and after that, prosperity. It happened over and over again until one day a hail of fire descended from the sky above.

The world burned, transforming into ash, as if everything that had been

built up was being knocked over and was now starting over from scratch. Meng Hao was not conscious, and yet his thoughts were everywhere, observing everything.

Life appeared again, prospered, and then devolved into war. Again, everything was destroyed by fire from Heaven. It was like a cycle.

Meng Hao no longer thought of things in terms of the passage of time, but in terms of cycles.

One cycle after another, over and over. Meng Hao saw endless life and death, endless joy and sorrow. He was like a visitor, or a passerby, until it reached the point that he didn't even know what it was that he was watching. The cycles continued until the 10,000th cycle arrived.

When the 10,000th cycle was destroyed by fire from Heaven, when everything was destroyed, the world didn't vanish. Instead, it continued to burn. Rumbling sounds could be heard as everything shook and shattered. Meng Hao's thoughts, which had been scattered throughout the world for so long, suddenly began to converge back together.

As the world was destroyed, he slowly began to regain lucidity....

It was as if the cage he had been trapped in for such a long time, was collapsing.

The rumbling lasted for a long time, until Heaven shattered and Earth collapsed. When everything was gone, Meng Hao finally... opened his eyes!

There he was in the world of the door on Patriarch Reliance's back. However, the sky had vanished, and the land was nothing but a void. The only thing that existed was the statue of Lord Li, smiling at Meng Hao, seemingly asking him a question.

Do you really understand?

Chapter 1308: Searching For The Present Life!

Meng Hao was looking at the statue, and yet his eyes were blank, lacking even the slightest spark of focus. He had experienced 10,000 cycles of destruction by fire from Heaven, cycles which had contained innumerable years.

If you took one of those cycles and split it into 10,000 parts, then perhaps the amount of time he had lived in the Mountain and Sea Realm wouldn't even count as one of those parts. To him, it was almost as if... the Mountain and Sea Realm were illusory, and everything he had experienced in the world of cycles was the real life.

What was real? What was unreal? He knew, and yet could not distinguish clearly between the two.

Meng Hao was as confused as ever, his eyes were completely without focus. Everything about him was still wrapped up within that world, unable to return. Before, he had believed that he understood the Real-Unreal Hexing, but apparently, that was of no assistance to him now.

If nothing interfered, Meng Hao might sit there cross-legged until his fleshly body withered and his soul faded away. Then, he would be completely and utterly dead.

Because... he could not find what was real within the unreal.

He would remain lost in the sands of time, unable to find his present life.

Days passed, and his body began to slowly wither. His complexion grew pale and old, and his life force began to fade. His eyes remained as blank as ever.

Seven days later, he looked like little more than skin and bones. His soul was beginning to disperse, and his life force was growing weaker by the moment. He was like an oil lamp just on the verge of going out forever.

Half a month passed.... The flame in that oil lamp was sputtering, as if it would wink out at any moment. Although it still burned, it was growing weaker. Eventually, on the twentieth day after Meng Hao returned, the flame of his life force went out.

And yet, in that moment in which death loomed, Meng Hao's body suddenly shivered. As the flame went out, a gleam of struggle appeared in his eyes.

That struggle was very, very weak, and yet it caused the flame of his life force to spark slightly. Then, the struggling increased. A sound rang out inside of Meng Hao, a roaring that caused his body to sway gently. Veins of blood seeped into his eyes; he was awakening!!

The struggle lasted for three more days. During that time, he never stopped trembling. The flame of his life force continued to burn, and his soul began to boil. His eyes gradually grew more and more focused.

Three more days passed. It had now been a total of twenty-seven days since Meng Hao returned. Gradually, sound emerged from his mouth, shaky and unclear, and yet, it was clearly his voice.

"I... am... Meng... Hao!"

He began repeating the same thing over and over. Clearly, it was a strain. He was only saying four words, and yet it caused his entire body to shake violently. Soon, as he repeated the words, they grew clearer and more distinct!

"I... am... Meng Hao!"

"I... am Meng Hao!"

In the end, he could finally say all of the words in succession.

"I am Meng Hao!!"

In that moment, his mind filled with rumbling sounds. It was like Heavenly thunder that caused his entire world to tremble. At long last, a spark of focus could be seen within his eyes.

That spark indicated that his consciousness... had returned!

When that happened, the statue of Lord Li remained exactly the same as before, and yet somehow, his smile seemed to contain approval. The magical symbols above the statue's hands suddenly flew toward Meng Hao and then merged into his forehead.

The first to enter him was the Second Generation Demon Sealer's Hexing magic, the Real-Unreal Hexing!

As it merged into him, his entire body was filled with rumbling sounds.

"This is the real and the unreal. Find the unreal within the real, find the real within the unreal. When you can do that, then you... have acquired the Second Demon Sealing Hex!

"Within the countless years of illusory life, you managed to find that drop of reality in an ocean of the unreal. Henceforth, the Real-Unreal Hexing... will pose no confusion for you!"

Rumbling filled the magical symbol as the state of his consciousness grew stronger. Then he began to pant as the second magical symbol merged into his forehead.

"This is my Hexing magic, which I have come to call... Present-Ancient Hexing!

"Time is incalculable. Heaven and Earth are limitless. Gain enlightenment of the years which have passed since ancient times. Observe the Heavens being destroyed. Experience catastrophe after catastrophe. Return to the ancient to seek the present....

"You have done this, and thus you qualify to acquire my Third Demon Sealing Hex!

"There is one huge regret I have in my life, and that is... I was not destined to combine the nine hexes. In the past, I was able to deduce that at some time in the future, the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer would be able to converge the fate of the entire League of Demon Sealers, to reverse victory into defeat, to gain enlightenment of all of the other eight hexes, and then create the Ninth Hex....

"That person... would be someone even I would look up to... the ultimate

pinnacle!

“Nine Hexing magics, beyond compare in all the Heavens!”

The regret-filled voice echoed out in Meng Hao’s mind and body like thunder, although he was the only one who could hear it. His body was no longer trembling, and his eyes were open. And yet somehow, as he looked up, it almost looked like... he was opening his eyes again!

His opened eyes were now completely clear and focused. Within his mind, memories of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and the Mountain and Sea Realm suddenly exploded out. They grew more and more profound, filling him, until the boundless time of that other Heaven and Earth were gradually suppressed. Soon, his old memories were his everything!

Meng Hao said nothing. He simply felt the six Hexing magic symbols that floated in his mind. They were the Eighth, Seventh, Sixth, Fifth, Third, and Second Hexing magics!

Now, all he lacked were the Fourth and First Hexes!

Once he gathered those two great Hexing magics, then he would be able to create... that which was fully of him, the final Ninth Hex!

After a long moment passed, Meng Hao looked at the statue of Lord Li, then slowly rose to his feet. Mixed emotions could be seen in his eyes, including sorrow and reminiscence.

“Lord Li, Third Generation Demon Sealer,” he murmured. “How incredible....” This had been one of the most challenging experiences of his entire life. Although it might have seemed a simple thing, the level of difficulty involved was something only he could understand.

It was something more terrifying than death. Death... was merely an end. However, losing oneself, forgetting everything you cared about, everything that mattered to you, was something that could be counted as the most bitter torment for a cultivator.

Similarly, being lost in an illusory world, and being unable to find true life, could be considered a profound form of grief.

“The real and the unreal. The present and the ancient.... I understand now,” Meng Hao said softly as he looked at the statue of Lord Li. Finally, he raised his hand and waved it out in front of him.

Instantly, the pitch-black illusory world around him shattered, transforming into innumerable fragments. At the same time, the statue of Lord Li also collapsed into bits and pieces!

A huge boom rang out as the entire world fell apart.

However, after it shattered, things didn’t dissolve into a haze. Instead... a yellow sky appeared, with black clouds and white land. Off in the distance, the statue was still visible.

Strangely, a magical symbol floated above the statue’s right hand, and yet its left hand... was completely empty. That magical symbol was actually the entire sky up above!

Now it was clear what was truly real!

The second world which he had experienced... had been illusory and unreal!

Rumbling could be heard as Lord Li’s smile, while seemingly unchanging, seemed to suddenly contain profound surprise, and then praise.

“You understand,” said a voice, echoing out softly throughout the world.

In that instant, the magical symbol floating above the right hand vanished, as did the magical symbol up above in the sky. They both transformed into beams of light which shot down toward Meng Hao and merged into him.

Meng Hao didn’t dodge or evade. He allowed the two glowing magical symbols to approach, merge into him, and then cause the Second and Third Hexes within him to become absolutely complete!

All of a sudden, it occurred to Meng Hao to ask a question. “If I hadn’t seen what was unreal about that second world, and instead left through the door after returning, what would I have seen?”

“I don’t know,” the voice replied softly. Although it seemed weak, the reality was that it was coming from very, very far away.

As the voice got further and further away, the boundless life force mist on the statue’s forehead flew down toward Meng Hao, enveloping him, nourishing his body.

It only took a moment for him to recover from his withered state. His soul was more powerful, and his divine sense experienced additional growth. Now, his divine sense was not forty percent of that of a Paragon, but rather fifty percent.

In the briefest of instants, he reached his ultimate peak!

However, Meng Hao wasn’t paying attention to those physical transformations. Instead, he was pondering the question he had just asked. After a while, he chuckled hoarsely as he realized that there was no explanation. Since that was the case, there was no point in continuing to seek an answer.

He clasped hands and bowed once more, then turned. However, he didn’t leave yet. Instead, he summoned his 33 Soul Lamps, which began to swirl around him.

Meng Hao looked at his second Soul Lamp. His voice cool, he said, “Extinguishing Soul Lamps in the Ancient Realm consists of Seven Desolations.... The First Desolation is that of the illusory. For me, that shouldn’t pose any problem now. I should be able to extinguish all of the first five lamps... as easily as flipping over my hand!”

“Second lamp, extinguish!” The instant the words left his mouth, his second Soul Lamp winked out, as if it had been blown out with an invisible breath of air!

Green smoke appeared, and before anything illusory could even appear, Meng Hao breathed it in through his nose. Rumbling filled his mind and body.

His cultivation base exploded up, his divine sense increased, and his fleshly body grew stronger. Although it wasn’t a complete redoubling, he

was still growing much stronger.

A windstorm sprang up around him, raging through the world, even as his eyes came to fall upon his third Soul Lamp.

“Third lamp, extinguish!”

RUMBLE!

His third lamp went out, and the First Desolation of delusion began. However, because of his new ability to find the real within the unreal, and the unreal within the real, to return from the ancient and seek the present... this Desolation collapsed with a single blow!

From ancient times until now, when Allheaven Dao Immortals extinguished Soul Lamps, they involved one shocking battle after another, and required extreme caution. There had never been a situation like Meng Hao's, in which he completely crushed the Desolations. They were like rotten logs which could be smashed instantly!

Chapter 1309: Cultivation Base, Erupt!

In the instant that his third Soul Lamp was extinguished, the others flickered as though a wind had passed by.

“The Seven Desolations....” Meng Hao said coolly, closing his eyes. He could sense the rumbling within him, the explosive rise of his cultivation base, and the increase of his divine sense by ten percent!

Right now, his divine sense was equivalent to sixty percent of that of a Paragon!

“If I extinguish the other thirty Soul Lamps, then my divine sense will be three times as powerful as a Paragon’s! Even if it’s only three times as powerful as a 7-Essences Paragon, that’s still a terrifying level of power.” Meng Hao’s eyes opened, and they shone brightly. He took a deep breath as the rumbling sounds continued to echo out within him. Everything about him was still growing stronger, his cultivation base, his fleshly body, and his soul.

“To me, the Ancient Realm is no longer just a waypoint. Instead... it is a time of unprecedented transformation!” He swished his sleeve, causing a wind to spring up in all directions. He sent his divine sense out into the area, and could sense that he was now sixty to seventy percent more powerful than before!

“And I can get even stronger!” he said, eyes glittering. He looked at his fourth Soul Lamp, and then inwardly instructed it to be extinguished!

As the flame vanished, green smoke rose up, which rushed into Meng Hao’s nose, causing further intense rumbling sounds. His cultivation base shot higher, causing a wind to spring up that filled the entire world.

His divine sense grew again, rising from its previous level of sixty percent all the way to seventy percent!!

His fleshly body issued cracking sounds, and his soul felt as if it would burst out from inside of him. Scintillating light shone out from his eyes, as if they had become the source of all the light in the world.

The First Desolation of the Seven Desolations created illusory visions that were completely meaningless to Meng Hao. They couldn't shake him in the slightest.

This might be the Ancient Tribulation of an Allheaven Dao Immortal, but it was incapable of comparing with Meng Hao's experience regarding the real and the unreal, nor could it contend with the Meng Hao who had searched through infinite time to find his present life!

A single look on his part could cause all illusions to shatter as if they had never even existed. They were smashed into smithereens!

When his fourth Soul Lamp was extinguished, Meng Hao's energy rocketed up. At the same time, just as he was about to extinguish the fifth lamp, a furious roar echoed out from the fourth lamp. The air distorted, and a huge hand became visible. It pierced through the rift between the illusory and the real, stretching out to grab Meng Hao.

"DIE!!" roared an enraged voice. Meng Hao was not unfamiliar with this voice or this hand. The owner of that voice was none other than... that entity which Meng Hao had encountered before, which hid in the Ancient Tribulation clouds, and had come to hate Meng Hao deep within its bones during the First Desolation.

It had been waiting for Meng Hao to return to the Desolation of Delusion, but could never have imagined that he would do so having experienced such transformations. Furthermore, there was only one more Soul Lamp left, and once it was extinguished, the First Desolation would be completely concluded. It would have no other chance to do anything to Meng Hao after that, so right now, it was incredibly anxious. Therefore, all it could do was attack now to prevent Meng Hao from extinguishing that lamp.

"I've been waiting for you for a while now," Meng Hao said as the huge hand bore down on him. He extended his right hand as quickly as lightning. In fact, it moved so quickly that it looked like his hand was still at his side, when in fact it had already grabbed onto the huge hand which was trying to grab him.

That hand was much, much smaller than it had been back when he was transcending his Ancient Tribulation, or when he had been inside the First Desolation. It was now only about three meters wide, and currently it had ground to a halt, completely immobilized by Meng Hao, unable to budge at all.

A flustered and exasperated roar echoed out, a roar that even contained disbelief. Meng Hao snorted coldly, then waved his right hand, causing his cultivation base to burst with power. Cracking sounds rang out, accompanied by a miserable shriek. Meng Hao then jerked back on the hand he was holding, causing a shadowy figure to be yanked out of the fourth Soul Lamp.

It was like a dragon formed of black mist, which twisted and jerked as it was pulled out. A cry of alarm could be heard as Meng Hao clenched down with his right hand. Rumbling sounds could be heard, and the mist began to shrink. It was almost as if Meng Hao's hand had become a black hole. In the blink of an eye, he had sucked all of the mist into the palm of his hand.

"Do you want to live, or die?" Meng Hao asked coolly, looking coldly down at the mist within his palm. The foggy ball churned and seethed until a terrified face came to be visible within. It looked surprised, shocked even. However, it seemed to still be holding onto its dignity, and Meng Hao's words caused it to let out an unyielding, hate-filled roar.

"You really want to die?!" Meng Hao began to close his hand into a fist, causing cracking sounds to ring out. The black mist appeared to be on the verge of shattering, and a miserable shriek rang out. All of a sudden, under the pressure of imminent death, the entity within the mist finally chose to submit.

"Too late," Meng Hao said, clenching his hand down hard. A boom rang out, and the mist collapsed as easily as a wet log. An anguished roar of despair rang out, filled with curses, as black strands floated out between the cracks of Meng Hao's fingers. They looked like vipers as they shot toward Meng Hao himself.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever as he waved his sleeve, causing the black viper-like strands to shatter, transforming them into ash.

At the same time, the final Soul Lamp of his First Desolation, the fifth of his 33 Soul Lamps, suddenly went dark.

When that happened, Meng Hao inhaled the green smoke, which caused his eyes to shine with a strange light. He threw his head back and roared; rumbling could be heard as his cultivation base rose up explosively, his soul surged within him as if it wanted to burst out, and his divine sense expanded rapidly!

His divine sense now swelled past seventy percent and reached... eighty percent of the level of a Paragon!

When Meng Hao sent out divine sense that was eighty percent of that of a Paragon, the surrounding world began to shake on the verge of collapse.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and his eyes shone brightly. His current state was far beyond his previous peak, and as of this moment, he was completely confident in being able to secure victory over Lord White!

He rose to his feet and quickly absorbed all of his Soul Lamps, then turned and stepped out of the world. He emerged from the door, and was back on Patriarch Reliance's back. The first thing he heard was Patriarch Reliance roaring angrily, and then he saw an enormous head lurching toward him. An acrid odor blasted against his face as a huge mouth opened as if to consume him.

Of course, it was Patriarch Reliance, who had long since freed himself from the Hexing magic Meng Hao had laid upon him. He had been waiting for Meng Hao to reappear, and as soon as he did, reflexively tried to consume him.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as usual. He completely ignored the mouth, vanishing from Patriarch Reliance's back and reappearing out in the starry sky. Patriarch Reliance's mouth snapped down onto nothing, whereupon he swiveled his head and roared at Meng Hao.

“Meng Hao, you little bastard, you’re nothing but an intolerable bully!”

Meng Hao looked back at Patriarch Reliance and smiled.

“Alright, enough is enough,” he said. “Quit it with the act. You’re free to go. However, if I need you, you’d better come.” Meng Hao actually felt strong emotions regarding Patriarch Reliance. Flicking his sleeve, he turned to leave.

However, Patriarch Reliance didn’t seem ready to give up. Roaring, he charged toward Meng Hao.

“Hey, get back here!”

As soon as the words left his mouth, Patriarch Reliance regretted them. He began to shiver, and then began to curse himself inwardly for being so muddle-headed. However, considering that he had already let the words slip, he couldn’t just back down. That would be far too embarrassing. Therefore, he continued to act as angry as before. But then, Meng Hao stopped in place, and Patriarch Reliance began to tremble.

Meng Hao turned back to look at Patriarch Reliance, a contemplative expression on his face. “Oh? You don’t want me to leave? Could it be that you really do want to become my mount?”

Patriarch Reliance instantly began to tremble. His entire facade and demeanor was just about to crumble away, when he realized that Guyiding Tri-Rain was standing there on his back, giggling. Feeling embarrassed, he cleared his throat, and tried to sound wizened and profound as he said, “Well, no matter what you say, I’m still your Patriarch. Therefore, before leaving, you should at least kowtow to me. If you don’t, well, hmph.”

Patriarch Reliance had to force himself to not tremble, and in fact, it took all the courage he had just to say those words. Glaring at Meng Hao, he slowly began to back up.

Meng Hao chuckled. He could tell exactly what Patriarch Reliance was thinking at the moment, and considering how good of a mood he himself was in, he simply clasped hands and bowed.

“Keep safe and sound, Patriarch. May I take my leave now?”

“Hmmphhh! Take thy leave!” Patriarch Reliance instantly felt very pleased with himself, and suddenly had the feeling that there must be something about him that the little bastard Meng Hao feared. Instantly, his confidence increased.

Meng Hao’s smile didn’t change, but suddenly his cultivation base rumbled to life, and his divine sense spread out. Patriarch Reliance was so frightened he instantly shuddered intensely, and his eyes went wide. Without even thinking about it, a fawning expression appeared on his face.

“Hahaha, hahaha, I was joking! Meng Hao, young friend, you... you go ahead and take off now....” By this point, Patriarch Reliance didn’t care that Guyiding Tri-Rain was secretly laughing. His scalp was numb, and he just wanted Meng Hao to be gone as quickly as possible. He was also cursing his careless remark from earlier.

With that, he backed up, instantly transforming into a beam of colorful light that shot off into the distance, reviling himself inwardly that he couldn’t use more power to put distance between himself and Meng Hao even faster.

Meng Hao watched Patriarch Reliance leaving, a soft gleam in his eye. He had to admit that Patriarch Reliance was the source of many fond memories. From Mount Daqing to the Reliance Sect, all of them were precious parts of his past.

After a long moment, Meng Hao turned away. At that point, a bleakly murderous air sprang up around him, and his gaze turned as sharp as a blade. Then, he began to head toward the rift between the Eighth and Seventh Mountains and Seas.

“Lord White,” he said softly, “this time, you will definitely meet your end!” With that, he vanished.

Chapter 1310: Let Me Help You!

Meng Hao currently had divine sense with eighty percent of the power of a Paragon. Because of that terrifying level of divine sense, his divine abilities and magical techniques now vastly exceeded their previous level.

When you added in the fact that he had extinguished five Soul Lamps, acquiring boundless power, it ensured that Meng Hao's battle prowess, although not quite on the 6-Essences level, still surpassed Lord White's. He was now at the peak of the 5-Essences level, less than half a step away from being equivalent to the 6-Essences level!

With the exception of Ksitigarbha in the Fourth Mountain and Sea, no one in the Mountain and Sea Realm who was under the level of Paragon could now pose a dangerous threat to Meng Hao in battle. That incredible sensation of power filled him with self-confidence, and at the same time enabled him to feel something that existed within the Mountain and Sea Realm... the Essence of Heaven and Earth.

Meng Hao appeared silently out in the starry sky. He raised his hand and made a grasping motion, causing a huge vortex to appear. As it spun soundlessly, Meng Hao reached in, as if he were attempting to grab something.

But then his brow slowly furrowed, and after a moment passed, he slowly pulled his hand back.

"Still can't do it, huh...? Chu Yuyan's soul dissipated into the Mountain and Sea Realm, but given the current level of my cultivation base, I still can't pull it back together...."

"It seems I need to have a deeper understanding of Essence." He closed his eyes for a while to feel the transformations in the starry sky around him, then proceeded along. The vortex slowly faded away, as if it had never existed.

"Essence...." he murmured. The next time he appeared, he was near the rift. This time, because of his vastly more powerful divine sense and its effects on the void, no one could detect his return, not even the red-haired

old man, let alone any of the other cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

“Even without entering the Dao Realm, I can still come to understand Essences....

“Because of the Hexing magic of the League of Demon Sealers, and the Allheaven Dao Immortal blood in my veins, my path of cultivation is different from that of others....

“Cultivation like mine is something very rare, or perhaps... even something that has never been seen before.

“My true cultivation base is in the Ancient Realm, with five extinguished Soul Lamps. However, my battle prowess... is already greater than that of the Mountain and Sea Lords.

“My Essence of Divine Flame came from elsewhere, and is not truly mine....

“My path of cultivation... is the type in which reliance on others is not an option. I must walk... in my own way.

“Essence.... Essence....” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a strange light as he proceeded along toward the rift. Without the slightest hesitation, he stepped inside. Instantly, the starry sky became a hazy void.

In the moment that he entered the rift, the red-haired old man and the other three Dao Realm experts with him all shivered. Their eyes opened, and they looked over at the rift.

“Strange, I just felt some fluctuations from the rift....”

“It was almost as if... someone just entered it?”

“Impossible. Unless it was the exalted Lord White, or that... that man who... no, impossible. Even that man... would not be able to pass by us unseen.”

The red-haired old man and his fellows all frowned, but quickly calmed down and forgot the matter. It wasn’t that they couldn’t put more thought into what they had just sensed, but rather, that they didn’t want to. This

Mountain and Sea War had not lasted for particularly long, but not even the previous wars described in the historical records had been as bitter, and those records went back for centuries upon centuries. Although similar wars had been fought, none could quite compare to this one. And by this point, the cultivators of both armies were exhausted.

That was especially true of the small group who had witnessed Meng Hao's battle with Lord White. They felt especially haggard.

Inside the rift, Meng Hao proceeded along calmly. He was in no hurry. As far as he was concerned, there was no more danger for him in this war, and what occupied his thoughts most was his future.

"I wonder... what my Essences will be...?" He suddenly stopped in place, a thoughtful expression on his face.

"Nine Demon Sealing Hexes.... Nine Essences. Is that really the limit of the Paragon Realm...?"

"If so, and I am able to use all of my Demon Sealing Hexing magics as Essences... well then, when that happens, I, Meng Hao... will become the most powerful Paragon in existence!

"In fact, I will already have become a Paragon when I get seven Essences, and right now I've already mastered six Hexing magics, which means six Essences." Having reached this point in his train of thought, Meng Hao's eyes shone with unprecedented brightness.

He had found his path!

This was... his unique path of cultivation!

"When I combine the Nine Hexes into one, that will also be when my nine Essences combine with each other, then in that moment... as the Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, I will also... be able to break through from the Paragon Realm into the Daosource Realm!" It was as if his eyes had been opened. His face lit up with a smile, and his expression was one of anticipation.

"To me, the Dao Realm is actually not very important, considering I can step into it any time I want. I originally thought that passing through the

Ancient Realm would be the easy part, but it turned out that it is actually the true basis of allowing me to continuously grow stronger.

“When I combine the Nine Hexes, and the Nine Essences fuse together....” Meng Hao then looked down at his bag of holding, where Chu Yuyan’s discarnate soul was.

“At that time, I should be able to put Chu Yuyan’s soul back together.... I owe her far too much.” Meng Hao sighed, clearing his thoughts and looking off into the void ahead of him. He could sense that, not too far off, a figure was moving rapidly toward the exit of the rift. Based on how fast this person was moving, it would only take about a day for him to emerge into the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

“Lord White....” Meng Hao said coolly. “You’re going a bit too slow. Allow me to help you out a bit.”

He sent out his divine sense, which was eighty percent as powerful as a Paragon’s. The entire void within the rift began to tremble with terrifying fluctuations as Meng Hao, eyes shining with bizarre light, reached his right hand out, grabbed down, and then jerked it back.

At the same time, he flew backward, seemingly towing something behind him. Since he hadn’t ventured in too far to begin with, he immediately arrived at the rift’s exit.

**

The figure that Meng Hao had detected speeding through the void was a man in a long white robe. His expression was both grim and proud.

That man was none other than... the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, Lord White!

His cultivation base had been completely restored, and had even made some advancement. His eyes glittered brightly, seemingly containing the sun, moon, and stars swirling around inside of them. His energy was surging, and his aura was bursting with power.

Although he didn’t seem to be moving very quickly, every step he took caused him to flash along with incredible speed. His mouth was twisted

with a cold smile, and killing intent gleamed in his eyes.

“This time, it won’t matter whether you’re there waiting at the exit or not, I’m going to strike you down!

“Actually, I hope you are waiting for me. That way killing you won’t waste too much of my time. Then I can slaughter the rest of the Eighth Mountain and Sea to accompany you in death!

“As for the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, he’s a sacrifice that I prepared for the 33 Heavens. Offering up a Mountain and Sea Lord will definitely ensure that the 33 Heavens will descend!

“Furthermore, I’ve determined the location of your home, the Ninth Mountain and Sea.... Don’t worry, I’ll make sure to exterminate everyone in your entire clan and bloodline!

“If you really do have the guts to sit waiting for me at the entrance, your fate will be the same as if you had fled. After all... there is nowhere for you to run, and nowhere for you to hide, in all Heaven and Earth.

“You. Shall. DIE!

“The 33 Heavens are coming!

“I feel bad for the Mountain and Sea Realm. But this... is the fate of the Paragon Immortal Realm!” Lord White’s eyes glittered, and his energy surged. He was completely self-confident, especially because of the two streams of light which swirled around him. One contained a short sabre, the other, a short sword. Both were precious treasures that, despite appearing to be ordinary in nature, were so powerful that even Lord White was leery of them.

In addition to all that, the mark of a green leaf could be seen on his forehead, flickering with scintillating light. It emanated the fluctuations of the Green Emperor’s Eternal Incantation, ensuring that a powerful life force flowed through him constantly.

Considering what he already knew about Meng Hao, and his current preparations, Lord White was completely confident!

That was not even to mention the glittering mark which could be seen on the back of his hand. That mark depicted an evil spirit, grinning maliciously.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as Lord White continued along at top speed.

However, even as he was brimming with self-confidence, a huge boom rang out from the void up ahead of him. Everything seemed to shatter and churn, as though some terrifying entity were moving toward him with indescribable speed.

Lord White's eyes went wide, and his face fell with shock. Shaken, he prepared to dodge to the side. After all, he had opened up this path, so generally speaking there shouldn't be any danger here. What was happening now left him deeply shaken.

"What is that?!?!"

Even in the moment that Lord White started in shock, and the void up ahead of him shattered, a huge hand appeared, barreling toward him with irresistible force and indescribable speed. In the blink of an eye, it was directly in front of him.

No amount of resistance or struggling on his part did any good, nor did he even qualify to try to dodge. Before he could do anything, the hand grabbed onto him.

As soon as it touched him, his eyes went wide with disbelief and shock. Based on what he could sense, that hand was formed from divine will, a terrifying divine will that caused him to cry out in alarm and babble incoherently.

"Paragon!!

"It's Paragon Sea Dream!!

"No, wait, this isn't Sea Dream's aura.... She couldn't be here! The 33 Heavens already sent people to pin her down!!

"If it's not Sea Dream, then who is it? Who could it be?!?!"

“There couldn’t possibly be a second Paragon in the Mountain and Sea Realm!!” Indescribable astonishment gripped Lord White’s heart, and before he could even consider the matter further, the huge hand began to drag him forward.

RUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The entire void shook violently. Normally speaking, it would have taken a full day for Lord White to reach the exit of the rift at the speed he had been maintaining. But right now, it only took a few breaths of time before the huge hand dragged him... all the way out into the Eighth Mountain and Sea!

RUMBLE!

Chapter 1311: Crushing!

Meng Hao emerged from the rift before Lord White by about ten breaths of time. Although the red-haired old man, his fellows, and the other cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea off in the distance were all swept over by a wild blast of air as soon as he appeared, sending all of them tumbling backwards, they still didn't immediately detect Meng Hao.

"What's happening?"

"This... this...." The red-haired old man and his fellows had looks of shock on their faces as they were shoved backward. Rumbling could be heard coming from the rift itself. And then the rift... all of a sudden seemed to be on the verge of collapsing completely.

Fissures spread out in all directions, and it began to break apart, causing widespread astonishment among everyone present.

What happened next, though, virtually blew the minds of all the observing cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Each and every one watched with their own eyes as their own Mountain and Sea Lord, Lord White... flew out of that collapsing rift.

Before any of them could get excited, they gasped with disbelief. That was because it was very clear from their vantage point that Lord White... was not flying out of the rift on his own. Instead, he was struggling and shouting, and a look of fear and shock could be seen on his face.

From the look of it... he was actually being dragged out by some huge, invisible hand!

"This...." all of the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea looked on in utter shock.

Lord White was roaring in anger, but deep inside he was flabbergasted. Even as he struggled, his voice rang out for all to hear.

"Which Paragon is it? Paragon Sea Dream? It must be you!!"

Even as Lord White blustered, a calm voice suddenly echoed out. "It's not Paragon Sea Dream. It's me!"

Ripples spread out from the collapsing rift, and Meng Hao appeared for all to see.

“Meng Hao!!”

“I can’t believe it’s him! This... he....”

“He was only missing for a month. I can’t believe he’s even stronger than he was before!!” The red-haired old man and his fellows gasped in shock, and Lord White’s pupils constricted. He almost couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

“Impossible!” A tremor ran through Lord White. The huge hand that had just grabbed him had vanished, and he could now move again. Without even thinking about it, he backed up, looking at Meng Hao with complete disbelief.

“Lord White, we meet again,” Meng Hao said with a slight smile, looking calmly at Lord White the entire time. “You were going too slow, and I didn’t feel like waiting for you, so I decided to help you out a bit.”

Although Meng Hao’s words were spoken with a smile, they caused Lord White’s scalp to feel as if it were about to explode. An intense sensation of deadly crisis exploded up within him, the most intense feeling he had ever experienced in his entire life, and it was caused by none other than Meng Hao!

Lord White still almost couldn’t believe that the Meng Hao he had faced a month ago, who had caused him to feel fear, but not deadly crisis, was this same person. It was as if he had completely transformed. Lord White felt as if he were dreaming, as if the scene playing out in front of him was a hallucination.

“Impossible....” It almost seemed as if the word ‘impossible’ was the only word he could say, over and over again. It went to show how completely shocked he was, how this scene was so unimaginable that it almost couldn’t happen even in a dream. How could Meng Hao have experienced such a terrifying increase in power?

He would never be able to forget the despair and shock he had felt at

having that huge hand grab him. That was the divine sense of a Paragon, which completely exceeded his own. He had previously assumed that the original plan had gone awry, and that Paragon Sea Dream had appeared. But now that he realized the sense of crisis was caused by Meng Hao, he truly wished that all of this could be nothing more than an illusion. In fact, he would rather Paragon Sea Dream be the one who had arrived.

His confidence was now completely shattered, and all his preparations were now completely useless.

Even worse was the fact that the rift behind him was collapsing, causing him to gasp. Now Meng Hao's plan was obvious; considering that he was cutting off the path of retreat, he obviously planned... to cut Lord White down once and for all!

That was why Meng Hao had entered the rift to begin with!

By destroying that rift, he made it impossible for the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea to retreat, trapping him in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Even if he wanted to flee, there was nowhere to flee to! The graveyard-like Eighth Mountain and Sea would become his final resting place!

Lord White began to shake, and the sensation of deadly crisis within him grew even more intense, until it felt like raging waves battering at his mind. Without even a moment of hesitation, Lord White transformed into a beam of white light that flashed toward the collapsing rift.

Although entering a collapsing rift like that gave him only a 50/50 chance of surviving, as far as he was concerned, that was better than staying put!

He could well predict that if he did not pick that 50/50 chance, then the only thing waiting for him was a 0/100 chance!

RUMBLE!

In the very moment in which Lord White fell back, Meng Hao snorted coldly and waved his hand. Heaven and Earth rumbled, and the starry sky trembled, as his divine sense spread out, crushing down onto Lord White.

Lord White let out a miserable shriek, and blood spattered everywhere.

Then, the rift behind him collapsed completely, cutting off even that 50/50 chance he had to survive!

“Meng Hao, you push people too far!!” Lord White’s eyes were completely bloodshot as he spun around, threw his head back and roared. His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, causing an ancient scripture to materialize behind him.

“The Mountains have three Daos, Man-Mountain, Earth-Mountain, Heaven-Mountain!!” Lord White held nothing back as he unleashed his divine ability, revealing how incredibly terrified he was at this moment.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE....

Three Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering mountains appeared, which crushed toward Meng Hao, the Man-Mountain from the front, the Earth-Mountain from below, and the Heaven-Mountain from above. The power of those three mountains was enough to slay celestial beings and destroy gods!

Rumbling could be heard as the three mountains smashed toward Meng Hao. Before he had extinguished five Soul Lamps, facing this magic had been very difficult, and he had been forced to rely on the Withering Flame Demon Magic True Self Dao to create a surrogate which had died in his stead.

Right now, though, Meng Hao’s eyes were shining brightly, and his expression was very calm. The wave of a finger caused the Man-Mountain to shudder and then collapse into pieces. Without stopping, Meng Hao waved his finger down, and then up.

It was as if he could buttress all creation, as if... in all Heaven and Earth, he was the most respected of all beings!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE....

The Earth-Mountain shattered, and the Heaven-Mountain collapsed. The starry sky shuddered as rubble blasted out in all directions. Blood sprayed out of Lord White’s mouth, and an expression of terror and madness appeared on his face.

“You’re no match for me anymore.” Meng Hao said coolly, speeding toward Lord White. As he did, the pressure of the starry sky began to weigh down, as if the power of the Mountains and Seas itself was Meng Hao’s aura. Everything shook, and Lord White fell back, blood spraying out of his mouth.

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Note from Er Gen: The past four chapters have 11,000 Chinese characters!

Note from Deathblade: This is an unusually short chapter, coming in at only about 1300 words. The reason is that the past four chapters were all posted in a single day by Er Gen in a drive for monthly vote tickets. As you can see from the above comment, those four chapters came in at a total of 11,000 Chinese characters. Usually chapters are 3,000 Chinese characters, so he came very close to completing 4 full chapters, but fell a bit short on the last one of the day.

Chapter 1312: Lord White Turns Outsider!

“The Seas have three magics, the Commoner’s Magic, the Minister’s Magic, and the Emperor’s Magic!” Lord White roared. Three natural laws descended that seemed to supercede all other natural laws, affecting all minds as they crushed down onto Meng Hao.

A strange light shone in Meng Hao’s eyes as he waved his hand, summoning the Paragon Bridge. This Paragon Bridge was different than the bridges he had summoned before; the towering will of a Paragon swirled around it as it fought back against the three Sea magics, which subsequently shattered.

Meng Hao’s face paled a bit, but almost immediately recovered. Then he frowned.

“It seems my biggest weakness now is this body of mine,” he murmured inwardly. Although his fleshly body had experienced growth when he extinguished his Soul Lamps, that growth was not incredibly significant. His fleshly body had already almost reached its total limit, and could not really make any more progress without a complete breakthrough.

Considering how much energy he had built up in preparation for the breakthrough, once it occurred, his fleshly body would rapidly increase in power afterward.

However, before the breakthrough, all of that energy was essentially useless.

“The Dao Realm fleshly body requires... the blood of ancient Gods.” He then thought back to that trial by fire in the Nine Seas God World, and the words spoken to him by the old man who had passed on the three exterminating fist techniques.

“Ancient God blood....” Then he recalled that back in the Windswept Realm, Yuwen Jian from the Seventh Mountain and Sea had told him that there were ancient Gods where he came from.

Even as these things flashed through his mind, blood was spraying out

of Lord White's mouth from the backlash of his attack. His hair turned white, and his body withered. His entire aura weakened in the blink of an eye, and his Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation immediately exploded into action.

However, he was bitterly aware that he had nowhere to flee to, no path of escape. The only tiny chance he had to survive was to go all out and fight to the death.

Lord White threw his head back and laughed maniacally, performing a double-handed incantation gesture and simultaneously spitting out some blood. He did not use his Death Curse Magic, which Meng Hao had already overcome in their last battle. Meng Hao's divine sense was now as powerful as a Paragon, so using the Death Curse Magic against him would do little good.

Gritting his teeth, Lord White waved the index fingers of both hands toward Meng Hao. Instantly, the sabre and the sword that were swirling around him flared with red light and black smoke, which seemed to connect up into the 33 Heavens beyond the limits of the starry sky. It was like a Devilish flame that caused the Mountain and Sea Realm to rumble, and a power of expulsion to rise up.

However, even as that power of expulsion appeared, Lord White threw his head back and roared, Suddenly, a crown-like object appeared atop his head, flickering with dazzling light that instantly caused the Mountain and Sea power to settle down.

That crown was the symbol that marked him as a Mountain and Sea Lord. With it, he was able to stifle the expulsion power of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and thus allow him to temporarily borrow power directly from the 33 Heavens!

"DIE!" he howled. The sabre and the sword hummed in unison, radiating intense killing intent as they shot toward Meng Hao!

Lord White knew that although the sabre and sword were powerful, they were not enough to kill Meng Hao. Laughing bitterly, eyes aflame with madness, he decided to go all out in one final attack. This was an attack

that would end with either Meng Hao dead, or himself!

He raised his right hand up high, and the evil spirit totem tattoo on it seemed to come to life. Its eyes blinked open, causing an intense, vile aura to fill the starry sky.

Barely audible was the sound of roaring coming from the 33 Heavens beyond the limits of the starry sky, which pierced through the barriers to settle onto the battlefield where Meng Hao and Lord White were fighting!

That roar did not come from Dao Fang, who had appeared during their last battle!

It came from some other spirit!

Meng Hao's expression flickered, and a strange light appeared in his eyes. After a moment of thought, he turned somberly to face the sabre and sword, and then reached out and made a grasping gesture. Instantly, the sabre and sword began to vibrate.

The short sabre then began to shine with dazzling light, and then suddenly dissolved into a liquid which spread out to avoid Meng Hao's grasp. Then it transformed into the outline of some gigantic beast.

It was a vicious lizard, covered with innumerable spines that glittered with cold light. The lizard roared as it attacked Meng Hao.

As for the short sword, it also dissolved, turning into a Silver Dragon, which howled as it charged forward.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, looking away from Lord White to the incoming lizard and Silver Dragon. In the same moment, his divine sense exploded out, turning into a crushing power that weighed down on the starry sky.

Everything distorted as a huge rift was torn open. The gigantic lizard trembled and then let out a bloodcurdling scream as it was torn to pieces.

As for the Silver Dragon, the exact same thing happened to it. It didn't even qualify to fight back, and was instantly shredded.

The sabre was destroyed and the sword was crushed!

They were precious treasures that Lord White had prepared specifically to use against Meng Hao. But now, Meng Hao had divine sense that was eighty percent as powerful as that of a Paragon's, which caused the void to distort and the starry sky to crush down.

Meng Hao waved his sleeve, sweeping away the fragments of the sabre and sword, dispersing them.

In that same instant, Lord White howled, a sound that could shake Heaven and Earth. Simultaneously, the roaring coming from the 33 Heavens beyond the starry sky caused everything to shake.

The vicious spirit on the back of Lord White's hand grinned ferociously. Even as Meng Hao turned his attention to it, it materialized into an evil ghost, which didn't attack Meng Hao, but rather, turned and burrowed into Lord White's body.

Lord White spasmed, then threw his head back and roared.

ROOOAARRRR!!

His body began to grow, and in the blink of an eye, he was 30 meters tall, then 300 meters. His eyes were crimson, and radiated madness. Apparently, his mental faculties were crushed in that instant, and he went completely mad.

Numerous spines grew out of the pupils of his eyes, and scales rapidly spread out over his skin, giving him a completely shocking appearance. His face twisted with pain as he beat his chest with his fists. At the same time, his spine extending, causing a huge tail to appear, which was covered with viscous bodily fluid.

Two brutish horns sprouted out of his head, and his aura exploded out to a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering degree.

That aura was definitely not the aura of the Mountain and Sea Realm, but rather the aura of the Outsiders from the 33 Heavens!!

This was not the first time Meng Hao had seen something like this happen. Back when he had fought Marquis Lu, something similar had occurred. However, the energy Lord White was giving off now was beyond

compare to what he had seen before.

And yet... there was no power of expulsion from the Mountains and Seas. That crown still glittered on his head, which apparently caused a peculiar willpower to fill the area, isolating him from the Mountain and Sea Realm, so that it couldn't even sense him!

Clearly, Lord White's status had something to do with why this was happening!

"Die, Die, DIE!" Lord White roared. Apparently, Lord White had some strange connection to the 33 Heavens, a connection that Meng Hao could sense. Although this caused him to frown slightly, it was not some huge shock.

After his fight with Marquis Lu, it was easy for Meng Hao to come to the conclusion that Lord White must have a similar magic at his disposal. Of course, the price involved was incomprehensible, so much so that Lord White wouldn't use it unless it was his only chance at survival. In fact, that heavy price was also why he had chosen to flee during their last battle.

But now, the rift was gone, and Meng Hao's power left him in complete despair. He knew that today... he had a 0/100 chance of surviving unless he went completely all out!

ROOOAARRRR!!

Lord White turned into a black beam that shot toward Meng Hao with incredible speed, piercing through the starry sky. In the blink of an eye, he was in front of Meng Hao, stretching out his claw-like hands toward him.

RUMBLE!

His claws shredded the starry sky with destructive power. Although that explosive power did not equal the 6-Essences level, it was immeasurably close.

As the claws neared, Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and his divine sense roiled out. The power of eighty percent of a Paragon's divine sense crushed down onto Lord White, instantly causing him to grind to a halt,

trembling.

In that instant, Meng Hao's right hand lifted up, and the copper mirror appeared, transforming instantly into the Battle Weapon. This version of the Battle Weapon was vastly sharper than before, and looked different as well. The murderous aura which surrounded it was greater, and the blade glow which flickered out shoved Lord White back thirty meters, howling.

A gaping wound appeared in his chest, but strangely, no blood flowed out from it. Roaring madly, he charged in again, whereupon Meng Hao snorted coldly and sent his divine sense crushing down once again.

A boom rang out as Lord White was once again halted in place by the terrifying pressure from Meng Hao. Try as he might to fight back, it was useless, and he was left trembling.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed, and he took a step forward. The Battle Weapon slashed through the starry sky, sending out dazzling light that seemed to rend the starry sky.

Massive power slashed down onto Lord White, cutting him cleanly into two pieces. Yet again, no blood sprayed out, although he let out a bloodcurdling scream.

However, what was truly bizarre was that the two halves of his body wriggled and transformed into two versions of Lord White, which then charged madly toward Meng Hao from two different directions.

Meng Hao frowned, sending divine sense out and attacking with the Battle Weapon again. However, the only result of his slashing attack was that there were now four Lord Whites!

"Won't die and can't be killed?" Meng Hao's eyes flashed coldly as he put the Battle Weapon away and then performed an incantation gesture and pointed out. Immediately, the Paragon Bridge rumbled out, emanating the power of the 6-Essences level, which completely shattered the four Lord Whites into a pulp.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE....

However, even as they shattered, Meng Hao's frown deepened. There in

front of him, the countless dust-like fragments formed back together, and this time, there weren't four Lord Whites, but rather... dozens!

“Die, Die, DIE!” All of the Lord Whites howled and charged at Meng Hao from all directions.

Chapter 1313: If You Dare Kill Him, The War Starts!

Meng Hao looked at the multiple versions of Lord White, his eyes flickering with scintillating light.

“Can’t be killed and won’t die. Is that because of your life force?” Meng Hao suddenly waved his hand, summoning the copper mirror once again. This time, however, he didn’t form it into the Battle Weapon, but instead reached his left hand deep into the mirror itself!

The copper mirror was like a black hole that completely swallowed up his hand. At the same time, the mirror trembled, as if some enormous power was stirring within. Roars and howls echoed out, the mere sound of which caused the faces of the numerous versions of Lord White to flicker. Furthermore, the area which had previously been cut off from the Mountain and Sea Realm by Lord White was now showing signs of collapsing.

“Demon Weapon Lonelytomb...” Meng Hao said softly, eyes shining, “the time has finally come for you to truly appear in the world!” Based on the level of his current cultivation base, he was able to sense that... he could at long last completely and fully pull out the fragment of the mirror he had acquired in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, as well as that which was inside of it, Demon Weapon Lonelytomb! 1

Furthermore, this was not the incomplete Demon Weapon which he had pulled out in the last fight with Lord White. This was... the complete, authentic Demon Weapon Lonelytomb!

The world inside the copper mirror was something no one on the outside could see. Deep within the mirror was an ancient battlefield, filled with so many broken corpses that they were heaped together like mountains. In the middle of all of that was a seething black mist, inside of which was a long black spear that radiated brutal madness.

It also pulsed with an intense murderous aura, which caused rumbling

sounds to echo out. It was as if the number of souls killed by this spear throughout the years literally couldn't be counted....

All of a sudden, an enormous hand reached down out of the Heavens of that world, which was none other than Meng Hao's hand. It pierced through the black mist and wrapped around the Demon Weapon Lonelytomb.

An intense drone of excitement exploded out of the spear, as if it could sense the fluctuations of the League of Demon Sealers. It had been waiting for far more than 10,000 years... for a cultivator from the League to come release it into the world once more!

The hand wrapped around Demon Weapon Lonelytomb and then pulled it up into the Heavens....

Out in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao's hand slowly emerged from the copper mirror, which was trembling and emanating dazzling light that spread out in all directions.

There was also a vast quantity of black mist which roiled out, filling the entire area with a towering murderous aura, as if countless discarnate souls were screaming and wailing in anguish.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as Meng Hao's hand emerged, clutched within which was a long black spear. At long last, Demon Weapon Lonelytomb... had returned to the Mountain and Sea Realm!

It was nine meters long, completely pitch black, and surrounded by swirling black mist and the images of countless vengeful spirits. The murderous aura it emanated contained shocking pressure that made everything rumble. It was as if all the life in the starry sky was being sliced to pieces to be consumed by the newly-arrived Demon Weapon Lonelytomb!

Even more shocking was that after consuming that life force, the Demon Weapon's murderous aura grew even stronger. It needed more, it thirsted for more, causing Heaven and Earth to shake violently.

The dozens of versions of Lord White began to struggle violently,

expressions flickering with astonishment and shock.

“An undying, unkillable life force...?” Meng Hao said, lips twisting into a cold smile. He took a step forward, and Demon Weapon Lonelytomb transformed into a black bolt of lightning that shot out.

It was only a spear, but when it stabbed into the forehead of one of the Lord Whites, it pierced directly through him, withering his body. In the blink of an eye, he shattered into pieces, his life force completely and utterly consumed by Demon Weapon Lonelytomb.

The Demon Weapon, which had previously been pitch black, all of a sudden had a blood-colored glint to it that even bordered on violet!

In the same moment, the rest of the versions of Lord White finally managed to shake off the Hexing magic, and began to scatter, fleeing in all directions.

“You can’t escape,” Meng Hao said coolly. He didn’t pursue them, though. Instead, the bloody glow surrounding the Demon Weapon transformed into a beam of blood-colored light, which sped out into the starry sky. The starry sky trembled as the barrier erected by Lord White shattered. Instantly, the power of the Mountains and Seas could sense the presence of an Outsider, and as a result, the entire Mountain and Sea Realm began to shake violently.

Atop the Nine Mountains, the Xuanwu turtles in the nine celestial ponds threw their heads back and roared. The Mountains and Seas shook, and all of the Mountain and Sea Lords could suddenly sense the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

“Outsiders must be executed!!” These words rumbled out into the minds of all of the Mountain and Sea Lords. On the Ninth Mountain, Ji Tian’s eyes shone with a strange glow as he looked in the direction of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

On the Eighth Mountain, Meng Hao’s grandfather, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, was shaking violently. His hands were quivering, and a shocking aura was erupting up within him as his eyes slowly opened!

In the Sixth Mountain and Sea, countless cultivators were massed together into a huge army that was marching forward into a rift that connected to the Fifth Mountain and Sea. It was not just in the Eighth Mountain and Sea that a Mountain and Sea War was being fought, nor was the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea the only traitor!

There was another traitor... the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea!

War had broken out in the Fifth Mountain and Sea, and the two Lords of those respective Mountains and Seas were both bursting with power. Although they had not yet begun to fight, they were now facing off.

It was in that moment that they heard the voice of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

The entire Mountain and Sea Realm was shaking, and countless faces flickered with shock. An astonishing power was building up, converging on Meng Hao's location in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and then crushing down onto the fleeing Lord White.

That was Meng Hao's entire goal. He wanted to sever the power that Lord White was able to wield because of his status as the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, that allowed him to block the will of the Mountains and Seas. Once his Outsider aura spread out and was detected, killing him would be a very simple task.

In fact, Meng Hao didn't even need to attack at this point. The power of the Mountain and Sea Realm would kill Lord White for him!

Amidst rumbling sounds, Lord White let out a miserable scream as the will of the Mountains and Seas descended. However, even as he was about to be shredded out of existence, the starry sky shook as a massive pressure descended from the 33 Heavens up above.

At the same time, a huge golden net appeared, which covered the entire Mountain and Sea Realm. Beyond that net could be seen numerous land masses stacked up like a pagoda. Clearly visible on the first land mass, the one nearest to the Mountain and Sea Realm, were mountains and rivers, as well as a group of cultivators with stern, arrogant expressions on their faces.

This was the 1st Heaven of the 33 Heavens. Similar scenes could be seen playing out on the 2nd Heaven, the 3rd Heaven, and all of the other various land masses that were stacked higher up. Furthermore, it appeared as if the cultivators there had just begun to gather, and that it would most likely take many years for them to finish massing their forces together.

After all, each and every one of those Heavens was comparable in size to the Mountain and Sea Realm itself!

Beyond that huge golden net, was a figure clad in golden battle armor, floating above the 1st Heaven, staring down at the Mountain and Sea Realm. Suddenly, he cried out in a furious voice. “Mountain and Sea Realm, if you dare to kill someone from our 1st Heaven, then the war will begin early!”

That figure looked like a cultivator, except that his body was covering in scales, and a long tail stretched out behind him. Two vicious horns sprouted from his head, and his eyes were icy cold.

“Allow him to return, and I’ll pretend none of this ever happened. The Mountain and Sea Realm will then have years to prepare. The war between us is coming, and it will end with the eradication of either the Mountains and Seas or our 33 Heaven!

“Do you want that war to start now, or years from now? All rests on a single sentence from you, the Mountain and Sea Realm!”

Massive rumbling accompanied the voice, which pierced into the Mountain and Sea Realm and exploded out in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. However, the echoing voice could also be heard by all cultivators in the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

In fact, any cultivator in the Mountain and Sea Realm who looked up would be able to see the huge net spreading out up above, and the 33 land masses beyond it!!

The entire Realm was completely stunned!

Although rumors about the 33 Heavens had long since begun to spread,

and many people knew about them, as of this moment, everyone was astonished to be able to hear the words spoken by the golden-armored Outsider from the 1st Heaven.

It was brazen intimidation!

He was openly threatening the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm; if it dared to slaughter Lord White, then the result would be the premature outbreak of a war of eradication!

Meng Hao was shaking, and brilliant light flickered within his eyes. He had never imagined that killing Lord White would provoke such a reaction from the 33 Heavens, to the extent that they were willing to wage war ahead of schedule!!

Suddenly, the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm froze, and ceased in its attempt to kill Lord White. At the same time, the remaining versions of Lord White all merged back together into his original form. His face was pale, and he was trembling, but the fact that he had just escaped with his life caused his eyes to shine with incredible joy, even elation!

The will of the Mountain and Sea Realm was silent. The Xuanwu turtles on the Nine Mountains grew quiet. None of the Mountain and Sea Lords spoke. All cultivators, regardless of whether they were fighting on the battlefield or were in a location of peace and quiet, were completely shaken, and stared up in confusion at the starry sky above.

None of them were ready for such a war, and in fact, most of them hadn't even been aware that a war was coming.

And yet... the 33 Heavens, despite not being fully prepared, had already begun to gather forces. If they still needed years to prepare, then so did the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Meng Hao was also silent. This was a decision that had to do with the survival of the Mountain and Sea Realm itself. His first inclination was to let Lord White go, and avoid an early outbreak of war.

After all, he hadn't made adequate preparations to fight against the 33 Heavens right at this moment.

A cold snort rang out from the 33 Heavens, and a huge black hand pierced down through the golden net. It descended to the Eighth Mountain and Sea, grabbed Lord White and then slowly pulled him up.

The decision had been made. The Mountain and Sea Realm didn't dare to attack, didn't dare to start the war early. That was a war which would decide the fate of all lives in the Realm, and no one was confident enough to start it yet.

However... that was when something completely unexpected happened!!

*

It was around chapter 619 that he acquired that mirror fragment in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect.

Chapter 1314: FIGHT!

The hand which had grabbed Lord White and was pulling him up out of the Mountain and Sea Realm suddenly became entangled by some invisible power which forced it to grind to a halt. An enraged roar then echoed out from the 33 Heavens to fill the ears of all cultivators down below.

“Mountain and Sea Realm, what are you doing?! Do you truly dare to start the war early!?!?”

All of the Mountains and Seas were completely shaken. Even the cultivators of the Seventh and Eighth Mountains and Seas who were locked in combat, as well as those in the Sixth and Fifth Mountains and Seas, all went quiet.

Fighting ceased, and all hearts felt enormous pressure weighing down on them. And yet, the main feeling was that of confusion.

All of a sudden, an ancient and icy voice echoed out through all of the Mountains and Seas, filling the minds and hearts of all cultivators. “All ye in the Mountain and Sea Realm... I am the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm, its spirit automaton....”

Each and every cultivator in the Mountain and Sea Realm could hear the voice as clear as crystal.

“Oh so many years ago, there was no Mountain and Sea Realm in the Vast Expanse. There was only the Paragon Immortal Realm, standing tall and eternal within the flow of time. It led the 3,000 Lower Realms, and all of its cultivators were Immortals....

“But then... catastrophe struck....

“The 3,000 Lower Realms... rebelled. Other foreign powers threw the Immortals into chaos, slaughtered the Imperial Lords, and exterminated the Dao bloodlines. The Paragon Immortal Realm fell....

“Paragon Nine Seals... created the Mountain and Sea Realm, forging new lands to keep the memory of the Paragon Immortal Realm alive. That is

how the Mountain and Sea Realm came to be....” The voice of the Mountain and Sea Realm echoed out, filled with a strange power that suffused the entire Realm and poured into the ears of all cultivators. Even as the Mountain and Sea Realm spoke, the cultivators saw images in their minds. Visions.

Within those visions were images of the true events from the past. They were images that seemed to spring up from the very souls of the people who saw them, drawn up by the voice which filled their minds.

Within those visions, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, regardless of the level of their cultivation bases, be they Qi Condensation or Dao Realm, could clearly see the Paragon Immortal Realm of yesteryear. They saw the peace and tranquility there, and then they saw the 3,000 Lower Realms rebelling. They saw the terrifying foreign powers invading the Paragon Immortal Realm. They saw... the Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering war which resulted.

They saw countless cultivators dying miserable deaths. They saw many who, in their last moment of life, would shout that they would live for the Immortal World, and that they would die for the Immortal World. Then those cultivators chose to self-detonate and end in mutual destruction with their enemies.

The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm saw the blood of their ancestors in the visions. They witnessed the glory of the Paragon Immortal Realm, and its fall. They witnessed the countless corpses and brutal carnage that stretched out into the starry sky.

Everyone began to tremble as the voice of the Mountain and Sea Realm slowly faded into the background. What filled their minds were the images that had been hidden in their blood and in their souls, images that revealed to the trembling Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators, their true origins.

They understood. As of this moment, everyone understood!

No one doubted whether the images might be illusions. On an instinctive level, they knew that their visions were real. It was as if these

images were memories, memories of their ancestors that were embedded in their souls and in their blood. From generation to generation, those memories were passed down, indelible and impossible to wipe away!

It was as if they could hear the shouts of their ancestors coming from within their own blood.

“Never forget! We are the people of the Paragon Immortal Realm!”

“Fix our former glory into your hearts!!”

“Our children and grandchildren, all generations, must forever remember that our true enemies are the 33 Heavens, and those beyond the 33 Heavens!!”

“They are our enemies now, and will be our enemies to time indefinite!!”

A massive roaring sound exploded out into the minds of all the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm. The visions left them trembling, their eyes bloodshot, their blood and souls surging not only with the memories passed down by the ancestors but also... with their rage and madness.

What bitterness!

They saw the collapse of the Paragon Immortal Realm, they saw countless deaths, they saw the starry sky become a sea of blood, and they saw the vicious brutality of the rebels.

Death... endless death....

Eventually, the visions began to change. After seeing countless almighty experts from the Paragon Immortal Realm give up their lives for the sake of family and homeland, they saw Paragon Nine Seals create the precious treasure that was the Mountain and Sea Realm. He knew that he would die in the process, but he didn't care. To stop the war, to protect his home, he created the Mountain and Sea Realm.

He took the broken remnants of his people and placed them into the Mountain and Sea Realm. There, they multiplied and became many, and eventually life once again thrived. Gradually, a new Immortal World came

to be.

However, the war was not over!

Everyone was trembling, even Meng Hao. He already knew about all of these matters, but he had never seen the visions. However, his eyes were bloodshot, not because the rage and hatred of his ancestors, but rather... because he did not wish, and was not willing, to allow his own people to wade through the same sea of blood he was seeing in the visions.

Eventually, the voice of the Mountain and Sea Realm once again echoed out, seemingly sighing, seemingly reminiscent, and yet filled with obsession and towering hatred!

“Most of the 3,000 Lower Realms were destroyed. In the end, only 33 remained. They sealed the Mountain and Sea Realm, and they... are the 33 Heavens which hang over all our heads.

“On this day, the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea has rebelled, as has the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea. After the passage of countless years, that most ancient of wars, is starting again....

“And it will be a war of complete extermination....”

As the voice rang out into the minds of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, the visions changed once again. This time, they saw the battles which had been fought recently in the Eighth and Fifth Mountains and Seas!

They saw cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm killing each other, and they saw the rebellion of the Mountain and Sea Lords!

When the cultivators from the other Mountains and Seas saw this, their eyes were shot with blood. As for the cultivators from the Eighth, Seventh, Sixth, and Fifth Mountains and Seas, their minds felt as if they were being struck by lightning. All of the cultivators on the various battlefields were struck mute.

They began to shake, and their eyes filled with grief. All of them felt like screaming from the bottoms of their hearts:

Wrong! We were wrong!

There should never have been any Mountain and Sea Wars. Even if their own Mountain and Sea Lord rebelled, they would not!!

They were cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and they all carried the blood of their ancestors. Their enemies were not the people of the Mountain and Sea Realm, but rather, the 33 Heavens!!

One cultivator after another began to cough up blood, and many even shed bloody tears....

The cultivators from the other Mountains and Seas were filled with bitterness, and couldn't even speak. Everyone was unprecedentedly quiet. As of this moment, the visions, coupled with the somehow familiar feeling rising up in their blood, caused the hatred for the 33 Heavens which existed in their souls to become incomparably clear.

Finally, at long last, they understood everything.

"I am only a spirit automaton. The decisions about whether or not to fight, and when exactly to fight, are not mine to make. Therefore, I hereby request that all cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm tell me what you wish to do.

"Do we fight now? We are not ready, but then again, neither are our enemies. Or... do we wait? Years from now, both sides will be prepared, and then we can fight.

"All of you... tell me your wish." After the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm finished speaking, it went completely silent.

The entire Mountain and Sea Realm was quiet. Everyone stood there silently, thinking, contemplating whether or not to fight.

If they fought, they would have the advantage. If they did not fight, they could spend more time preparing.

The right to decide did not lie with the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm, nor with the 33 Heavens. Instead, it lay with the people of the Mountain and Sea Realm itself. The silence caused the people of the 1st

Heaven up above to suddenly grow very nervous. Even the Outsider in the golden armor felt his heart pounding.

He could never possibly have imagined that forcing the Mountain and Sea Realm's hand in this way would have such a result. Based on his understanding of the people of the Mountain and Sea Realm, he had been convinced that they would choose to wait and prepare. But now... he wasn't sure.

"Dammit!!" he growled, his heart racing. The 33 Heavens were in no way prepared, which was in fact, one of the main reasons why they had incited internal friction by means of the Sixth and Seventh Mountains and Seas. They wanted the Mountain and Sea Realm to be in chaos. Then, they could spend years preparing, and by the time the two mysterious forces backing them arrived to wage war, they would fight alongside them in an ultimate and final battle.

However, even as the golden-armored Outsider stood there, shaking inwardly, a voice suddenly rang out in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

"Fight!!"

That voice crackled like thunder, ringing out from within the Fourth Mountain and Sea to fill the starry sky. It was only one word, but it then gave rise to a chorus of responses from that same Mountain and Sea!

That voice belonged to none other than... the Lord of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, Ksitigarbha!

It was one word, one completely domineering word, filled with ultimate decisiveness!

An explosion of voices filled the Fourth Mountain and Sea, joining Ksitigarbha's voice. The Fourth Mountain and Sea was going wild, and the cultivators there began to roar at the top of their lungs.

"Fight!!"

"Fight!!!"

Next, the Lord of the Fifth Mountain and Sea threw his head back and

roared.

“Fight!!”

After that, people began to cry out in the Third Mountain and Sea and the Second Mountain and Sea. Killing intent exploded out, shaking the starry sky.

“Fight!!”

Next, an ancient voice suddenly echoed out from within the First Mountain and Sea.

“Fight!!”

The entire starry sky, the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, was aboil. Countless voices joined together from all parts of the Realm. As they echoed about boundlessly, they were joined by a voice from the Ninth Mountain and Sea, which belonged to none other than Ji Tian!

“Fight!!”

As the Mountain and Sea Realm shook, Meng Hao’s grandfather, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, who sat atop the Eighth Mountain, fully opened his eyes. When he did, power exploded out that shook the starry sky, and caused the Heavens to tremble. Shining light like the stars emanated out from his eyes as he slowly rose to his feet. Then, his voice booming like thunder, he spoke a single word.

“FIGHT!!!”

Chapter 1315: Lord White Falls, The Battle Commences!

“Win or lose, we’ll fight!”

“Since they’re not ready either...we have to strike now!”

“It’s just war, isn’t it?! Even though we don’t know how long it will last, it’ll happen eventually anyway; we might as well get on with it!”

Numerous shouting voices rose up from all parts of the Mountain and Sea Realm. As they echoed out, Meng Hao remained silent, and yet, his eyes flickered with an intense desire to do battle.

“Perhaps after some preparation I could focus even more of the Mountain and Sea Realm’s power,” he thought. “However... by that time, the two other terrifying enemies will have arrived.

“Since that’s the case, why not fight now? If we can wipe out the 33 Heavens before the other two forces arrive... perhaps victory won’t be an impossibility!” Meng Hao’s eyes glittered. Now was not the time for silent contemplation. He looked up into the starry sky at the golden-armored hand which was still holding Lord White. He did not cry out that he wanted to fight, but instead, sent his divine sense roaring out, bursting with power equivalent to eighty percent of that of a Paragon.

If the war was starting, then Lord White could be of significant aid to Meng Hao’s Eternal stratum. Therefore... he could not be allowed to escape. Meng Hao’s divine sense rumbled toward him....

The golden-armored Outsider from the 1st Heaven had an expression of shock on his face. The reaction of all the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm caused him to subconsciously fall back, simultaneously trying to drag Lord White out of the Mountain and Sea Realm. However, it was in that same moment that Meng Hao’s divine sense closed in.

Meng Hao’s divine sense transformed into an enormous blade capable of sundering the Heavens, which then slashed viciously at the arm, moving at incredible speed.

“You’re like a grain of rice fighting back against the sun and moon!” the golden-armored Outsider said with a cold snort. Dazzling golden light then began to shine off of his hand, as if he was simply going to ignore Meng Hao’s divine sense, and would continue to extract Lord White.

However, even as his words echoed out, Meng Hao’s blade of divine sense smashed into the golden light, which instantly distorted, and then began to tremble, apparently on the verge of shattering!

“That’s....” the golden-armored Outsider shouted in alarmed disbelief. His eyes had gone wide and his mind was reeling.

Meng Hao’s divine sense blade pierced the golden light and then made contact with golden-armored Outsider’s enormous arm. Cracking sounds echoed out as the golden armor shattered, revealing a long scaled arm.

The arm trembled as Meng Hao’s divine sense blade bit into it. The arm was apparently not even qualified to resist; in the blink of an eye, it was completely severed!!

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered with killing intent as he stared at the severed arm and then shouted out in a thunder-like voice, “All invading Outsiders shall DIE!”

A massive roar echoed back in response from the 1st Heaven. The golden-armored Outsider’s eyes went wide as the pain from his severed arm exploded out in his body. His heart began to thump as he realized that Meng Hao had accomplished this using only his divine sense; such a level of power left him completely terrified.

“Paragon!” shouted the golden-armored Outsider. “That’s the power of a Paragon. Y-you’re... you’re a Paragon!!”

The other Outsider cultivators from the 1st Heaven all gasped, and their faces flickered.

Back in the Mountain and Sea Realm, the severed arm’s hand slowly loosened its grip on Lord White, who turned to face Meng Hao with complete shock and despair on his face.

“All who betray the Mountain and Sea Realm shall DIE!” Meng Hao

hefted Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, then blasted toward Lord White as fast as lightning. In the blink of an eye, the spear stabbed into Lord White's forehead.

A miserable scream echoed out, and complete disbelief could be seen in Lord White's eyes. He stared blankly at Meng Hao for a moment before his head completely exploded, followed by his entire body!

The Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea was dead!!

As Lord White died, the crown that he had worn began to fall. Cracking sounds could be heard as it then shattered into innumerable pieces. Simultaneously, Lord White's palace on the Seventh Mountain was transformed into ash, as if it had been crushed by an enormous hand!

The only thing that was left behind there in the starry sky was a solitary crown, which floated down to rest atop the Seventh Mountain. There it waited... for a new Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea to appear!

In the celestial pond atop the Seventh Mountain, the Xuanwu turtle's eyes glowed with a white light. Apparently, the connection that had sealed it to the Lord of the Seventh Mountain and Sea was now gone.

Boundless power of the Mountains and Seas began to spread out from the crown, filling the Seventh Mountain and Sea. At the same time, all of the cultivators who had been born in the Seventh Mountain and Sea could feel that power, and also could tell that...

Now that the Lord had lost his position, everything under Heaven was up for grabs!

Meanwhile, back in the Eighth Mountain and Sea.... In the moment that Lord White died, his corpse transformed into vast quantities of qi and blood, some of which was then absorbed by Demon Weapon Lonelytomb. However, most of that power actually transformed into strands of white mist, which Meng Hao then absorbed through his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

Furthermore, in the spot where Lord White had died, a green leaf appeared, which began to emanate resplendent light, as if a magical

technique were forming. In that same moment, Meng Hao's Eternal stratum began to operate at full power, pulling the leaf toward him. A moment later, he completely absorbed it.

Meng Hao's entire body trembled, and he felt a boundless life force erupting out within him. Although his fleshly body didn't experience a breakthrough, the sudden buildup of energy left him shocked.

He had the intense premonition that, if he used God blood to achieve a fleshly body breakthrough, then the power of his fleshly body would exceed that of a Dao Lord, and step directly into the Dao Sovereign level!!

In fact, he could also tell that his 6th Soul Lamp... was apparently on the verge of being extinguished!

Even as Meng Hao cut down Lord White, the shocking sounds of battle began to rise up in the Mountain and Sea Realm. Meng Hao could also sense the fluctuations of a towering power rising up from the Eighth Mountain. As of that moment, Meng Hao knew that his Grandpa Meng... had finally awoken.

At long last, the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm once again spoke!

"Fight!" It was a single word, but the instant that it rang out, the nine Xuanwu turtles on the nine Mountains all threw their heads back and roared. Next, both the sun and moon of the Mountain and Sea Realm blazed with intense, dazzling light!

Shocking rumbling sounds echoed out as nine beams of light shot up from the Nine Mountains, then slammed into the golden net up above. The net instantly began to shake, and then... started to collapse!

As the net collapsed, the 1st Heaven of the 33 Heavens, regardless of whether or not it wished to... began to descend!!

Now, what could be seen beyond the starry sky was not a boundless expanse, but rather, an enormous land mass.

The 33 Heavens shook as countless streams of powerful divine sense exploded out. Shocking ripples also emanated out from the 1st heaven as a cold, ancient voice rang out.

“War! Since the Mountain and Sea Realm desires this war to come early, well then... we shall fight!!” As the voice echoed out, countless roaring sounds rose up from within the 1st Heaven. Next, figures could be seen emerging from the 2nd Heaven, the 3rd Heaven, from all of the 33 Heavens; more people wished to join in the battle!

However, even as that happened, the sun and moon of the Mountain and Sea Realm sent two beams of radiant light shooting up into the 33 Heavens, toward the spot where the 1st Heaven and the 2nd Heaven connected!

RUMBLE!

The two beams of light instantly pierced through that connection, apparently cutting the 1st Heaven off from the other 33 Heavens. Immediately afterwards, another huge net appeared, completely enveloping the 1st Heaven and separating it!

The other figures descended from beyond the 1st Heaven were temporarily halted in place. Enraged roars could be heard, and the 33 Heavens began to shake as the voices of countless cultivators echoed out. Back in the 1st Heaven, all of the Outsiders maintained their silence. However, it didn't take very long before they began to fly off of the land mass and charge toward the Mountain and Sea Realm!

The war... was really beginning!

The battlefield was not one location within the Mountain and Sea Realm, but rather... the entire Realm!

The Outsider cultivators from the boundless 1st Heaven scattered out in various directions. These Outsiders from the 1st Heaven were vicious in appearance, and looked nothing like ordinary cultivators. They looked more like beasts, beasts which radiated shocking murderous intent.

At the same time, all of the lands in the Mountain and Sea Realm were springing into action. Soon, the fighting had already broken out in full force.

The Seventh Mountain and Sea was almost instantly transformed into a

sea of flames. Few cultivators had been left behind there, ensuring that the Outsiders from the 1st Heaven met little resistance. Instead, most of them focused on fortifying the area to serve as their base.

Clearly, the 1st Heaven had been preparing for this invasion for years!

A similar scene was also playing out in the Sixth Mountain and Sea!

The fighting immediately intensified. However, there had already been wars playing out in both the Eighth and Fifth Mountains. Although the forces present in those wars had sustained casualties, each front currently contained the combined power of two Mountains and Seas. Furthermore, because of what Meng Hao had done in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, the fighting there had not been as intense, and thus the armies there were still relatively intact.

Now that the true war was beginning, all of the cultivators there fought back enthusiastically, and the booming sounds of battle echoed out.

As for the other Mountains and Seas, there had been no fighting going on. The only thing they lacked was time to organize themselves. However, the Outsiders from the 1st Heaven were equally unprepared, so chaotic fighting immediately broke out.

In the First Mountain and Sea, the Echelon cultivator Dao-Heaven took the lead in the fighting, and as for all the other sects and clans there, they had no other choice than to join in.

It was the same in the Second Mountain and Sea and the Third Mountain and Sea. The only exception... was the Fourth Mountain and Sea!

Chapter 1316: Outsider Paragon!

The Fourth Mountain and Sea had been preparing for a very, very long time. Perhaps it would even be appropriate to say that they were always in a state of preparation. Almost as soon as the Outsiders arrived, the starry sky of the Fourth Mountain and Sea began to rumble. Numerous buildings appeared, which seemed to be Yama King palaces from the underworld. In addition, a boiling Yellow Springs appeared, sweeping across the Heavens.

Before the Outsiders could even start fighting, miserable screams rang out as heavy casualties were inflicted. They couldn't even set foot into the Fourth Mountain and Sea!

Countless enraged cultivators charged out from the Fourth Mountain and Sea, roaring in rage. "DIE!!"

Most unusual of all, however, was not the Fourth Mountain and Sea, but rather... the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

Almost in the same instant that the Outsiders arrived there, a beam of dazzling light shot out from some unknown region, sweeping out to cover that entire Mountain and Sea. It completely passed over the cultivators, but as for the Outsiders, they were instantly shredded to pieces.

The war between the Mountain and Sea Realm and the 33 Heavens had now fully erupted!

At the same time, the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm spread out to cover the whole Realm, crushing down onto the Outsiders. They roared as cracking sounds emanated out. In that moment, their fleshly bodies, their cultivation bases, everything about them was suppressed. Almost instantly, their battle prowess was reduced to sixty percent!

That was one terrifying aspect of the Mountain and Sea Realm. It wasn't just a place for the Immortal World to gradually recover. After all, it had been created during a time of war, and therefore, everything about it... was designed to be used in warfare!

"Mountain and Sea Realm!!" An enraged roar could be heard coming

from the 1st Heaven as an emaciated figure appeared, whose every step caused the Mountain and Sea Realm shake.

The aura of a Paragon emanated out from his body, spreading out in all directions to shake everything!

Apparently, the pressure coming from the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm had little effect on this figure. When he first appeared, he was very skinny, but as he neared, he grew larger. In the blink of an eye, he was 300 meters long, then 3,000 meters, and soon... he was fully 30,000 meters tall!

He bore the appearance of some fiendish beast, covered with scales, with a long tail stretching out behind it. He even had a horn sticking out of his head, which radiated a spectacular energy.

Furthermore, black flames flickered around him, and his eyes were bright red. Everywhere he looked, the starry sky twisted and distorted. With a single glance he surveyed all the living beings beneath him, and with the exception of the one entity he actually feared in the Mountain and Sea Realm, his gaze only momentarily lingered on two others!

One of those entities was in the Fourth Mountain and Sea, while the other was in the Eighth Mountain and Sea!

One was Ksitigarbha, and the other... was Meng Hao!

The reason he took Ksitigarbha so seriously was because of how his energy surged so mightily there within the Fourth Mountain and Sea. His glory bordered on that of a Paragon, and was enough to shake the highest Heavens, to spread shock throughout the Mountains and Seas!

The reason he took Meng Hao seriously was because of how he had just slaughtered Lord White. After all, Lord White... was an Outsider from the 1st Heaven, one of this beast's people!

"Trifling Mountain and Sea Realm!" said the enormous 30,000-meter creature. "The forces of the 1st Heaven, where my people reside, are enough to wipe you all out by themselves!"

"The time has come, my generals. Imperial Lord Mandilo, Exalted Devils,

the time has come... for a sacrifice of blood!

“Sacrifice the blood of the Immortals of the Mountain and Sea Realm to the Heavens, and offer up their ghosts. Take all life in this place... and transform it into ash!” His voice echoed out to fill the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

In response to his words, countless Outsiders flooded out from the 1st Heaven behind him, radiating killing intent as they spread out into the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Whether it was in terms of cultivation base or ability to slaughter, this second wave of Outsiders far exceeded the first. They were clearly the elite and most powerful fighters.

Booms rang out in all directions, shaking the Mountains and Seas as even more fierce fighting erupted!

Furthermore, there were three figures which slowly emerged, three Outsiders. It was impossible to tell if they were male or female, as they were completely covered in scales. Their eyes glowed red as if with fire, and the leader among the three was fully 3,000 meters tall, and surrounded by flames, as well as shocking fluctuations, fluctuations that could be second only to that of a Paragon.

He was... an Imperial Lord!!

A Quasi-Paragon!

Behind the Quasi-Paragon were two other Outsiders, also with glowing red eyes and cruel grins. Their cultivation bases also shook Heaven and Earth; they were clearly equipped with the power of six Essences!

One of them wore golden armor, except that the armor on one of its arms was completely destroyed. This was the Outsider who had attempted to take Lord White away. As soon as he appeared, his eyes locked onto Meng Hao in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and they flickered with killing intent.

These two were not Paragons, nor were they Imperial Lords. However, with six Essences, they stood at the pinnacle of power, and any one of

them could unleash a complete catastrophe onto any battlefield.

The 1st Heaven of the 33 Heavens was the first land which sealed the Mountain and Sea Realm. For tens upon tens of thousands of years, it had served as the first barrier that prevented cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm from escaping, and therefore, it was no surprise that it housed powerful beings like this!

The hearts of tens upon tens of thousands of cultivators in the Nine Mountains and Seas were completely shaken. Everyone looked up into the starry sky to see the Paragon up above in the 1st Heaven.

His aura was terrifying to an indescribable level as it spread out through the Mountain and Sea Realm!

His energy could shake Heaven and Earth, as if a single thought on his part could eradicate any living creature he laid eyes upon.

Such powerful divine sense caused even Dao Realm experts to tremble as if... they were facing something completely without equal.

“Paragon....”

“That’s... the power of a Paragon....”

“The 33 Heavens.... Just how many Paragons do they have...?”

Even the Mountain and Sea Lords were shaken. Despite the blessing of power from the Mountains and Seas, everyone was still so shocked that they almost lost their will to fight.

The 30,000-meter long Outsider Paragon suddenly extended his right hand and then shoved it out toward the Mountain and Sea Realm. Instantly, the starry sky filled with rumbling sounds, and began to peel and shatter.

Paragon power erupted out, surging toward the Fourth and Eighth Mountains!

Shockingly, he was first sending out his divine sense to try to eradicate his two greatest threats!

“Remember that thou hast been exterminated by Eegoo. That is my true

name, which endures unchanging no matter how many tens of thousands of years has passed!” As the Outsider Paragon’s hand descended, Heaven and Earth shook violently.

The Mountain and Sea Realm trembled, and its cultivators could sense a shocking pressure emanating down from the starry sky, a pressure which easily shoved aside the power of the Mountains and Seas, and then shot directly toward Meng Hao.

Contained within that pressure was a will of extermination that clearly intended to shred him into pieces, to destroy him in body and spirit.

Meng Hao’s pupils constricted as an intense sensation of deadly crisis welled up within him. That sensation of crisis sent his cultivation base aflame, and he knew that if he could not ward off this Paragon’s attack, then he... would be killed beyond the shadow of a doubt!

Thankfully, Paragon Eegoo’s power was not focused completely on attacking Meng Hao. Instead, it was split into two parts, one of which was focused on destroying Meng Hao, the other of which... was speeding down toward the Fourth Mountain and Sea, toward a spot deep within the countless Yama King palaces, toward a patch of pitch-black dirt in the underworld, where an enormous 3,000-meter tall statue sat there cross-legged.

That statue... was none other than the Lord of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, Ksitigarbha!

He was the most powerful of the Mountain and Sea Lords, and also... the most powerful person in the Mountain and Sea Realm under the level of Paragon!

Innumerable souls perpetually flew around the statue. After all, the Fourth Mountain controlled the underworld of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, and therefore, the Lord of the Fourth Mountain and Sea was also the Mountain and Sea Realm’s Lord of the Underworld!

Even as the crushing power of the Outsider Paragon closed in, the statue’s seemingly eternally closed eyes suddenly snapped open. Cracking sounds could be heard, and fissures spread out all over the surface of the

statue as it slowly raised its right hand, then viciously jabbed out with its finger.

RUUUUUUMMMMMBLLE!

Massive rumbling sounds echoed out as Ksitigarbha's body collapsed layer by layer. As it shattered and dissipated, the pressure from the Outsider Paragon suddenly lurched to a halt, incapable of proceeding.

The statue dissipated, and Ksitigarbha's true form was revealed. He was an ancient old man, tall and clad in a long yellow robe. As he stood there, a shocking energy pulsed out of him, and he raised his right hand to perform an incantation gesture. Instantly, the Fourth Mountain and Sea began to tremble, and the sound of chanting scriptures began to emanate out from the Yellow Springs up above in the starry sky, and the countless Yama King palaces. Simultaneously, Joss Flame power began to converge upon Ksitigarbha.

A boom echoed out as the Outsider Paragon's pressure was crushed by Ksitigarbha's finger jab. At the same time, Ksitigarbha's face paled a bit, although it quickly recovered. Then, his eyes began to shine with a strange light as he suddenly looked up, and then raised his right hand into the air.

"To be struck, but not strike back?" he said coolly. "That is not the Dao of Ksitigarbha." His voice thrummed with a strange cadence, and as the words left his mouth, he pushed his hand up into the air. Immediately, the Yama King palaces and the Yellow Springs, coupled with the boundless Joss Flame power, rumbled up, transforming into an enormous hand which shot up into the starry sky toward the Outsider Paragon, as if to grab him!

It didn't matter that he had a powerful cultivation base, or that he was a Paragon. Since he struck out at Ksitigarbha, how could Ksitigarbha not strike back? He would answer with his own attack, for the time had come to draw swords!

"Hmm?" The Outsider Paragon's eyes widened as he looked down at the Fourth Mountain. "He himself wields the power of a Dao Sovereign... but by converging tens of thousands of years of Joss Flame, he can actually

unleash... the might of an Imperial Lord....”

Even as the Outsider Paragon was reeling in shock, back in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, the Paragon’s might was still bearing down on Meng Hao. Eyes shining brightly, Meng Hao raised both hands wide into the air, summoning the Paragon Bridge. His divine sense also exploded out with eighty percent of the power of a Paragon. Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering power slammed into the Paragon’s pressure, fighting back against it.

When they slammed into each other, a massive boom rang out like a clap of thunder. The starry sky trembled, even darkening because of the blinding light of the Paragon Bridge. At the same time, numerous figures could be seen walking across the bridge, from whom terrifying auras could be sensed!

The Outsider Paragon was completely and utterly shocked.

He had to admit that he had underestimated the Mountain and Sea Realm. He had originally anticipated being able to eradicate both opponents at the same time, only to find that one was more shocking than the other!

Chapter 1317: Killing Intent of a Paragon!

The sudden appearance of the Paragon Bridge completely shocked the Outsider Paragon; in fact, he recognized it! Back when the great catastrophe occurred, he had not been at the Paragon level, and thus did not play a large role in what happened. However, he had seen this very bridge before, when it was crushed by an attack by the all-powerful Nine Seals and his Mountain and Sea Realm.

Even thinking about that bitter war left him trembling. Although Nine Seals had long since been destroyed in body and spirit, when this Outsider Paragon thought about him, he was left shaken.

He didn't understand it back in those days, but later came to the realization that if Nine Seals had felt like abandoning the Paragon Immortal Realm, no one could have prevented him from leaving.

In fact, the two terrifying forces who fought in the war years ago would not have been capable of such a feat, not without unleashing their Ancestral Souls. However, the price to be paid for such an act was so high that even those two powers would be hard-pressed to bear the costs. 1

It was with mixed feelings that Eegoo looked at the Paragon Bridge, and the figures on it. Those figures were shocking, but what was even more astonishing to him was the power of Meng Hao's divine sense.

However... even the fact that Meng Hao's divine sense was eighty percent as powerful as his own didn't cause his mind to reel.

What did that, what caused him to begin trembling, what caused his eyes to suddenly widen... was that he had just sensed something within Meng Hao's divine sense.... He had sensed... familiar fluctuations!!

Those fluctuations left his heart pounding and his mind spinning!

"Nine Seals.... Those are the fluctuations of Nine Seals. This man... is Nine Seals' successor!" Eegoo felt as if infinite lightning bolts were slamming into his mind. He raised his hand, sending Paragon power to blast away the gigantic hand summoned by Ksitigarbha. Then, killing

intent flickered within his eyes as he turned his attention to the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

There was no way that he... would permit another Paragon Nine Seals to appear!!

9-Essences Paragons like that were vastly removed from his own level as a 7-Essences Paragon. Although both were called Paragons, the difference between them... was even more dramatic than the difference between 4-Essences Dao Sovereigns and 6-Essences Dao Sovereigns!

“This kid must die! If I don’t kill him, then the possibility exists that he will become the second Nine Seals. He could... potentially exterminate all of the 33 Heavens!” The Outsider Paragon’s mind was spinning as he extended his hand and made a vicious pinching gesture toward the Eighth Mountain and Sea. The power of his cultivation base exploded out, the full might of his Paragon power!

The Eighth Mountain and Sea trembled, and all the cultivators there, including the Outsiders, began to bleed from their eyes, ears, noses and mouths, as they felt intense pressure weighing down on them.

Apparently, this Outsider Paragon was even willing to sacrifice the lives of his own people in order to wipe out Meng Hao. He was attempting to crush the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, and all living things therein!

However, it was at this point that a beam of white light shot out from within the Ninth Mountain and Sea. It split the starry sky like a white waterfall as it rose up, whistling through the air toward the 30,000-meter-tall Outsider. When it reached his hand, it exploded, instantly sending the Outsider Paragon’s hand rebounding backward!

“I’ve been waiting for you!” The voice belonged to that of a woman, and it was as cold as ice. It was none other than... Paragon Sea Dream!

Outsider Paragon Eegoo looked up, and his eyes swirled with killing intent. “Sea Dream!! You’ve managed to stay alive by means of a secret magic all these years, but your Essences have been destroyed. Your cultivation base is like nothing compared to back then. If you force

yourself to fight, it will only hasten your death. If you had avoided resisting us, then I would have let you be. After all, the destruction of the Mountain and Sea Realm has nothing to do with you. And yet, you still dare attack me?!”

Paragon Sea Dream appeared off in the distance, slowly striding forward. Her voice cold, she said, “Back when I achieved my Dao, you were nothing more than an ant.

“Later, when I was a Dao Sovereign, I encountered you, dying, whereupon you dropped to your knees and pleaded with me to prevent you from getting sucked into the cycle of reincarnation.

“After I became a Paragon, you didn’t hesitate to run your clan into the ground, all so that you could acquire a Celestial Emperor Flower. Why? To fawn on me in the hopes that I would give you the magic you needed to break through to the Dao Lord level.

“And now you, a member of the Drakewyrm Tribe, dare to bare your fangs in front of me?”

The Outsider Paragon’s face flickered in response to Sea Dream’s coolly spoken words. Every sentence that came out of her mouth seemed to dredge up bad memories in the Outsider, causing the killing intent in his eyes to intensify.

“If you want to die,” Eegoo said, “then I’ll fulfill your desire!” The Outsider Paragon knew that, thanks to Sea Dream’s interference, killing Meng Hao was now an impossibility. Furthermore, despite the words of contempt he had spoken toward Sea Dream, he still feared her.

After all, when he was still just a child, Paragon Sea Dream had been one of the Paragons of the Paragon Immortal Realm. She had an incredible standing, and could unleash shocking magical abilities so far above his own as to be utterly incomparable.

Rumbling could be heard as the Outsider Paragon attacked, and he and Paragon Sea Dream began fighting in the starry sky far up above the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Their battle caused the entire world to tremble, the Heavens to flash with colors, and the starry sky to grow dim.

In almost that same moment, the Outsider Imperial Lord's eyes flickered away from Meng Hao and focused onto the Fourth Mountain. Snorting coldly, he transformed into a beam of light that shot in that same direction!

His target was Ksitigarbha, who was able to wield the power of an Imperial Lord!

As he neared, Ksitigarbha looked up, and the boundless Joss Flame power transformed into a huge vortex, which shot toward the Outsider Imperial Lord, instantly enveloping him.

Shocking booms rang out as the two of them began to fight!

As for the remaining Outsider Dao Sovereigns, their eyes flickered with brutal gleams.

One of them, the one in the golden armor, slowly said, "This kid from the Eighth Mountain and Sea is mine!"

The other one laughed, then closed his eyes, whereupon his body twisted and distorted, becoming five separate streams of green smoke that shot in five different directions through the void.

The destinations of those streams of smoke: the First, Second, Third, Eighth and Ninth Mountains!

Their targets were not ordinary cultivators, but rather... the Mountain and Sea Lords of those very mountains!

Shockingly, he was using his own power to simultaneously fight against five Mountain and Sea Lords!

Rumbling sounds echoed out from those five mountains as powerful magical techniques suddenly exploded into being.

The golden-armored Outsider Dao Sovereign was the one who had already clashed with Meng Hao, just moments ago. He licked his lips, and killing intent swirled in his eyes as they locked onto Meng Hao's position

within the Eighth Mountain and Sea. He wasn't sure why his own exalted Paragon leader specifically wanted Meng Hao dead, but he didn't care. Considering that his cultivation base was at the Dao Sovereign level, cutting down someone at the 5-Essences level, even if they were at the peak, would not be very difficult.

The thing he cared about the most was that Meng Hao had killed his Junior Tribesman Lord White, someone who had made heroic contributions to the 1st Heaven!!

Because of all Lord White's services, the tribe had already arranged for his bloodline to be awakened upon his return, which would enable him to rise to the level of a true Dao Sovereign. They had even made preparations to appoint him as a tribe Elder.

But before that could happen, he had been cut down right in front of the golden-armored Outsider.

This Outsider wanted nothing more than to kill Meng Hao, and that desire was growing stronger. The only thing he needed to be mindful of was Meng Hao's terrifying divine sense, but by this time, he had already taken precautions against it.

Grinning, he strode forward, then slashed out at the starry sky, which shattered apart as he bore down on the Eighth Mountain and Sea, bursting with killing intent.

"So, how do you want to die, kid? I'll let you decide."

Sinister laughter rang out as the Outsider Dao Sovereign picked up speed. From a distance, he looked like a golden shooting star, piercing through the starry sky in Meng Hao's direction.

A strange light appeared in Meng Hao's eyes; his blood was already pumping. His cultivation base erupted as he strode forward. One step. Two steps. Three steps.... In the blink of an eye, the Outsider Dao Sovereign was upon him, but by that time, he had already taken seven steps.

When the seventh step landed, his energy spiked, increasing

exponentially. At the same time, his divine sense shot out, and the Paragon Bridge rumbled down. Then, Demon Weapon Lonelytomb suddenly appeared in his right hand!

The power of Meng Hao's fleshly body converged on the spear, along with energy from his cultivation base and magical techniques. That rumbling power seemed to freeze the starry sky, and the killing intent became completely focused.

"Not bad...." the Outsider Dao Sovereign said, pupils constricting. Suddenly, he opened his mouth and roared, sending out monstrous sound waves. Astonishingly, the image of a giant appeared behind the Outsider Dao Sovereign. The power of six Essences also erupted out, forming a tempest. At the same time, a statue appeared in his hands.

That statue depicted a lizard, and as soon as it appeared, a strange aura erupted out which began to suppress Meng Hao's divine sense!

It took only a moment for his divine sense to drop from eighty percent of the power of a Paragon, to half of that!

Then, the windstorm began to fight back against the power of Meng Hao's spear.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE....

Massive sounds tore at the starry sky. After extinguishing five Soul Lamps, Meng Hao could unleash incredible power that was only a hair away from the 6-Essences level. However, when facing a true 6-Essences cultivator, that simply wasn't enough!

As his divine sense was suppressed, the feeling of deadly crisis in his heart grew more intense.

The Paragon Bridge collapsed, and Demon Weapon Lonelytomb recoiled backward. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as the backlash hit his cultivation base, scattering it. His fleshly body was slashed viciously, sending blood and gore flying about.

The Essence tempest surrounding the Outsider Dao Sovereign weakened a bit. Although he had been capable of suppressing Meng Hao's attack

just now, he had been forced to go all out to do so. That was especially because of the bizarre Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, which caused him to frown.

He took a step forward, flickering to appear in front of the seriously wounded Meng Hao. Eyes glittering with a cruel light, he didn't attempt to kill him, but instead opened his mouth wide and lunged toward Meng Hao's head.

"I'll eat you and absorb your power!" Bizarre light shone in the eyes of the golden-armored Outsider. However, in the same moment that his jaws were about to latch onto Meng Hao, Meng Hao's eyes suddenly flickered. Although his injuries had seemed severe, the combination of the Eternal stratum and the Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation transformed into something like an undying, unkillable secret magic! He recovered almost instantly!

Then, he clenched his hand into a fist and began to punch the Outsider Dao Sovereign!

Life-Extermination Fist!

Bedevilment Fist!

God-Slaying Fist!!

BOOOOOOOOOOMMMM!

Those three fist strikes slammed into the Outsider Dao Sovereign, who had never expected that Meng Hao would have a secret magic that would enable him to recover so quickly. His eyes went wide, but he was too slow to avoid Meng Hao's successive blows.

Blood sprayed out of his mouth as he was sent tumbling back. Enraged, he was just about to counterattack, but unfortunately, he was not familiar with Meng Hao's fighting style. Once Meng Hao won the initiative... he never let go!

1. The Ancestral Soul is something that comes up in both Beseech the Devil and Renegade Immortal, mostly toward the latter parts of both stories.

Chapter 1318: Battling a Dao Sovereign!

It didn't matter who Meng Hao was fighting, once he seized the initiative, that opponent would definitely have to pay a heavy price.

It was the same with Lord White, and with all of the people Meng Hao had fought before.

People who knew a bit about him would be aware of this, and would do everything they could to avoid losing the initiative... not even once!

Even in the moment that the golden-armored Outsider Dao Sovereign's rage flared, and he prepared to counterattack, Meng Hao's eyes gleamed brightly, and he waved his finger, unleashing the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

Although using this Hexing magic on someone with a cultivation base far higher than his own would lead to a powerful backlash, Meng Hao ignored the blood that oozed out of the corners of his mouth and unleashed it anyway. Immediately, the golden-armored Outsider Dao Sovereign lurched to a halt in midair, face flickering!

Then, Meng Hao's energy ignited, and the copper mirror flickered out, transforming into the Battle Weapon, which Meng Hao slashed down viciously!

As the rumbling sounds echoed out, the Outsider Dao Sovereign felt a sensation of intense crisis explode up inside of him. He could sense that even though he was a Dao Sovereign, he was still only an inch away from death.

He had been prepared for Meng Hao's divine sense, and had quickly suppressed it. However, he had never imagined that Meng Hao's proficiencies would include things other than divine sense!

The current attack which was being leveled against him seemed as shocking as a lightning bolt from the Heavens.

"Dammit!!" howled the golden-armored Outsider Dao Sovereign. Ignoring whatever injuries might result, ignoring the pain of the organs

inside his body being crushed and his qi passageways shattering, he burst out with power to lunge backward by three meters!

The glittering glow of a blade then passed right by him!

Meanwhile, on top of the Eighth Mountain, another shocking battle was beginning. An illusory figure shot past the celestial pond, and as it did, it glanced down at the Xuanwu turtle, grinned coldly, and waved a hand. Instantly, the Xuanwu turtle's howls shook the entire Eighth Mountain.

The figure's pupils constricted slightly, but it shot past the celestial pond nonetheless, heading directly toward the temple beyond. As it neared, it approached the door and prepared to barge in. And yet, almost immediately, it fell back.

In that moment, the door exploded into pieces that spiralled out like countless sharp blades, transforming into an explosive rain that surged toward the illusory figure.

Then, a tall man emerged from within the shattered remnants of the temple door. He wore a breathtaking suit of armor, and as soon as he emerged, he unleashed a fist strike that could shake Heaven and Earth. The void in the area suddenly solidified, forcing that illusory figure to actually appear in person. It was none other than the Outsider Dao Sovereign who had split himself into five incarnations.

The person who had forced him to appear was, of course, none other than Meng Hao's grandfather, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea!

"So, it turns out you really were telling the truth, Senior Outsider," murmured Grandpa Meng, clearly speaking only to himself. "I awoke from slumber on the very day my grandson rose to prominence, the same day... that the starry sky shattered and the 1st Heaven descended.

"It looks like he planned this entire situation all along.... Or perhaps the Fang and Meng Clans are just one piece of the bigger picture..." When he looked up at the Outsider, his eyes flickered with killing intent, and he began to run forward.

"What armor is that?!" the Outsider said, face falling. "Dammit... that

armor... what is it with that armor?!?!" He once again backed up in retreat, but he wasn't as fast as Grandpa Meng. The Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea shot forward and unleashed a punch!

A boom rang out as the Outsider tumbled away like a kite with its string cut, blood spraying out of his mouth. He flew back for 5,000 kilometers before finally grinding to a halt, his face flickering with shock as Grandpa Meng once again appeared directly in front of him.

"Dammit, you think I'm afraid of you or something?!" the Outsider Dao Sovereign growled through clenched teeth. Suddenly, he began to grow. In the blink of an eye, he was 300 meters tall, with a long tail that shattered the starry sky as it whipped toward the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

Similar battles began to play out on the First, Second, Third, and Ninth Mountains. Compared to the battles being fought on the first three of those mountains, the one on the Ninth Mountain was especially strange.

The Outsider's clone was simply hovering above the mountain, not moving. In front of him floated a huge eye, and the two of them were staring at each other as they fought a battle of divine will!

Furthermore... it appeared as if the Lord of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, Ji Tian was actually... attempting to possess the Outsider Dao Sovereign's clone!

At the same time, countless battles had broken out within the Nine Mountains and Seas. The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were fighting back savagely against the Outsiders. Virtually all of the Dao Realm fighters had appeared, and massive booms filled the entire Mountain and Sea Realm. Almost the entire Realm was a battlefield now!

The will of the Mountain and Sea Realm continued to bolster the people with power, simultaneously maintaining the barrier that separated the other 32 Heavens from the 1st Heaven. The 1st Heaven was now trapped, unable to receive any aid from the other Outsiders.

It was also continuing to maintain the pressure that pervaded the Mountain and Sea Realm, ensuring that any Outsider below a six Essences

Dao Sovereign was significantly weakened!

The battle raged, causing both roars and screams to echo out into the vast expanse.

Back in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao's Battle Weapon glittered like the sun and moon as it slashed toward the golden-armored Outsider Dao Sovereign.

Blood sprayed out of the Outsider's mouth as the armor covering his chest shattered, and a huge wound appeared. A will of extermination poured into him, provoking an enraged roar. However, fear welled up in his heart; if he hadn't paid an extreme price to avoid the attack just now, thus losing the initiative, he would definitely have been killed.

Meng Hao frowned, then waved his hand, causing numerous mountains to appear. A rift was torn open in the void, and the Blood Demon emerged, roaring, and the Essence of Divine Flame converged and shot toward the Outsider.

However, all of those things were distractions. The true killing blow was coming from Meng Hao's left hand, from which exploded the power of the Mountains and Seas!

He was the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and at this moment a sliver of the power of the Mountains and Seas descended towards him, then transformed into a huge hand which grabbed out toward the Outsider Dao Sovereign.

Meng Hao then transformed into a beam of light, hefting the Battle Weapon and then unleashing another attack. All of this conformed with Meng Hao's style of fighting... always attack!

As the hand formed from the power of the Mountains and Seas descended upon the Outsider Dao Sovereign, his eyes widened. Suddenly, all of the scales on his body rose up, and he let out a howl. The scales then shattered, transforming into a windstorm of 6-Essences energy which exploded toward the power of the Mountains and Seas.

Booming sounds rang out as the Mountain Consuming Incantation, the

Blood Demon, and the Essence of Divine Flame all shot forward. Meng Hao's eyes flickered with killing intent as he then waved his left finger.

The Seventh Demon Sealing Hex!

Instantly, Karma Threads appeared atop the golden-armored Outsider's head. They rapidly formed together into a sealing mark, which then crushed down onto him. At this point, Meng Hao performed another incantation gesture, unleashing the Sixth Demon Sealing Hex.

The Sixth Hex was the Life-Death Hexing, which caused a gray magical symbol to appear on the Outsider's forehead. Then the magical symbol exploded, sending blood spraying out of his forehead. At the same time, however, a gleam of ridicule appeared in the Outsider's eyes.

That look caused Meng Hao's heart to flicker with fear. Simultaneously, the Outsider Dao Sovereign spoke two words in a sinister voice!

"Self Essence!" Almost immediately, the six streams of Essence power within the tempest merged together into one. A black sea of flames then rumbled out in all directions.

The tiny bit of power from the Mountain and Sea Realm faded away within the black sea of flames. The mountains melted, and the image of the Blood Demon dissipated. Then, the black flames took shape into an enormous creature, something like a lizard, which howled as it charged toward Meng Hao.

It was a moment of critical danger. Roaring, Meng Hao viciously attacked the flame lizard with his Battle Weapon. Meng Hao was like a bug compared to his gigantic opponent. However, his powerful Battle Weapon instantly slashed down onto its head, slicing it open!

A shriek rang out. However, this black flame lizard was formed from the Essence of Self, and was so powerful that it was only seriously injured and not killed.

The black flame lizard roared, ignoring the intense pain it was feeling as it attempted to consume Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and the Battle Weapon vanished. In its place

appeared Demon Weapon Lonelytomb, which he violently hurled out. Demon Weapon Lonelytomb transformed into a beam of Demonic light which pierced directly into the black flame lizard.

The lizard shuddered, staring at Meng Hao for a moment before it suddenly exploded. However, that explosion caused a mountain of black flames to charge toward Meng Hao like 10,000 horses, instantly inundating him.

Even as the flames enveloped him, Meng Hao's eyes flashed from the sensation of intense deadly crisis. In that moment, the Lightning Cauldron suddenly flickered into being above his head. Electricity danced, and he suddenly switched places with a 5-Essences Outsider not too far off in the distance.

That 5-Essences Outsider appeared exactly where Meng Hao had been, and didn't have time to react before the black sea of flames consumed it. A bloodcurdling scream lingered in the air as it was completely destroyed.

At the same time, the Outsider Dao Sovereign coughed up a mouthful of blood as Meng Hao's Seventh and Sixth Hexes inflicted more damage.

"Dammit!!" he roared in extreme frustration. He was clearly far more powerful than Meng Hao, and yet after losing the initiative, he had suffered setback after setback.

Even as he roared, he flickered into motion. The black sea of flames recoiled into itself, once again turning into a lizard, although it was much weaker than last time.

The black flame lizard threw its head back and roared, then eyed Meng Hao with a deadly gaze as it charged forward in attack.

Meng Hao sighed inwardly, knowing that he had lost the initiative.

Without the slightest hesitation, he shot backward, unwilling to tangle any further with this Outsider Dao Sovereign. Based on the current level of his cultivation base, turning an extended battle into a victory would be very difficult.

Even though his Hexing magic could suppress his opponent temporarily,

now that he would be expecting it, the Hexing magic wouldn't be of much use. The best way to use the Hexing magic was in a surprise attack; furthermore, the backlash for using it against someone so powerful was something he could only endure one or two times. More than that would leave him seriously injured.

As he retreated, the Outsider Dao Sovereign threw his head back and let out an enraged roar as he gave chase. He wanted to kill Meng Hao more than he ever had before. Furthermore, the humiliation he felt from having nearly died just now ensured that he would not underestimate Meng Hao.

Quite the opposite, in fact. He was now more vigilant than before. By now, magical items were swirling around him which would prevent Meng Hao from using the Eighth Hex on him.

"Think you can just leave?" the Outsider Dao Sovereign roared, eyes gleaming with killing intent. As one of the two Dao Sovereigns of the 1st Heaven, he had an incredibly high position. If he couldn't kill Meng Hao, it would be a complete and utter embarrassment!

Chapter 1319: The Reserves of the Mountains and Seas

The battle between the 1st Heaven and the Mountain and Sea Realm was now fully underway. There was no longer a massive field of stars stretching out above the heads of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Instead, it had been replaced by an enormous land mass, which was like a roof of black clouds that blanketed everything. In some areas, lightning could even be seen dancing about, and occasional peals of thunder would echo out in all directions. The land mass stretched out to cover the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, exerting intense pressure down onto it.

Paragons were fighting!

In the starry sky that separated the 1st Heaven and the Mountain and Sea Realm, the 1st Heaven's Paragon was fighting a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering battle of life and death with Paragon Sea Dream.

Paragon Sea Dream wanted to take the fight to the 1st Heaven, whereas the Outsider Paragon wanted the shockwaves of their battle to hit the Mountain and Sea Realm. The fierce fighting between them shattered the starry sky, and caused massive winds to sweep through the void.

Daos were shattered, and natural laws destroyed!

Second only to the Paragon battle was the fighting in the Fourth Mountain and Sea, where Ksitigarbha was fighting the Outsider Imperial Lord Mandilo. The Fourth Mountain and Sea was like a sea of flames as rumbling echoed out between the Yama King palaces and the Outsider's black flames. After converging boundless Joss Flame, Ksitigarbha was on equal footing with the Outsider Imperial Lord!

Of the four most powerful cultivators from the 1st Heaven, two had already been pinned down. Of the other two, the Dao Sovereigns, one had split into five clones in an attempt to kill the great Mountain and Sea Lords. However, to do that was turning out to be easier said than done, and

he had also come to find himself in a tight spot.

That left only the golden-armored Dao Sovereign, whose battle with Meng Hao had become one of the pivotal fights in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

At the same time, other Dao Realm experts from the 1st Heaven were fighting the Patriarchs of the various sects and clans of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Fierce fighting was unfolding everywhere, and the battlefields stretched without limit. Furthermore, Outsider Chosen had also joined the fighting, vicious grins on their faces as they fought, with seemingly no one capable of resisting them.

But then the Chosen from the various sects and clans of the Mountain and Sea Realm joined the fray to fight back.

Massive booms echoed out, and the Mountains and Seas all shook.

In the First Mountain and Sea, Dao Realm battles were being fought like everywhere else. At the same time, Outsiders and Mountain and Sea cultivators of various cultivation Realms were all engaged in bitter combat. On one battlefield was an Outsider cultivator in a black robe. His skin was covered in black scales, with one white scale visible on his forehead. He had an Ancient Realm cultivation base, and yet his battle prowess put him even higher than that.

“Paragon Immortal Realm? They can’t even stand up to a single blow. If we had known this, we wouldn’t have needed to rely on all 33 Heavens. Our 1st Heaven alone would have been enough to dominate them. And now, the third among the seven bloodlines of the Drakeworm Tribe, the most powerful bloodline from Drakemount, will definitely accumulate the most kills in this battle!” No matter where this Outsider Chosen went on the battlefield, no one was capable of fighting back against him, causing his arrogant sneer to widen. However, it was at this point that a white beam of light shot toward him from off in the distance.

“You sure can talk big!” shouted a voice from within the beam of light. A cold snort echoed out as a white-robed young man became visible. It was none other than the Echelon cultivator from the First Mountain, Dao-

Heaven. As he neared, he unleashed an explosive attack, causing the Outsider Chosen's face to flicker and then turn very serious.

On the Second, Third, and Fourth Mountains... in fact, in all of the Mountain and Sea Realm, similar scenes were playing out.

In the Fourth Mountain, the shockwaves blasting out from the battle between Ksitigarbha and the Outsider Imperial Lord filled a wide area. However, there were still Outsiders pouring in to fight with the cultivators of the Fourth Mountain.

Among the army of cultivators from the Fourth Mountain and Sea was a woman who stood there calmly, surrounded by a host of guards, fellow cultivators tasked with protecting her. She was not spectacularly beautiful, but rather, was cold and cheerless. However, starlight sparkled in her eyes as she constantly sent orders out to the forces on all of the fronts of battle in the Fourth Mountain and Sea. She was singlehandedly coordinating the entire war effort, drawing upon the power of the Fourth Mountain and Sea to its very limit.

This woman who was in charge of all the strategy and tactics was none other than... Xu Qing!

Not only did Ksitigarbha have a profound cultivation base, he was also an amazing teacher. After taking Xu Qing in as his apprentice, he had instructed her well, and her cultivation base had advanced by leaps and bounds. Furthermore, she had also revealed unusual talent in strategy and tactics.

In the Seventh Mountain, most of the cultivators had followed the orders of Lord White to invade the Eighth Mountain and Sea. However, some people had chosen not to fight, and among them was the Echelon cultivator Yuwen Jian!

Currently, Yuwen Jian was roaring as he fought madly against the Outsider Chosen who had invaded the Seventh Mountain.

In the Ninth Mountain and Sea, the Fang Clan, the Li Clan, and various other great sects and clans had all mobilized and joined the fighting. Sun Hai and Fang Yu, along with all the other famous Chosen, were all soaked

in blood as they fought fierce battles.

As of now, the power of these Chosen was the most spectacular thing in the Mountain and Sea Realm, next to those of the Dao Realm.

Meng Hao's father was the Clan Chief of the Fang Clan, and yet could not leave Planet South Heaven. However, the planet's spell formation was in full operation, and any Outsiders who dared encroach upon the area were destroyed.

The war was not going as badly as many people had predicted it would for the Mountain and Sea Realm. In this explosive early onslaught, things were not going smoothly for the 1st Heaven. The power with which the Mountain and Sea Realm was fighting back left the Outsiders completely shocked.

However, any optimism was temporary at best. After all... there were 33 Heavens, and this was merely the power of the 1st Heaven. Of course, the 1st Heaven was among the more powerful of the various 33 Heavens. When you added together all of the Paragons in the 33 Heavens, there were only five. Even still, that made the 33 Heavens shockingly powerful.

Most importantly, although there were only five Paragons, when it came to Dao Realm and Ancient Realm cultivators, the 33 Heavens completely outnumbered the Mountain and Sea Realm by several times, making them far more powerful.

However, the reserves available to the Mountain and Sea Realm were not limited to what could be seen at the moment. After all, the will of the Mountains and Seas, as well as Paragon Sea Dream, had been well aware all along... that the war with the 33 Heavens... was unavoidable!

How could they possibly not make advanced preparations!?

As the fighting broke out, powerful ripples began to spread out from the Three Great Daoist Societies of the Nine Mountains and Seas as they began to build up power!

In addition to all of that, among the 33 Heavens, there was a Realm which was both guarded against and also viewed with importance... the

34th Heaven... the Windswept Realm!

After slipping away from the Mountain and Sea Realm, and thus being freed from the sealing and restrictions there, the Windswept Imperial Lord, the same one who had fought Sea Dream years ago, most definitely would have had the chance... to become a Paragon!

Even as all of these other events were playing out, in the First, Third, and Fifth Mountains, there were three areas which were somewhat set apart from all of the fighting going on around them. Three ancient temples floated in the starry sky. Each one of those temples had a signboard above its main gate, upon which words could be seen, written in calligraphy as bold as dancing dragons and phoenixes.

Sublime Spirit Temple!

Dao Divinity Temple!

Heaven Severing Temple!

Within each of the three temples sat an old man and a young man!

The old men looked like statues, and the young men looked like Chosen!

Within those three temples, the three seemingly young men all began to kowtow to the old men, and then speak.

“The Mountains and Seas are in chaos. Please, begin the fighting!”

“Master, as a first generation Echelon cultivator, I have been sealed until this moment. Master, please remove the seals and allow me to fight!”

“Our Heaven Severing branch exists for the express purpose of fighting this war. Doyen, please remove the seals for me!”

The three old men did not respond. It was as if they... were awaiting further orders.

Within the Ninth Mountain and Sea, on Planet South Heaven, the Li Clan spell formation sent powerful ripples out in all directions. At the same time, on the peak of a distant mountain, an old man in a white robe stood there silently, looking up into the sky at the enormous land mass that was the 1st Heaven. A strange light flickered in his eyes.

“And thus the war begins....” he murmured. That old man was none other than Shui Dongliu.

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Rumbling sounds echoed out through the Eighth Mountain and Sea as Meng Hao shot along like lightning. The Lightning Cauldron floated above his head, dancing with electricity as he suddenly switched positions with an Outsider.

Behind him was the enraged golden-armored Outsider Dao Sovereign, whose eyes were bright red. Normally speaking, he would be fast enough to be able to catch up with Meng Hao. However, Meng Hao was using Form Displacement Transposition. Even the powerful ripples which blasted out through the starry sky, throwing everything into chaos, did not affect him at all.

Actually... a chaotic battlefield was the perfect place for Meng Hao to slip along like a ghost!

Wherever he went, there were living things that he could switch places with, leaving the pursuing golden-armored Outsider completely befuddled.

Meng Hao was scheming as always. He actually could have gotten further away from the golden-armored Outsider Dao Sovereign, but instead, he kept within a fairly set distance. That ensured that the chase continued, and the Outsider didn't divert his attention to other places on the battlefield.

“Can you do anything other than run away!? Well, we'll see how long you can keep it up!” The Outsider Dao Sovereign's black flame lizard suddenly roared, dispersing into a sea of flames that swept forward at incredible speed.

Within that sea of flames were innumerable magical symbols, whose flickering caused the flames to increase their speed dramatically. Meng Hao quickly teleported away, just barely avoiding the searing heat of the flames.

An unsightly expression appeared on his face. The battle prowess of a

Dao Sovereign helped him to see how lacking he was in certain areas.

“What a pity. If I could make a breakthrough with my fleshly body, then my battle prowess would definitely be enough to fight a Dao Sovereign, even if I haven’t extinguished any more Soul Lamps.” Meng Hao teleported again, and a cold laugh rang out from within the flames. Suddenly, the Outsider Dao Sovereign appeared in the flames, his body rapidly growing until he was 3,000 meters tall, a giant looming up into the starry sky.

He stamped his foot down into the flames, and a black lightning bolt appeared in his hands. Scales once again spread out across his body, and his tail grew longer. Two horns protruded from the top of his head, and the void around him twisted as intense pressure radiated out.

“You killed my Tribal Brother, and now, I’ll destroy you in body and spirit!” The golden-armored Dao Sovereign roared and took a step forward, unleashing some unknown divine ability upon Meng Hao.

Meng Hao fell back, and rumbling sounds echoed out as the two of them shot through the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

“I could lose this guy if I really wanted to. But then he would just start fighting somewhere else....” Frowning, Meng Hao sighed inwardly. “I might not be able to kill him, but... I could trap him, or seal him. And that wouldn’t be impossible, especially in the right place, at the right time....

“We’re in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, which is also the location of the Heavengod Alliance....” Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he suddenly thought of the perfect place!

Chapter 1320: Returning to the 33 Hells!

The 33 Hells!

The place Meng Hao planned to go was none other than... the 33 Hells!

After the 1st Heaven descended and the Mountain and Sea Realm exploded into war, he came to the realization that the Paragon's blood in his Dao Fruit was boiling. That also gave him the sensation that his cultivation base, his enlightenment, his everything... was on the verge of advancing by leaps and bounds!

Actually, that feeling wasn't limited to just him. All of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm felt the same thing. It was as if... the arrival of war prompted the Mountain and Sea Realm... to unleash years of reserves which had been built up for the purpose of empowering its people.

However, that also caused Meng Hao's heart to sink. He well knew that the fact the Mountain and Sea Realm was doing this meant... this war would be extremely difficult.

"Live for the Mountains and Seas, die for the Mountains and Seas!" Meng Hao's eyes flickered with determination. He had no idea what the future would bring, nor what his life would be like later on.

Even more of an unknown was what would happen to his family and friends throughout the course of the war. Would they survive...?

He was not a person who fundamentally liked fighting and killing. He just wanted to have plenty of money and be able to live a peaceful and wonderful life with his family and beloved partner.

It was a simple dream, but to make it into a reality was no simple thing.

Meng Hao understood himself, and knew the truth.... He was not some wildly ambitious person. His ideals were not far-reaching, nor did he have aspirations to shake Heaven and Earth.

His Dao and his heart were both focused on freedom and independence, on avoiding being constrained or held back.

He held no unquenchable thirst to constantly acquire a stronger cultivation base. In fact, if he had anything that could count as a true obsession, it would be his simple desire to be rich.

In this life, he had simply gone with the flow and found his own type of happiness. He loved conning people, and he loved collecting promissory notes.... To him, that was happiness. But when the 1st Heaven descended, all of those beautiful ideals were swept out of sight because of the Outsiders. When Meng Hao saw the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm fighting and dying, his heart grew dark and quiet.

The pain he was experiencing made all of his dreams seem like childish fantasies. It was as if he had awoken, or perhaps... grown up.

“If the Mountains and Seas did not exist, then what would be the point of my own, solitary, existence...?” Determination flickered within Meng Hao’s eyes. It was a sudden and intense determination and hope that his cultivation base could become even more powerful.

It was not because he wanted to become rich, nor because of his simplistic ideals. Instead, it was because... of his home!

The Mountain and Sea Realm was his home....

His home had been invaded, and his people were already fighting and soaked in blood. He was the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, and the successor of Paragon Nine Seals. He... had to get stronger!

“I can’t even kill an Outsider Dao Sovereign....” he thought, eyes glowing coldly. Without a moment’s hesitation, he shot as fast as possible into the Heavengod Alliance.

His divine sense had been suppressed, making it impossible to send it ahead to scan his destination. However, that did nothing to prevent him from unleashing lightning-like speed.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLLE....

He became a scintillating beam of light that shot along, followed close behind by a sea of flames. The 3,000-meter tall Outsider strode along,

pursuing him relentlessly. Considering his status and battle prowess, to be unable to kill Meng Hao was a complete humiliation.

That was especially the case considering he had personally witnessed Meng Hao cut down his Junior Tribal Brother. Because of that, his hatred soared to the Heavens.

They shot along, piercing through the starry sky, shattering the void. Wherever they passed, shocked Outsiders and Mountain and Sea cultivators alike got out of the way and didn't dare to approach.

Booms rang out as the 3,000-meter-tall giant unleashed magical techniques that were bizarre, completely different from the type seen in the Mountain and Sea Realm. Occasionally, he would transform into a beast which lunged at Meng Hao, gobbling up everything in its path, or slashing at him with razor claws that seemed to appear out of thin air.

Most shocking of all was his long tail, which he swept around in a completely domineering fashion. It shattered the starry sky, sending shockwaves out that left Meng Hao completely shaken.

Blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth, but he managed to nimbly avoid the blows. Even still, he could feel his cultivation base growing unstable.

More than ever, he could sense... the slight gap that existed between himself and the Dao Sovereign level, a gap that could prove fatal...however small it might be!

"Drakeworm Earthfire; Heavens Forget!" Seeing that the numerous attacks he had unleashed were incapable of even touching Meng Hao, the 3,000 meter tall Outsider's eyes flashed with red light as he roared, performing a double-handed incantation gesture that instantly caused the roaring sea of flames beneath his feet to rise up and transform into the form of an enormous Earthfire lizard, which opened its mouth and spat a column of flames out toward Meng Hao.

The flames moved with indescribable speed, instantly surging over Meng Hao. Even as blood sprayed out of his mouth, the meat jelly appeared.

It let loose a torrent of curses as it transformed into a defensive barrier that protected Meng Hao from the scorching flames. Although it hovered on the verge of melting, it managed to hold out until the end of the attack. Afterward, Meng Hao guiltily sent the meat jelly back into his bag of holding, then gritted his teeth and continued on.

“Dammit, dammit, DAMMIT!!” the Outsider raged. Unwilling to give up, he continued to chase Meng Hao.

With enraged shouts echoing behind him the entire time, Meng Hao eventually reached the territory that had once been the Heavengod Alliance. After speeding along, he soon reached the location of the entrance to the 33 Hells.

It was a pitch black region that seemed capable of consuming anything and everything, a region which emanated an aura of rot that caused the Outsider Dao Sovereign’s eyes to flicker.

“This aura....” he thought, heart trembling.

Meng Hao didn’t hesitate for a moment before charging in. Although the 33 Hells hadn’t actually opened, as soon as he entered the area, Greed’s life force Essence stirred into action and began to spread out.

Instantly, powerful ripples sprang up in the void, distorting everything, as if the opening were just about to begin. Meng Hao suddenly stopped in place, then turned around with cold eyes to look at the Outsider Dao Sovereign outside of the region of pitch black.

“You’ve been chasing me for long enough. If you want to fight, well then... let’s fight here!” Meng Hao’s voice echoed out, filled with deadly antagonism. Then he wiped the blood from his mouth, and the murderous gleam in his eyes grew even more intense.

The 3,000-meter tall Outsider looked on with flickering eyes, then snorted coldly. The aura in this area was bizarre, but considering the level of his cultivation base, he didn’t hesitate to step in and charge toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao reached out with his right hand, and Demon Weapon

Lonelytomb appeared. Without any hesitation, abandoning all thoughts of fleeing, he charged forth and began to fight the 3,000-meter giant.

Booms rang out as they exchanged thousands of blows in the blink of an eye. Meng Hao summoned numerous mountains, the Blood Demon, his mastiff, and the Paragon Bridge.

Demon Weapon Lonelytomb screamed as it stabbed through the air, and Meng Hao unleashed his three fist strikes, each one more dreadful than the last.

The Outsider also performed incantation gestures. Its scales lifted up, and a windstorm sprang into being. Essence power exploded out, transforming into incredible pressure. The black flames surged, forming into a black flame lizard that roared as it tried to consume Meng Hao.

Rumbling echoed out, and blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as he was battered backward relentlessly. As for the Outsider Dao Sovereign, his face flickered as Demon Weapon Lonelytomb stabbed a bloody gash into his chest.

Although his wounds healed rapidly, Meng Hao, despite being injured more severely, was actually healing even faster. Meng Hao's eyes flickered with starlight as he transformed into a meteor which shot dazzlingly through the starry sky. As he closed in, the Outsider performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then waved his hands, causing the black flame lizard to butt out with its head.

A boom could be heard as the meteor shattered. However, even as that happened, Meng Hao in azure roc-form shot out like a bolt of lightning, piercing through the lizard and appearing directly in front of the Outsider Dao Sovereign.

The Outsider's face flickered, and just when he was about to fall back, azure-colored talons slashed out with the strength to shatter metal and stone.

"Looking to die?!" the Outsider Dao Sovereign said, eyes gleaming with ferocity. He allowed Meng Hao's roc claws to dig out his right eye, ignoring the resulting pain as his own right hand shot out to grab

viciously onto the roc.

A boom rang out as the azure roc was crushed. However, no blood and flesh exploded out, only countless motes of light. Meanwhile, a figure was speeding off into the distance.

“DIE!” screamed the Outsider as Meng Hao fled. A blood-colored light rose up from the Outsider as a boundless aura of death converged upon it. Astonishingly, this was Death Curse Magic!

A boom could be heard as a sealing symbol appeared in front of Meng Hao. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth as he was forced back. He uncontrollably coughed up mouthful after mouthful of blood as his chest began to rot and his life force faded. A powerful aura of death began to consume him.

“You took my eye and killed my Junior Tribal Brother. Don’t worry, after I kill you, I’ll refine your blood to find everyone related to you, and kill them all!” The 3,000-meter Outsider flickered into motion, lifting his right hand up to transform the sea of flames into a huge statue which struck out toward Meng Hao with its palm.

That palm caused the aura of death that permeated the area to roil and emit rumbling noises, the starry sky to tremble, and the Heavens to fade.

However, it was at this point that Meng Hao’s mouth twisted into a derisive smile. The Outsider suddenly felt a profoundly uneasy feeling spring up in its heart, but before it could do anything, a gigantic rift suddenly appeared in the void beneath Meng Hao’s feet.

As soon as that rift appeared, Meng Hao shot inside.

The 3,000 meter giant shivered as a sensation of deadly crisis rose up in its heart. That sensation came from within the rift itself, wherein in the Outsider could sense... the fluctuations of a shocking aura.

He had the premonition that if he entered that rift, he would be facing some deadly situation. Without any hesitation, he turned to leave.

However, even as he did, Meng Hao reached out with his right hand, unleashing the Star Plucking Magic. Rumbling sounds echoed out as the

Outsider Dao Sovereign was viciously dragged backward.

The Outsider's eyes burned with rage, and he unleashed all the cultivation base power he could muster to break free. Even as he fell back, breaking away from Meng Hao's Star Plucking Magic, Meng Hao's derisive smile grew wider.

"Form Displacement Transposition!" he said softly.

Rumbling could be heard as he and the Outsider Dao Sovereign switched places. The Outsider was still moving backward, but now, he was moving backward into the rift. Although his face fell and he stopped almost immediately, he was still some distance away from the exit!

Chapter 1321: Grandfather and Grandson Reunite!

“YOU!!” The Outsider Dao Sovereign’s face fell immediately. He had no idea where he was, but he could sense that the aura of death in this place was indescribably powerful.

He could also tell that within the aura of death was a type of powerful sealing. And yet, even that wasn’t the most frightening thing. Most frightening of all was that he could sense dozens of auras in this place that were terrifying even to him!

Each and every one of them was equivalent to a Paragon’s!!

Furthermore, those auras were filled with chaos, with greed, with a hunger for anything living, as if they were lying in wait for his qi, blood, and cultivation base.

Suddenly, he realized what this place was, and his heart was battered by waves of intense shock. “The 33 Hells!!”

He knew what the 33 Hells were; a place where Paragon Nine Seals had sealed other Paragons long ago. In fact, the 33 Heavens had long since carried out detailed investigations regarding the 33 Hells, and had come to the conclusion that... to the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, it was a place where good fortune or great catastrophe were equally possible. However, to anyone not from the Mountain and Sea Realm, it was a place of certain death!

As of this moment, he felt as if he had become food to be devoured by these 33 Hells!

“NO!!” he roared in rage. He shot forward in an attempt to fly out of the opening. But how could Meng Hao be willing to let him do so? He had set this entire situation up to trap this Outsider, and had gone to great lengths to lure him inside. How could he possibly let him emerge?

“With the exception of the successor of Paragon Nine Seals,” said Meng Hao, “or someone else with his approval, no one can use this place to

increase their cultivation base. This Outsider Dao Sovereign... is definitely going to die in there!” His eyes glittered as Greed’s life force Essence exploded out within him. The 33 Hells suddenly trembled. A dense mist poured out, and the sound of clanking iron chains could be heard, along with angry roars.

Meng Hao waved his right hand, summoning the Paragon Bridge. As it crushed down, Greed’s life force Essence exploded out. Not only did the mist within the rift grow thicker, but the ground at the base of the stone stele therein also split and cracked, and an enormous gravitational force sprang up.

The Outsider Dao Sovereign’s face flickered with astonishment, and he let out a roar of fury. He was now shaking, going all out with every bit of power he could summon to try to escape. However, an iron chain whipped through the air, wrapping around him. Then, the mists churned, as if a giant were approaching, and simultaneously the Outsider was dragged in.

The shocking gravitational force pulled on the Outsider, making it impossible for him to flee. He stared with wide eyes as the rift slowly began to close. Madness flickered in his gaze, as well as a towering, venomous hatred.

“NO!!”

Even as he roared, rumbling sounds echoed out as a blood-colored light sprang up. It was a shield that emanated the aura of a Paragon. With that protection, he was able to break free from the giant’s iron chains and shoot up into the sky.

However, even as he neared the rift... it closed up!

RUMBLE!

The Outsider Dao Sovereign roared, and his eyes shone with fear as he looked back down into the mists below him. Apparently, the mists themselves weren’t affected by the gravitational force. As he looked, he suddenly realized that a pair of greedy-looking eyes had appeared therein.

What caused him to tremble even more than before was that he could

sense that after this world had been closed off from the outside... it was as if the entire place had awoken. A voice suddenly spoke out as if from far beneath the ground, accompanied by laughter that filled with hope and yearning.

“Flesh and blood... a soul... a cultivation base....

“If I consume him, I can extend my life for another 10,000 years....

“It’s been a long, long time since I tasted a Dao Sovereign....”

Massive rumbling could be heard as the trembling Outsider Dao Sovereign roared, pouring all of the power he could, even his life force, into the blood-colored Paragon shield.

His eyes were bright red as he battered the Heavens he saw above him, hoping to break open an exit and flee before he was consumed.

Outside of the 33 Hells, Meng Hao’s face was pale. He wiped the blood from his mouth, then flickered into motion. After leaving the 33 Hells, he looked back at the pitch black region, and his eyes flashed coldly.

“Hopefully the Outsider Dao Sovereign will be killed by this place and become nothing more than fertilizer for it. Then, when I come back later, I can absorb that power to help me to get stronger.... If he isn’t killed, at least he’ll be trapped for a while.” When he thought about the blood-colored shield the Outsider Dao Sovereign had used, and the intense aura it had emitted, it was clear that it was a protective item gifted by a Paragon.

“Even if he can figure out a way to escape, it won’t happen any time soon. By that time, I should be prepared to cut down a Dao Sovereign in battle.” Meng Hao’s eyes glowed brightly as he turned away from the 33 Hells. Now that his divine sense was no longer being suppressed, he sent it out to fill the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea.

What he saw were cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm fighting fiercely with the Outsiders from the 1st Heaven. Because of the previous war between the Seventh and Eighth Mountains and Seas, the cultivators were familiar with battle, and had concentrated their attacks on two

fronts.

Other than those two fronts, the other main battle was being fought... on the Eighth Mountain itself!

The Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea and one of the five incarnations of the Outsider Dao Sovereign were fighting back and forth, shaking the entire Eighth Mountain. As the ripples of magical techniques spread out, Meng Hao almost immediately caught sight of his Grandpa Meng beating back the Dao Sovereign clone over and over.

“Grandpa....” he thought, vanishing. When he reappeared, he was on a battlefield filled with cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea, and Outsiders from the 1st Heaven. As soon as he appeared, his cultivation base surged, and his divine sense swept out. Fully half of the nearby Outsiders let out miserable screams as their heads exploded.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, then vanished again. This time, he appeared on a battlefield with cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Again, his divine sense swept out, provoking miserable shrieks as one Outsider after another exploded.

Such a vast number of deaths instantly filled the Outsiders’ hearts with shock and fear. However, Meng Hao didn’t even pause. He vanished again, reappearing at the peak of the Eighth Mountain.

The moment he appeared, his grandfather was unleashing an attack backed by the power of the Mountains and Seas. The Outsider Dao Sovereign’s clone coughed up some blood and fell back. However, Meng Hao appeared just behind him, eyes flickering with killing intent as he clenched his fist and punched out with the God-Slaying Fist.

Rumbling booms echoed out as the clone’s face flickered. He had no time to evade, and the fist strike struck him directly on the back. Half of his body instantly shattered, and he let out a miserable shriek. He shot away from Meng Hao, his body healing, but his aura severely weakened.

When he turned back and saw Meng Hao, his face fell.

“If you’re not dead, then what happened to Long Linzi?”

“Oh, so his name was Long Linzi?” Meng Hao replied coolly. He took a step forward, and as he did, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao’s grandfather, approached. After seeing it was Meng Hao, he breathed a sigh of relief, and his eyes shone with love and reminiscence.

Years had passed, but he had never imagined that his young grandson would grow up to be like this.

The Outsider Dao Sovereign’s face fell again, and a gleam of disbelief flickered in his eyes. He was well aware of Long Linzi’s true battle prowess, and although it was somewhat weaker than his own, he was now split into five parts. On the other hand, Long Linzi had attempted to kill this very same person without splitting himself apart. Therefore, Long Linzi had been able to use all of his battle prowess.

And yet, he had been defeated!!

By this point he could sense that Long Linzi’s aura had vanished. This caused the clone to gasp, and without the slightest bit of hesitation, he began to flee. Too many miscalculations had been made in this attack.

He had underestimated this Mountain and Sea Lord.... In fact, his clones were suffering setbacks all over the Mountain and Sea Realm. Worst of all was this Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, who had successively defeated him again and again.

As for the cultivator who had just appeared, the actual level of his cultivation base seemed low. However, he had defended himself against the attack of a Paragon, and not even Long Linzi had been a match for him. The Outsider Dao Sovereign clone could think of only one thing to do, and that was to flee.

“Did I say you could leave?” growled Grandpa Meng. He stamped down with his right foot, causing the starry sky around the Outsider Dao Sovereign to distort as a huge sealing mark appeared.

At the same time, Meng Hao extended his right hand, performed an incantation gesture and pointed out with his finger. It was the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex! Although Meng Hao had not been a match for Long Linzi, this was merely a Dao Sovereign’s clone, and killing him would be as

easy as flipping over his hand!

As soon as Meng Hao waved his finger, the clone stopped in place, a shocked look on his face. Simultaneously, Grandpa Meng looked over in surprise at Meng Hao and said, “Eee?”

Meng Hao waved his finger again.

It was the Seventh Demon Sealing Hex, Karmic Hexing!

Rumbling could be heard as blood sprayed from the Outsider’s mouth. His Karma was thrown into chaos, prompting a miserable scream. Next was the Sixth Hex, which caused a gray sealing mark to appear on his forehead. Then a boom rang out as the mark shattered, disintegrating his head. However, he wasn’t dead yet. He quickly recovered, but was even weaker than before.

After that came the Fifth Hex, the Inside-Outside Hex. Cracks spread out all over his body, and a bloodcurdling scream rang out as the clone collapsed into pieces.

Things weren’t over yet, though. Even as he collapsed, Meng Hao unleashed... the Second Hex!

Real-Unreal Hexing!

Even as his collapsing body began to re-form, and he fled off into the distance, all of the shattered remnants of his body were transformed from being real... into something unreal!

A wretched shriek rang out in the moment before he died. Everything about him transformed into ash; this Outsider Dao Sovereign clone was absolutely no match for Meng Hao!

Meng Hao’s battle prowess might not be on par with Ksitigarbha’s, but he could still be considered a peak expert in the Mountain and Sea Realm!

“Well done!” Grandpa Meng said, laughed heartily. The love in his eyes was clear as he looked at Meng Hao .

Meng Hao turned excitedly, clasping hands and bowing as he said, “Hao’er offers greetings, Grandfather!”

Grandfather and grandson looked at each other, and their hearts filled with emotions and memories that would be difficult to describe without using many, many words. Eventually, Meng Hao asked about his Grandpa Fang.

After a moment of silence, Grandpa Meng sighed and said, "He... is not in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

"I complied with the instructions given by Senior Outsider, and successfully became the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Unfortunately, I've been asleep ever since then. However, your Grandpa Fang is a born warrior, with latent talent exceeding even your father's. Senior Outsider took a liking to him, and gave him some very important responsibilities...."

After a moment of silence, Meng Hao looked at his grandfather and asked, "Who is this Outsider you refer to?"

Chapter 1322: Arriving in the Seventh Mountain!

“He calls himself... Shui Dongliu,” Grandpa Meng said slowly.

As soon as Meng Hao heard that name, his jaw dropped, and his eyes filled with a strange gleam. He stood there quietly for a moment as numerous connections were made in his mind. All of a sudden things seemed much clearer. He nodded.

“Grandpa, I sent Grandma and the Meng Clan ancestral mansion to the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Unfortunately, the 1st Heaven descended right afterwards; furthermore, the Lord of the Ninth Mountain and Sea and I have a beef with each other....”

“The Lord of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, Ji Tian? How dare he!” Grandpa Meng’s eyes flashed with coldness. “After I take care of things here in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, I’ll go to the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and if Ji Tian is devoted to the Mountain and Sea Realm, then I’ll go easy on him. Otherwise....” Killing intent flickered in his eyes.

Meng Hao instantly felt a little bit better. He could sense from the cultivation base fluctuations that Grandpa Meng was even stronger than Lord White, being more than half a step into the 6-Essences level.

The only reason he hadn’t been able to immediately vanquish the Outsider Dao Sovereign’s clone was because he had just awoken and was still clearing his head. However, he was already reaching the point of being able to unleash the full power of his cultivation base.

Grandpa Meng looked at Meng Hao, and although he wasn’t sure exactly why Meng Hao didn’t want to return to the Ninth Mountain and Sea, he could tell that his grandson was someone who exceeded the Mountain and Sea Lords within the Mountain and Sea Realm. “You’ve grown up, and you have an astonishing cultivation base,” he said. “The Mountain and Sea Realm is unstable now, and all cultivators have their own missions to accomplish. You follow your heart and do whatever it is you need to do!

“Don’t worry about the Fang Clan in the Ninth Mountain and Sea,” he said. “The Eighth Mountain and Sea... is already in ruins. I’ll gather the survivors and go to the Ninth Mountain and Sea. That is where we will take our stand against the Outsiders.”

Meng Hao stood there silently for a moment before clasping hands and bowing deeply to his grandfather. He looked off in the direction of the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and from what he could sense in his blood, he knew that the Fang Clan cultivators were not in any great danger at the moment. Feeling somewhat at ease, he turned and transformed into a beam of light that shot off into the distance.

His destination was the Fourth Mountain and Sea. Leaving the Ninth Mountain and Sea behind, his purpose was to bring Xu Qing home. Now that war had broken out, he was feeling... more and more uneasy.

That unease had begun to grow as soon as the 1st Heaven had begun to descend.

Back on the Eighth Mountain, Grandpa Meng stood there looking at Meng Hao making his way off into the distance. A loving expression could be seen on his face, and also... traces of how profoundly he hated having to part with his grandson.

“Senior Outsider once said that when the Mountain and Sea Tribulation arrives, everything will be transformed into dust....” he said softly.

“However, there is something special about the Ninth Mountain. It will eventually become the only mountain left....

“He even said that he wasn’t sure if any of the Mountains and Seas would survive the catastrophe. He said that all he could do was search for a certain... hope.

“Apparently the hope he was talking about... was Hao’er.” Looking away from Meng Hao, he sent his divine sense out, and quickly caught sight of some Outsiders. Eyes flickering with icy killing intent, he sprang into motion.

Meng Hao sped along through the starry sky of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Soon, he reached the rift where he had fought Lord White. By now,

that rift had collapsed, leaving behind only faint traces.

Meng Hao hovered there, eyes flickering as he took a step forward. Although he seemed to be just strolling along, he was actually walking in a circle. He moved faster and faster, until the Essence of Time began to emanate out. The void distorted, and the starry sky was affected. Soon, a blurry vortex appeared, which spun around and around as it grew.

It went from 30 meters, to 300 meters, until eventually, Meng Hao could be seen only as ghost images. Innumerable copies of Meng Hao could be seen as the vortex rumbled out to 3,000 meters.

As the power of time travel exploded out, many people from the Eighth Mountain and Sea sensed what was happening. It was at around this time that a rift suddenly appeared within that vortex!

This was none other than the rift which had connected the Seventh and Eighth Mountains and Seas.

In almost the exact same instant that the rift appeared, the countless reflections of Meng Hao which were spinning around the vortex transposed, once again forming a single version. Then, he stepped into the rift and vanished.

After he disappeared, the vortex faded away, and soon... the rift quickly vanished, and the starry sky returned to normal.

Within the rift that connected the two Mountains and Seas, Meng Hao was a beam of bright light that moved with speed far exceeding Lord White's. In virtually the blink of an eye, he was already on the other side.

Soon, he could sense the aura of the curse power which was unique to the Seventh Mountain and Sea. Without the slightest hesitation, he burst out through the exit portal.

Almost immediately, a cold snort echoed out.

"Someone has appeared. It seems my calculations were correct. These Mountain and Sea Realm aboriginals really are trying to escape from the Eighth Mountain and Sea through here.

“Well, now that you’re here, don’t try to run.” Almost immediately, the magic of a divine ability rumbled toward Meng Hao, and black flames instantly surrounded him.

As soon as he saw the flames, he could tell that this was an Outsider’s magical technique, backed by the cultivation base of a Dao Lord. Although powerful experts of that realm could rock their surroundings with the mere stamp of a foot, to Meng Hao, they were like insects that could be killed as easily as flipping over a hand.

His eyes flickered coldly as he suddenly sucked in a deep breath, inhaling the black flames through his nose and mouth. Then he looked around, even as gasps rang out in reaction to what he had just done.

The rift entrance to the Seventh Mountain and Sea was very near the Seventh Mountain, and the entire area was littered with corpses. Eight Outsiders were present, and shockingly, their cultivation base fluctuations were that of the Dao Realm. Clearly, they were lying in wait to slaughter anyone who appeared here. But now, after seeing Meng Hao simply inhale the Essence flames that the Dao Lord had unleashed, they all gasped, and their faces fell.

That was especially true of the Outsider Dao Lord, whose eyes went wide. Mind reeling, he immediately fell back, but in that same instant, Meng Hao appeared directly in front of him, reached out, grabbed him by the throat, and threw him to the side.

His scales shattered, and his flesh and blood turned into a gory mass. A bloodcurdling scream echoed out as he was completely shredded into pieces.

Immediately, the other Outsiders began shaking all the way down to their tails, and instantly tried to flee, using all the power they could muster.

“Dao Sovereign! He’s a true Dao Sovereign!!”

“I thought Ksitigarbha from the Fourth Mountain was the only true Dao Sovereign in the Mountain and Sea Realm! But he’s fighting with the Imperial Lord! He can’t be here at the same time! Who is this guy!?!?”

“Dammit, we just ambushed a true Dao Sovereign!!” The eight Outsiders were completely taken aback. Filled with terror and shock, scales shivering and tails shaking, they tried to flee.

However, Meng Hao sent his divine sense out, a single thought that filled the entire area. Instantly, the Nascent Divinities of all of the 1-Essence and 2-Essences Outsider Dao Realm experts were shattered. Their minds were wiped away, leaving behind soulless corpses which toppled down out of the starry sky.

As soon as Meng Hao’s divine sense swept out, he saw everything in the Seventh Mountain and Sea floating in his mind, and the seemingly endless amounts of Outsiders present.

He saw numerous black cubes floating in the starry sky of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the largest of which were 30,000 meters wide, and the smallest of which were only a few hundred meters wide. The Outsiders were pouring in and out of these cubes; apparently, they were some sort of military stronghold.

Black flames surrounded the cubes, and lightning crackled on their surfaces. The starry sky around them was also distorted, as if the cubes were organized into some sort of spell formation!

The Seventh Mountain and Sea should have been occupied by cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm. However, what was visible now were mostly Outsiders. Few native cultivators could be seen, and the majority present were dead. Most of the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea were actually in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. The ones who had remained behind were for the most part low level, making it extremely easy for the Outsiders to occupy the place.

Meng Hao’s face was grim, and his fury toward the Outsiders only continued to grow as he discovered that they didn’t even spare the mortals; to them, it didn’t matter if someone was a cultivator or not, anyone from the Mountain and Sea Realm was guilty!

Of the four great planets in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, three were already shattered and in ruins. Because of that, the curse power that

normally filled the Seventh Mountain and Sea was now in complete chaos.

“Lord White, even death can not atone for your crimes!” Meng Hao growled, eyes bloodshot. As he examined the situation with his divine sense, he noticed that there was a force of over 10,000 Outsiders attacking the final planet, the largest planet of the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

There were still tens of thousands of cultivators left alive on that planet. Those fighters were the last remnants of the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea....

Even in the brief moment in which his divine sense swept over the planet, Meng Hao could see many cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea choosing to self-detonate instead of being killed. In the last moments before they died, the words they shouted echoed within Meng Hao’s divine sense.

“Live for the Mountains and Seas, die for the Mountains and Seas!!”

Booms echoed out around that group of tens of thousands of cultivators as they fought to defend the planet and all the lives on it.

Among those cultivators, Meng Hao caught sight of... the Seventh Mountain’s Echelon cultivator, Yuwen Jian!

Yuwen Jian was completely soaked in blood, and had been severely injured. Despite that, he roared in rage as he fought against the enemy. He was a body cultivator, and the weapon he wielded was the very same valuable treasure he had taken from Meng Hao years before. He was currently surrounded by a host of enemies with whom he was desperately fighting. 1

Currently, a Dao Realm Outsider was laughing coldly while shooting toward Yuwen Jian in a beam of light. Even as he closed in, Meng Hao snorted coldly, causing his divine sense to vibrate. Instantly, the Dao Realm Outsider who was attacking Yuwen Jian let out a miserable shriek and then exploded, killed instantly!

At the same time, Meng Hao took a step forward, vanishing as he headed towards the fighting.

1. Meng Hao loaned a battle axe to Yuwen Jian, which he kept (without permission) when they parted ways in chapter 1151.

Chapter 1323: War Requires Spirit!

Of the four planets which orbited the Seventh Mountain, three were destroyed, and had become nothing more than fields of swirling rubble and dust hanging in the starry sky

The only remaining planet was the one known as Tiger Cage. 1

Currently, Yuwen Jian and the tens of thousands of cultivators who were the broken remnants of the forces of the Seventh Mountain and Sea were there on Planet Tiger Cage, fighting a deadly battle with the Outsiders.

The fighting was bloody and bitter, and occasionally the booms of self-detonation rang out. Sky and land were both as red as blood, and the vicious and maddened Outsiders were fueling divine abilities with their own life force, causing black seas of flame to scorch everything in their paths.

Massive fissures were spreading out across the surface of the planet, and the cities and life forms there were all trembling. To them, it was as if the end of days had come.

Even the sky seemed to be on the verge of collapsing, and as the cultivators and the Outsiders fought, the only thing they seemed to have in common was that they were all engaged in a life-or-death struggle!

Yuwen Jian was actually not the strongest cultivator among the tens of thousands of survivors. However, because of his status as an Echelon cultivator, his words carried much weight, and he was currently leading a large group of cultivators into battle.

He was soaked in gore, to the point where it almost seemed like he was clothed in blood itself. His skin was crisscrossed with wounds, and his eyes were completely bloodshot. He looked completely and utterly fearsome.

However, beneath that fearsomeness lurked sadness and despair.

“Live for the Mountains and Seas, die for the Mountains and Seas!!” Yuwen Jian threw his head back and laughed, and in response, the cultivators at his back let out mighty roars. Murderous auras sprang up;

they might be fighting a losing battle, but they would still kill as many Outsiders as they could.

There was no path of escape.... In the Seventh Mountain and Sea, all the areas which formerly pledged allegiance to Lord White had already fallen into enemy hands. The cultivators had watched as three of their planets were destroyed, and countless lives were sacrificed. The Seventh Mountain and Sea was relentlessly taken over by the Outsiders, and the local cultivators could do nothing but fume in rage.

Now, the only reason they had left to live was to fight. Even if they only had one breath left to breathe, they would use it to kill one more Outsider!

A boom rang out, and Yuwen Jian coughed up a mouthful of blood. He was facing a coldly sneering Dao Realm Outsider, who bore down on him as fast as lightning. The Outsider's right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and black flames spread out to form a huge mouth which shot out to consume Yuwen Jian.

Yuwen Jian laughed bitterly. When he had faced Dao Realm Outsiders before, there had always been Dao Realm experts of the Seventh Mountain and Sea to lock them down. But now, all of those Dao Realm experts were either dead or seriously injured. Yuwen Jian was staring extermination in the face! His eyes flickered with madness as he glared at the Dao Realm Outsider and prepared to self-detonate.

The other cultivators under his command also stared with bloodshot eyes and prepared to follow him in self-detonation. The self-detonation of a single cultivator wouldn't do anything to a Dao Realm expert, but if ten of them detonated, or a hundred, or a thousand, it would be a different story!

The massive accumulation of force in such an explosion was power that would shock even a Dao Realm expert.

The Outsider's eyes widened, and he frowned. Just when he was about to take defensive measures, a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering divine sense suddenly exploded out.

It was a divine sense bursting with killing intent, hatred, and madness,

and as it erupted out across the battlefield, the Dao Realm Outsider's eyes went wide, and he shouted in alarm.

“Dao—” All he could utter was a single word before his head exploded and his body shattered. In almost the same instant, numerous other Outsiders on the battlefield screamed miserably, expressions those of terror as they subsequently exploded.

From far up above in the starry sky, the battlefield almost looked like a field of blooming flowers of blood....

The surviving Outsiders were shocked and terrified. They immediately tried to escape the planet, leaving the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea standing there in shock. However, their hatred could not be diminished, and they immediately attacked the fleeing Outsiders.

Yuwen Jian was trembling, but had no time to think, and immediately joined in the slaughter.

It was at this point that a new figure appeared on the battlefield. It was Meng Hao, who had just teleported in. Immediately, he extended his right hand and made a vicious clawing motion.

The power of the Mountains and Seas erupted out. Although it wasn't a vast amount of the power, not even enough to fight Dao Sovereign experts, any of the Outsiders under that Realm would be crushed as easily as dried twigs!

Rumbling sounds echoed out as an enormous illusory hand appeared in the starry sky. Boundless ripples emanated from the majestic hand as it clawed down toward the Outsiders.

The starry sky trembled, and numerous rifts were slashed open. In the blink of an eye, the area in the starry sky occupied by the Outsiders was completely crushed!

RUMBLE!

Miserable screams and roars of rage alike were suddenly cut off. A moment later, the huge hand vanished, and all that remained was drifting ash.

The battlefield went silent, and the cultivators from the Seventh Mountain and Sea looked around, stunned. Yuwen Jian turned his head, and through the crowds he spotted Meng Hao.

“Meng Hao....” he said, a smile breaking out on his face. Unfortunately, it was a smile that was bitter and even hollow.

Even though more than 10,000 Outsiders had just been killed, no cries of joy rang out, and no excitement could be seen. The cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea simply stood there quietly.

When they turned to face Meng Hao, there almost didn't seem to be any life in their eyes, as if their souls were already dead.

They well knew that the number of Outsiders currently in the Seventh Mountain and Sea was completely incalculable. Despite having won a victory in this battle, the next battle... would likely result in the complete extermination of the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

They silently clasped hands and bowed to Meng Hao, then began to disperse to carry their fallen comrades away, and to expunge the area of the sordid blood of the Outsiders.

Everything was as still as death....

As Meng Hao looked around at the listless cultivators, he felt as if his heart were being stabbed.

Yuwen Jian grimaced from the pain of his injuries as he approached Meng Hao. Then he looked around at all his comrades, and bitterly commented, “They're like this because we have no hope. Meng Hao, do you really think that we can... win this war?”

He seemed confused, and from the way he asked the question, it almost seemed as if he were inwardly searching for some way to pull himself together and rise to the situation. Even if whatever he found was a false hope....

Meng Hao had seen war before, but he had never experienced anything like he had just now. His heart hurt, but he was infinitely moved. He looked around at the tens of thousands of cultivators of the Seventh

Mountain and Sea, and he saw how exhausted they were. He saw how despair had taken hold in the depths of their hearts, and he saw how much they hated the Outsiders.

He suddenly felt the urge to speak. Although he wasn't sure what he should say, it was as if there were a voice deep inside of him desperate to cry out, to rally the people around him.

"Fellow Daoists of the Mountains and Seas! I am Meng Hao, Echelon cultivator from the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

"I don't know for sure whether or not we'll win this war. But what I do know is that as we speak, Paragon Sea Dream is fighting the Outsider Paragon, right up there!" As he spoke, his voice began to grow impassioned, and he pointed up toward the heights of the starry sky.

"I also know that the Lord of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, Ksitigarbha, is fighting the Outsider Imperial Lord!

"All of the other Mountain and Sea Lords are fighting with incarnations of an Outsider Dao Sovereign. Furthermore, just moments ago, I managed to trap their other Dao Sovereign in the 33 Hells. If he doesn't die there, then at the least, he'll be unable to emerge for some time!

"Another thing I know is that as of this moment, I, Meng Hao, am the only cultivator who can fight at the Dao Sovereign level that is currently not fighting!

"I don't know whether or not we can secure victory in this war. But... the Mountain and Sea Realm will not be overthrown easily!

"We are the descendants of the Paragon Immortal Realm, and we have lasted all the way down to this day. We are the Mountain and Sea Realm, and the war has only just begun. How could we possibly lose hope now?!?!"

Even as Meng Hao looked out at the cultivators of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, his heart bursting with powerful exhortations, a fierce fight was raging above Planet South Heaven in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. The Li Clan spell formation covered the entire planet, ensuring that any

Outsiders who approached were destroyed before they could set foot on Planet South Heaven.

The sky rained with the blood of the Outsiders. Of course, that blood was filthy to the point that it could harm cultivators, and even devastate the earth. Therefore, it was not allowed to touch down onto the ground, but was dissipated into a mist before the very eyes of the cultivators of Planet South Heaven.

Standing atop a distant mountain was Shui Dongliu, who was staring up into the sky, a perpetual look of sorrow in his eyes.

At some point, an ancient ship had come to appear off to the side, floating there in the air. It was a ship that no one could see, almost as if... it didn't exist.

An old man sat cross-legged at the prow of the boat with his back to the world, as if he had forsaken all Heaven and Earth.

If Meng Hao were here, he would instantly recognize this ship and this old man. He had boarded this same ship back when the 10th Wang Clan Patriarch had stolen his Dao foundation, leaving him on the brink of death.

The ship had taken him on a dream-like voyage through the Mountain and Sea Realm, a voyage which had opened Meng Hao's eyes to the wider world. 2

Whether it had been intentional or not, the old man on the ship had healed Meng Hao's injuries, and given him a bit of life force that had enabled him to keep living for a time.

Right now, that very same ship was floating in midair in front of Shui Dongliu.

Shui Dongliu stood there at the peak of the mountain, and the old man on the boat sat there with his back turned to the world. Although their eyes had not made contact, it clearly seemed as if they were looking at each other.

Suddenly, an ancient voice could be heard as the old man on the ship

spoke. "Is all this necessary...? Your hope has always been doomed to fail."

This was apparently the first time this man had ever truly spoken, and his voice seemed to echo out from the depths of time itself. As he spoke, the ship upon which he sat seemed even more illusory than before.

Shui Dongliu didn't respond. Instead, he continued to stare off into the distance.

After a long moment passed, the old man on the ship sighed. Then he and the ship slowly faded away.

In almost the same moment that the ship and the old man vanished, Shui Dongliu suddenly turned his head. Someone was approaching him silently from behind, a young man in a black robe. His expression was calm, and his features extraordinary, but he had an astonishing murderous aura roiling off of him. He was none other... that the person who had taught Meng Hao the time-walking technique.... Slaughter! 3

He looked coldly at Shui Dongliu, and killing intent flashed through his eyes.

"I pondered the matter for some time.... I should have dispersed, so why was I brought back? It wasn't until seeing you that I understood.

"One time. I'll help you... only one time!" With that, Slaughter looked deeply at Shui Dongliu, then vanished into thin air.

Shui Dongliu stood there thoughtfully. The entire time, he hadn't spoken a single word. Soon, the sun set, night fell, and the moon shone, casting a long shadow behind him.

"Deliver the people, lose the world," he murmured softly. "Lose the people, deliver the world.... The choice has long since been made." A strange, anticipatory light slowly began to gleam in his eyes.

"The Mountain and Sea Realm is at war, and now the spirit of the people must rise!"

1. I'm sure some of you will remember Planet Tiger Cage. It has been mentioned three times in the story, in chapters 301, 322, and 979.
2. Meng Hao's time on the ship with the old man occurred starting in around chapter 683. I didn't realize it early on in ISSTH, but it seems likely that this old man on the boat is a character from Er Gen's other novel Beseech the Devil, a guy whose name is something along the lines of Old Man Extermination. Please note, I said "likely" because it's only my speculation, I didn't even check on the Chinese internet.
3. Previous times Slaughter appeared include chapters 1122, 1142, and 1205.

Chapter 1324: The Agreement of Planet Tiger Cage!

Back in the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the previously listless eyes of the cultivators began to flicker with light as passion stirred in their hearts.

They suddenly recalled the image of Meng Hao slaying the Outsiders with one blow; couple that sight with what he had told them just now, and a certain title began to ring out in their minds and hearts.

Dao Sovereign!!

What Meng Hao had done, and what he had said, made it clear to these cultivators exactly how strong he was in battle. Battle prowess like that would be vitally important in the Mountain and Sea Realm's war.

There were too many things that these cultivators didn't understand, and the terrifying power of the 33 Heavens was something they didn't even want to think about. They were in such despair that they would cling desperately to even the slightest scrap of hope.

As of this moment, hope was now kindling in their eyes. To them, a cultivator like Meng Hao represented the absolute pinnacle of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and if he said that he hadn't lost hope or faith, then they believed him!

"It is we of the Mountain and Sea Realm who called for this war," Meng Hao continued. "Therefore, this... is not a war being waged upon us by the 33 Heavens. No, this is us... waging war on the 33 Heavens!"

"We will break open those 33 Heavens so that the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm can look up and see the true starry sky above our heads!" As Meng Hao spoke, the light in the eyes of the surrounding cultivators grew brighter.

However, words alone were not enough. As Meng Hao looked out at the crowds around him, a wild notion suddenly sprang up inside him.

He knew that what he was seeing right now was not an isolated incident.

Whichever Mountain and Sea one went to right now, one would surely find similar thoughts of despair running through the hearts and minds of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Perhaps the degree of despair would be different in different places, and perhaps some people could suppress the despair and turn it into killing intent. But some would surely tremble in fear and lose their will to fight. If that happened, then the war... truly would be a hopeless one.

As he realized how difficult this war would be, he suddenly gained understanding of a simple truth. War... needed heroes, and at the same time, did not!

The reason it needed heroes was because they could rouse the spirits of their comrades!

Simultaneously, the reason heroes were not needed was because... a single person can never determine victory in a war. Even with someone as powerful as Paragon Nine Seals... the people were delivered, but the world was lost.

War required unity. A people needed unity!

It was only by means of unity that the cultivators of the Mountains and Seas could rise up. Only with a burning spirit... could they fight back against all odds, and have the fortitude to fight to the death with the 33 Heavens.

“There’s something I need to do....” he murmured softly. Usually, he didn’t think of himself as the Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm. That was something that would happen in the future, not at this moment.

“Perhaps that’s the wrong attitude,” he thought. “If there is no future... then there will be no Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm....” Meng Hao’s eyes flickered as he looked up into the starry sky toward the 1st Heaven. The crazy idea that had just occurred to him just now was growing stronger. Taking a deep breath, he decided to let the notion percolate for a while.

With that, he turned and headed out across Planet Tiger Cage with

Yuwen Jian.

Behind him, the spirits of the cultivators seemed to have lifted. As they watched Meng Hao leaving, sparks of fire appeared in their hearts and began to burn steadily.

One could well imagine what would happen as those sparks burned hotter and brighter. The hearts of those cultivators would ignite, and eventually, the same thing would happen throughout the entire Mountain and Sea Realm. In the end, either they would be burnt by those flames, or the enemy would!

Cracks and crevices covered the surface of Planet Tiger Cage.... All of the lands were covered with rifts that were only growing larger and wider with time. As of this moment, the planet seemed to be teetering on the verge of collapse.

Apparently, the carnage of the war in the Mountain and Sea Realm was focused initially on the Sixth and Seventh Mountains and Seas. As Meng Hao looked around at Planet Tiger Cage, his eyes flickered with the desire to kill.

Furthermore, his rage toward Lord White still lingered, despite the fact that he had already cut him down.

“Now that I think about it, there is still one more traitor among the Mountain and Sea Lords,” he thought. Heart filling with icy coldness, he looked off into the distance for a moment, then turned to Yuwen Jian.

“Brother Yuwen, back in the Windswept Realm, you mentioned that the Seventh Mountain and Sea has... God blood?” Although Meng Hao was planning to merely pass through, there were still some important things here for him.

God blood was something critical for making breakthroughs with the fleshly body. After his recent breakthroughs, his current fleshly body level had actually become an encumbrance. If he could make a breakthrough, then based on the foundation he had built up, he would experience an incredible rise, and immediately reach the level of a Dao Sovereign.

At that time, considering the level of his cultivation base and his terrifying divine sense, he would truly be equipped... with the power of a Dao Sovereign!

After acquiring the Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation from Lord White, he had made major progress with his Eternal stratum. Even still, he could tell that his fleshly body needed to become more powerful before he could be confident in facing the Flesh and Blood Desolation, which was the Second of the Seven Desolations of Ancient Realm Soul Lamp extinguishing.

The crazy idea which had come to him required that he have battle prowess truly equivalent to the Dao Sovereign level. Only then could he be confident enough to make that idea a reality.

"Of course we do!" replied Yuwen Jian. "In the Vale of the Godgrave. However, it's already been occupied by the Outsiders...."

"Brother Meng, if you want to go, then I can take you there!" Yuwen Jian's eyes gleamed brightly. 1

"Not yet," Meng Hao replied softly. "I have a bit of unresolved Karma on this planet. Brother Yuwen, please wait while I take care of something." With that, he took a step forward and then vanished.

Yuwen Jian hovered there silently for a moment, his eyes burning with a will to fight.

"We're both in the Echelon," he thought, "but Meng Hao has already reached the point where everyone looks up to him. And yet I... still haven't passed through the Ancient Realm. It's hard to say how long this war will last. I must step into the Dao Realm!" Yuwen Jian's eyes shone with a flicker of determination.

As Meng Hao flew along above the lands of Planet Tiger Cage, he felt an aura spreading out from inside of him. It came from deep in the recesses of his cultivation base, where there existed a white diamond-shaped object!

"Planet Tiger Cage. Choumen Tai...." Meng Hao murmured. He had

never forgotten about that Immortal's corpse which had fallen out of the sky back when he was on Planet South Heaven. That Immortal was none other than Choumen Tai, and they had come to an agreement that Meng Hao would return his legacy to Planet Tiger Cage. 2

At that time, the gift given to him by Choumen Tai had been like a precious treasure. Now, it was relatively insignificant. However, Choumen Tai had mentioned that by returning his legacy to his home on Planet Tiger Cage, Meng Hao could acquire some good fortune.

Of course, Meng Hao didn't care too much about that. After all, there was little good fortune that he could acquire now that would be of much help to him. Based on Choumen Tai's cultivation base level back, there was nothing he could bestow upon Meng Hao now that would be of any use.

Meng Hao had come, not because of any potential good fortune, but rather, to keep a promise.

As he proceeded along, he cast his senses inward to observe the fluctuations of the diamond inside of him. Soon, a mountain appeared up ahead....

It was cracked and crumbling, but hadn't fallen apart completely, and when Meng Hao scanned it with divine sense he found an Immortal's cave which had long since been abandoned. Layers of dust covered everything in the Immortal's cave, but deep within its recesses was a spell formation. At the very center of the spell formation was a small column of inky jade the size of a hand. On top of that column was a diamond-shaped slot.

As soon as Meng Hao got close, his own chest began to radiate light as the diamond-shaped legacy bestowed upon him years ago by Choumen Tai suddenly flew out.

It moved with incredible speed as it flew through the cracks in the side of the mountain, entering the Immortal's cave, lowering itself down toward the spell formation and settling into the diamond-shaped slot.

Meng Hao didn't follow the white diamond. Instead, he hovered outside the mountain, watching. Moments later, his jaw dropped.

“This....” His eyes flickered as he took a step forward and then suddenly appeared inside of the mountain. Having scanned the mountain with divine sense, he was certain there was nothing unusual lying in wait. Considering the level of his divine sense, there would be few things in existence which could conceal anything from him. Earlier, his divine sense had revealed that the spell formation was emanating fluctuations that seemed to indicate it was searching for an appropriate apprentice upon whom to bestow a legacy.

But now, after the diamond sank down into the slot, the spell formation immediately altered. Instead of preparing to deliver a legacy, it was... summoning something!?

Meng Hao hovered outside of the spell formation, face darkening. As he studied the spell formation, he could sense the power of summoning, something that was completely ignoring the 33 Heavens above and was instead stretching out to some unknown location.

This was Meng Hao’s first time seeing a spell formation like this, and was definitely his first time seeing anything which could pierce through the seal of the 33 Heavens.

Because that diamond-shaped legacy had fed him power for so many years, it also contained a bit of his own aura. Furthermore, that bit of aura appeared to be transforming the summoning power in some way that even Meng Hao didn’t understand.

“This is no legacy.... Choumen Tai, who exactly are you?!” Meng Hao’s eyes flickered, and he let out a cold harrumph. Although what was happening was unexpected, considering the level of his current cultivation base, he could simply destroy the spell formation if he wanted to. That might be a violation of his previous oath, but the current Mountain and Sea Realm could ill afford an unknown and unexpected hazard.

He had come here because of his promise, to repay Choumen Tai for the good fortune he had bestowed. But now, his face was grim. He would rather incur Karma and sully his oath, than permit this spell formation to cause any harm to the Mountain and Sea Realm!

He reached his hand out, causing a massive burst of power to build up. Just as it was about to blast down onto the spell formation, a voice suddenly spoke out in Meng Hao's mind.

It was a voice filled with a pleading tone. It was... Choumen Tai.

"Please allow me to have some hope.... Please, I have no desire to hurt you or do anything to harm the interests of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Please... allow me my hope....

"The person I want to resurrect, he.... is my master....

"Years ago, he sent me away into the cycle of reincarnation. I experienced many, many things. Eventually I awoke and remembered my home, and who I was back then. I remembered that he... had extinguished his own soul fire.

"I want to resurrect my master. That is my sole purpose in life. Please, allow me to have my hope.... If you do... I can help you in this Mountain and Sea War!!" 3

Nothing Choumen Tai said moved Meng Hao at all. He sent his cultivation base power out, and the spell formation began to emit cracking sounds as the summoning was interrupted. However, it was at that point that Choumen Tai said one last thing, which caused Meng Hao to suddenly stop.

"I, Choumen Tai, pledge on my own life, that if you preserve this spell formation, I will devote my life to the Mountain and Sea War!"

Meng Hao's eyes narrowed. "How can you help?" he asked.

When Choumen Tai responded, his voice seethed with manic determination. "I can help you... to seal a 7-Essences Paragon, and make that person your puppet!"

*

1. Yuwen Jian actually mentioned this place back in [chapter 1151](#).
2. Meng Hao met Choumen Tai in [chapter 301](#).

3. The fact that Choumen Tai wanted to resurrect someone was mentioned by Shui Dongliu in chapter 692. And now I would like to share some details from beyond ISSTH, which I don't think counts as spoiler information, but does involve elements from his other books. By this point in the original release of ISSTH, many fans had come to the conclusion that Choumen Tai is actually a character from Beseech the Devil. Diamond-shaped marks play a significant role in the cultivation in that novel, which was one piece of evidence that points to such a conclusion. If he was a character from Beseech the Devil, then it would be likely that his master was also a character from that book. Many people guessed that his master was none other than Su Ming, the main character of Beseech the Devil. Again, this was merely speculation, based on information up to and including this chapter.

Chapter 1325: Meng Hao's Heart....

Meng Hao was quite shaken. Even after leaving Planet South Heaven and traversing the Mountain and Sea Realm, he had never forgotten the kindness Choumen Tai had shown in blessing him with good fortune, nor the agreement they reached regarding Planet Tiger Cage.

He had always planned to return Choumen Tai's legacy to Planet Tiger Cage. However, he could never have imagined that the so-called legacy was actually a sham. It had all been a ruse.

Meng Hao hovered there silently. He could accept being swindled, but he couldn't accept the existence of a spell formation like this, not if there was even a chance that it could harm the Mountain and Sea Realm. He was responsible for the Mountains and Seas, and had already borne witness to the tragedy of war. Furthermore, that warfare had already changed him.

He had grown up.

Therefore, his first reaction upon seeing this spell formation was not to be concerned about the Karma he would sow if he broke his oath and destroyed it.

However... at the same time, Choumen Tai's words had moved him. In fact, his mind was spinning, and his eyes glowed with bright light.

"I, Choumen Tai, swear an oath upon my soul that if anything I have said is untrue, then... no matter if I live or die, I will never again see my master!" The madness in Choumen Tai's voice was growing, and the sincerity of his determination made his pleas seem even more intense.

In fact, as he spoke, Meng Hao could sense the vague fluctuations of a powerful oath, and could also detect Karma building up within the mountain peak and the spell formation.

All of that indicated that the words spoken by Choumen Tai were true.

Meng Hao said nothing at first. He was not a cold and ruthless person, and Choumen Tai had bestowed good fortune upon him in the past. If he could choose, he would rather not destroy the man's hope. Furthermore,

he had sworn an oath upon his soul.

“How is it that you can do such a thing?” Meng Hao asked.

“It doesn’t matter how I can do it,” replied Choumen Tai. “Just point out a 7-Essences Paragon, and I’ll take care of the rest!” From the sound of his voice, Choumen Tai seemed to be throwing caution to the wind. A Heaven-defying technique like that would surely come at a heavy price, a price too difficult to even comprehend.

“Whenever or wherever you are, as long as I still live, all you have to do is catalyze this sealing mark... and you can perform the sealing!” A mysteriously-glowing magical symbol floated out from within the mountain to hover in front of Meng Hao.

The symbol flickered and danced, and constant fluctuations rippled about inside of it. It was actually impossible to see clearly, and numerous transformations existed within it. Meng Hao eyed the magical symbol for a moment, and then his eyes flickered with determination. He waved his sleeve, gathering up the magical symbol and then looking at the mountain for a long moment before turning to leave.

Meng Hao could now tell that the reason why Planet Tiger Cage still remained intact within the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the reason why it had not been destroyed, was not because of Yuwen Jian and the other cultivators with him. More importantly... it was because of the spell formation inside this mountain, and the remaining power of Choumen Tai, which protected the entire planet.

Because of that power of protection, even though the surface of the planet was riddled with cracks and crevices, it still remained in one piece, as the spell formation protected both the mountain and the planet.

Meng Hao took a step, and was already far off in the distance. “Just what sort of entity could inspire one of its servants to be so devoted, to become completely obsessed with resurrecting it...?”

Even as he left, a blurry figure appeared within the middle of the spell formation. It was Choumen Tai, and he seemed to be fading away. He was staring into the spell formation itself, trembling, eyes filled with

anticipation and reminiscence.

“For the sake of others, you closed your eyes for all eternity....” he murmured. “After I returned, I could never find you....” Choumen Tai’s voice seemed to be filled with grief as he slowly sat down in the spell formation.

“Please return... my master....”

As Meng Hao made his way off into the distance, he found that the meat jelly had emerged from his bag of holding at some point. It was perched on his shoulder, looking back at the mountain. Then the parrot flew out, landed on his other shoulder, and also looked back.

It was a rare occasion when these two living treasures weren’t making a ruckus.

The meat jelly sighed and said, “Perhaps to that entity, Choumen Tai eventually ceased to be simply a servant. Meng Hao, do you think that one day, if you meet your end, I’ll be like Choumen Tai, and do everything I can to try to resurrect you? Ai. That is a question very worthy of consideration.... Fifth Bro, what do you think?”

Meng Hao stopped in place. The meat jelly’s words just now were definitely the type to make one feel touched, but to hear them coming out of the meat jelly’s mouth was quite strange.

“Lord Fifth was actually pondering a different question.... If Lord Fifth ever meets his end, Meng Hao... would you feel sad? Would you try to resurrect me?” The parrot looked over at Meng Hao, its expression very serious.

“Yes!” Meng Hao replied softly. The parrot and meat jelly had followed him for so long that in his heart, he no longer viewed them as simple servants.

“Well, Lord Fifth won’t die and can’t be killed, so you’ll never have that chance. Hahaha!” The parrot laughed heartily, but as it laughed, a trace of sorrow and grief could be seen in its eyes. However, it quickly passed, and the parrot quickly reverted to its usual simple-minded state.

Meng Hao didn't say anything further. A knot had taken root in his heart... an uncomfortable notion that he didn't dare to contemplate or ponder. The reason being that he wasn't sure which side to pick.

He had an inkling of the Karmic cause of the war of the Mountain and Sea Realm, that it was actually being fought because of... the copper mirror!

If he simply handed the copper mirror over... could the war be ended?

It was a question Meng Hao didn't dare to consider. His family lived in the Mountain and Sea Realm, as did his friends, his Masters, and all other living things.... But on the other hand, the copper mirror had been with him from his earliest days in the Reliance Sect. It had accompanied him and allowed him to grow from being a mere scholar to his current pinnacle.

As for the parrot, although Meng Hao pretended to not care very much about it, the truth was that after all these years, he had become very attached to it, and could never bear to part with it.

"Do I forsake the parrot," he thought, "or forsake the Mountain and Sea Realm...? Perhaps the only choice I can make... is to forsake myself."

Meng Hao sighed inwardly. This was the question he didn't wish to ponder, because he knew that one day, he would be forced to make that decision. Who knew what cruel realities he would need to face when the time came to choose?

"I have to get stronger!" he thought, his eyes glowing brightly. He took a deep breath as he forced himself to stop thinking about that painful question. Then, he transformed into a beam of light that shot off into the distance.

The meat jelly sat silently on his shoulder, and although the parrot seemed completely oblivious to anything, it was uncharacteristically quiet as it transformed into a multi-colored streak that flew into the copper mirror in Meng Hao's bag of holding.

Meng Hao continued along quietly, sighing the entire time as he

contemplated the enigma that was fate. As of this moment, he was consumed with worry for his family and a deep yearning to reunite with Xu Qing.

Eventually, he made his way back to Yuwen Jian, who was sitting there cross-legged waiting for him. Instead of wasting time with words, Meng Hao simply looked at him and uttered a single sentence.

“Take me... to the place you mentioned, the Vale of the Godgrave!”

Yuwen Jian’s eyes shone with a bright light. Taking a deep breath, he nodded and rose to his feet. Meng Hao flicked his sleeve, and the two of them transformed into bright beams of light that shot off into the starry sky at top speed.

Normally speaking, Yuwen Jian would never be able to keep up with Meng Hao, so Meng Hao lent him some energy, and they proceeded along to the location Yuwen Jian indicated.

“I need to get stronger, that way I can slaughter my own path out of the enigma of fate!” There was something murderously bleak about Meng Hao now. His previous air of youth and naivete had been wiped away, and the only thing that remained was the grief and pain that came from seeing tragedy play out in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

The Seventh Mountain and Sea was now almost completely in the hands of the Outsiders, who continued to pour in, filling the starry sky with their pitch black cubes. Increasing pressure radiated out in all directions.

Soon, Meng Hao and Yuwen Jian appeared in the southeastern part of the Seventh Mountain and Sea, in a location that was very quiet. Off in the distance was an area full of hundreds of black cubes. They floated about in the starry sky, lightning dancing across their surfaces. It was just possible to see the images of Outsiders passing into and out of the cubes.

They almost seemed to be forming a spell formation....

“The Vale of the Godgrave is up ahead,” said Yuwen Jian. “It’s a spatial rift within which rest the ruins of an ancient battlefield. Countless strands of divine will exist inside, which can kill you before you even notice

them....

“The Vale of the Godgrave is one of the most dangerous places in the entire Seventh Mountain and Sea. The last time I went in, I only managed to travel a short distance. By chance, though, I managed to get a drop of impure God blood. Even that was enough to instigate an incredible breakthrough in my fleshly body!”

Yuwen Jian was under the protection of Meng Hao’s divine sense. As they hovered there in the starry sky, no one other than perhaps a peak 6-Essences Dao Sovereign or a 7-Essences Paragon would be able to detect their presence. “After the 1st Heaven descended, this was the very first place to be occupied by the Outsiders!

“I suspect that quite a few of the Outsiders have already gone inside. Presumably they are also interested in getting God blood....”

Meng Hao looked calmly off into the distance. He could sense the fluctuations of powerful experts coming from many of the black cubes. Furthermore, the spell formation formed by the cubes contained shocking power in and of itself.

The area surrounding the Vale of the Godgrave was completely filled with Outsiders. Although there were no 6-Essences experts there, there were definitely 5-Essence experts. Meng Hao had already identified four with his divine sense.

And that didn’t count any Outsiders who had entered the Vale of the Godgrave, which was beyond the scope of what Meng Hao could survey with divine sense.

Meng Hao turned to look at Yuwen Jian and said, “Brother Yuwen, this place is clearly very dangerous. I think you should wait for me here....”

Yuwen Jian hesitated for a moment before determination gleamed in his eyes and he shook his head.

“The 33 Heavens aren’t even sparing the mortals in this war. Clearly, they plan to wipe us all out.... They want to exterminate the bloodlines of all living beings in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“As the saying goes, if the nest is overturned, none of the eggs survive!” Yuwen Jian clenched his hands into fists. “I need to get stronger! I need to have a cultivation base breakthrough! I have a body refinement magic which can use God blood to sacrifice some life force in exchange for a hundred years of a Dao Realm fleshly body!

“I, Yuwen Jian, am an Echelon cultivator. Even if I can only live for a hundred years after stepping into the Dao, I have to live up to my place in the Echelon!” Yuwen Jian’s eyes shone brightly, and his pupils seemed to flicker with flames.

Chapter 1326: Entering the Vale of the Godgrave!

“Brother Meng, I’d like to request... that you let me go with you into the Vale of the Godgrave!

“Don’t let me be a burden; you can even ignore me. I only request... that you get me inside. Once there, we can part ways, and I’ll go off on my own to search for my good fortune!

“This is my choice, so whether I live or die has nothing to do with you, Brother Meng. I won’t infect your Karma. I, Yuwen Jian... just want a chance to search for my path of good fortune!

“If I live, fine. If I die, fine.... I was born in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and I grew up in it. I’ll give my blood, my cultivation, everything about me... to repay that debt!” Yuwen Jian’s bitter smile was tinged with madness. The things he had seen and experienced recently in the Seventh Mountain and Sea were hundreds of times more tragic than what Meng Hao had seen so far.

He had witnessed three planets destroyed, and had watched as innumerable lives were ended. He saw one sect after another exterminated, wiped out by the Outsiders.

He had even seen people being eaten alive.

Out of all his family, his clan, and his sect... he was the only survivor. Therefore, he now lived for revenge!

Meng Hao looked silently at Yuwen Jian for a moment, then turned to leave.

“Just keep up,” he said. Then he transformed into a beam of light that shot off into the distance. Clearly, he was choosing, not to sneak in, but to fight his way through in broad daylight.

After all, this was the Mountain and Sea Realm, not the Outsiders’ 1st Heaven!

RUMBLE!

The instant Meng Hao charged forth and began to fight, Yuwen Jian rapidly began to grow larger in size. Apparently there was a bit of God blood inside of him, pumping through his veins, leading to a shocking growth in fleshly body power. Astonishingly, it took only an instant for Yuwen Jian to turn into a huge giant that took a step forward, following Meng Hao into the fray.

Two men, two Echelon cultivators, two beams of light, shot forth like unsheathed swords. Rumbling sounds echoed out as the two of them stabbed into the Outsiders' spell formation.

Meng Hao's cultivation base was so powerful that only Dao Sovereigns could hope to stand up to him. In the moment that he began to fight, vast numbers of Outsiders began to pour out from the black cubes and charge toward him in attack.

At the same time, shocking fluctuations began to emanate from the cubes as streams of divine sense sped forth to attack him.

Further off in the distance were three Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering 5-Essences auras that instantly veered toward Meng Hao to block his path.

Meng Hao gave a cold harrumph. Killing intent flickered in his eyes as he looked at the hosts of the incoming Outsiders, with their vicious expressions and murderous auras. Waving his sleeve, he summoned the Paragon Bridge, which crushed down onto them.

Instantly, bloodcurdling screams rang out, and the starry sky around Meng Hao shattered. This one single attack crushed everything in its path.

No less than a thousand Outsiders were instantly smashed, their fleshly bodies shattered, their Nascent Divinities destroyed.

All of the other Outsiders who witnessed this gasped, and their faces fell. Instantly, they began to back up in shock.

"Dao... Dao Sovereign!!"

"Dammit! In the Mountain and Sea Realm, Dao Sovereigns are supposed

to be as rare as phoenix feathers or qilin horns. How could there be one here!?”

“Why haven’t the two exalted Dao Sovereigns from our 1st Heaven come to stop this person!?!?”

The shocked Outsiders were so terrified that they didn’t dare to get any closer. In fact, they backed up to let him pass. As for Yuwen Jian, even though he had an incredibly high opinion of Meng Hao, and had even seen what he did earlier to the Outsiders attacking Planet Tiger Cage, witnessing this left him shocked.

Looking at Meng Hao’s back as he led the way, Yuwen Jian realized that although he wasn’t necessarily physically imposing... there was something spectacular about him.

It was as if... the war for the Mountain and Sea Realm... might not necessarily end with them being wiped out!

However, even as the Outsider cultivators backed up, the streams of divine will emanating from the hundreds of black cubes came together into a shocking convergence that blasted toward Meng Hao.

This amalgamation of divine will was so powerful that even Dao Sovereigns who encountered it would likely shy away in fear. It transformed into an enormous face which filled the starry sky and lunged toward Meng Hao as if to consume him.

“So what if you’re a Dao Sovereign, screw off!!” The voice which shouted out was not the voice of a single Outsider, but rather the conjoined voices of hundreds of them!

The sound of it echoed out, rocking the starry sky, causing the void to tremble, and crushing down with a will of complete defiance.

“Scram!” screamed the conjoined voices of the Outsiders. As for all of the other Outsiders who were observing from off to the side, their eyes began to glow brightly as they waited for Meng Hao’s momentum to be broken, and for him to be forced backward.

Meng Hao’s expression was calm, but his eyes flickered coldly. It was at

this point that his own divine sense exploded out toward the face converged from divine will.

His divine sense transformed into a huge fist which punched out viciously!

BOOOOOMMMMMM!

The fist slammed into the face, shattering it into pieces, and causing a boom to ring out that shook Heaven and Earth.

Cracking sounds rang out as fissures snaked out through the starry sky. They were like dragons shooting out in all directions, and when they hit the Outsiders, screams rose up. There was no chance for the Outsiders to flee, and many of them were instantly ripped apart.

At the same time, miserable shrieks echoed out from the hundreds of black cubes. Rumbling sounds could be heard as each and every one of the black cubes shattered, and the Outsider cultivators inside were eradicated.

From a distance, the scene which was playing out was completely and utterly shocking!

More gasps could be heard as the surviving Outsiders fell back even further, so terrified of Meng Hao that they were shaking. Before they had come to the Mountain and Sea Realm, they had viewed themselves as above everyone, and looked down derisively at the Mountain and Sea Realm. They couldn't wait for the chance to start slaughtering the Immortals for fun.

But after seeing Meng Hao's terrifying performance, memories from their ancestors were slowly being unlocked inside of them, memories that had been sealed within their bones, hidden within their souls.

Memories of how their ancestors had been conquered by the Paragon Immortal Realm.

Meng Hao's face was cold as he looked around. Due to the sheer number of Outsiders present, it would be difficult to kill them all, even with the current level of his cultivation base. However, as he glanced about, all of the Outsiders upon whom his gaze fell backed up, trembling.

He snorted coldly, advancing again, and no one dared to get in his way this time. They all fell back to make way for him. However, as he passed by, they would form ranks once again behind him. It was almost like Meng Hao was surrounded by a huge circle of empty space.

Despite the fact that he was clearly surrounded, the ones who were terrified were the Outsiders, not him.

Yuwen Jian followed directly behind Meng Hao. The scene which he was watching unfold in front of his eyes had his blood pumping.

Glancing around coldly as he proceeded along, Meng Hao eventually caught sight of a dilapidated altar up ahead. It looked ancient, as if it had survived through countless years of time, leaving it corroded and falling apart.

It wasn't complete; only about seventy percent of its original structure remained. And yet, the starry sky around it rippled and distorted, emanating fluctuations that contained incredible pressure.

Gradually, it became obvious that this altar... was an entrance, leading to some other dimension beyond.

It was clear that previously, the altar had not been out in the open like this. Various restrictive spells and other obstacles had obviously been in place. However, after the Outsiders arrived, they had cleared the area, leaving the altar hovering out in the open in the starry sky.

In front of the altar were three Outsider cultivators with grim faces. They hovered there, staring at Meng Hao, emanating fluctuations of the 5-Essences level.

Although they were a far cry from a Mountain and Sea Lord, they were close to the level of the boy Xiao Yihan.

They looked on with flickering eyes as Meng Hao approached. The one in the middle had a horn jutting out of his head, and if you looked closely you could see that it wasn't black, but violet.

He took a step forward, and then it became clear that he did not have the same murderous aura that the other Outsiders did. He clasped hands

and bowed to Meng Hao, saying, "I am Long Daozi, of the Dao Tribe of the 1st Heaven. Greetings, Dao Sovereign Meng."

Meng Hao looked back coldly. The fact that this person knew who he was came as no surprise. In the initial moments of the invasion, he had clashed with the Outsider Paragon Eegoo of the 1st Heaven. Although most people in the Mountain and Sea Realm had not been able to see what happened, the Outsider experts certainly were watching, and had seen the events unfold.

The violet-horned Outsider's eyes shone with a strange light as he slowly began to speak. "Dao Sovereign Meng, based on your cultivation base and powers of perception, you are certainly aware that the Mountain and Sea Realm... cannot possibly win this war. Even if the 1st Heaven isn't a match for the Mountain and Sea Realm, there is a 2nd Heaven, and a 3rd Heaven, and in the end, 33 Heavens. There is no hope for the Mountain and Sea Realm.

"Although we 33 Heavens wish to destroy all life in the Mountain and Sea Realm, we also respect the powerful experts here. Fellow Daoist Meng, if you would agree to follow the orders of the 1st Heaven, to join us in our campaign, then I can guarantee the safety of you and your clan, and can promise that you won't be harmed.

"A wise man submits to the circumstances. Fellow Daoist Meng, surely you understand the truth of that old saying.

"Not only can your clan be saved, but anyone else you wish can join us as well. The 1st Heaven won't kill them. All you need to do is become a Dao slave of the 1st Heaven.

"Compared to freedom... what meaning is there in death?"

In response to his words, Yuwen Jian remained silent. Although he trusted Meng Hao, the offer made by this Outsider was something that would stir even his heart, albeit only a bit.

After all, he had no clan left. He had nothing. However, back when his clan and sect had still existed, if he had been given this choice, he couldn't be sure what he would have chosen. That line of thinking caused a spark

of fear to rise up within him.

Chapter 1327: Nothing More Than a Demonic Beast!

“Trying to seduce me... into being a turncoat?” Meng Hao asked coolly. His expression was calm, but a flicker of derision could be seen in his eyes. “You don’t qualify to try something like that.”

Only an Outsider who was out of the loop would talk to Meng Hao in such a way. If this person had been Paragon Eegoo, who was aware of who exactly Meng Hao was, he would never have uttered such words.

Back in the days of the Paragon Immortal Realm, even when the entire world had crumbled into pieces, its people, despite being broken and dying in the Mountain and Sea Realm, refused to bow their heads in compliance to the 33 Heavens. If that was the case back then, how much more so would it be the case now, when the Mountain and Sea Realm had grown strong, and was carrying on the legacy of the Paragon Immortal Realm!?

To bow one’s head in compliance would be a betrayal of one’s people, one’s home, and one’s everything.... To become a Dao slave, where life and death were not under one’s own control, where one had no freedom... what would be the point of being alive?!

When Yuwen Jian heard Meng Hao’s response, he suddenly felt very calm.

As for the violet-horned Outsider, he gazed deeply at Meng Hao for a moment, then laughed softly, as if he wasn’t very surprised. Then he and the other two Outsiders stepped back to make way.

“If that is your wish, Dao Sovereign Meng, and considering that we can’t stop you, then we will permit you to enter the Vale of the Godgrave. Please, go ahead.” The violet-horned Outsider smiled and gestured for Meng Hao to walk past.

Yuwen Jian breathed a sigh of relief. The pressure he felt from these three 5-Essences Outsiders made him realize how insignificant he was. Although he felt relieved, he gritted his teeth petulantly and told himself

that even if it was more risky, he had to get into the Vale of the Godgrave.

However, just when Yuwen Jian was about to proceed forward, he realized that Meng Hao hadn't moved an inch.

A strange expression had appeared on Meng Hao's as he looked at the three Outsiders, and he began to laugh.

"Did you three practice your cultivation wrong and turn into retards? Or were your brains always defective?" He suddenly took a step forward, and when his foot landed, his energy surged wildly, as if a giant had stomped down onto the starry sky. It was like the crashing of an ocean of waves!

"This is the Mountain and Sea Realm, not the 1st Heaven! Everything here belongs to the Mountains and Seas, not you people. Just because you're standing around here, doesn't mean I need your permission to come and go, does it?"

The three Outsiders' hearts began to quiver. It felt as if mountains were crushing down onto them, as if the Heavens were suppressing their hearts. Their faces fell and they quickly backed up.

"You think that when I show up, you can just 'step back and make way' for me?"

"The Mountain and Sea Realm and the 1st Heaven are at war. As for you three... what makes you so confident that I won't just kill you?" Meng Hao threw his head back and laughed. Then he took three steps forward, each one of which caused him to erupt with extraordinary power. The sheer towering majesty was almost impossible for onlookers to take in, and the pressure he emanated crushed down with infinite force. A tempest sprang up, sweeping in all directions, and crushing might bore down onto the three Outsiders.

The mere upsurge of energy caused everything to shake violently, and the three Outsiders' minds were reeling as blood sprayed out of their mouths. The scales on their bodies even began to explode as they fell back a great distance.

"Meng Hao, how dare you!!"

“If you only stuck to killing some of our lesser tribe members, then whatever... they aren’t in the Dao Realm, so they don’t count as successors in the 1st Heaven. But if you kill us Dao Realm experts, your clan will definitely be placed on the 33 Heavens’ list of clans to be exterminated!”

“You’re going to get your whole clan exterminated, Meng Hao! Do you really dare to attack us?!?!?”

“Pipe down!” Meng Hao said coolly, his energy crushing down with a booming sound. The three 5-Essences Outsiders trembled, and one experienced a complete explosion of all the scales on his body, after which his entire tail shattered. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and when Meng Hao took a fifth step, he screamed and exploded.

A majestic 5-Essences Outsider was crushed like a twig by Meng Hao’s divine sense and cultivation base power!

Only two remained! The violet-horned Outsider was holding out better than the other, who coughed up a mouthful of blood as his flesh was shredded.

Even as he let out a despairing howl, Meng Hao took a sixth step.

RUMBLE!

The Outsider’s body twisted, as though some enormous hand were squeezing down on it. It was crushed into a pulp, completely dead. With six steps, Meng Hao had killed two powerful enemies, to shocking effect.

The violet-horned Outsider’s face was pale, and he let out a howl as he suddenly began to grow. His appearance completely changed; astonishingly, what now appeared in front of Meng Hao was a 3,000-meter long black lizard!

His long black horn glowed with violet light, and he looked boundlessly fierce. This was the true form of the Outsiders from the 1st Heaven!

They looked less like cultivators and more like... animals!

At the most, they were like Demonic beasts!

The 3,000-meter long lizard roared mightily as flames burst out from

his body. However, instead of charging Meng Hao, he fled in the opposite direction at high speed.

“I guess I gave you too much credit,” Meng Hao said, eyeing the lizard coldly. “You’re just an animal, and yet I tried to explain things to you as if you were a cultivator.” With that, he took a seventh step.

The instant that seventh step descended, Meng Hao’s energy reached an indescribable level. The power of the Mountains and Seas rumbled out, filling the entire area. It was as if the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm had been driven away by Meng Hao and his power!

The only thing present was Mountain and Sea power, with none of the Realm’s will. It was as if that power... was under the complete control of Meng Hao’s will!

His will was... superseding the Heavens and replacing the Dao!

“Superseding the Heavens and replacing the Dao? This... this is impossible!!” The violet-horned lizard was filled with terror and shock. What he was seeing was so impossible that he couldn’t think, and his heart filled up with complete despair.

All of a sudden, he experienced a vision. Images rose up, the memories of his ancestors which were concealed in his blood. He saw his ancestors in one of the Lower Realms beneath the Paragon Immortal Realm. He saw them... acting as mounts for Immortals.

In the end, that was the last thing he ever saw, as Meng Hao’s surging energy superseded the Heavens and replaced the Dao. It became an explosive will of destruction that, in the blink of an eye, completely crushed the gigantic lizard’s soul out of existence!

BOOM!

He was completely and utterly eradicated!

The other surrounding Outsiders gaped in shock at what they had just witnessed, and trembled as they stared at Meng Hao in complete and utter terror and disbelief.

“Scram!” Meng Hao said, glaring at them. He was well aware that, considering the vast number of Outsiders present, it wouldn’t be an easy task to simply wipe them out, not even with the aid of the power of the Mountains and Seas.

Right now, these Outsiders were completely shaken, so the best thing to do wasn’t to kill them, it was to plant a seed inside of them.

That seed was a seed of terror, a seed that would eventually topple their hearts!

His voice was like a cudgel that swept out and slammed into the hearts and minds of the Outsiders. It was like a bolt of lightning that destroyed their courage and wiped away their will to fight. Fear of Meng Hao overwhelmed them, and screams could be heard as they scattered, fleeing in uncoordinated chaos.

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Note from Deathblade: This chapter is a bit short because it was the fourth update of the day by Er Gen, and on Mid-Autumn Festival at that!

Chapter 1328: Vale of the Godgrave!

Yuwen Jian watched blankly as all of this happened. He gazed at the spot where the three Outsiders had just died. He looked at the other Outsiders, who were fleeing madly in all directions. Finally, he looked back at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's expression was grim as he eyed the retreating Outsiders, and then took a step toward the altar.

Yuwen Jian hesitated for a moment before saying, "You know, it might waste a bit of time, but we could still kill at least thirty percent of these fleeing Outsiders."

Meng Hao turned and replied, "Killing people isn't as effective as killing hearts! The key to war is not just victory in battle. It lies within the spirit....

"They've lost their courage, because I crushed their hearts. Without spirit, these Outsiders will become the first stepping stone in raising the morale of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm."

Yuwen Jian revered Meng Hao, but still had an opinion to express. "Only one victory, or an impressive display by one powerful person... is probably not enough to make that happen."

"You're right. And that's why I need to get into the Vale of the Godgrave as soon as possible, to get that God blood." Meng Hao stepped onto the altar and looked up into the starry sky, and the giant land mass that was the 1st Heaven.

In that moment, a flickering flame of madness could be seen in his eyes.

"Let me ask you a question," Meng Hao murmured softly. "Imagine what would happen if the Outsiders from the 1st Heaven looked up and saw their entire world shattering into pieces and then falling down out of the sky. After that, do you think that their spirits, their hearts, and their courage... could remain intact?" His words were spoken in a quiet tone, but the meaning behind them was astonishing enough to rock Heaven and Earth!

Yuwen Jian gasped. “You....” He felt almost as if he had been struck by lightning, and could hardly speak.

Meng Hao closed his eyes. “The key to winning a war... is destroying your enemy’s spirit! To these Outsiders, the 1st Heaven is their home, and their spirit....” With that, he vanished into the altar.

Yuwen Jian was trembling, not from fear, but from excitement and anticipation. Meng Hao’s words echoed in his mind, and he could truly imagine what it would be like if he was in the middle of fighting the Outsiders, then suddenly looked up to see the 1st Heaven crumbling into pieces and falling out of the sky. To him, it would be something completely exhilarating and galvanizing.

In sharp contrast, the Outsiders would find it... an utter catastrophe!

**

The Vale of the Godgrave!

It really was a shattered portion of an ancient battlefield. That was the only thing which existed there. Not even the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm could be detected. It was as if the only thing that existed in this place was an all-pervasive will to fight.

In almost the exact same instant that Meng Hao entered the dimension, he heard the sounds of countless voices echoing in his ears like thunder.

“FIGHT!!”

It was a voice belonging, not to any individual entity, but rather, the dimension itself, and the powerful will to fight that had existed in this place for countless years.

It was like an undying soul throwing its head back and howling, consumed with the desire to slaughter its way through the Heavens, the starry sky, and all lands.

If Meng Hao’s divine will were not as strong as it was, being at eighty percent of a Paragon’s, that will to fight would have incited him to instantly attack something. But now, it was simply a slight stimulation

that hardly affected him.

However, as soon as Yuwen Jian appeared, he began to shake, and his face drained of blood. Meng Hao waved his hand, and Yuwen Jian recovered. After looking around, he turned to face Meng Hao.

“Brother Meng, I can do this myself!” With that, he clasped hands, and then sped off in another direction, eyes gleaming with determination and decisiveness. Meng Hao watched Yuwen Jian leave the area of protection he had offered, and could see both the difficulty with which he did so, and also the mad desire within his soul that drove him to such lengths. Meng Hao sighed.

Yuwen Jian had his own path to follow. Meng Hao understood that, and thus would not intervene. He turned his head and looked off into the distance.

The soil here was black, and littered with countless corpses.

Some had already petrified into stone, while others were still in a state of decay. In fact, the further one proceeded into the depths of the valley, the more slowly things seemed to be rotting and decaying. The Vale of the Godgrave was ring-shaped, with the outer areas being safer, and the danger increasing the closer one got to the center.

If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal, but thunder boomed in the air up above, and countless lightning bolts crashed down, almost like a rain of lightning. And yet, what boomed loudest in his ears was not thunder, but rather, that echoing call to fight in battle!

This place was like a Heaven-shaking and Earth-shattering sea of lightning, within which could be seen shadowy figures fighting each other. Normally, the rain of lightning which was pounding down would destroy everything beneath it, but in this case, the battle was so awe-inspiring that the effects of the lightning were negligible, whereas the intensity of the combat wreaked havoc upon all Heaven and Earth.

In one location, Meng Hao spotted an enormous giant made of lightning, which crackled with boundless electricity as it strode to and fro fighting invisible enemies.

Further off, he saw war chariots flying about. As the lightning fell, it pierced through the chariots, and yet they passed through the sheets of lightning as if they weren't even there.

There were cultivators too, locked in magical combat, the sound of which transformed into a call to battle that caused everything to tremble.

On the ground could be seen enormous, 3,000-meter long beasts, as well as cultivators wearing crude, ancient robes. There were also mighty mountains and rivers which seemed to be in a constant state of flux, rising, falling, and changing course with every passing moment.

Most disturbing of all were the illusory cities that popped in and out of existence, a sight that filled the heart with shock.

However, what was more surprising than all of that was what existed in the very center of the valley. After sending his divine sense out to cover everything, Meng Hao was able to see that there in the center... were two mountains!

Except, they weren't actually mountains, but giants! Each giant was fully 300,000 meters tall, with rough skin that was covered in complex magical symbols. Most notable were the stars which could be seen on their foreheads.

Those stars were gray, as if they had lost all life force. Even still, the corpses of these two giants had not rotted away, but instead, had transformed into mountains.

Apparently, some sort of magical technique had been used on them, shrinking them down to only a portion of their true size.

As soon as Meng Hao saw the two giants, and the rest of the dimension, he immediately thought back to the Ruins of Immortality in the Ninth Mountain, to that enormous tree he had seen... and the land mass beneath it... which was the corpse of a giant! 1

The feeling Meng Hao got from the aura of that corpse was very similar to the feeling he got from these two giants. The only difference was the disparity in size.

“Are these... Gods?” Meng Hao flickered into motion, entering into the world of lightning. He walked along casually, expression calm. With every step he took, endless amounts of lightning crashed down, and yet none of it even touched him.

The illusory war chariots sped toward him with a towering desire to fight, but Meng Hao didn't dodge. He let them come, and they passed right through him.

As he walked along, he saw shocking beasts roaring, giants swinging their fists, and countless other creatures and beings.

He saw corpses beneath his feet. At first most of the corpses were petrified stone, but more and more rotting corpses appeared, until everything was a mass of putrefying flesh.

Soon, he was passing through from the outer region of the Vale of the Godgrave into the central area. None of the illusory entities here had any effect on him.

Neither did the explosive pressure, which felt like nothing more than a cool breeze to him.

Occasionally he would stop in place to observe the illusory fighting going on around him. Often, his eyes would then flicker as if he had gained new enlightenment. After a few days passed, Meng Hao was in the central region of the Vale of the Godgrave, where he caught sight of a corpse.

Although it was buried in the ground beneath his feet, the entire area was being struck by so much lightning that some of the skin had become visible. It was a giant, at least 30,000 meters tall.

Meng Hao knelt down and smacked the ground with the palm of his hand. A boom echoed out, causing the soil in the area to disintegrate and reveal the enormous corpse.

He placed his right hand on top of the giant's head, and in the blink of an eye, the giant's face turned crimson. A moment later, it then turned pale as a drop of blood flew out of its forehead and into Meng Hao's hand.

He looked thoughtfully at the golden drop of blood.

Finally, he shook his head and said, “Too many impurities. Not pure blood.” With that, he put the golden drop of blood away and proceeded along. Eventually he reached the very center of the Vale of the Godgrave. This area could be considered a restricted area for cultivators, a place where very few people could ever enter.

Seven days passed, during which time Meng Hao traveled to many places within the Vale of the Godgrave, searching high and low until he had collected fully a hundred drops of impure blood.

He had even inspected the two gigantic corpses, from which he extracted some high quality God blood. However, all of that was not enough to experience the breakthrough he was aiming for.

On the other hand, Yuwen Jian had found his good fortune, and his fleshly body was currently experiencing Heaven-shaking, Earth-toppling transformations.

Meng Hao searched even longer, but couldn't find any more God blood. His face darkened, and he felt disappointed, but at the same time, suspicious.

“I refuse to believe that the Outsiders would have the Vale of the Godgrave so heavily locked down, and yet not send any of their forces inside. There must be Outsiders in here, with the ones on the outside acting as Dharma Protectors.

“Well then, where are they?” Meng Hao flickered into motion, flying up into the air until he reached a high point where he could look down on all the lands below.

What he saw caused him to tremble, and a strange light to shine in his eyes. What he saw was that the lands that comprised the Vale of the Godgrave were actually about the same size as the giant upon whose back had grown the enormous tree in the Ruins of Immortality in the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

In fact, the Vale of the Godgrave was actually a bit larger than that....

However, what was most shocking to Meng Hao was that the shape of the land itself... resembled a face!

The highest mountain was the nose of that face, and the deepest valley was formed by the mouth!

Furthermore, in the forehead position, eight stars were visible, very faint, but still flickering with light! Each one of those stars was emanating fluctuations that caused Meng Hao to tremble. 2

“That’s it!” he said, eyes shining brightly.

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1. Meng Hao saw the corpse in the Ruins of Immortality back in chapter 865 and 866.
2. This footnote contains some spoilers regarding Renegade Immortal. Yes, these are the same ancient Gods referred to in RI. In that novel, the cultivation system is based on stars, and an 8-star God would be somewhat analogous to the Dao Lord or Dao Sovereign level in ISSTH.

Chapter 1329: Breakthrough!

From such an incredibly high position, Meng Hao could now look down and see the Outsiders. There were three 5-Essences experts among them, surrounded by hosts of other Outsiders. Furthermore, they were not milling about chaotically, but rather, had gathered in three specific areas.

By chance, those three areas happened to be locations on the head of the God, where the stars existed!

Meng Hao spotted Yuwen Jian in another part of the Vale of the Godgrave, trudging along toward a lightning-filled area, where something like a corpse could be seen.

That corpse was profoundly ancient, and if one looked closely enough, one would see that it was actually... the finger of a God!

Perhaps that was the location of Yuwen Jian's good fortune.

Meng Hao looked away from all of that for a moment. Everything he had seen in this dimension left him profoundly shaken.

This world, this Vale of the Godgrave, was actually a head! The head of a God!

Despite only being the head, Meng Hao could tell that it was even larger than the corpse he had encountered back in the Ruins of Immortality in the Ninth Mountain and Sea. That in and of itself left Meng Hao deeply shaken.

"This... is one of the Outsider... Gods?" His eyes shone with a strange light as he looked down at the enormous land mass which was formed by the head. All of a sudden, he saw images in his mind, a vision of these so-called Gods, seemingly as tall as the Heavens, whose enormous bodies were virtually impossible to fight back against!

In their hands, planets could be crushed to pieces, and the mere brush of their fingers could wipe cultivators out of existence!

Such unequalled power was completely shocking to Meng Hao, causing the thought of doing battle with beings like this in the future to become

even more agonizing than before. At the same time, he refused to be cowed so easily, and felt his heart surging.

“Who cares about these Gods?!”

“They can still perish, which means that winning the war against them is still possible. They aren’t invincible!” Meng Hao’s eyes flickered brightly, and his energy rose up, creating a vortex around him which swept out through Heaven and Earth.

“If I can absorb the power of the God’s blood right here and now, then I can achieve a fleshly body breakthrough. I can rise from the peak of the Ancient Realm into the Dao Realm!” Back when he had completely extinguished all five Soul Lamps, the qi and blood which he had built up became stuck in a fleshly body bottleneck, making a breakthrough impossible.

However, once he did achieve a breakthrough, that power would explode out and push him explosively into the Dao Realm.

Meng Hao had been waiting for a long time for this day to arrive. He took a deep breath, and without any further hesitation, made a beeline for the enormous God’s forehead, toward the first star thereupon.

In that location, a huge lake could be seen!

Meng Hao flew like a meteor, causing rumbling sounds to echo out, distorting Heaven and Earth as he passed along. Wind screamed and thunder crashed. Nothing, be it illusory or corporeal, could do anything to hinder his progress.

He pierced through every obstacle, and a brief moment later, he was in the air above the vast lake. Not pausing for a moment, he shot down into the lake itself.

Almost as soon as he entered the water, a massive rumbling sound could be heard. The surrounding land shook violently, and the mountains vibrated as all the lake water shot up into the air, forming something like a column that rose high up into the air and then dispersed into a mist.

Now a crater could be seen down below, deep and filled with faint,

flickering light. However, that light was profoundly ancient, and contained an indescribable power of qi and blood.

A strange gleam shone in Meng Hao's eyes as he shot down toward the center of the crater and then sat down crosslegged. Then he stretched his hands out to either side and slapped them down onto the ground.

RUMBLE!

The ground quaked violently, and the sludge at the bottom of the lake vibrated for a moment before transforming into ash. Numerous crevices appeared in the land, most noticeably beneath Meng Hao. In the center of that crevice could be seen the light of... an enormous... star!!

That star actually spread out to cover the entire area of the lake, and emanated an incredibly ancient aura which began to speed toward Meng Hao. His hair whipped around him, and his clothing flapped wildly. At the same time, a bright light appeared in his eyes as he experienced the sensation of his fleshly body power rising rapidly.

"So it really has been here all along!" Meng Hao lifted his hand up and then chopped it down into the ground. The power of his cultivation base exploded out as he shot, spear-like, down toward the star.

As the ground trembled, Meng Hao frowned and then snorted coldly. The parrot flew out, transforming into the Battle Weapon, which he stabbed down. As he did, the Battle Weapon extended, piercing further down into the earth.

The ground was shaking with unprecedented intensity, as if a soundless roar were echoing out through Heaven and Earth. After Meng Hao pulled the Battle Weapon back up and emerged out of the soil, a drop of golden blood rose up through the gap to float in front of him.

As the blood drop rose up, the land sank and withered, as if it had lost some of its life force. As for the star, it seemed to grow dim.

Meng Hao looked at the golden drop of blood and took a deep breath. Then, without any hesitation, he reached out, grabbed it... and shoved it into his forehead.

RUMBLE!

As soon as the golden blood touched Meng Hao, it coursed into him, filling him with sounds like rumbling thunder. His expression twisted, and he began to tremble as his body experienced Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering transformations.

His heart rate increased dramatically, and his blood pumped rapidly through his system. Even his bones emitted cracking sounds. It was as if he were being reborn, as if his flesh and blood were twisting around each other to pump out more power.

Amidst echoing rumbles, Meng Hao threw his head back and let out an astonishing howl. At the same time, his body grew, and his qi and blood surged. The land around him trembled, and far off in the distance, both Yuwen Jian and the Outsiders could sense a shocking aura which stirred their souls, coming from the direction of Meng Hao.

“This... is the feeling I was going for....” Meng Hao’s eyes were bright red, and a vicious expression could be seen twisting his face. However, a gleam of excitement was visible in his eyes as he felt the level of this fleshly body increasing, and sensed the indications of an imminent breakthrough.

His bones were transforming, becoming stronger and more resilient!

His flesh and blood were experiencing constant advancement, and a terrifying level of power was surging through him. It was a mad power that could destroy vast swaths of land; every beat of his heart sounded like the crash of thunder.

“Still need some more....” By this point, he had grown to nearly thirty meters tall, making him look like a mountain. Every inch of his flesh exuded a terrifying power.

There were even magical symbols which bulged out all over his skin, radiating an ancient air as his body’s energy rocketed up.

A strange light gleamed in his eyes as he suddenly used the tiniest scrap of cultivation base power, not to teleport, but to leap up into the air. The ground beneath his feet shattered and collapsed in on itself as Meng Hao

shot like lightning toward the location of the second star.

It only took a moment for him to bear down on what was a convergence of masses of Outsiders, who were arranged in formation around a violet-horned 5-Essences Outsider.

The second star was actually located in a vast plain. The Outsiders had obviously been here for some time, and had excavated a huge pit, at the bottom of which the violet-horned Outsider sat crosslegged, absorbing the thin strands of blood-colored qi that were seeping up from the dirt.

As he absorbed the blood-colored qi, he slowly became more powerful, and an aura similar to Meng Hao's was even beginning to build up within him.

It was at this point that rumbling sounds filled Heaven and Earth, and a blur shot through the air at an indescribable speed, heading directly toward the pit in the middle of the plain.

It was none other than Meng Hao!

When he landed, the ground shattered, and countless shocked Outsiders were hit by a powerful shockwave.

Rumbling sounds rose up, along with miserable shrieks, as the shock wave swept over the Outsiders, instantly reducing over a thousand of them into ash.

Further out, the Outsiders who were able to avoid the brunt of the blast coughed up blood, having sustained serious injuries. Some were even sucked down into the collapsing ground.

Meng Hao's expression was tranquil. Intense pressure radiated off of his thirty-meter frame as he completely ignored the dying Outsiders around him. A red glow could be seen in his eyes as he turned his head to look at the violet-horned Outsider sitting off to the side.

Even as he turned his head, the Outsider's eyes opened, and without a moment of hesitation, he ceased absorbing the blood-colored qi and shot backward in retreat.

“Think you can just leave?” Meng Hao said with a cold laugh. In the moment that the violet-horned Outsider fell back, Meng Hao suddenly shot forward at incredible speed. In the blink of an eye, he was in front of the Outsider, who suddenly found Meng Hao’s hand gripping his neck.

Even as the Outsider bellowed in rage, the power of Meng Hao’s cultivation base and fleshly body exploded out through his hand. The Outsider tried to fight back, but his resistance was like a rotting weed against Meng Hao’s blow. Meng Hao disregarded it completely, and clenched down with his hand.

The Outsider didn’t even have a chance to speak.

A boom could be heard, and the violet-horned Outsider’s eyes bulged. Then, his entire body exploded, and all of the blood-colored qi which he had absorbed spread out, then bored into Meng Hao.

Meng Hao lifted his right foot up into the air and then stamped it down. A boom echoed out as the land shattered, and a drop of golden blood flew up. He quickly grabbed it and pushed it into his forehead.

This was his second drop of God blood, and it was not ordinary God blood, but rather, soul blood!

As it was absorbed into Meng Hao, he threw his head back and roared. His entire body, including his bones, his flesh and blood, and his internal organs, vibrated violently. At this moment, his Ancient Realm fleshly body... broke through!

Intense reverberations echoed out that could shake Heaven and Earth. Meng Hao’s fleshly body power skyrocketed to such an extent that traces of numerous natural laws became visible around him.

They were spreading out from his body, and they directly affected the world around him.

“So, this is a Dao Realm fleshly body?” he said, eyes glittering. He took a deep breath as his body grew once more, this time to 300 meters!

Chapter 1330: Dao Lord Fleshly Body!

“I can still get stronger!” Meng Hao suppressed the energy of qi and blood building up inside of him, not permitting it to fuse with his fleshly body. Instead, he looked off into the distance, his eyes gleaming with a bright light.

As he shook his body out to limber it up, cracking sounds echoed out. A terrifying fleshly body power emanated out from him, and Meng Hao could sense that he was already several times stronger than before.

Ignoring the surviving Outsiders in the area, he once again leapt up into the air. The ground beneath him shattered, swallowing up the Outsiders like a giant mouth. Miserable screams echoed out, but then vanished almost immediately. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao sped through the air toward the location of the third star.

This place was a tall mountain, and as soon as Meng Hao landed there, it shattered and collapsed. A huge crater opened up below, and a drop of golden blood flew up. Meng Hao grabbed it and, without pausing for a moment, absorbed it and then shot toward the fourth star!

He appeared a moment later in the fourth area, where a swamp stretched out in all directions. As soon as he appeared, he slapped his hand down toward the swamp.

The swamp was instantly destroyed, and the God blood concealed deep down below was extracted, shooting into Meng Hao’s forehead.

Meng Hao threw his head back and roared, and rumbling sounds could be heard as he grew even taller, instantly reaching 600 meters. His fleshly body now radiated incredible power; he could tell that he was now at the level of a Dao Lord!

“Dao Lord fleshly body!” Meng Hao licked his lips. The good fortune he was acquiring here was incredible; it was power that could rend the Heavens and crush the Earth! It was as if he were being completely reborn! To him, the Vale of the Godgrave was a place to completely reach a higher level!

He took a deep breath, which caused wind and thunder to scream, and everything to darken. With that, he stamped his foot down, and as the land was destroyed, he suddenly appeared at the location of the fifth star.

There were also Outsiders here, and they seemed prepared to face a powerful enemy. Their cultivation bases exploded with power, sending the entire area into chaos, exerting incredible pressure with a wide array of magical techniques and divine abilities. Numerous shocking shields surrounded a wizened 5-Essences Outsider, who was sitting there cross-legged, absorbing vast quantities of qi and blood. As he did so, his gaunt frame radiated an increasingly terrifying power.

Even as Meng Hao closed in, rumbling sounds could be heard as the Outsider's fleshly body suddenly broke through to the Dao Realm!!

Only the best of the best among the Outsiders had been sent into this place to acquire the good fortune of God blood, to increase their fleshly bodies to incredible levels.

The Outsider experienced the fleshly body breakthrough at almost the same moment that Meng Hao arrived. When Meng Hao landed, the ground shattered, blasting away in layers as a boundlessly domineering air spread out. All of the Outsiders' divine abilities and magical techniques were shattered as a massive windstorm kicked up. Miserable screams rang out as the vast majority of the Outsiders, unable to stand up to the power, were killed.

Meng Hao turned and reached a claw-like hand out toward the wizened Outsider. However, in that same moment, the Outsider opened his eyes, which shone with brilliant light. He shot backwards, simultaneously unleashing a fist strike to meet Meng Hao's palm.

A boom rang out. Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever, but the Outsider coughed up a mouthful of blood, and a shocked expression appeared on his face. He immediately began to retreat at top speed.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered coldly as he looked at the fleeing Outsider. Having sensed the level of his opponent's fleshly body, he chuckled coldly, then unleashed his own fist strike!

The Life-Extermination Fist!

This version of the Life-Extermination Fist was completely different than the one he had been able to unleash before. Instantly, all of the life force in the surrounding 30,000-meter area was sucked away.

A 30,000-meter area became a field of death!

The Outsider let out a wretched shriek, and attempted to fight back. However, his life force was inexorably sucked away. Soon, the entire area had absolutely no life force in it, almost as if the natural laws in the area had been changed, as if... life was incompatible with this area!

All of the pressure of this field of death weighed down onto the Outsider; rumbling sounds could be heard as he let out a bloodcurdling scream, and then exploded!

As he exploded, his qi and blood dissipated. However, the bits of God blood within him shot toward Meng Hao, boring into him as if he were the lodestone of all God blood.

Rumbling echoed out from inside of him as he grew even taller, and the power of his fleshly body increased until it was very close to the 4-Essences level. Then he flickered, shooting like lightning toward the location of the sixth star.

As Meng Hao sped along, this part of the Vale of the Godgrave began to collapse, as if he were taking away whatever power it was that supported the head, as if the existence of this part of the dimension was now completely meaningless.

Rumbling could be heard as the collapse spread. By that time, Meng Hao was at the location of the sixth star.

Here could be seen another huge lake, except that instead of water, it was filled with lightning!

As Meng Hao neared, the power of that lightning exploded out, converging together and surging toward him as if to overwhelm him.

“Eee...?” Meng Hao said. Eyes flashing, he looked at the lake of lightning,

and did nothing to avoid it. Instead, he plunged into the middle of it all. Rumbling could be heard as the lightning slammed into him. He shook his arms and legs, and the lightning collapsed.

However, it seemed endless, slamming into him relentlessly, over and over again. Meng Hao snorted coldly, then clenched his right hand into a fist and unleashed a fist strike onto the ground directly beneath the lake of lightning.

It was not the Life-Extermination fist, it was the Bedevilment Fist!

The Bedevilment Fist had been unleashed onto the land!

The ground trembled, and crevices spread out. Meng Hao's eyes flickered with a red glow, and his cultivation base rotated madly. Combined with the power of his fleshly body, it put his energy... at something past what Lord White had been. In fact, it was no weaker than Ksitigarbha. This was the power of... a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign!

Rumbling rose up, and the ground collapsed. A gigantic crater appeared that was far larger than any of the previous craters, and the lake of lightning was completely swallowed up!

Since the troublesome lake of lightning was attempting to block his progress just like the land was, Meng Hao decided to wipe them both away simultaneously!

The lake of lightning faded away, and Meng Hao lifted his right hand, causing a golden drop of blood to rise up from the lands below, which he grabbed.

Almost as soon as he touched the golden blood, a roar of rage suddenly seemed to echo out from down below.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. Even as the roar echoed out, he pushed the golden blood into his forehead. A tremor ran through him, and the signs of an imminent breakthrough once again erupted out.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as Meng Hao grew to a size of, not 600 meters, but 1,200 meters. He threw his head back and roared, causing all light to dim. Ignoring the roar of rage directed against him, he shot toward

the area with the seventh star.

That location was covered by a dense forest, much of which had already been felled by the more than 10,000 Outsiders in the area. Moments ago, all of them had been in the midst of kowtowing in the direction of a huge crater, in the middle of which was an aged Outsider with dull scales. He sat there cross-legged, constantly absorbing the blood-colored qi from the ground.

As of this point, his relentless absorption seemed to have drained the area of at least ninety percent of the qi there.

In the same moment that Meng Hao destroyed the lake of lightning, this Outsider Patriarch's eyes snapped open, and they radiated with ancient and boundless cruelty. Suddenly, he said, "Sacrifice!"

As the words left his mouth, the surrounding Outsiders unhesitatingly... unleashed their cultivation bases in order to self-detonate!

The self-detonation of over 10,000 Outsiders created a towering force, which then transformed into a blinding light that obliterated everything in a 5,000 meter radius. At the same time, much of that power was absorbed by the Outsider Patriarch by means of some unknown technique.

Meng Hao arrived in almost the exact moment that all the Outsiders self-detonated. The blast itself would have seriously injured him were it not for the fact that his fleshly body had just experienced a breakthrough into the 5-Essences level.

Even as Meng Hao closed in, a figure shot up from within the blast of the self-detonations, slamming a fist into Meng Hao's chest.

Meng Hao lurched to a stop, a strange glow in his eyes. However, he didn't retreat, but instead advanced, slamming forward in an attack. A muffled grunt rang out from the mouth of the shadowy figure who had just attacked him, and Meng Hao laughed coldly as he went in for another attack.

Massive crashing booms rang out as the two of them exchanged hundreds of blows. Soon, the shadows which cloaked the figure began to

slip away, revealing the Outsider Patriarch.

By this point, however, he didn't seem as old as he had before. He had more life force, and his fleshly body power, which was at the Dao Lord level, when combined with this 5-Essences cultivation base, made him similar to a Dao Sovereign!

"No wonder you chose the Seventh Mountain and Sea.... Lord White turned traitor, plus you planned to use this place... to produce three experts on the level of a Dao Sovereign." Meng Hao's eyes flickered with the realization that, if he hadn't come here for the same purpose as these Outsiders, and arrived just in the nick of time, then they would have succeeded in their efforts, which would have been a catastrophe for the Mountain and Sea Realm.

The Outsider Patriarch's eyes flickered with killing intent, and yet inwardly, he was afraid, and backed up. He knew that he was not a match for Meng Hao, and therefore, since he couldn't get any more God blood from this area, he decided that he might as well just leave.

Even as he began to back away, killing intent flared within Meng Hao's eyes, and he flickered into motion towards the old Outsider.

The Outsider Patriarch laughed derisively as he raised his right hand up into the air and made a ripping motion, causing a huge rift to be torn open in the sky. "If I feel like leaving, nobody but a Paragon can stop me!"

Instantly, he shot toward that exit rift at top speed.

At the exact same time, a power of emptiness suddenly erupted out from him. It was none other than Essence power!

"Essence of emptiness!" the old Outsider said slowly. "Heaven and Earth are not real. Nothing under a Paragon can stop my teleportation magic." With that, he began to fade away into the rift.

A moment later, Meng Hao's attack reached him, and it passed directly through him.

"Well, isn't this interesting," Meng Hao said, eyes flickering. He attacked again, but this time he performed an incantation gesture and then pointed

up toward the Heavens.

“Demon Sealing Hexing magic, hex this dimension! Eighth Hex!

“Seventh Hex!

“Sixth Hex!

“Fifth Hex!

“Third Hex!

“Second Hex!

“Let’s see how you get away now!” The entire dimension was shaking in response to the wave of Meng Hao’s finger. It was at this point that the Outsider Patriarch’s face completely fell.

Chapter 1331: God Curse!

The Eighth Hex ceased all movement in the dimension. Everything went still and quiet. As for the Seventh Hex, it sealed the dimension's cycle of Karma, freezing it within all memories.

The Sixth Hex locked down life and death, replacing reincarnation, making the entire dimension like a tree without roots.

The Fifth Hex threw everything into chaos. Inside became out, the universe twisted, Heaven and Earth went dark, and all light faded!

The Third Hex caused the river of time in the dimension to slow to a halt. Time had no boundaries, no limits, no end, and yet the flow of time was stopped.

The Second Hex caused the emptiness to become reality!

Amidst massive rumbling sounds, the Outsider's face fell, and his body was forced out of its illusory state. The entire dimension went quiet as Heaven and Earth were sealed.

As he appeared in the flesh, the Outsider was shocked to find that he couldn't move. He was only able to hover there, motionless, his heart overwhelmed with fear as he looked at Meng Hao.

"What magical technique is this...? This isn't full Essence, but it contains the power of Essence. Furthermore... if this becomes true Essence, then this person... he'll... he'll..."

"He has the foundation of a Paragon!! His fleshly body is already at the 5-Essences level, and with a cultivation base foundation like this... he...."

"If this kid isn't stopped, he's definitely going to become a Paragon!"

Even as the Outsider reeled in astonishment, Meng Hao advanced with lightning-like speed. As he did, he extended his index finger, which stabbed into the Outsider's forehead. Despair and rage boiled up in the Outsider's eyes, and then, his life force was exterminated.

In the moment that the flame of his life force was snuffed out, the

Outsider's true form became visible in front of Meng Hao: a 3,000-meter-long lizard.

The lizard radiated an aura of death, but that couldn't cover over his incredible ancientness. It was impossible to tell how many countless years this Outsider had lived, and yet, even as his lizard body trembled, a drop of golden blood appeared on his forehead.

Within that golden blood were flecks of black, which were vile impurities from the Outsider himself. Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the golden blood to begin to burn. After the impurities were expunged, the golden blood flew toward Meng Hao and fused into his forehead.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as Meng Hao grew taller. Although the growth wasn't very dramatic, the power his fleshly body radiated was more terrifying than ever. Everything around him distorted, as if the natural laws were being expelled. At the same time... a burst of 5-Essences fleshly body power erupted from within him.

"Almost at the 6-Essences level!!" Madness gleamed in Meng Hao's eyes. 6-Essences was the peak of the Dao Sovereign level. For a long time, Meng Hao's fleshly body had been one Realm higher than his cultivation base. However, it had eventually become stuck between the Ancient Realm and the Dao Realm. Without God blood, that was a difficult gap to bridge.

But now, if he were to be able to reach a Dao Sovereign fleshly body in one fell swoop, Meng Hao's battle prowess would be virtually incomprehensible. He would be in a position to actually tangle with Paragons!

As of this moment, he truly was the most powerful expert in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Meng Hao took a deep breath as he released the dimension from the grips of the Hexing magic. To seal an entire world in this way was not something he could sustain for more than a few breaths of time. Even still, it was something completely Heaven-defying.

Meng Hao could now clearly sense that his cultivation base and battle prowess were far beyond what they had been when the war had started.

He was now incredibly powerful!

Rumbling sounds could be heard as Meng Hao shot toward the region of the final star.

This area was different from all of the other areas.

It was not a mountain peak, not a plain, not a lake, but rather... an enormous statue!

A boundless mist covered the statue, which depicted a middle-aged man, standing atop a star. He was dignified and imposing, with a river of stars in his right hand, and a barbaric and domineering aura.

As Meng Hao closed in, the statue's aura suddenly erupted into chaos, causing the mist to churn. At the same time, the statue's eyes suddenly turned golden.

The statue's eyes radiated explosive light, and its voice was matchlessly cold and sinister as it said, "Those not of the God Clan may not possess God blood! Anyone who steals God blood will be cursed for all time by the Gods, and will be exterminated!"

A majestic divine will erupted from the statue, a wave of hatred that swept out in all directions, enveloping everything, including Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's face fell as the divine will swept over him, distorting everything in the world. It was as if the power of time travel were being unleashed, as if everything were becoming illusory. In the blink of an eye, everything became clear again, and the world from before was gone.

There was no statue, no Vale of the Godgrave, no... Mountain and Sea Realm!

Stretching out in front of him was an endless starry sky, within which floated an enormous, shocking land mass, so large that it seemed comparable to the starry sky itself.

Thousands of other smaller land masses floated beneath that main enormous land mass, upon which a war was raging. The flames of combat burned, and the sounds of fierce fighting rang out. Divine abilities

thundered, giving rise to massive waves of sound.

“This....” Meng Hao’s mind was reeling as he looked at the huge continent. Although this was his first time seeing it in this specific way, there was a voice calling out from within his blood telling him that this was... the Paragon Immortal Realm!

Rumbling could be heard, and Meng Hao spotted a giant. It was huge, almost as big as the entire land mass, and behind it were more giants, all striding forward.

The giants were so terrifying that the single sweep of a fist could slay a thousand cultivators, and the wave of a finger could destroy the Heavens and extinguish the Earth.

The land masses that were the Lower Realms shattered one after another, but at the same time, the Paragon Immortal Realm was trembling violently. Fissures of destruction spread out, and yet the Paragon Immortal Realm continued to fight back violently.

God blood rained out of the heavens as the giant Gods were felled. Meng Hao’s mind was reeling as he saw one of the Gods, who had eight stars on its head, suddenly turn to look at him.

For some reason, this God’s facial features seemed familiar. Meng Hao’s pupils constricted, and his mind rumbled as he realized... that it was the exact same God whose head made up the Vale of the Godgrave.

“God Curse....” murmured the 8-star God, killing intent flickering in his eyes. He suddenly veered out of the ranks of his fellows, bursting through the surrounding cultivators to head in Meng Hao’s direction. Meng Hao was some distance away, but because of the enormity of the God, it was almost impossible to see him clearly with one glance. For someone that huge, it only took one step to reach Meng Hao!

He strode across the entire starry sky to appear right in front of Meng Hao. A screaming sound could be heard, like a wild wind that caused heavenly bodies to tremble.... And that was merely the God raising its hand. Its index finger extended, causing powerful ripples to spread out in all directions as it pierced through the starry sky.

Rumbling sounds echoed out from the boundless destructive power emanating out from that enormous finger. It completely filled Meng Hao's field of vision, cutting off the starry sky, cutting off the entire world.

An intense sensation of deadly crisis exploded up within Meng Hao, a sensation which seemed completely realistic. It didn't matter that Meng Hao had his Real-Unreal Hexing; to him, this felt absolutely real, and not false!

"But... that's impossible!!" he thought. "What magical technique is this? This can't be real! This is an ancient war, and even if I was sent here somehow, it would be as an observer. My real body couldn't be here!" Meng Hao's face flickered, but there was no time to consider the situation at length. As the finger closed in on him, he shot backward, unleashing the full power of his cultivation base and fleshly body. Unfortunately, all of that was useless!

In the critical moment, Meng Hao then performed an incantation gesture and unleashed Demon Sealing Hexing magic!

He didn't utilize all of the Hexes, but rather... the most powerful... Third Hex!

Present-Ancient Hexing!

The Dao of Time was unleashed, causing Meng Hao's body to blur. He suddenly seemed to fade into the river of time, and the incoming finger passed through him.

A boom rang out, and blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth. He felt himself weakening to the point where he was about to collapse into pieces. However, the Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation helped him recover, and he fell back at top speed, eyes glittering.

"It's real, and also not real... illusory, and yet not illusory. It's a dreamscape!! If you die in a dream, you can die in real life!" Having received inspiration in the nick of time, he suddenly extended his hand. Without any hesitation, he performed an incantation gesture to unleash Karmic Hexing, then touched his own forehead.

Instantly, his Karma Threads appeared. Among the hosts of threads, he found one that looked different than the rest, the one that had appeared after absorbing the God blood, the Karma Thread connecting him to this God!

The God might be dead, but because of the connection of this Karma, he was still able to unleash his Daoist magic.

Meng Hao grabbed ahold of the Karma Thread, and was just about to rip it apart, when the God suddenly looked at him. He had no time to attack, so instead, he opened his mouth and roared in Meng Hao's direction!

The roar of a God!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The roar shattered everything between the God and Meng Hao. An incredible power of extermination roared toward him, inundating him. In that same moment, Meng Hao snapped the Karma Thread.

RUMBLE!

Everything went dark. Time passed. Eventually, things grew clear again, and Meng Hao was no longer in that ancient starry sky. He was back in the Vale of the Godgrave.

The golden light in the eyes of the statue had faded away, and yet, an unyielding roar could be heard echoing about as the statue collapsed.

Meng Hao's face darkened, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. He was rapidly recovering, but even simply thinking about the danger he had just been in left him trembling.

"Not willing to let me steal the God blood huh...?" Meng Hao looked at the shattered statue, and could sense that the God blood which had been there before was now gone. That very blood was what had been used to fuel the divine ability which had transported him back to ancient times.

Meng Hao began to chuckle coldly, then waved his sleeve. Killing intent sprang up in his eyes.

"Well, even without the eighth drop of God blood, I can still... acquire a

Dao Sovereign fleshly body!”

Chapter 1332: Extinguishing the Sixth Lamp!

Meng Hao's voice echoed out into the crumbling remains of the dimension. Because the region that held the eighth star had collapsed, the entire world was falling to pieces.

The land sank in, and an enraged roar filled the air. Lightning continued to crash constantly, as if the end of days had arrived.

As for Meng Hao, he floated there slowly in the air, neither touching the land nor rising high up into the sky. His hair floated around him, and his clothes rippled. At the same time, a bizarre light shone within his eyes.

"It's time to converge... the qi and blood that I built up when extinguishing my Soul Lamps!" He swished his sleeve, then tapped his right index finger onto his chest.

That motion seemed to open up a stoppered hole of qi and blood inside of him. Rumbling echoed out, along with a furious sea of qi and blood power that exploded out ferociously.

His physical frame, which was now hundreds of meters tall, looked even more majestic than before. At the same time, his fleshly body power rose rapidly. Although it didn't experience the same increase it had when absorbing God blood, it was still incredibly powerful.

His heart began to beat faster and faster. His bones became stronger and more resilient. His flesh and blood buzzed with power, and increasingly intense rumbling sounds filled him.

As of this moment, the level of his fleshly body increased yet again, passing into the mid 5-Essences level.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered as he lifted up his right hand again, this time pressing down onto his forehead. Rumbling could be heard as the second wave of qi and blood hidden within him burst out, filling him completely and causing his fleshly body power to rocket up.

“Still not enough!” He performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then pressed down onto his dantian. Qi and blood power erupted out, surging through him. He grew larger and larger; by now, he was nearly 1,800 meters tall, and was terrifying to behold.

By now, his fleshly body was in the late 5-Essences level.

“I still have two batches of reserve power to unleash,” he said, eyes shining brightly. He had qi and blood built up from five extinguished Soul Lamps, and so far, had unleashed three of those batches. Now, it was without any hesitation that he performed an incantation gesture and pushed down on the top of his head.

Rumbling sounds echoed out, and Meng Hao’s vision swam. At the same time, an incredible power of qi and blood exploded from the top of his head. As it filled his body, he threw his head back and howled. He grew taller, reaching 2,100 meters in height. He was trembling, his flesh and blood felt as if it would split apart, and his heart seemed to be on the verge of exploding.

Heaven and Earth twisted, and the air around him trembled as a violent aura expanded out.

As of this moment, Meng Hao’s fleshly body strength was equivalent to the peak of the 5-Essences level. He was only a step away... from being at the 6-Essences Dao Sovereign level!

Once that happened, and he combined his fleshly body power with that of his cultivation base, his explosive battle prowess would put him at the peak of the Dao Sovereign level. Although he couldn’t be considered half a step into the Paragon level, he would be very close to that!

“Last one!” he roared. Performing a double-handed incantation gesture, he simultaneously pushed down onto his chest and dantian. All of his power was unleashed, and it surged through him like an ocean.

He was now 2,400 meters tall. At the same time, his skin ripped and tore, causing blood to shower down. Pain blasted through him, and were it not for his incredible willpower, he would definitely be unable to endure.

He let out an intense howl as he reached 2,700 meters in height. The sensation of power that completely filled him left Meng Hao convinced that if he faced Lord White right now... he could defeat him with a single punch!

One punch could shake the starry sky. One punch could shatter heavenly bodies. One punch... could kill Mountain and Sea Lords!

Heaven and Earth were filled with rumbling sounds, and the dimension shook violently. Meng Hao could now sense... a Dao!!

It was the Dao of power, a Dao of Heaven and Earth, something that he could just barely touch....

However, he was still in the 5-Essences level. He was able to sense that his fleshly body was still not in the 6-Essences level. Were it in the 6-Essences level, he wouldn't just be touching that Dao, he would be holding it in the palm of his hand!

Only with power like that could he stand in the presence of a 7-Essences Paragon and be qualified to remain alive. In fact, he might even be able to strike fear into the heart of such a Paragon!

"I can't believe a 6-Essences fleshly body is so difficult to attain.... However, the words already left my mouth. I'm definitely going to acquire a peak Dao Sovereign fleshly body!"

RUMBLE!

As the qi and blood power coursed through him, Meng Hao's body experienced continuous growth. By this point, he was fully... 2,997 meters tall!

It was a gap of only three meters, but that gap was like the difference between Heaven and Earth. That small gap of three meters would be as difficult to cross as the preceding 2,997 meters! 1

"Ancient Lamps, come forth!!" Meng Hao eyes shone with a gleam of madness as he waved his sleeve, causing the air around him to vibrate as 33 Soul Lamps suddenly appeared.

5 were extinguished, 28 were burning. The light cast upon Meng Hao made him look like an Immortal Divinity. He swished his sleeve, eyes coming to rest on the 6th of the Soul Lamps.

“I’ve already passed the First of the Seven Desolations. Next is the Second Desolation, that of the fleshly body. I should be at the point of being able to extinguish this 6th lamp!” Eyes gleaming with determination, and not hesitating for even a moment, he waved his hand toward the 6th Soul Lamp.

“Extinguish!”

His divine will erupted, and rumbling sounds could be heard as the 6th Soul Lamp went out. Instantly, vast quantities of green smoke appeared, which Meng Hao instantly absorbed.

In the moment that the smoke entered his body, he began to shake. He suddenly felt as if his body were corroding. However, the intense withering sensation caused Meng Hao to smile.

There was pain, but he had experienced worse pain than this in the past.

Usually, the Seven Desolations were something that would be passed with extreme caution in secluded meditation, with a Dharma Protector on the outside. However, as he experienced the twinge of pain, Meng Hao became quite confident in being able to breeze through the first tribulation within the Second Desolation.

His fleshly body was so incredibly powerful that the Fleshly Body Desolation couldn’t shake it at all. His body continued to corrode, and his marrow vanished. It was as if there were a black hole inside of him sucking away at him, causing him to constantly wither.

However, the withering didn’t bother him at all.

By this point, the dimension around him was crumbling completely. The lands were shattered, Heaven and Earth destroyed. The Vale of the Godgrave was falling apart. Meng Hao took a deep breath; the withering of his flesh could do absolutely nothing to harm the power of his cultivation base and fleshly body. He reached his right hand out and made

a grasping motion, grabbing onto Yuwen Jian. Then, he flickered into motion, crossing through the air to suddenly appear outside the Vale of the Godgrave, in the starry sky of the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

Almost as soon as he appeared outside, the power of tribulation rumbled down, which was none other than the fleshly body Dao Tribulation that came when one's fleshly body stepped into the Dao!

However, there was something strange about the tribulation. Because of the war between the Mountain and Sea Realm and the 1st Heaven, or perhaps because of the mere presence of the 1st Heaven, the Dao Realm Tribulation didn't come!

Meng Hao frowned, pondered the situation for a moment, but then put the matter aside. Because of his current fleshly body, transcending tribulation wouldn't be difficult for him anyway, not even with the Second Desolation inside of him.

Behind him, the altar that was the entrance to the Vale of the Godgrave cracked and then fell apart. The dimension which contained the Vale transformed into nothing more than ash.

Yuwen Jian was unconscious, but he pulsed with the aura of God blood. Even more noteworthy was that his index finger was now different than it had been before, and contained terrifying fluctuations.

"So that is the good fortune he sought," Meng Hao thought. Looking away, he flicked his sleeve, vanishing along with Yuwen Jian. When he reappeared, he was back on Planet Tiger Cage. After delivering Yuwen Jian to the cultivators there, he left. With a final glance at the planet, he flashed out into the starry sky.

He could clearly sense the terrifying fleshly body power inside of him, which vastly exceeded what he could unleash before. As he traveled along through the starry sky, he clenched his hands into fists, and everything around him trembled as powerful ripples spread out.

"The Desolation will continue for a bit longer... then it will end." Based on Meng Hao's current trajectory, it was obvious that his destination was the Fourth Mountain and Sea.

He had a burning desire to see Xu Qing. After he did, he would then attempt to accomplish something that would rock the Mountain and Sea Realm, as well as all of the 33 Heavens!

If he succeeded, the spirit of the Mountain and Sea Realm would rise, and his name would spread throughout the 33 Heavens. Then, everyone would know that in the Mountain and Sea Realm, there was a cultivator named... Meng Hao!

He looked up into the starry sky, then proceeded along, a beam of brilliant light that shot off into the distance. Soon, he was closing in on the barrier that separated the Seventh and Sixth Mountains and Seas. To Meng Hao, that barrier wasn't even worth mentioning. He pierced through, almost immediately finding an exit, which he blasted through to enter the Sixth Mountain and Sea.

This was his first time in the Sixth Mountain and Sea, and although he was not familiar with the place, there was definitely an aura here that was very familiar. That was... the aura of Outsiders!

Similar to the Seventh Mountain and Sea, the Sixth Mountain and Sea had been almost fully occupied by the Outsiders.

As he entered this Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao's body withered up even more, and he looked even more gaunt. However, his battle prowess was no less than before, and in fact, was increasing. The end of the Desolation was approaching!

When that happened, his fleshly body power would erupt, and he would fully enter the Dao Sovereign fleshly body level!

By now, he wasn't even paying attention to the Desolation. He sent his divine sense out into the starry sky, and could almost immediately detect countless black cubes. There was still fighting going on here, most especially in one particular region, where a truly bizarre conflict was underway.

There could be seen a middle-aged man in a long violet robe. A shield of red light swirled around him, and his eyes were closed. His face was pale, as if he had been seriously injured, and he sat there cross-legged and

completely motionless.

Outside of the shield which protected him was an Outsider, who was currently attempting to break down the shield. Assisting the Outsider was an old man. The old man's expression was tranquil, but when he looked at the other man inside the shield, his eyes flickered with avarice.

Meng Hao recognized this Outsider. It was one of the incarnations of that Outsider Dao Sovereign!

And this version was clearly a clone!

As for the old man assisting him, he was emanating a remnant of the power of the Mountains and Seas, ensuring that Meng Hao could instantly identify him.

This man was a traitor, just like Lord White had been. He was... the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea!

*

1. 2997 meters is 999 zhang. The final gap is only 1 zhang.

Chapter 1333: Was I So Wrong?

The Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea looked at the violet-robed man behind the shield and coolly said, “Lord Wu, you must surely know you can’t succeed. Why keep trying?” 1

Off to the side, the Outsider Dao Sovereign’s clone smiled, and a flicker of derision appeared in his eyes.

The violet-robed man inside the shield, Lord Wu, didn’t respond. His eyes were tightly shut, and his face was pale white. Based on the cultivation base power swirling within him, he was obviously trying to achieve a breakthrough.

Earlier, he had been fighting with the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea, and the two of them were evenly matched. But then the Outsider Dao Sovereign’s clone suddenly appeared and, when he joined forces with the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea, they were just too powerful. Lord Wu had been forced to put his own status as Lord of the Fifth Mountain and Sea on the line; he had shattered his Mountain and Sea crown to create the shield which was currently keeping him safe. Then he took advantage of the brief respite from the fighting to attempt to force a breakthrough.

He knew that the only way to be able to continue fighting would be to break through from the 5-Essences level to 6-Essences. If he couldn’t... then the Mountain and Sea shield he created would eventually fail, and he would be at their mercy.

Now that he was inside the shield, he had few options. In fact, he was trapped, and the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea and the Outsider Dao Sovereign clone had far too many methods of slowly refining him.

In fact, that was exactly what they were doing right now. Black flames emanated off of the clone, surrounding the shield. The raging inferno caused cracking sounds to ring out; Lord Wu was slowly being refined into a medicinal pill.

The Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea laughed. “You might have destroyed your Mountain and Sea crown, but you’re still a Mountain and

Sea Lord. After refining you into a Mountain and Sea pill, I'll consume you and once again be able to wield the power of the Mountains and Seas!"

As soon as the 1st Heaven descended, he had been stripped of his status as a Mountain and Sea Lord. However, if he could consume Lord Wu, then he would once again be able to unleash Mountain and Sea power!

When Lord Wu continued to ignore him, the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea gave a cold snort. "Stubborn fool!"

Lord Wu's eyes snapped open, and he glowered at the old man. "I might be a stubborn fool, but that's better than being like you... a traitor to the Mountain and Sea Realm!"

During the course of their battle, it had become clear that the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea was not an Outsider, but rather, was a cultivator of the Mountains and Seas!

When the Lord White of the Seventh Mountain and Sea defected, that was a completely different matter. He was an Outsider in disguise, who had plotted and schemed his way into his position. The Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea, however, was a complete and utter traitor!

"Traitor?" The Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea stood there quietly for a moment, then threw his head back and laughed. It was a sinister laugh, filled with madness and obsession. "That's right, I am a traitor. So what?!"

"Considering my latent talent and good fortune, if I hadn't been born in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and hadn't been held back by my status and bloodline, then I could have long since stepped into the 6-Essences level. In fact, I might even be a Paragon!"

"I've practiced cultivation for 33,000 years. I'm a Mountain and Sea Lord at the peak of the 5-Essences level. Yet what does that get me?"

"The Mountain and Sea Realm is sealed by the 33 Heavens, cursed. Held back! The highest cultivation base is the peak of the 5-Essences level. Was turning traitor for the purposes of increasing my cultivation base really so wrong?"

“Cultivators practice cultivation for themselves. Who cares about one’s family and one’s people? Everything can be cast aside in the pursuit of a great Dao. To further my cultivation, I cast off all past Karmic ties!

“Besides, the Mountain and Sea Realm... can’t possibly win this war. A wise man submits to the circumstances. Can you really find fault with my choice?” As the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea spoke, his voice grew louder and louder until he was shouting. It was almost as if he wasn’t speaking to the violet-robed Lord Wu, but rather, himself.

The Outsider clone stood off to the side, laughing, and the scorn in his eyes grew deeper. Apparently, that scorn was directed, not just at Lord Wu, but also at the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea.

The Lord Wu looked at the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea, the pain in his heart visible on his face. “With our home gone and our people gone,” he said, “what is the point of existing?”

He had known the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea for ten thousand years, and had considered him a close friend. And yet, this was how things were ending.

“You say we’re sealed, and that’s true,” he continued, “but that doesn’t mean we’re without options. Look at Ksitigarbha! He’s the perfect example!”

“Ksitigarbha? He controls reincarnation. The Fourth Mountain is unique. That’s the only way he can sidestep the sealing of the 33 Heavens, by means of the power of reincarnation. Considering he has his own Dao, he can even step into the Daosource!

“In all of the Mountain and Sea Realm, who can do that besides him? Nobody! Not a single person can step into the true Dao Sovereign level!

“Well, there are those old-timers, but their qi and blood is on the decline, and they can only explode with power by harming their longevity. What good is that?!

“As for me, I will leave the Mountain and Sea Realm. I will become a cultivator of the 33 Heavens. I might lose my position and my freedom,

but... at least I will have a great Dao!

“It won’t take long. In a few thousand years, when the Mountain and Sea Realm is gone, I will still be here. At the very least, I’ll be a true Dao Sovereign, but if luck is with me, I might be a Paragon! I will definitely have an important place in the 33 Heavens!” The Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea began to laugh loudly.

Lord Wu could only look on bitterly. No matter how rapidly his cultivation base rotated, the gap separating him from the 6-Essences level was too great.

Actually, this was not the first time he had faced such a situation. It was over 10,000 years ago that he had first reached the point of being able to break through. However, despite trying on multiple occasions to do so, he had always failed.

Even now, when everything was at stake, when he was stuck in a corner, he was still unable to force his cultivation base past that point. The sealing of the 33 Heavens was always there, radiating invisible pressure, which of course was why they were so arrogant.

The Outsider clone laughed heartily, a laughter filled with cruelty and scorn. He loved being able to watch two Mountain and Sea Lords in such a mutually destructive scenario. One had turned traitor, the other was trying to break through. He just loved it!

In the past, Immortals had always seemed so aloof and remote. But now, he could cause them to live or die on a whim. It was a wonderful feeling, and he couldn’t get enough of it.

Laughing, the Outsider Dao Sovereign’s clone turned to the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea and said, “All cultivators who capitulate to the 33 Heavens will be qualified to make cultivation base breakthroughs. Fellow Daoist Cang, perhaps it won’t be too long before you’re on equal footing with me. 2

“Finish refining this man and then consume the resulting Mountain and Sea pill. Help us to wipe out the rest of the Mountain and Sea Lords. That will earn you quite a bit of merit.”

The Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea, Lord Cang, took a deep breath. Then, it was with excitement and other mixed emotions that he clasped hands and bowed to the Outsider.

More cracking sounds could be heard as rips and tears spread out across Lord Wu's shield. He then began to laugh bitterly as he realized that he had failed once again.

"Like I said, there is no way you can succeed," Lord Cang said coldly. "What a stubborn fool. Other than Ksitigarbha, nobody in the Mountain and Sea Realm can become a true Dao Sovereign!" With that, he swished his sleeve, apparently ready to begin consuming Lord Wu.

However, even as the words he had just spoken continued to echo out, a cold voice suddenly spread through the starry sky.

"You think that Ksitigarbha is the only one who can become a true Dao Sovereign?"

The voice came as a complete surprise to Lord Cang, and even the Outsider clone, neither of whom had sensed anyone approaching. The Outsider Dao Sovereign's jaw dropped, and he turned his head.

Lord Cang's eyes went wide. Cultivation base rumbling, he spun around.

Even Lord Wu suddenly looked up.

The gazes of all three immediately locked onto a figure who was approaching through the starry sky.

It was a handsome young man in a long green robe, with flowing hair. He almost didn't look like a cultivator, but rather, a scholar. In fact, if he were wearing a scholar's traveling case, people would most likely think he was on his way to the Imperial examinations.

It was none other than Meng Hao!

As he approached, no ripples spread out into the starry sky. And yet, natural laws were wiped clean as he passed, and an indescribable pressure radiated off of him.

He almost seemed like an enormous ocean, backed by huge waves which

could crush down on anything.

The first one to recognize him was the Outsider Dao Sovereign, whose face flickered as he said, “Meng Hao!”

In the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, the only person he feared, other than Paragon Sea Dream and Ksitigarbha... was this very person. Meng Hao!

Back on the Eighth Mountain, one of his other clones had been killed by the combined efforts of Meng Hao and the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

As for Lord Cang, this was his first time ever laying eyes onto Meng Hao. After sensing the fluctuations of Meng Hao’s cultivation base, his eyes narrowed. “Peak of 5-Essences?”

Although Meng Hao was not a Mountain and Sea Lord, he still had the power of the Mountains and Seas on him. And despite his lack of Essences, Lord Cang’s senses were telling him that Meng Hao was at the peak of 5-Essences.

In the moment that Meng Hao appeared, the Outsider’s eyes flickered with killing intent, and he could sense the towering murderous aura emanating off of him.

It was a murderous aura that no one else would be able to detect, a murderous aura that came into being because of... Outsiders!!

The only way someone could emanate such a murderous aura was... to kill countless numbers of Outsiders!

“Are you looking to die!?” the clone said. Leaping into action, he performed an incantation gesture, sending a black sea of flames out, filled with Essence power. It became a huge black flame python, which lunged toward Meng Hao, maw gaping wide.

“If you were here in your true form, I might be worried,” Meng Hao said coolly. “But you’re just a clone. You think you can stand in my way?” With that, he waved his arm.

It was a casual gesture, but when his cultivation base rotated and his fleshly body power was unleashed, shockwaves spread out into the starry sky. The huge flame python seemed to slam into an invisible obstacle; it let out a miserable shriek and then completely exploded.

The clone's face fell, and his heart began to thump. However, he didn't back down. Instead, he flickered into motion, the scales on his body rising up and transforming into a windstorm. Lightning crackled and danced, thunder boomed, wind screamed, and rain went wild. A sea of flames roared up, and the power of emptiness raged, causing his body to turn illusory and merge with the powerful, killing attack.

The power of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning transformed into four vicious dragons. At the same time, the black flames turned into a face which shook the starry sky as it bore down on Meng Hao.

*

1. Lord Wu's surname is a character which, although a real Chinese surname, also means "wizard." Incidentally, this is the only time that he is actually referred to by name in these next few chapters. The rest of the time he is referred to as "the violet-robed man" or "Lord of the Fifth Mountain and Sea." Er Gen does this pretty often with minor characters. In order to make the narrative flow a bit more smoothly, I'm going to use Lord Wu in most places, instead of the other two ways of referring to him.
2. Lord Cang's surname is a real Chinese surname which can also mean "blue-green" or "cold." This is also the only time he is referred to by name, but to make things smoother I'm going to do the same thing with him as with Lord Wu. (see above footnote)

Chapter 1334: Dao Sovereign!

Lord Cang could sense the pressure radiating off of Meng Hao. This was also the first time he had ever seen this Outsider Dao Sovereign clone act in such a way. Therefore, he immediately joined him in the attack.

His heart was thumping; he knew that he couldn't afford to underestimate Meng Hao, who left him in complete fear and trepidation.

Without the slightest hesitation, he performed an incantation gesture, causing Essence power to erupt out. All five of his Essences were unleashed, the most powerful being the last, the Essence of light!

What was drawn upon was not the brightness of light, but rather, the speed of light! As the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea, what he had always excelled in was speed!

He closed in rapidly, waving his hand, causing his Essences to transform into divine abilities. Colors flashed in the sky, the stars trembled, and an enormous Essence hand appeared, which grabbed at Meng Hao.

Both he and the Outsider were holding nothing back in their attack upon Meng Hao. They even used magical items. As for the Outsider Dao Sovereign, each and every one of his scales was just such a magical item, filled with shocking power that, when combined, could destroy heavenly bodies.

The former Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea had magical items in the form of two pearls, both of which were crimson. They swirled around him, transforming into two red meteors that shot forth, emanating incredible pressure.

Rumbling echoed out as these two powerful experts simultaneously tried to kill Meng Hao. Meanwhile, Lord Wu sat anxiously behind his shield.

However, Meng Hao's expression never changed from its usual calmness. He eyed the two approaching enemies, then smiled. All of a sudden, he found himself thinking about how he had entered that ancient illusory world within the Vale of the Godgrave, and had seen that

enormous God, who had roared at him in fury.

“The roar of a God....” he murmured softly. As the Outsider and the old man closed in, his eyes suddenly shone with a strange gleam, and he opened his mouth. All of a sudden, the power of his fleshly body exploded out, unimpeded by either the Second Desolation or the power raging from the extinguishing of his Soul Lamp.

ROOOOAARRRR!!

A mighty roar erupted from Meng Hao’s mouth. However, no sound could be heard. Apparently... his voice was too loud for there to be sound, so loud that no natural law could affect or resist it. The starry sky shattered, and the Heavens seemed to be on the verge of vanishing. In fact... this sound completely exceeded the level that could be heard by either cultivators or Outsiders.

A shockwave ripped out, shredding the void as Meng Hao let out a roar that originated in ancient times, but echoed out in the present.

In the blink of an eye, innumerable ripples appeared, distorting the void in front of him, transforming into a tempest that sent everything shaking as it slammed into the Outsider Dao Sovereign and the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The Outsider clone coughed up a mouthful of blood. He felt as if he were about to be ripped apart, and he screamed. However, that scream was completely drowned out by the powerful roar, forcing him to revert to his lizard form, which was thousands of meters long. That was the only way he could make a stand, and yet, he was still shoved backward relentlessly.

As for Lord Cang, he was even less equipped to deal with the roar. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and his flesh and blood were instantly mangled, to the extent that his legs were shredded to pieces. Even the bones were transformed into nothing but ash.

It was only thanks to the incredible speed with which he retreated that he was able to escape as he did. Had he been any slower, he would have

lost more than only his legs.

Violet-robed Lord Wu sat behind the shield, mind spinning, eyes wide. He could do nothing but stare at the valiant and terrifying Meng Hao, at the utterly bedraggled Lord Cang, and at the wretched Outsider Dao Sovereign clone.

It was also in this moment that the clone's magical items, the scales, all cracked and shattered into ash, completely destroyed.

The Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea's two pearls were also shattered, and transformed into a red powder that instantly faded away.

"6-Essences... Dao Sovereign!!" The Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea felt his mind spinning. All thoughts of his injuries faded away, and he didn't even notice his magical items being destroyed. His mind was battered by enormous waves of shock as he stared at Meng Hao.

He simply couldn't imagine how any cultivator could unleash such shocking and terrifying power unless they were a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign.

As he shook, he couldn't help but recall the words he had just spoken about 6-Essences Dao Sovereigns. And yet, here he was facing just such a person!

"This is impossible. Impossible! The Mountain and Sea Realm is sealed. Ksitigarbha used the power of reincarnation to bypass the seal, but other than him, nobody can break through it...."

The Outsider clone was also trembling as he looked at Meng Hao, his eyes flickering with terror. He was even considering whether or not he would have the confidence to take down Meng Hao with his true form.

Such power was virtually unimaginable. Compared to what he remembered of Meng Hao back in their encounter in the Eighth Mountain... he was now at least ten times more powerful.

"How could this be possible!?!?"

Even as these three powerful figures were reeling in shock, Meng Hao's

face suddenly went pale, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood, not because he was injured, but rather, because the Second Desolation tribulation had reached a critical point, and was about to conclude. Once it concluded, his fleshly body... would truly enter the 6-Essences Dao Sovereign level!

It seemed that his attack just now had drawn on his fleshly body's power, thus giving the Second Desolation an exploitable opening. However, Meng Hao didn't care. His fleshly body was so powerful that he could still control the tribulation even when attacking. Not even the power of extermination from his sixth Soul Lamp's Desolation could cause much of a problem.

"Sorry, I'm not a Dao Sovereign yet," Meng Hao said coolly.

In that moment, the Outsider Dao Sovereign's eyes flickered. "He's injured! Attacking like that actually injured him. If we keep going, we can worsen the injuries! He will die today!"

The former Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea had been in a state of despair, and had lost the will to fight. However, after seeing Meng Hao cough up some blood, his eyes flickered, and hope once again burned inside of him. Without any hesitation, he shot forth in attack.

Lord Wu of the Fifth Mountain and Sea suddenly let out a powerful roar as he attempted to break out of the shield to assist Meng Hao.

However, it was in that moment that Meng Hao smiled coldly. Instead of backing up, he took a step forward, clenching his right hand and unleashing a fist strike upon the Outsider clone.

Rumbling could be heard as the Life-Extermination Fist sucked up the life force of everything in the area, then slammed into the Outsider, who then tumbled backward, his body on the verge of collapsing.

Meng Hao licked his lips in anticipation. Because of how he had just unleashed his fleshly body power, the Desolation inside of him once again surged. However, a mere thought on his part suppressed it down to almost nothing.

“It’s almost over,” he said. Laughing, he turned, flexing his hand as he suddenly appeared in the path of Lord Cang.

The old man’s expression flickered, and his eyes went wide. He had no time to unleash a divine ability, nor any time to fall back. Biting his tongue, he spit out some blood, which transformed into a blood mist. Inside that mist could be seen countless vengeful spirits which screamed as they charged Meng Hao.

However, Meng Hao’s fist passed right through them, almost as if it existed in a different time and space. Filled with a will of Bedevilment, the fist appeared directly in front of Lord Cang.

With one fist, Heaven and Earth were shattered!

The Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea’s entire body exploded, leaving behind only his head, which let out a miserable howl as it fled in the opposite direction.

“I’ll let you live for the moment,” Meng Hao said softly. “I want you to see for yourself that in the Mountain and Sea Realm... it’s not impossible to become a Dao Sovereign!” With that, he looked up into the sky, then raised both hands aloft, as if he wished to embrace the stars.

Then he took a deep breath, causing a wind to kick up, and the entire Mountain and Sea Realm to tremble!

It was in that moment that the very last scrap of the Second Desolation faded away. Meng Hao had completely extinguished his 6th Soul Lamp, pushing his flesh and blood into that last, final step.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLLE....

Meng Hao began to grow larger. 30 meters. 300 meters. 600 meters!
900 meters. 1,200 meters. 1,500 meters....

Massive rumbling sounds could be heard. The majesty of what was happening caused Lord Cang to be rendered completely speechless, and the mind of the Outsider Dao Sovereign to reel in shock.

The entire Mountain and Sea Realm was shaking, as if it were bearing

witness to something that hadn't happened for countless years. The appearance... of a second true Dao Sovereign!!

It might only be a fleshly body Dao Sovereign, but that was a Dao Sovereign nonetheless!!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE....

Meng Hao rapidly increased in height. 1,800 meters. 2,100 meters. 2,400 meters. 2,700 meters!!

It kept going and going. As he grew larger, his aura rocketed up, filling the Sixth Mountain and Sea and even stretching out into the adjacent Mountains and Seas.

As of this moment, the Nine Mountains were shaking!

As of this moment, the sun, moon, and other heavenly bodies were shining radiantly!!

As of this moment Meng Hao was rising from 2,700 meters all the way to 2,790 meters! Then 2,910 meters! Then 2,997 meters... only three more meters!

3,000 meters!!

3,000 meters. The true Dao Sovereign level!!

It was in that moment that the nine Xuanwu turtles all began to howl. The will of the Mountain and Sea Realm, which had spread out to fill the entire starry sky, began to stir. Everyone who was fighting in the war, regardless of which side they were on, could sense that something consummately powerful was in the Sixth Mountain and Sea!

"From now on, I, Meng Hao, am a true Dao Sovereign!" Although Meng Hao spoke softly, his voice cracked like thunder. He stood there, 3,000 meters tall, skin covered with magical symbols, radiating infinite power!

He clenched his fists, almost as if... he were grabbing onto the starry sky, grabbing onto... destiny!

Grabbing onto Heaven and Earth!

Chapter 1335: Xu Qing, I'm here!

The Nine Mountains and Seas were shaking. The nine Xuanwu turtles in their celestial ponds were howling, and the will of the Mountains and Seas, which had formerly been spread out in all parts of the Mountain and Sea Realm, was now converging upon Meng Hao!

At the apex of the starry sky were two figures locked in combat. One of them wore white robes, and was none other than Paragon Sea Dream. Her face was ashen, but as she performed her incantation gestures, shocking, explosive power was unleashed upon her opponent, the Outsider, 7-Essences Paragon Eegoo.

Even after all the time that had passed, they were still fighting!

However, as soon as Meng Hao's entered the true fleshly body Dao Sovereign level, Sea Dream's eyes began to shine with a strange light. As for Paragon Eegoo, his face completely fell.

"This is impossible!! Ksitigarbha was able to break through because of his mastery over reincarnation. But Meng Hao, he.... Dammit! He's Nine Seals' successor! The future Lord of the Mountains and Seas!!"

"Oh, you didn't know?" Sea Dream said coolly, preventing the Outsider Paragon from breaking free of combat.

At the same time, back in the Fourth Mountain and Sea, Xu Qing was there, coordinating a deadly counteroffensive against the Outsiders. All of a sudden, her heart trembled, and she looked in the direction of the Sixth Mountain and Sea. After a moment, a warm smile broke out on her face.

There was another battlefield in the Fourth Mountain and Sea, where a spectacular, astonishing fight was underway between Ksitigarbha and the 1st Heaven's Imperial Lord!

That Imperial Lord's cultivation base was clearly the most powerful of anyone except for the Paragons, being at the peak of the 6-Essences level. He was half a step into the Paragon level, and yet Ksitigarbha was also completely extraordinary. The wave of his hand could cause numerous

underworld palaces to descend. His incantation gestures unleashed the mighty power of reincarnation. The Yellow Springs which flowed beneath his feet made it seem as if he could control all life or death.

He was able to fight the Imperial Lord on equal footing, although that was mostly because of his control of external forces, and because he had the home field advantage. Even still, it was obvious why for countless years Ksitigarbha had been known as the most powerful person in the Mountain and Sea Realm!

As of this moment, Ksitigarbha could also sense Meng Hao's explosive Dao Sovereign energy coming from the Sixth Mountain and Sea. Even as the Outsider Imperial Lord's face flickered, Ksitigarbha's eyes gleamed, and he threw his head back and laughed uproariously.

It had been years since he had noticed how extraordinary Meng Hao was, and at that time he had chosen to sow good will with him. He had taken Xu Qing as his last and final apprentice, and she had not let him down. In the end, she had proven to be a rare genius when it came to strategy and tactics, and had been appointed as the commanding general of the entire Fourth Mountain and Sea. And then Meng Hao had gone and become a true Dao Sovereign.

Ksitigarbha's boisterous laughter made the Imperial Lord's mood sink even further.

Meanwhile, back in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, on Planet South Heaven, Shui Dongliu was still standing on that mountaintop. Suddenly, he turned his head in the direction of the Sixth Mountain and Sea, and a smile broke out on his face.

"At long last the day has arrived. Dao Sovereign fleshly body.... Perhaps there is hope in this Mountain and Sea Realm war after all...." Sighing, he flicked his sleeve. "Mountain and Sea Realm, begin analysis and replication!"

"What a pity nothing like this happened back in the first war. If it had, perhaps the Paragon Immortal Realm would not have been defeated so tragically...."

Back in the Sixth Mountain and Sea, the 3,000-meter-tall Meng Hao threw his head back and roared. Mountain and Sea power descended, filled with will of the Mountains and Seas, which swirled around Meng Hao and then bored into him.

It was probing him, analyzing him, a sensation which Meng Hao found very strange, and yet did not interfere with. Instead, he simply looked down at Lord Cang of the Sixth Mountain and Sea and the Outsider Dao Sovereign clone.

The clone's face was ashen, and his scalp was tingling. Without the slightest hesitation, he began to fade away in escape. He knew that he was no match for Meng Hao now. Meng Hao's terrifying power left him in complete despair.

"Dao Sovereign fleshly body. Dammit! That's even more difficult to attain than a Dao Sovereign cultivation base. How... how did he do this? Wait. There's God blood aura. He absorbed God blood!!" The clone was almost gone. Trembling, he realized that even if he were here in his true form, he still wouldn't be a match for Meng Hao.

After all, Meng Hao's full power wasn't just reliant on a powerful fleshly body. His cultivation base, his magical techniques and divine abilities, all of them were terrifying.

However, just when the clone thought he was about to escape, Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and he raised his right hand in a grasping motion. A rumbling sound could be heard as the void around the clone shattered and caved in, as if a giant, invisible hand were crushing him!

"Meng Hao, the 33 Heavens will exterminate your entire clan! We'll wipe out everyone in the Mountain and Sea Realm!!" A miserable shriek rang out, filled with unending hatred, as the Outsider Dao Sovereign clone was completely obliterated.

Meng Hao ignored his cries, turning instead to look at Lord Cang.

"Dao Sovereign...." the man said bitterly. He had a hard time even uttering the words, considering what he himself had said just moments ago, that it would be impossible for another Dao Sovereign to appear in

the Mountain and Sea Realm.

And yet, right now he was standing directly in front of none other than a Dao Sovereign.

He suddenly felt completely at a loss. For the sake of his own cultivation base, he had betrayed his home and his people. And now, that all seemed... like a mistake.

In his bitterness, Lord Cang closed his eyes and asked himself if everything he had done had been worth it. No answer came.

In almost the same moment that he closed his eyes, Meng Hao extended his right hand and waved his finger toward the head that was all which remained of Lord Cang. A boom echoed out as that head was crushed out of existence. The Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea was completely and utterly dead.

Off to the side, Lord Wu emerged from within the shield. It was with mixed emotions that he watched Lord Cang die. Finally, he sighed.

“What a waste....” he said, shaking his head. Then he looked at Meng Hao, clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“I am the Lord of the Fifth Mountain and Sea. Greetings... exalted Dao Sovereign!”

Just when Meng Hao was about to respond, he said, “Eee?”

He suddenly realized that the will of the Mountains and Seas had ceased to suppress the invading Outsiders, and instead was completely focusing on him.

It was as if the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm was inside of him... replicating his fleshly body!

It wasn't a complete and perfect copy, but rather, about eighty percent pure. When it was finished, it dispersed, then once again spread out to cover the entire Mountain and Sea Realm. Suddenly, each and every cultivator of the Mountain and Sea Realm suddenly... began to experience fleshly body transformations!

In that brief instant, all of the cultivators' fleshly bodies experienced a complete redoubling of power!

It didn't matter the level of their cultivation base or fleshly body. This advancement had nothing to do with their own power. It was a blessing from the Mountain and Sea Realm, like a massive field of influence, within which all the cultivators' fleshly bodies were completely changed!

The characteristics of Meng Hao's fleshly body were now being passed on to all of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

As of that moment, the countless cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm on the numerous battlefields suddenly gaped in shock. They could sense the sudden change, and were instantly enlivened.

Even Lord Wu, who was standing directly in front of Meng Hao, suddenly trembled as the blessing strengthened him too.

"Is that the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm?!" Meng Hao thought. A tremor ran through him, and as for Lord Wu, he stood there gaping for a moment before excitement rose up in his heart.

Meng Hao was equally excited. He knew that this transformation was the key, not just to fighting this first battle with the 33 Heavens, but also the final war with the two foreign powers.

"Am I the only one who can do this? Is it because I'm the future Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm? Or because I'm the successor of Paragon Nine Seals? Or... is it because of my Allheaven Dao Immortal blood?" Meng Hao's eyes glittered. There was no immediate explanation. Looking down at Lord Wu, he clasped hands, then slowly shrank in size back to that of an ordinary person.

They did not spend time in idle chatter. Lord Wu immediately headed to the nearest front of battle. As a Mountain and Sea Lord, he had his own important responsibilities. Meng Hao also had his own matters to attend to, and transformed into a beam of colorful light that shot off into the distance.

He sped along toward the Fifth Mountain and Sea, unobstructed. He

could pass through the barriers between Mountains and Seas even when he was in the midst of the Desolation tribulation. There was no need to even mention what he could do now that he had a Dao Sovereign fleshly body. Within the Mountain and Sea Realm, his fleshly body was definitely at the absolute peak!

A single step took him through the barrier, and he appeared in the Fifth Mountain and Sea, where bitter fighting was underway. However, because of the blessing bestowed by the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm, which came from Meng Hao's Dao Sovereign fleshly body, the gap between the Outsider cultivators and the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm was ever shrinking.

Meng Hao could tell that with his current fleshly body power, he could crush and ignore natural law. He could alter the starry sky and even bend space and time.

"So this is what a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign is like, huh...." he murmured. "One Essence beyond this is the Paragon level." It was as if his own body were a starry sky, with his organs being the heavenly bodies. It was like an endless cycle.

It was as if, even if Heaven and Earth were to be destroyed, he would not be!

It was as if, even if Heaven and Earth were to wither away, he would not!

Stepping into 6-Essences made one's longevity equal to the Heavens!

Stepping into the true Dao Sovereign level made you incomparable!

Meng Hao didn't tarry in the Fifth Mountain and Sea. He sped along, and was soon nearing the Fourth Mountain and Sea.

As the barrier approached, his mood rose and fell constantly. At long last... he was approaching the Fourth Mountain and Sea. At long last... he would be able to see Xu Qing again.

Back when everything started, when he left the Ninth Mountain and Sea, how could he ever have imagined that the road would stretch to this extent? War had begun, the 1st Heaven had descended, and the Mountain

and Sea Realm had been thrown into chaos.

At the same time, he could never have imagined that with fleshly body power like this, he would be able to traverse the Nine Mountains and Seas as easily as if he were walking across the courtyard of his residence.

“Xu Qing, I’m here....” he murmured. A single step, and he was across the barrier. He was in... the Fourth Mountain and Sea!

Chapter 1336: Reuniting As Planned

The Fourth Mountain and Sea controlled the cycle of reincarnation in the Mountains and Seas. Everyone who died in the Mountain and Sea Realm would enter the Yellow Springs, which became the river of reincarnation that led to the Fourth Mountain and Sea. There, the newly arrived spirits would be guided into the cycle of reincarnation, where they would eventually find a new home.

There were many myths and legends regarding the Fourth Mountain and Sea. It was a mysterious place, one that most people could never fully comprehend. The only thing most people knew was that the Mountain and Sea Realm's peak expert resided there.

His name was Ksitigarbha!

He was the Lord of the Fourth Mountain and Sea. He controlled the underworld, and he controlled reincarnation. Even among Mountain and Sea Lords, he held a preeminent position. And that was because essentially... he controlled the lives of everyone in the Mountain and Sea Realm!

The Fourth Mountain and Sea was an important node which allowed the Realm to form a complete cycle.

This was Meng Hao's first time coming to the Fourth Mountain and Sea, and as soon as he entered, he could sense a very faint, and yet very pure, aura of death.

Or perhaps it would be better to say that it was not an aura of death, but an aura of Yin.

At first glance, nothing seemed out of the ordinary. The starry sky and the vast expanse seemed the same, and yet if you looked closely, you would see that the whole world appeared to be gray.

Meng Hao looked around silently, then sent his divine sense spreading out to cover the entire Fourth Mountain and Sea. However, there was one region in particular in which two powerful beings were fighting bitterly.

That was the location where Ksitigarbha was fighting the Outsider Imperial Lord. Meng Hao's divine sense immediately provoked a reaction from both of them. As for the Outsider Imperial Lord, he reacted with rage, and he clearly wished to break free from the fight to try to slaughter Meng Hao.

However, Ksitigarbha prevented that. Furthermore, he spoke in a completely calm tone that brimmed with self-confidence.

"So, you're Meng Hao!" the Outsider said.

"Fellow Daoist Meng," came the voice of Ksitigarbha, "I can handle this Outsider!"

Meng Hao smiled. When war descended, flowers would bloom on all parts of the tree, not just on one branch.

Furthermore, one person alone could not change the entire war. No, that required a group effort.

Meng Hao clasped hands and bowed toward Ksitigarbha, then focused his divine sense on where the cultivators of the Fourth Mountain and Sea were battling the Outsiders.

Millions of Outsiders could be seen, as well as millions of cultivators from the Fourth Mountain and Sea. What was being fought was a spectacular and unprecedented battle.

Meng Hao saw Xu Qing there, surrounded by rings of guards. She hadn't been injured in the slightest, and in fact, was constantly sending orders out to all parts of the battlefield. Because of that, the cultivators of the Fourth Mountain and Sea occupied the clear advantage on this front.

Although he was a vast distance away from Xu Qing, when Meng Hao looked at her, she could sense it. She turned her head and looked off into the distance, and somehow, her gaze met his.

In that moment, Meng Hao's heart trembled. As he looked at Xu Qing, numerous memories rose up within him. There was the time on Mount Daqing, when they had met for the first time. Then the time in the Reliance Sect when he had given her the Cosmetic Cultivation Pill. In the

Black Sieve Sect's ancient Blessed Land, he had found her, trembling and helpless.

Outside of the Black Lands, where Choumen Tai had descended from the sky, the two of them had killed the Ji Clan Quasi-Array cultivator, and when they parted, tears had welled up in her eyes.

Meng Hao would never forget any of those things.

In the Rebirth Cave, when he was dying, Xu Qing took care of him, even sacrificing her own life force for him, all to give him a chance at another life. Even if her own soul dispersed, she was willing to pay that price for him. She even allowed herself to be imprisoned in the Black Sieve Sect.

During their Red Wedding, Meng Hao held her in his arms, watching her fade away. He cradled her as she passed into death, and the entire time, she only cared about her dream of marrying him.

Meng Hao trembled as the memories flitted through his mind like wind and lightning, causing his whole world to shake.

He had come to keep his promise. He had come! 1

He had promised to find her, even if he had to travel to the furthest reaches of the Mountain and Sea Realm. No matter what dangers he faced, he would find her and would once again stand at her side.

She promised to wait for him. If a life or a lifetime was not enough, then she would wait for him through all lives and lifetimes.

Other than his parents and sister, there was no one in his life for whom he would do so much. There was no woman whom he would worry so much about, nor anyone that could occupy such an eternal place within his heart.

Although he didn't realize it at the time, back on Mount Daqing, when he saw her, the desire had already been planted within his heart... to be with her forever, through all lives and lifetimes.

Elder Sister Xu...

She was not spectacularly beautiful, but in Meng Hao's eyes, in his

world, she was the most beautiful thing in Heaven and Earth. She didn't have a complicated heart, and the source of that was not any lack of intelligence, but rather, the fact that she liked things to be simple. And so did he. When he was most tired, most exhausted, simplicity was a quiet harbor within which to rest his soul.

Her smile, her voice, her eyes, everything about her, were firmly rooted in his heart, and made him smile.

"I know in my heart that the person I fell in love with is not just a fond memory, but you," he murmured. "The real you. I know... that I love you." With that, he took a step forward.

Unbeknownst to him, someone had appeared behind him at some point, a shadowy figure clad in a long black robe. That figure was now watching him make his way off into the distance.

It was none other than Slaughter.

When Slaughter saw how Meng Hao looked at Xu Qing, a flicker of reminiscence appeared in his eyes, as if he were considering some matter from the past. As if he was being reminded... of himself.

As Meng Hao walked forward, the world vanished. Heaven and Earth faded away. Natural law dispersed. Only one person remained. His wife, Xu Qing.

He had come from afar, passing through each of the great Mountains and Seas. He had proceeded along through the starry sky, step by step, and was now walking onto the battlefield. There were Outsiders who were in his path, but it wasn't because they were trying to stop him; rather, he happened upon them as he proceeded toward the heart of the fighting.

A destructive power surrounded him that caused any Outsiders who approached within 30,000 meters of him to scream and explode.

Meng Hao paid them no heed. He proceeded along, surrounded by shouts of astonishment. As the Outsiders fell back from him, a strange scene developed on the battlefield.

With every step he took, he was surrounded by empty space, as the

Outsiders fled from his presence.

The cultivators of the Fourth Mountain and Sea looked on with vigilance. Even though Meng Hao's arrival caused the death of the Outsiders around him, they were still cautious.

There were only two people who had different reactions. One was the Echelon cultivator of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, Lin Cong. The other was, of course, Xu Qing.

Lin Cong stood in the crowd, wearing a gray robe. As he thought back to everything that had occurred in the Windswept Realm, he sighed. A wry smile could be seen on his face, and mixed emotions filled his eyes as he sighed. 2

“So, he finally came.”

Xu Qing was smiling radiantly. She stood there in the army of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, in the command pavilion, watching as Meng Hao approached. She remembered everything that had occurred, just as he did. Those memories could not be wiped away from her because of her reincarnation.

She had always believed that one day, her beloved companion, her husband, would come from the distant Ninth Mountain and Sea to find her. It didn't matter how long it took or how far away he was. It wouldn't even matter if a war was being fought. Nothing would be able to stop him.

He would definitely come.

And now, he had.

Xu Qing bit her lip and took a step forward, much to the shock of the surrounding cultivators from the Fourth Mountain and Sea. Some of them wanted to stop her, but as Meng Hao neared, they suddenly lost the ability to control their cultivation bases.

The battlefield went quiet, and soon only Meng Hao and Xu Qing were there, looking at each other, slowly drawing closer.

Time seemed to slow down. The Outsiders and the cultivators of the

Fourth Mountain and Sea both watched as Meng Hao approached. Xu Qing stepped out of the command pavilion, and the two of them... were soon standing together.

“I’ve come,” he said, reaching out to grasp her hand. This was his wife, and his lifelong love.

“Yes,” she replied, her face flushing a bit. It took a bit of courage on her part, but she resisted the urge to look down shyly. Instead, she allowed her joy to radiate out, and she looked into Meng Hao’s eyes and smiled. This was indeed the happiest moment she had experienced since being reincarnated.

When Meng Hao saw Xu Qing smile, he couldn’t stop himself from smiling. His hands tightened around hers, and hers around his. It was as if neither of them wished to ever let go.

However, they both knew that the time they could spend with each other was short. No matter what they wished inside, they would have to let go. Xu Qing had her duties, and Meng Hao had his mission.

This was not the time and place. If only things could go back to how they were before, before the deadly war broke out in the Mountains and Seas....

Meng Hao sighed.

Xu Qing looked around at all of the cultivators from the Fourth Mountain and Sea, and the Outsiders, and slowly loosened her grip. “I can’t go with you right now....

“Wait for me.... If the day ever comes when this war ends, then we... can go home together.” Xu Qing suddenly stepped forward and wrapped her arms around him, resting her head on his chest to hear his heartbeat.

After a long moment passed, she looked up at him and said, “I’ll wait for you, and you wait for me. We’ll both be on the lookout for each other.”

Xu Qing bit her lip, then pulled away from Meng Hao’s embrace and returned to the command pavilion.

As Meng Hao looked at Xu Qing, he realized that there was something different about her from before. Much like himself... she had grown up, she had become mature.

Meng Hao's heart was calm. Xu Qing had her duties, and he... had his mission. After looking at her deeply one last time, he waved his hand, sending a bit of divine will swirling out to surround her. He took a deep breath, and then looked up into the sky at the vast land mass up above that was the 1st Heaven.

Gradually, the warmth in his eyes faded away, to be replaced by icy coldness!

The air around him grew icy, and his aura, sharp and dangerous.

"There's something I have to go do," he murmured. "Something... that will lift the spirits of everyone in the Mountain and Sea Realm!" Rumbling sounds could be heard as he suddenly shot up into the air, leaving the battlefield. He became a streak of light like a shooting star, passing out of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, up into the vast expanse above. He was now heading toward the 1st Heaven, which had superseded the starry sky of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

He was going to destroy the 1st Heaven!

Few people noticed how he was flying up into the sky. However, it was certain... that a massive, storm would soon shake Heaven and Earth!

A storm was coming, a storm which would be caused by none other than... Meng Hao!

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1. Here is a quick breakdown of all the Xu Qing references. Mount Daqing: [chapter 1](#). First Cosmetic Cultivation Pill: [chapter 12](#). Black Sieve Sect Blessed Land: [chapters 151, 152](#). Killing Ji Clan cultivator: [chapter 306](#). Xu Qing sacrifices her life force for Meng Hao: [chapter 689](#). Meng Hao learns Xu Qing is being held by the Black Sieve sect:

chapter 694. Red Wedding: chapter 772.

2. Meng Hao fought and killed Lin Cong in chapter 1105. Of course, they reconciled later, and when they parted ways in chapter 1151, Meng Hao gave him a Cosmetic Cultivation Pill to deliver to Xu Qing.

Chapter 1337: Destination: First Heaven!

Meng Hao was a blur that shot from the Fourth Mountain and Sea up into the starry sky, toward the land mass that was the 1st Heaven. Not a single regret could be found in his heart. He was completely determined, maddened, enlivened with the idea of enacting the rise of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

He was attempting to do something that could shake Heaven and Earth!

He was attempting to destroy the 1st Heaven, the home of the invaders. He was attempting to set the blood of the Mountain and Sea Realm aboil. All of the cultivators locked in battle would be able to look up and see... the destruction of the 1st Heaven!

Some people might think that an act like that would have little meaning, and couldn't compare to Meng Hao slaughtering Outsiders on the field of battle using his cultivation base. However, the truth of the matter was that this plan... was utterly and profoundly meaningful.

Currently, the people of the Mountain and Sea Realm were in the midst of despair. After having been suppressed for tens upon tens of thousands of years, they had then been invaded. They had long since lost the dignity they had once had during the days of the Paragon Immortal Realm. In that age, its cultivators had been valiant, but when complete and utter catastrophe struck, it was as if their Dao hearts had been shattered. After the initial catastrophe, they were then completely sealed by the 33 Heavens, stifling any recovery that their Dao hearts might have experienced.

After two such mighty blows, their valiance waned, and they didn't dare to take the fight to their enemy....

For a people to rise up, their spirits needed to be kindled. And it was the same when the time came for a homeland to ascend.

Meng Hao knew that he was only one person. Even if he became a Paragon, the course of such a monumental war was something he couldn't change on his own. He needed to stir the minds and hearts of the

cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm. He needed to awaken within them... the valiance that had once existed in the Paragon Immortal Realm!

Back in those days, there had been a saying. “Any who assault the Immortal World will be put to death!”

When Meng Hao destroyed the 1st Heaven, similar words would once again be heard in the Mountain and Sea Realm. “Any who assault the Mountains and Seas will be put to death!”

The Mountain and Sea Realm was on the brink of annihilation. Looming directly behind them was a bottomless chasm. There was nowhere to retreat to. That meant that the only thing to do now was rise to prominence!

Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a bright light. His mind, his thoughts, his cultivation base, everything about him was completely focused. He was like a shooting star, like a flaming torch, like a brilliantly shining lamp!

He was a lamp that did not seek to illuminate the starry sky of the Mountain and Sea Realm, but rather... sought to kindle the spirits of the cultivators therein!

Kindle a fire that would exist forever and never be extinguished!

He rose higher and higher, flew faster and faster. He was a beam of light, scintillating brilliantly, the center of all attention! The first people to notice him were the cultivators of the Fourth Mountain and Sea.

They stared blankly at Meng Hao as he rose up, and at first, no one was really sure what he was doing. However, as he picked up speed, the people down below realized that he was heading... not toward the starry sky itself, but toward the spot where the starry sky ended, toward that which weighed down upon the hearts and minds of all Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators.

The 1st Heaven!

“What... what is he doing...?”

“He’s heading toward the 1st Heaven!!”

“This... this....” Gasps could be heard from within the huge army of the Fourth Mountain and Sea. Every moment, more and more cultivators’ faces flickered with astonishment and shock.

Xu Qing stood atop the altar, trembling, her head tilted up to look at Meng Hao climbing up into the sky, charging toward the Heavens. A strange flicker could be seen in her eyes, which slowly turned into a bright glow. Although she was worried, she suddenly felt an incredible sense of pride.

This was the love of her life. Her man!

The forces of the Fourth Mountain and Sea were soon in a complete uproar.

“He’s heading for the 1st Heaven!!”

“He’s going up to... destroy the 1st Heaven!!”

“But... can he do it?”

Equally shaken were the Outsiders, who stared blankly at Meng Hao, almost unable to believe what they were seeing.

Also in the Fourth Mountain and Sea were Ksitigarbha and the Outsider Imperial Lord, who were fighting fiercely, causing rumbling booms to echo out. Ksitigarbha’s eyes suddenly began to shine brightly as he realized what Meng Hao had in mind.

The Outsider Imperial Lord gaped, and his face flickered.

At the same time, Paragon Sea Dream was fighting with the Outsider Paragon Eegoo. They also noticed what Meng Hao was doing; Paragon Sea Dream’s face broke out into a wide smile, and Paragon Eegoo’s face fell.

At this point, Meng Hao reached such an incredible speed that he was like an arrow, backed by Mountain and Sea power to shoot rapidly toward the 1st Heaven.

However, only the cultivators of the Fourth Mountain and Sea could see him. He was currently too far away from the other Mountains and Seas for anyone there to spot him. However, as he flew along, his eyes glinted, and

he suddenly waved his right hand. Suddenly, a ball of light flew out. This was none other than his own Supernova Magic, which immediately began to suck in all the light around it, and thus grow even brighter. 1

He wanted all of the cultivators in the entire Mountain and Sea Realm to witness what he was doing.

One little sun was not enough, so he waved his hand, and dozens of little suns appeared. There were more than a hundred of them swirling around, shining with increasingly scintillating light.

“Still not enough!” Meng Hao growled. As he continued to shoot toward the 1st Heaven, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then waved his hands out in front of him, causing more little suns to appear.

100, 300, 500, and soon, Meng Hao was surrounded by 1,000 little suns!

1,000 little suns, absorbing Heaven and Earth, sucking in all the light of the starry sky. They rapidly grew larger and more dazzling, until Meng Hao himself actually looked like a sun!

Majestic light shone out, to the point where the cultivators of the Third and Fifth Mountains and Seas could look up into the sky and see a new sun!

The cultivators in the Third Mountain and Sea were in the midst of fighting the Outsiders, and yet everyone looked up in shock.

“What’s that...?”

“A sun? That’s not possible. But it really does look like an actual sun or moon....”

At the same time, cultivators in the Fifth Mountain and Sea looked up and gasped in disbelief.

“Wait, no.... there’s a person inside!!”

“Impossible!”

The Outsiders were equally taken aback.

Up in the starry sky, down beneath the 1st Heaven, Meng Hao was

surrounded by 1,000 spheres of light. His expression was one of unswerving determination as he came to the conclusion that 1,000 little suns wasn't enough. He needed more. He threw his head back and roared, pushing onward with greater speed and yet simultaneously waving his hand, causing another 1,000 little suns to appear!

2,000 little suns were shining radiantly. They were now densely packed together, each one of them emanating blinding light. However, from a distance away, the light of those 2,000 small suns merged together... to make them look like the glow of one enormous sun!

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the 2,000 little suns swirled around Meng Hao. He flew higher and higher, away from the Mountain and Sea Realm, growing ever closer to the 1st Heaven. Soon, the cultivators in the Second and Sixth Mountains and Seas could see the brightly shining sun up above.

Although it currently looked like little more than a dot of light, within the pitch blackness, it was extremely conspicuous!

In the Second Mountain and Sea, the cultivators and Outsiders were fighting a particularly bloody battle, and the reek of gore had permeated the entire Mountain and Sea. The vast army of cultivators had suffered setback after setback, and the roars of the Outsiders filled the entire starry sky above them.

However, even as despair wrought at the hearts of the cultivators, in the moment when they had no hope, and were bitterly convinced that they were going to lose the battle, all of a sudden, a bright dot of light appeared up above. That light became the only thing the cultivators of the Second Mountain and Sea looked at.

“That’s...”

“That dot of light. Heavens! Considering how far away we are, that dot of light must actually be enormous!”

“What’s going on...?” The cultivators of the Second Mountain and Sea were completely abuzz!

Although they couldn't actually see Meng Hao, somehow they could all sense that within that light was someone emanating an incredible willpower, and utter determination!

The Sixth Mountain and Sea was equally in an uproar.

"That light is heading in the direction of... the 1st Heaven!!"

"Considering how far it is away, the fact that we can see it moving up means that its true speed... must be mind-boggling!!"

Although the Lord of the Sixth Mountain and Sea had been killed, the violet-robed Lord Wu of the Fifth Mountain and Sea was now fighting in the battle, and at long last, the cultivators were able to launch successful counter-attacks against the Outsiders.

Lord Wu was the first one to look up into the starry sky. His jaw dropped, and he instantly began to tremble.

"It's him.... He's going... to destroy the 1st Heaven?" His eyes began to shine, and suddenly a surge of indescribable excitement rose up within him.

Soon the other cultivators of the Sixth Mountain and Sea caught sight of the light up above, and they were completely shaken. Although not everyone could immediately discern where that dot of light was heading, people quickly began to deduce the truth.

"He's heading toward the 1st Heaven?"

Even as the cultivators in the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Mountains and Seas were staring fixedly at the dot of light, it suddenly grew twice as bright as before!!

Along with the eruption of brightness, the light also grew in size. That was because the number of little suns surrounding Meng Hao had increased from 2,000 to 4,000!

"There's a person inside that light!!" By now, virtually all of the experts in the great Mountains and Seas were able to discern what was happening. Their hoarse exclamations were heard by those around them, and soon

everyone's minds were spinning.

It was at this point that the cultivators in even further Mountains and Seas could see that high up above the Nine Mountains and Seas, there in the starry sky... was a sun!

Although it wasn't the true sun, by now, everyone could see it....

A sun above the Mountain and Sea Realm!

In the Seventh Mountain and Sea, Yuwen Jian suddenly opened his eyes. He had been sitting there in meditation, but when he heard the exclamations ringing out, he looked up into the sky and then suddenly felt as if he were being struck by lightning.

He couldn't quite see who it was inside that light, but... his intuition told him exactly who it was! "It's Meng Hao. It's definitely him! He's going to lift the spirits of an entire people by destroying the 1st Heaven!!"

Shaking, he shot to his feet, panting excitedly, eyes burning with anticipation.

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1. Meng Hao created the Supernova Magic in chapter 942. He used it in battle a few subsequent times, notably when fighting Guru Heavencloud in chapter 1159 and when fighting the giant in the Divine Flame world in chapter 1179.

Chapter 1338: Dao Tribulation Comes!

The dot of light couldn't illuminate every inch of the starry sky, and yet... as of this moment, it was visible to all cultivators from the First to the Seventh Mountains and Seas!

In the Seventh Mountain and Sea, Planet Tiger Cage was in an uproar. It was the same in the First Mountain and Sea. There, Echelon cultivator Dao-Heaven stood in the midst of his army, looking up at the brilliant dot of light, and was completely shaken, as was everyone around him.

From the First Mountain and Sea all the way to the Seventh, the cultivators were looking up at the brilliant dot of light as, all of a sudden, it erupted with even further brilliance!

Massive rumbling sounds echoed out as the dot swelled in size by double!

It was in that moment that the number of little suns surrounding Meng Hao increased from 4,000 to 8,000!!

8,000 little suns, radiating intense light. Although that light couldn't match the light of a real sun, it was the most dazzling heavenly body visible!

The cultivators were in an uproar, and the Outsiders were shaking inwardly as intense feelings of foreboding rose up inside of them.

The Outsider Dao Sovereign who had split apart into numerous incarnations was shaking, and his eyes shone with astonishment as he stared at the light. The Outsider Imperial Lord who was fighting Ksitigarbha also felt his heart pounding.

It was the same with the Outsider Paragon Eegoo.

In sharp contrast, Ksitigarbha, Sea Dream, and the various Mountain and Sea Lords seemed to be suddenly inspired, and burst out with all the power they could muster to prevent any of their Outsider opponents from breaking free of the battle.

Roars echoed out, and booms filled the air. When the number of little

suns around Meng Hao increased to 8,000, the cultivators in the Eighth Mountain and Sea could finally see the sun up above!

Cultivators and Outsiders alike felt as if the battle going on in the Eighth Mountain and Sea was like a giant millstone crushing down onto them. But then, the cultivators noticed that bright light, and their jaws dropped.

“What’s that?”

“How could there suddenly be a spot of light? Hold on... it’s rising up into the sky at incredible speed!”

“Could it be some sort of magical item? It looks like it’s heading toward... the 1st Heaven?”

As the crowds burst out into a commotion, Meng Hao’s grandfather, the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, suddenly shivered. He looked up, and when he saw that light, his eyes suddenly flickered in surprise.

“Hao’er’s aura.... That’s Hao’er...” He threw his head back and laughed uproariously at the sudden feeling of joy which swept through him. As he continued to watch the dot of light rising up, his eyes began to gleam with anticipation.

Suddenly, the number of little suns around Meng Hao once again increased dramatically. No longer were there 8,000. Instead, there were 10,000. The light of 10,000 little suns merged together as they rocketed toward the land mass up above. At long last... the light became clearly visible in the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

Pill Demon saw it, and the members of the Fang Clan saw it. Meng Hao’s parents saw it, and his Grandma Meng and her people saw it. Fatty, Chen Fan, Fan Dong’er, Sun Hai, Fang Yu, and everyone else he knew... all cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea could see it.

The flames of war burned just as hot in the Ninth Mountain and Sea as everywhere else, and the fighting was just as bloody and bitter. However, as soon as that light became visible, the people who were familiar with Meng Hao... could sense that it contained his aura!

“That’s... that’s Meng Hao!!”

“Heavens! How... how is this possible? Wait, how come looking at that light suddenly makes me think of Meng Hao?!”

“Could it be that it’s really Meng Hao!?!?”

The crowds were exploding into a huge commotion. On Planet South Heaven, Shui Dongliu stood atop that mountain peak, still looking up into the sky. Suddenly, he began to laugh, a laughter filled with happiness and anticipation.

“It seems I picked well.... He who shall counter the tribulation... Meng Hao.” A warm expression could be seen on Shui Dongliu’s face as he continued to laugh, and stand there, waiting.

As of this moment, all of the cultivators in all of the Nine Mountains and Seas were watching.

At the same time, Meng Hao was drawing ever nearer to the land mass that was the 1st Heaven. He was now approaching the highest point in this region of space, and his speed caused rumbling to echo out as he closed in.

His eyes burned with determination as he got closer and closer!

However, even as he neared the 1st Heaven, the figures of a vast number of Outsiders suddenly appeared, flying out from it to meet him. In addition to that, numerous shields sprang up to protect the land mass.

This land was the home of the Outsiders, so it went without saying that they would have protections in place for it. More and more Outsiders kept approaching, bent on stopping Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s lips twisted into a cold smile. Just when he was about to attack, he suddenly frowned. Simultaneously, the Outsiders who had just flown out suddenly fell back into retreat. That was because, all of a sudden, the explosive power of Dao Tribulation had appeared!

This was Meng Hao’s Dao Tribulation, his fleshly body Dao Tribulation!

The tribulation had appeared before but hadn’t fully descended. Instead, it had been hidden away, which as far as Meng Hao could tell was because

the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm had helped him to get rid of it.

But now, here it was again. That could only mean... that this was tribulation, not from the Mountain and Sea Realm, but instead, from the 1st Heaven!

“It is its own world, with its own life forms,” Meng Hao murmured. “Naturally, the 1st Heaven has a will just like the Mountain and Sea Realm. Tribulation is caused by a disturbance in Karma. It saw the Tribulation Karma which was sown upon me, and therefore, took it upon itself to ensure that there was a reaping?” He understood, and yet wasn’t afraid. Instead, he began to laugh.

In his life, he had transcended Heavenly Tribulation on numerous occasions. Each one of those occasions had been of incredible difficulty, and yet now, he was completely confident that he could crush this instance of Heavenly Tribulation as easily as a dried out log!

Rumbling could be heard as Tribulation Clouds built up, massing together in front of Meng Hao. The rumbling of Tribulation Lightning could be heard as countless lightning bolts suddenly shot toward Meng Hao.

Virtually all of those lightning bolts appeared to be humanoid in shape, and filled with power that could destroy the Heavens and extinguish the Earth. As they closed in, they transformed into a sea of lightning that spread out wide in all directions, completely enveloping Meng Hao and his 10,000 suns. Down in the Nine Mountains and Seas, all of the cultivators could see what was happening.

“Not good! The 1st Heavens is a complete world, with its own Tribulation power!!”

“If that dot of light is Meng Hao, then he’s going to be defeated....”

“Dammit, could it be that the 1st Heaven is really impossible to fight!?” Cultivators were crying out in alarm all throughout the Nine Mountains and Seas. They were nervous, anxious, worried, and all of those feelings arose because of Meng Hao.

Of course, there were some people in the crowd who looked on coldly. After all, all sorts of people existed within the Mountain and Sea Realm. Naturally, there were some who believed that once disaster struck, everyone would die!

There were even some sects and clans who actually weren't going all out in the fighting, but were instead hiding their true strength, looking for an opportunity to escape from the Mountain and Sea Realm. In fact, there were even some people who were secretly planning... to surrender to the 33 Heavens.

However, those people were in the minority. The vast majority of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were unyielding. They had their dignity, and would never give in! Those cultivators were the ones who were nervously looking up into the starry sky.

The Outsider Imperial Lord who was fighting Ksitigarbha suddenly began to chuckle with scorn.

"Tribulation Karma has been sown, and yet he dares to try to trifle with our 1st Heaven? He's definitely courting death!"

Similar words were uttered by Paragon Eegoo to Paragon Sea Dream. The Outsider Dao Sovereign clones who were battling the Mountain and Sea Lords were the same. All of them were sighing in relief.

Some people were anxious, some people were derisive. However, it was in that very moment that Meng Hao, facing the boundless Tribulation Lightning, suddenly raised his hand. Eyes gleaming, he performed an incantation gesture and pointed out.

"Hex!"

Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

Rumbling could be heard as the power of his fleshly body exploded out. His cultivation base surged, and the Eighth Hex was unleashed, backed by the power of the Mountains and Seas. Instantly, everything began to shake violently. As Meng Hao waved his hand downward, all of the Tribulation Lightning in the starry sky suddenly stopped moving.

Seventh Demon Sealing Hex!

Meng Hao waved his finger again, this time unleashing Karmic Hexing, severing the Tribulation Lightning's Karma, and then swishing his sleeve.

Fifth Demon Sealing Hex!

Inside-Outside Hex!

Go back from whence you came!

Meng Hao waved his sleeve, and instantly, all of the Tribulation Lightning swiveled, changing directions to shoot toward the very Tribulation Clouds they had emerged from, moving at a speed which defied imagination!

Massive booms rang out as the countless Tribulation Clouds collapsed into pieces. It was a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering sight as the Tribulation Lightning bolts smashed into the clouds, completely and utterly pulverizing them!

This sight provoked a collective gasp from cultivators and Outsiders alike. Eyes went wide and jaws dropped in disbelief.

“What?!?!” exclaimed the Outsider Dao Sovereign incredulously.

All of the Outsiders were completely and utterly shaken by Meng Hao. That bright spot of light was now nothing less than a complete nightmare for them!

It was at this point that enraged howls could be heard from the land mass that was the 1st Heaven. More Tribulation Clouds roiled out, converging together into one gigantic cloud mass that seemed bent on completely eradicating Meng Hao!

Massive pressure emanated out from the Tribulation Clouds, which surrounded Meng Hao and caused the starry sky to shake. As the enraged howling continued, it was possible to see an enormous claw taking shape inside of the Tribulation Cloud.

That claw was pitch black and covered with scales, like the claw of a lizard!

After all... this Tribulation was not from the Mountain and Sea Realm, but rather from the world of the 1st Heaven.

The claw was covered with boundless Tribulation Lightning, the intensity of which vastly exceeded that from before. The claw shot toward Meng Hao, and as it did, more and more Tribulation Clouds converged in the area, causing the Tribulation to become even more majestic and boundless than before.

Meng Hao's expression was the same as ever, and his eyes shone with a bright light. Without pausing for a moment, he shot toward the Tribulation Cloud and the lightning-covered claw. As he neared, he suddenly spoke in a voice which sounded like booming thunder.

"Did I say you could converge here? Disperse!"

Massive rumbling could be heard as the Second Demon Sealing Hex appeared. Real-Unreal Hexing erupted out toward the Tribulation Cloud, transforming what was real into what was unreal, and transforming the unreal to the real! All Meng Hao had to do was think!

As of this moment, he changed the Tribulation, which was real, into something unreal. The converged Tribulation was instantly dispersed!

Chapter 1339: 10,000 Star Detonation!

As of this moment, all eyes were completely fixed upon Meng Hao!

Even as the words left his mouth, he flicked his sleeve, unleashing the Second Demon Sealing Hex. Rumbling sounds filled Heaven and Earth, and the starry sky trembled. Simultaneously, the land mass that was the 1st Heaven was also shaking, as were the previously awe-inspiring Tribulation Clouds!

The gigantic lizard claw, and its boundless Tribulation Lightning, suddenly became illusory, and began to fade away. Moments later, the seemingly infinite Tribulation Clouds also... began to fade away.

After becoming illusory, all Meng Hao had to do was speak a single word, and his will caused everything to transform from being real to not! To the shock of cultivators and Outsiders alike, as of this moment, Meng Hao's fleshly body Dao Tribulation... was over! It had been concluded using a method none of them had ever seen or heard of before.

"Impossible!!" The Outsider Imperial Lord fighting Ksitigarbha suddenly let out a miserable howl. He simply couldn't believe what he was seeing. As far as he was concerned, it was a complete impossibility, and yet, here it was occurring right in front of him!

He suddenly burst into motion in an attempt to go stop Meng Hao, but in response, Ksitigarbha laughed coldly, causing underworld palaces to descend and the Yellow Springs to sweep out. The river of reincarnation surged, making it completely impossible for the Outsider Imperial Lord to do anything.

Elsewhere in the starry sky, a similar situation was occurring with Paragon Sea Dream. She went all-out with her cultivation base, even incurring serious injuries to herself, to prevent the maddened Outsider Paragon Eegoo from breaking free. Eegoo bellowed in rage, eyes burning with killing intent as he sent divine sense roiling out to crush Meng Hao, and yet he couldn't get past Sea Dream.

"Sea Dream, I don't want to kill you! Don't walk into your own death!!"

“Don’t make me laugh!” Sea Dream responded, yet again obstructing his path.

The Nine Mountains and Seas, which moments ago had been completely silent, suddenly burst out into a huge commotion. The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were crying out and cheering, their voices merging together into a sound wave that surged out in all directions. As for the Outsiders, they were completely shocked, and yet, their will to fight was not reduced, and they continued to do battle.

And yet... everyone, including the Outsiders, was still watching Meng Hao as he closed in on the 1st Heaven.

He shot onward at top speed, surrounded by 10,000 little suns which radiated intense light.

Closer and closer!

Countless Outsiders flew out from the 1st Heaven and charged toward Meng Hao. Numerous scintillating shields were set in place.

However, as the Outsiders approached, Meng Hao’s hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture; then he stretched his hands wide and clapped them together violently, sending a burst of cultivation base power out directly into the Outsiders, and directly toward the 1st Heaven!

“Suns, detonate!” he roared. Instantly, the 10,000 suns surged into action, flying directly toward the Outsiders and the shields protecting the land mass that was the 1st Heaven!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

10,000 suns all detonated!

Each and every one of those little suns had been bolstered by Meng Hao’s cultivation base power, and as such, their combined power was completely and utterly shocking. A massive explosion rippled out that shook lands and rocked mountains, that destroyed Heaven and Earth, that directly ripped apart the starry sky!

A terrifying shockwave then began to spread out in all directions.

That shockwave was so huge that it was visible even in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and it filled all hearts with shock.

The vast numbers of Outsiders who had flown out to stop Meng Hao, regardless of their cultivation bases, were swept over by the shockwave caused by the detonation of 10,000 suns. Bloodcurdling screams rang out as their bodies were transformed into ash. Even the Nascent Divinities which attempted to flee were completely eradicated.

Rumbling could be heard as the shockwave then slammed into the shields protecting the 1st Heaven. In the blink of an eye, the shields began to shatter bit by bit. They immediately began to repair themselves, but were clearly weakened. However, in the end the shields were too strong; even the detonation of 10,000 suns could not completely destroy them. And yet, a tiny opening had appeared.

That was all Meng Hao needed. He waved his arm, and the Battle Weapon appeared, transforming into a black beam that stabbed directly into that weak spot, preventing the shields from recovering.

All of this happened so quickly that no one could react. Meng Hao moved as fast as lightning, sweeping the Battle Weapon out so that a huge rift was torn open in the shield, and the land mass that was the 1st Heaven. Then, he stepped through that rift... to the surface of the 1st Heaven!

By this point, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm had been whipped up into a frenzy. As for the Outsiders, their faces were ashen and filled with dread.

The Imperial Lord roared, the Paragon howled, and the Dao Sovereign's incarnations were trying unsuccessfully to merge back together.

In the instant that Meng Hao set foot into the 1st Heaven, he bolstered his voice with his cultivation base and cried out, "Mountain and Sea Cultivators, fight to the death!"

In response, all of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm joined their voices together in response. It almost seemed planned, but it wasn't.

The first to respond was the Fourth Mountain and Sea. The cultivators who clustered around Xu Qing were already chomping at the bit. The 1st Heaven hadn't been destroyed yet, but Meng Hao's sudden explosive success had kindled the spirits and souls of all of the cultivators there.

Once the 1st Heaven was actually destroyed, that spark which had been lit would explode into an inferno.

"Mountain and Sea Cultivators, fight to the death!" The shouts of one cultivator after another in the Fourth Mountain and Sea rang out, like the bellowing of war horns calling everyone to a final battle. As they did, they charged forth, smashing into the surrounding Outsiders.

Soon, such cries filled the air throughout the Fourth Mountain and Sea. The eyes of all cultivators were shining brightly, and everyone felt as if they were bursting with incredible power.

Soon, all of the voices in the Fourth Mountain and Sea joined together into one mighty call.

"Mountain and Sea Cultivators, fight to the death!"

Meng Hao was using one simple phrase to bring all of the Nine Mountains and Seas into one united Mountain and Sea Realm!

As the voices echoed out in the Fourth Mountain and Sea, similar cries rose up in the Third and Fifth Mountains and Seas. Massive waves of sound were crashing out, and were joined by the Second, First, Sixth, and Seventh Mountains and Seas!

All voices cried out, filled with passion and inspiration.

"Mountain and Sea Cultivators, fight to the death!" That one phrase embodied the spirit of the Mountain and Sea Realm. There would be no retreat. Enough was enough! They had been suppressed to the limit, and now was the time... to give voice to their rage!

They did not agree to be exterminated. They did not agree to die. They did not agree for the Mountains and Seas to vanish. This was the voice of a people who did not agree to back down.

This was the voice... that marked the awakening of a people!

“Mountain and Sea Cultivators, fight to the death!” Finally, the voices could be heard in the Eighth Mountain and Sea and then... the Ninth Mountain and Sea. All of the Nine Mountains and Seas, the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, was filled with one unified voice!

The ordinary Outsiders trembled. The Dao Sovereign was shocked. The Imperial Lord was shaken. The Paragon was flabbergasted!!

As of this moment, the people of the Mountain and Sea Realm were using their battle cry to tell the Outsiders: We are not to be underestimated! You might have suppressed us for tens upon tens of thousands of years, but we are still... the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Chapter 1340: To Exterminate this World!

At the very end of the starry sky, within the 1st Heaven, Meng Hao looked around... at a world that was very different from what he had imagined. He saw mountains and rainbows, plains and oceans.

The spiritual energy here was abundant, ten times more so than in the Mountain and Sea Realm. In fact, there wasn't just spiritual energy, there was abundant Immortal qi, making the entire place seem like a celestial paradise.

Luxuriant vegetation covered the surface of the land, and a blue sky stretched out in all directions. Cities and other edifices were everywhere, although they floated about in the air instead of being constructed on the ground. Immortal mountains could be seen, as well as waterfalls of stars that seemed to connect Heaven and Earth.

The edifices were all exquisitely constructed, and gargantuan. They were ancient, filled with a boundless sense of time and history. Statues could be seen, and precious materials were available everywhere.

"So, this is the 1st Heaven...." Meng Hao thought, feeling a bit shocked. Suddenly, a cold light flickered in his eyes, and his cultivation base erupted. Fleshly body power surged out, and he began to grow taller; in the blink of an eye, he was 3,000 meters tall!

He had a Dao Sovereign fleshly body which could shake Heaven and Earth, and taking a mere step could shake lands and rock mountains. When his cultivation base power spread out, the Paragon Bridge appeared, radiating a pressure of extermination that caused the sky to flash with brilliant colors.

There were hordes of Outsiders here guarding the 1st Heaven, and yet none had very high cultivation bases. It was with complete shock that they all looked toward Meng Hao.

An ancient voice suddenly spoke from off in the distance. "Who are you?!?! What are you doing?!"

Clouds and mist roiled together to form into a huge face that stared at Meng Hao.

“I’m Meng Hao,” he replied softly, “from the Mountain and Sea Realm. I’ve come today to exterminate this world!” With that, he clenched his hand into a fist and punched down toward the ground.

That single fist strike caused the entire world to shudder and crack as the power of extermination spread out.

It was none other than the Life-Extermination Fist!

The power of that blow caused the lands of the 1st Heaven to shake. The shaking wasn’t violent at first. It was like the shaking caused when a mayfly alights onto a leaf. However, at the same time, all of the plants and vegetation nearby on the surface of the land instantly withered and died!

It was as if the life force had been sucked out of them! A gray shockwave spread out from Meng Hao’s fist, and everywhere it passed, things withered!

The Outsiders’ faces fell when this happened, and the ancient face was filled with shock. However, before it could say anything, Meng Hao swished his sleeve, and a boom could be heard as the mist-face collapsed.

Meng Hao’s eyes were now shining with a cold glint. To him, no cultivators lived here, only animals. From what he could tell, virtually all of the Outsiders in this world, including the ones with the power to take humanoid shape, were all just lizards!

Although the buildings and the environment looked like the Immortal World, Meng Hao knew that it wasn’t. This place... was more like an animal den.

“Animals like you want to exterminate the Mountain and Sea Realm?” Meng Hao shook his head, then unleashed another punch toward the land beneath his feet, then pulled his hand back and punched again. The second punch was the Bedevilment Fist, and the third was the God-Slaying Fist. As the lands trembled, the Paragon Bridge crushed down, causing cities and edifices which floated in the air to shake violently and list to the

side. Then, Meng Hao's divine sense spread out, filling the entire world. His will superceded the will of the world itself, crushing down, unleashing unmitigated destructive power.

He was a windstorm, causing mountains to crumble wherever he passed. The lands disintegrated, and the rivers flowed backward. Oceans roared, and vast crevices opened up, causing cracking sounds to fill the air as they spread out. It was as if countless dragons were burrowing out through the soil, shaking the entire world.

Meng Hao took a step forward, appearing in front of one of the floating cities. He looked at it for a moment, and then his eyes flickered with determination. This was not the time for mercy and kindness. He suddenly recalled the destroyed planets within the Mountain and Sea Realm, and how the viciously grinning Outsiders hadn't even spared the mortals.

"How animalistic, but then again, you really are just animals!" His right hand clenched into a fist, and he punched out. Rumbling sounds echoed out, along with bloodcurdling screams, as the enormous city was completely destroyed.

Meng Hao's divine sense had long since confirmed that within the 1st Heaven, all of the Outsiders were lizards. Furthermore, as a species, none of them lacked cultivation bases in the way that mortal humans did. No, all of these lizards, from birth, had the power of a cultivation base.

Because of that, there was no question as to whether or not to wipe them out.

He took a step forward, and as he did, he exterminated everything he saw. The land turned gray as the life force was sucked away, and the feeling of death spread out everywhere.

Gradually, Meng Hao could detect a howling sound coming from deep within the land, something that originated, not from any Outsider, but from the will of the world itself!

It could sense his determination to kill everything, which was why it had sent the Tribulation Lightning against him. Now that he was here in person, it was doing everything it could to try to expel him.

The power of expulsion grew stronger, and yet, Meng Hao didn't care at all.

With his Dao Sovereign fleshly body, divine sense that was eighty percent as powerful as a Paragon's, and the cultivation base of an Allheaven Dao Immortal, although he couldn't completely disregard such expulsion power, he could definitely fight back against it!

Rumbling could be heard as cities collapsed and statues were destroyed. Countless Outsiders let out miserable shrieks as their scales exploded and they were annihilated. Meng Hao was like a god of death, wreaking destruction and slaughter wherever he went.

Suddenly, a roar echoed out, which came from none other than what had previously manifested as the face of an old man. It was an enormous, ancient lizard, which shot toward him from off in the distance. The power of a 5-Essences cultivation base rippled out, and yet before he could even get close, Meng Hao gave a cold harrumph, and the lizard lurched to a stop in midair, blood spraying out of his mouth. Meng Hao hadn't even waited for it to get close before unleashing a fist strike!

A boom rang out as the ancient lizard was completely and utterly destroyed!

Cries of misery could be heard ringing out from all corners of the world. There was a constant stream of pleas for mercy, as well as curses.

Meng Hao looked at the sky and the land, then waved his hand, sending out Divine Flame. "You suppressed us, you sealed us, and you invaded us. If you want to assign blame... blame Heaven and Earth for being cruel, or blame life for being unfair."

Wherever the Divine Flame passed, destructive power burned everything away.

The Blood Demon roared, and wherever it went the screams of lizards would echo out.

Mountains and rivers were demolished, the skies shattered, and numerous buildings and cities fell out of the air. More and more cracks

and crevices snaked out across the lands, which shook and began to collapse.

From the position of the 1st Heaven itself, what was happening wasn't very clear. However, down in the Mountain and Sea Realm, it was obvious!

Any cultivator of the Mountains and Seas could look up at the 1st Heaven, which had supplanted the starry sky, and could hear the booms echoing out, and see the dust and ash spreading out. In fact, there were even chunks of rock and rubble which were beginning to fall down.

With every boom, the lands shook. There were even entire sections which began to crumble, deforming the landscape. The cracks spread out, and there were even some vast slabs as big as asteroids which began to fall down.

"The 1st Heaven is about to collapse!!"

"It's really... really going to be destroyed!!"

"It's Meng Hao. It's him!"

"He attacked the 1st Heaven with the purpose of completely destroying it!!"

"Mountain and Sea Cultivators, fight to the death!" The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were going wild, and their eyes gleamed with determination. Their wild shouts, their killing intent, and their will to fight caused the Heavens to grow dim.

The Outsiders were trembling in shock as they saw their home shattering into pieces. All of a sudden, their will to fight was replaced with utter dread and terror.

One side was empowered, the other side was demoralized. The balance of battle was instantly overturned!

The sounds of fierce fighting rang out as the cultivators of the Nine Mountains and Seas began to fight back with a vengeance!

The Imperial Lord howled, the Paragon raged, the Dao Sovereign was in a frenzy. And yet, there was nothing they could do to stop what was

happening!

The Heavens were collapsing!

The Earth was shattering!

The spirits of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were rising. The inextinguishable spark of faith that burned within their hearts had been kindled by Meng Hao, and now, it was beginning to burn brightly!

In the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Patriarch Reliance was floating above a battlefield filled with mountains of Outsider corpses. He was looking up into the starry sky, at the crumbling land mass that was the 1st Heaven.

After a moment of silence, he began to laugh loudly.

“That’s my disciple! The Ninth Generation Demon Sealer! Meng Hao! Incredible!

“I ran from you for years, unwilling to be restricted, unwilling to become someone’s mount. But now, you little bastard, what you’ve done, and what you’ve said have convinced me...

“Henceforth, I am willing to be Meng Hao’s mount!

“I, the Patriarch... am completely willing, and will never have any regrets!” Patriarch Reliance threw his head back and howled, then shot up into the starry sky. Now that he had made his decision to be Meng Hao’s mount, he would fulfil the ancient agreement. He would be the Dao Protector of the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer without the slightest hesitation. Therefore, he flew up into the air to go meet Meng Hao.

Guyiding Tri-Rain was there on Patriarch Reliance’s head, giggling with happiness. She had been waiting for this day for a very, very long time....

At the same time, a middle-aged man could be seen standing atop Mount Daqing, there on Patriarch Reliance’s back, also looking up into the starry sky. He was suppressing the fierceness of his own gaze, but if he weren’t, it would be completely shocking.

He did not emanate the fluctuations of the Dao Realm, nor the Ancient Realm. He was not an Immortal, nor some type of spirit. In fact, he

appeared to be mortal, without any cultivation base fluctuations at all.

And yet, he seemed incredibly dangerous.

Astonishingly, that middle-aged man was none other than Dong Hu!

“I, Dong Hu, have been taking care of this treasure for my entire life. It was not destined to be mine, which means that I have been preparing it for someone else. I realized that many years ago, but by then, I had already become the spirit of the treasure.... But what does that really matter?”

Back in the very beginning, there were four boys who had been taken by Xu Qing to the Reliance Sect: Meng Hao, Wang Youcai, Fatty, and Dong Hu!

After all of them were separated, Xu Qing entered the cycle of reincarnation, Wang Youcai lost his eyes to gain ultimate enlightenment, Fatty gained numerous wives and concubines, and Meng Hao made a meteoric rise.

As of this moment, Dong Hu was standing on Mount Daqing, there on Patriarch Reliance's back as he charged up into the starry sky!

Chapter 1341: The Dao Sovereign Escapes!

Meng Hao was battering the land mass that was the 1st Heaven. Massive cracks and fissures were spreading out, and it was hard to tell how much longer the 1st Heaven would be able to hold together. Meanwhile, down in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, rumbling sounds echoed out from the region of the 33 Hells.

Then, the starry sky seemed to shatter as a huge rift opened up. A bedraggled figure trudged out, a figure who radiated both madness and venomous hatred.

He immediately coughed up a massive mouthful of blood, after which flames of insanity ignited within his eyes. Then he threw his head back and let out a piercing howl.

“Meng Hao, I hereby swear to wipe out your entire clan!!”

It was none other than the golden-armored Outsider Long Linzi who Meng Hao had lured into the 33 Hells, one of the Outsiders’ two Dao Sovereigns!

Currently, not a scrap of golden armor could be seen on him. He was in very sore straits, and was clearly fatigued. However, his energy level was no less than before, and in fact, he was slightly stronger. It was impossible to tell what torments he had endured within the 33 Hells, nor how he had managed to escape. However, the price he had paid was clearly unimaginable.

Were that not the case, he wouldn’t be so consumed with resentment.

As soon as he appeared, his divine sense spread out, whereupon a tremor ran through him. He heard the shouts and cries coming from the cultivators of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, as well as his fellow Outsiders, and looked up into the sky. Then, he saw his home, the land mass that was the 1st Heaven, beginning to crumble.

What filled him with more fury than ever was that he could clearly sense the aura of Meng Hao, whom he hated with a passion and couldn’t wait to

tear apart with his teeth.

“Meng Hao!” he growled, throwing his head back letting out a mindbogglingly powerful roar that filled the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea. All cultivators and Outsiders felt their minds trembling as Long Linzi transformed into a beam of bright light that shot up into the air.

Paragon Eegoo was still in the middle of battling Paragon Sea Dream. He hadn’t been very anxious earlier, but was now considering paying any price, no matter how severe, to break away from the fight. However, as soon as he sensed Long Linzi’s aura, his eyes began to shine with a strange light. The Imperial Lord who was fighting Ksitigarbha had the same reaction. The Dao Sovereign incarnations breathed sighs of relief. Then all 3 of these Outsiders let loose powerful streams of divine will, which sent ripples out into the void.

“Kill Meng Hao! Stop him!!”

“Regardless of the price, he must be cut down!!”

The shocking level of their divine will spread throughout the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, causing all cultivators to sense it. Those cultivators’ faces instantly flickered, and anxiety sprang up in their hearts. Meng Hao had become the symbol of their spirit, the spark that fueled the flames in their eyes.

If the 1st Heaven truly fell, then that spark would grow into an inferno which could inundate Heaven and Earth. But... if the 1st Heaven didn’t fall, and if Meng Hao died, then those flames would not do a lick of damage to anyone except themselves.

Countless numbers of cultivators watched anxiously as everything shook. As for Long Linzi, he knew exactly what his mission was. The safety of his homeland, and his enmity toward Meng Hao, became one, filling him with an explosive madness that caused him to disregard even his own safety.

“Meng Hao!” Long Linzi let out a mighty roar as he shot with incredible speed toward the 1st Heaven. As he neared, the land mass up above continued to break apart. There were even some places along the borders

that were falling. Scattered fragments of stone were falling down through the starry sky, which were then set aflame by the friction of entering the region of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Soon, the starry sky was like a sea of flames.

Everyone watching was filled with complete and utter shock. Long Linzi even began to burn his own life force, causing flames to burst out around him as he shot toward the 1st Heaven.

In the same moment that he was about to set foot into the 1st Heaven, Meng Hao was hovering there in midair, looking at the mass of flames around him. Miserable shrieks rang out in his ears as the lands cracked and crumbled. Cities fell in ruin, and numerous buildings collapsed. Mountains became plains, and plains became rifts and valleys.

He could sense the power of expulsion coming from the world, as well as the bitterness of the world's will as it howled in grief. Inwardly, Meng Hao sighed, then suddenly looked off into the distance.

A moment later, his eyes came to rest on Long Linzi, who had just burst into the 1st Heaven like a lightning bolt. This was his home, where he had grown up and practiced cultivation. He had many wonderful memories of this place, and everywhere he looked he could see places where he had spent time.

But now, looking around caused him to tremble, and his vision to turn red as if with blood. He wanted to say something, to shout out, but no sound would come. He began to pant, and the feeling of fury and madness within him was completely overwhelming.

"Y-you... you maniac!! I can't believe you're willing to destroy my people, my tribe, all the cities... the entire world! We might be at war, but how could you go so far!?!?" Long Linzi's maddened eyes were completely bloodshot, and were even shedding tears of blood. His heart felt as if it were being stabbed. In all directions, he only saw destroyed cities, and countless numbers of his people dead or dying.

He smelled the blood of his fellow tribesmen, and could see piles of corpses and ruins....

“Meng Hao!!” he roared. Filled with hatred and madness, he transformed into a beam of light that shot toward Meng Hao, causing everything to shake.

“So you do understand that there are limits to the wars of cultivators. Mortals should be left alone.” Meng Hao looked scornfully at Long Linzi. Voice cool, he said, “I’m not sure about all of the other cultivators in the Mountains and Seas,” he continued, “But I live by the motto... an eye for an eye, blood for blood!

“Today, the extermination of the 1st Heaven is only the beginning!” Meng Hao’s voice was as cold as ice as it echoed out. At the same time, he clenched his right hand into a fist and then punched out toward Long Linzi.

He was 5,000 kilometers away, but he still unleashed the Life-Extermination Fist!

A will of extermination exploded out, sucking in all of the life force in the area, the life of the 1st Heaven. That fist strike shook lands, rocked mountains, and caused colors to flash in the air as it rumbled forth.

Long Linzi’s eyes widened. Although he was completely enraged, he was still in command of his senses. As soon as Meng Hao attacked, his heart began to thump. Even though the power of the fist strike came purely from Meng Hao’s fleshly body, it still filled him with a sensation of intense danger.

Without any hesitation, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture and then pointed toward Meng Hao. Instantly, Essence power exploded out, becoming a six-colored vortex that slammed into Meng Hao’s fist strike.

RUMBLE!

Heaven and Earth were trembling, as was Long Linzi as he staggered backward, blood spraying out of his mouth. Meng Hao also fell back, and although every step he took was upon the air itself, the ground below quaked in response, and after a few steps, it exploded.

The ground collapsed for 3,000 meters in all directions as a huge hole appeared in the earth. Rocks and rubble fell down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm as a crater was opened up that pierced through the entire 1st Heaven.

In fact, if you looked down into that breach, you would be able to see the Mountain and Sea Realm down below.

That was how Meng Hao fought: borrowing the force of an attack against him to unleash his own bombardment.

Long Linzi roared, and his hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, causing six Essences to erupt out. They instantly transformed into six ferocious lizards, which radiated fearsome wills of extermination as they charged Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and he laughed coldly. His right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and then he waved it out, summoning the Paragon Bridge. When the Paragon Bridge descended onto the six Essence lizards, a massive rumbling boom echoed out as everything was destroyed.

Long Linzi looked at the shattered lands that were his home, and screamed. Then, laughing bitterly, he began to burn his life force to explosively increase the power of his cultivation base. In the blink of an eye, he pierced through the air to appear in front of Meng Hao. His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, and flames leapt out to form a gigantic mouth which lunged toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao had no time to dodge. He simply watched as the black mouth of flames bit down onto him.

Black flames raged as everything was ripped open: the sky, the land, and the air. But then, rumbling sounds could be heard as the black flames collapsed, and Meng Hao walked out, holding the Battle Weapon.

He didn't pause for even a moment before charging Long Linzi. The Battle Weapon was incredibly powerful, but was also quite draining. Although Meng Hao was careful with how he drew upon his cultivation base, when the time came to attack, he never hesitated. And now, the Battle Weapon was slashing down toward Long Linzi.

In that instant, however, a tremor ran through Long Linzi, and he suddenly threw his head back and howled. Blood sprayed out of his mouth as his body unexpectedly split apart like a cicada shedding its carapace. Shockingly, only one of those bodies was hit by the Battle Weapon!

The other body fell back in full retreat, black light flickering around him. Although his aura had diminished, he was completely uninjured.

“How many times can you attack like that?!” Long Linzi roared, a windstorm kicking up around him.

Meng Hao frowned, performed an incantation gesture with his left hand, and then pointed toward Long Linzi. It was the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, and yet, as soon as the Hexing magic was unleashed, Long Linzi threw his head back and roared.

“Mother of lizards, will of the 1st Heaven, safeguard me!” as Long Linzi roared, a shocking will arose from within the crumbling 1st Heaven. It instantly descended upon Long Linzi, fighting back against the Hexing magic, completely negating it in shocking fashion!

Meng Hao’s eyes narrowed, but he didn’t hesitate. He put the Battle Weapon away and then clenched his fist to unleash the Bedevilment Fist.

Chapter 1342: Earth Shatters!

Long Linzi was sent tumbling backward with a boom. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, but a vicious expression could be seen on his face as he began to perform an incantation gesture. However, even as he did so, Meng Hao snorted coldly and transformed into an azure roc.

As the roc closed in, talons ripped through the air toward Long Linzi.

Even as those talons closed in, rumbling sounds echoed out from Long Linzi as he abandoned his humanoid shape and transformed into a black lizard. Roaring, he swept his tail through the air, shattering it as it bashed into the roc.

The azure roc shattered, and blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth. However, he didn't slow down. Instead, his right hand clenched into a fist and he punched Long Linzi directly in the chest!

This was none other than the God-Slaying Fist!!

It converged his will with the will of Heaven, turning into a fist strike that could exterminate everything!

Massive booms rang out as the fist absorbed half of the life force of the entire 1st Heaven, unleashing both a spirit of Bedevilment and a will of God-Slaying. Long Linzi screamed miserably as he was sent tumbling backward. His flesh and blood were mangled, his scales shattered. He slammed into the ground, which quaked as a huge crater opened up!

As that crater crumbled open, Meng Hao once again began to grow in size until he was 3,000 meters tall. Then he took a step forward, leaping into the crater and slamming another fist toward Long Linzi.

However, as the fist was unleashed, Meng Hao frowned. Long Linzi's body was somewhat blurry, and he even let out a cold snort.

"Not real?" Meng Hao murmured, his expression calm. However, his right hand didn't slow down, but instead sped up as it rocketed toward the illusory figure. The full power of his fleshly body and his cultivation base backed the fist strike as it passed through the illusion and slammed into

the earth behind it.

The resulting boom shook the entire land mass. Several massive craters formed that penetrated all the way through to the other side of the land mass, sending massive amounts of rubble tumbling down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

As for Meng Hao himself, he followed the collapse of the crater down, evading the vicious tail strike which swept out from Long Linzi.

As the tail screamed past his head, Long Linzi roared viciously, then changed tactics, reaching out with his hands to grab Meng Hao.

“You don’t need to come after me,” Meng Hao said coolly. The Lightning Cauldron suddenly appeared above his head. Lightning danced, and he turned in the direction of Long Linzi, instantly switching places with him via Form Displacement Transposition.

The moment they switched locations, Meng Hao unleashed his divine sense, which was eighty percent as powerful as a Paragon’s.

A boom could be heard as it crushed onto Long Linzi, shoving him downward. Divine sense that powerful should have been enough to seriously injure him, and yet an enormous statue suddenly appeared behind him, which surrounded Long Linzi and also resisted the divine sense.

As it fought back, it pushed aggressively toward Meng Hao. Just when Meng Hao was about to counterattack, a sacrificial power suddenly rose up from within the Fourth Mountain and Sea.

That sacrificial power caused Long Linzi to grow rapidly, and also increased the level of his cultivation base. He then threw his head back and howled as he shot toward Meng Hao at top speed.

Meng Hao frowned. He could tell that the Outsider Imperial Lord who was fighting with Ksitigarbha in the Fourth Mountain and Sea could not extricate himself from the fight. Instead, he had unleashed this secret magic, taking some of his own cultivation base and imparting it upon Long Linzi.

Rumbling echoed out as flames erupted around the incoming Long Linzi. Then he performed an incantation gesture, and the huge statue's eyes opened. It glared at Meng Hao with a look like death itself, completely locking down the area surrounding him.

"Die!" howled Long Linzi, barreling forward to slam his head into Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's right hand shot up, and the meat jelly appeared. Knowing exactly what Meng Hao wanted, it simply sighed and transformed into a wide rubbery membrane.

A mighty thwacking sound echoed out as Long Linzi slammed into the meat jelly and was then propelled backward, the force of his blow dispersed. Trembling, Long Linzi let out a roar, and yet, it couldn't drown out the cry of pain that rang out from the meat jelly's mouth.

"OWWW! That hurt like hell! Lord Third gives up! I give up!" The meat jelly rapidly shrank back down, transforming into a beam of light that shot back into Meng Hao's bag of holding.

As for Long Linzi, the backlash sent stabs of pain throughout his body, setting his qi and blood aboil, and temporarily freezing up his cultivation base.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. Even as Long Linzi fell back, he extended his right hand and waved his finger to unleash the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex.

Long Linzi lurched to a stop; they were no longer in the 1st Heaven now, but rather, underneath it. Therefore, Long Linzi could no longer benefit from the blessing of the will of the 1st Heaven, and thus, the Demon Sealing Hex immediately succeeded.

Almost as soon as Long Linzi lurched to a stop, the Battle Weapon appeared in Meng Hao's hand, which he slashed out.

"Let's see how you escape this time!" he said. Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes.

This slashing blade was moving too fast for Long Linzi to be able to

defend against. No escape magic could be used, and he was also locked in place by Meng Hao's Hexing magic.

However, it was at this point that, in another part of the starry sky, the Outsider Paragon who was fighting Sea Dream suddenly let out a powerful roar, causing a blood-colored light to shine from its body.

Instantly, a similar blood-colored light began to shine from Long Linzi. Apparently, some sort of strange connection had sprung up between the two of them!

"Blood Symbiosis?" Sea Dream said coldly. "Eegoo, you really dare to unleash this magic while fighting me?" She immediately attacked the Paragon. However, because of the blood-colored light, Meng Hao's attack was already doomed to fail. Long Linzi vanished, reappearing off in the distance a moment later. Meanwhile, Meng Hao's Battle Weapon slashed a massive rift into the void.

Off in the distance, Long Linzi glared at Meng Hao, his lips twisting into a smile. However, instead of heading toward Meng Hao again, he turned and shot toward the Mountain and Sea Realm. Meng Hao simply watched him go, eyes cold.

"Meng Hao, since you dare to exterminate the 1st Heaven, I'll just start exterminating cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm! Let's see... whether or not you choose to save them!" Long Linzi was already coughing up blood, and in a completely bedraggled state. Roaring, he shot toward the Mountain and Sea Realm, hoping to force Meng Hao to stop attacking the 1st Heaven!

You want to wipe out the 1st Heaven? I'll slaughter your Mountain and Sea cultivators! Let's see which of us is the most ruthless, and who gives in first!

The maddened Long Linzi rapidly picked up speed.

"Do you care more about this dying land mass than the living cultivators of the Mountains and Seas? What's your choice, Meng Hao?"

Meng Hao's pupils constricted. The effective power of his cultivation

base was already past the 5-Essences level, and was fully in the 6-Essences level. However, Long Linzi was at the same level. Although there was some difference between them, that difference wasn't vast. Furthermore, Meng Hao's most powerful asset, his divine sense, was something his opponent was already equipped to defend himself against.

Most relevant was that he had received blessings from an Imperial Lord and a Paragon. Because of all those terrifying enhancements, he had numerous ways to avoid death. Were that not the case, he would already be dead, cut down by Meng Hao's Battle Weapon.

An unsightly expression appeared on Meng Hao's face. Suddenly, he transmitted a message. "Choumen Tai, can you turn this Outsider Paragon Eegoo into a puppet?"

Choumen Tai's ancient voice immediately echoed back in response. "To guarantee success, it must be done when the Paragon is personally attacking you. I only have one chance to pull it off, and in this situation the likelihood of success is less than thirty percent."

In all of Meng Hao's calculations, he had never anticipated that Long Linzi would escape from the battle at such a critical moment. Now that he thought about it, it most likely had something to do with the Outsider Paragon.

Only that Paragon would be able to save Long Linzi and then use him to pin Meng Hao down.

Meng Hao had no choice. Rationally speaking, he should just continue to attack the 1st Heaven. However, his heart wouldn't let him do that.

Sighing softly, he was about to make his choice when his eyes suddenly widened. Looking down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm, he saw a bright beam of light shooting with incredible speed... directly toward Long Linzi!

"Patriarch Reliance...." Meng Hao thought, completely shaken.

It was none other than Patriarch Reliance, howling as he flew along at top speed.

“Hey, you wimpy little lizard, Patriarch Reliance is here to put you in your place!” Patriarch Reliance roared, suddenly growing even more gargantuan in size as he barreled toward the Long Linzi.

At the same time, a tremor ran through Patriarch Reliance, and rumbling sounds could be heard as innumerable magical symbols appeared all over him. When Patriarch Reliance wasn't attacking Meng Hao, those magical symbols could actually bolster the power of his cultivation base. Furthermore, the fluctuations of sealing marks being released suddenly emanated out.

Patriarch Reliance's biggest secret was something that no one except for Meng Hao knew about. He had been alive since the days of the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect. When he and Meng Hao had clashed in the past, the cultivation base power he had unleashed was already in the Dao Realm. There was even a brief moment once where he had emitted the fluctuations of a Dao Lord.

Patriarch Reliance was one tough cookie, and the fact that he was now on a collision course with him filled Long Linzi with fear. Now, thanks to the interference of Patriarch Reliance, he was unable to engage in any form of slaughter in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Meng Hao laughed loudly. Now, it was without any hesitation that he shot back toward the land mass that was the 1st Heaven. To the grief of the will of the 1st Heaven, rumbling could be heard as more cities fell, and more statues were destroyed. Mountains and rivers vanished, and the entire land mass began to show signs that it was going to fall completely!

Chunks of rubble began to drop down as fissures spread out across the entire land mass. Rumbling sounds could be heard as huge sections of land began to tumble down.

All of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm watched as the land mass that was the 1st Heaven began to shatter into pieces!

Chapter 1343: Heaven Collapses!!

Spirits were stirred!

As of this moment, all cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm felt their spirits rising in unprecedented fashion!

“Mountain and Sea Cultivators, fight to the death!!” In all of the Nine Mountains and Seas, the cultivators were whipped into an excited frenzy. They immediately launched vicious counterattacks against the Outsiders. At the same time, their hearts were filled with anticipation. Anticipation... at the thought of the Heaven which loomed over them falling to pieces.

They were waiting. Each and every one of the Mountain and Sea cultivators was waiting!

They were waiting... for Heaven to collapse!

Afterward, that Heaven would never again block the gazes of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm as they looked up into the sky. Layer by layer, the sealing of the 33 Heavens would be destroyed, and the Mountain and Sea cultivators... would be able to look up into the true starry sky, and see the true Vast Expanse!

It would be just like in the days of the Paragon Immortal Realm, when they were valiant and indomitable in spirit!

The Outsiders were in a daze, trembling as they looked up at the shattering land mass that was the 1st Heaven. For the first time, they truly felt fear, fear and dread regarding the Paragon Immortal Realm which had existed deep in their blood, and was now gradually seeping out.

Countless Outsiders were shaking in fear, and although they were still fighting, still struggling against the Mountain and Sea cultivators, that was only because they still held hope that... the land mass above would not collapse!

The Imperial Lord roared, and the Paragon raged. Wild colors flashed in Heaven and Earth, and massive rumbling sounds could be heard. The 1st Heaven was shaking violently, and more pieces were beginning to crumble

away!

The will of the world that existed in the 1st Heaven let out a scream of boundless grief, as if it were dying....

Shockingly, corpses were now falling down through the cracks that spread throughout the 1st Heaven. There were also the crumbled ruins of buildings, and even large swaths of entire cities.

The whole world was completely shaken!

“NO!!” Despondent howls rang out from several different locations among the Mountains and Seas, where the incarnations of the Outsider Dao Sovereign were.

Those various incarnations had been fighting the Mountain and Sea Lords, but now they were trembling and losing the will to fight. Their eyes were bright red, and in their madness, tears of blood were seeping down.

That was because they had just caught sight of a city falling down out of the sky. Only about half of it was left intact, and that city was actually the personal fiefdom of the Outsider Dao Sovereign in the 1st Heaven. It also... was the home of many of his relatives!!

But now, the city was collapsing, and thus, one could imagine the fates of all of those relatives.

“Meng Hao!!” howled the incarnations of the Outsider Dao Sovereign, which then went all out, paying any price, even burning their life forces to try to break out from being pinned down by the Mountain and Sea Lords.

Of course, the Mountain and Sea Lords weren't in the same position as the Outsider Dao Sovereign, and weren't willing to burn their life forces. In the brief moment of hesitation in which they tried to decide what to do, the Dao Sovereign's incarnations burst free.

Beams of burning light shot through the air to converge together into a unified figure, which was the complete Dao Sovereign!

Although his incarnations had been severely injured, and two had been cut down by Meng Hao, burning his life force quickly returned him to his

peak. Throwing his head back and howling, he shot toward the 1st Heaven, brimming with hatred and madness.

As of this moment, all Outsiders could see what was happening, and were shaking in anticipation of their Dao Sovereign preventing their home from being destroyed!

Tears of blood streaked down the Outsider Dao Sovereign's face as he shot through the air toward the 1st Heaven. However, in almost the exact same instant that he took to flight, massive, jaw-dropping rumbling sounds echoed out from the 1st Heaven, shaking the entire Mountain and Sea Realm. The noise was so loud that cultivators and Outsiders alike felt as if their eardrums would burst at any moment. All of them stopped fighting and looked up toward the 1st Heaven.

What they saw was a massive crack splitting the entire land mass, as a chunk that comprised nearly ten percent of the entire structure... suddenly begin to split off, accompanied by grating sounds as loud as thunder.

A massive chunk of the overall land mass, a piece large as the starry sky of any of the Mountains and Seas, slowly... began to sag down!!

As that chunk slowly tilted to the side, all buildings and structures atop the land mass crumbled. However, it was also possible to see areas where the chunk was still connected to the main land mass.

It was in that moment that Meng Hao appeared. He raised his right hand and unleashed a fist strike. To the shock of everyone, that blast... cut all connections with the main land mass.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

A full ten percent of the entire land mass began to fall down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm. It was incredibly enormous, so big that it seemed capable of crushing anything beneath it. However, it was then that the will of the Mountains and Seas swept out, shredding the lifeless chunk into countless clouds of rubble, which exploded out into the starry sky like blooming flowers and then slowly floated downward.

The Mountain and Sea Realm went completely silent. The Outsiders

stared with wide eyes.

The Outsider Dao Sovereign was trembling, and then let out a miserable howl filled with despair, hatred, and even... regret!

Whether he regretted splitting himself into multiple incarnations, or regretted marching out to battle, and the war itself... only he could know.

Then, rumbling sounds echoed out as a second chunk of the land mass began to split off. Then a third, a fourth, and a fifth....

Seas of flame raged in the starry sky, illuminating the entire Mountain and Sea Realm. By now, the land mass was completely riddled with massive cracks. One chunk after another began to break off and fall down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

A long moment passed, and then the loudest boom of them all echoed out, a boom which rocked the whole Mountain and Sea Realm, and the entire 1st Heaven.

BOOOOM!!

It was like a sudden clap of thunder that roared out into the starry sky, and even caused the Mountain and Sea Realm to vibrate.... Then, gasps began to rise up into the air.

The 1st Heaven... was completely collapsing!

All cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm could see that it was completely and utterly broken into countless pieces.

Rubble fell down, as if the 1st Heaven were a mirror which had been shattered. Not a single piece of land was qualified to remain floating up above in the starry sky....

All of the shattered, crushed and broken remnants fell down out of the sky.

Heaven collapsed!

That collapse was only a collapse of the 1st Heaven, but as of this moment, it was a huge blow to all Outsiders within the Mountain and Sea Realm. They were trembling violently, and none of them could even speak.

Their eyes were filled with blankness and despair....

Their home was gone....

Their home, which had flourished for tens upon tens of thousands of years, was now gone....

Their fellow tribe members were gone....

In the past, countless relatives had lived quiet lives up in the 1st Heaven, but now they were gone. The 1st Heaven was destroyed, shattered into pieces. Cities, rubble, and corpses fell down like rain. Everything... was no more.

Despair washed through the Outsiders, and they no longer had any will to fight. They were trembling, and terrified....

In sharp contrast, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were enlivened, and completely ready to do battle!

*

Note from Deathblade: This is another short chapter. Er Gen said that he felt this was the proper place to end it, and it was also one of his four-updates-in-a-day times when he was campaigning for monthly vote tickets.

Chapter 1344: Another Encounter With World Essence!

Meng Hao had truly done something that shook Heaven and Earth.... A mighty act!

He could not illuminate every inch of the starry sky of the Mountain and Sea Realm, but he could cause light to shine within the eyes of all cultivators there, to gleam within their hearts and their divine will!

That light was the spirit of the Mountain and Sea Realm, the rise to prominence of an entire people!

He destroyed the 1st Heaven to crush the hearts of the Outsiders, and to give hope to the Mountain and Sea cultivators, to stir their hearts!!

We can do it!

We can still secure victory!!

Rumbling echoed down from above, and at the same time, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm roared. Their impassioned cries swept out like tempests; not even the sounds of the 1st Heaven's destruction could drown them out!

"The 1st Heaven... is collapsing!!"

"The 1st Heaven... is no more!!"

"He did it! Meng Hao... actually did it!!" People were shouting and crying, and their tears glistened under the flickering light of the flames overhead; the light their eyes shone with was that of hope, of inspiration, and of determination.

Within the Seventh Mountain and Sea, on Planet Tiger Cage, the cultivators were all trembling with excitement. Their hearts had been dead, but now that the 1st Heaven was collapsing, it was as if they had been resurrected.

In the Nine Mountains and Seas, the cultivators on all of the battlefields had been repressed for far too long. Now that the 1st Heaven had

collapsed, they erupted out, exploded, and their rising spirits filled the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

“Meng Hao, Meng Hao!” It was hard to say who said it first, but soon everyone was chanting his name. All of the voices in the Mountain and Sea Realm joined together into a thunderous cry.

The sound of their conjoined voices rose up through the starry sky, until even Meng Hao could hear them.

“Meng Hao, Meng Hao!”

“Meng Hao, Meng Hao!!”

The Mountain and Sea Realm was astir in a way it had never been before. The cultivators were bursting with excitement, and as for the Outsiders, they were trembling in despair and utter terror.

Although they didn’t completely understand, they could sense that the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were different than they had been before. They were more valiant, more unyielding, and more terrifying!

It was as if a unified people was finally rising up!

It was as if the Mountain and Sea Realm had been a sleeping giant that anyone could humiliate freely. But now, that giant... had opened its eyes. It was... awake!

That awakening caused Heaven and Earth to flash with colors!

That awakening caused the starry sky to be completely shaken!

The crumbling 1st Heaven up above was like a sacrificial offering which was now awakening the Mountain and Sea Realm!

In the Ninth Mountain and Sea, everyone in the Fang Clan was cheering. Fang Xiufeng couldn’t be more excited as he watched Meng Hao, his heart bursting with intense pride. He wanted to shout out to all cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, “Meng Hao is MY son!!”

All of the Chosen who Meng Hao had dealt with in the past, be it Fan Dong’er or Ji Yin, couldn’t help but be swept up in the excitement.

Although they had some mixed emotions, they weren't thinking about the things that had happened in the past. In their eyes, they saw... a blazing sun, lifting the spirits of the people.... Meng Hao!

In fact, there were even some cultivators who looked over at those Chosen and suddenly realized that owing Meng Hao money might actually be something that one could be proud of....

If Meng Hao asked, there would be hosts of people who would elatedly write promissory notes for him....

To be connected to him by Karma could be considered good fortune!

Xu Qing was smiling, Fang Yu was smiling, and Meng Li was smiling. A smile could even be seen on the face of Li Ling'er. As of this moment, all cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm felt something different inside of them that hadn't been there before.

On Planet South Heaven, Shui Dongliu watched the Mountain and Sea Realm rise up, watched hope appear, and he threw his head back and laughed.

"With this spirit, then... even if the Mountains and Seas are defeated, then as long as a single cultivator remains alive, then the spark will burn, and the bloodline of the Mountains and Seas will be passed down for all eternity!" Shui Dongliu laughed heartily, a laughter of pure happiness. He knew that as of this day, victory and defeat... were not important.

Up in the starry sky, Meng Hao hovered there, looking down at the entirety of the Mountain and Sea Realm. At the same time, the cultivators down below were looking up through the shattered remnants of the 1st Heaven at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao felt as if he should say something, so he thought for a moment, then spoke. "I am a Mountain and Sea cultivator!"

He bolstered his words with his cultivation base and divine sense, causing them to echo out, starting with the Fourth Mountain and Sea, then spreading to the Third, Second, First as well as the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth.

Gradually, everyone in the Mountain and Sea Realm was shouting the exact same thing!

“I am a Mountain and Sea cultivator!!”

“I am a Mountain and Sea cultivator!!”

“I am a Mountain and Sea cultivator!!” The sound rolled out as each and every cultivator shouted from the bottoms of their heart, shouted words that contained their lives, their wills, and their pride!

Even more shocking was what happened next. There on Planet South Heaven, Shui Dongliu threw his head back and lifted both hands up into the air. In response, the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm began to boil and rumble explosively. Massive amounts of the energy of Heaven and Earth, which had been stored up for years, now spread out through the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, boring into the bodies of all cultivators.

One by one, people began to roar as they experienced cultivation base breakthroughs!!

They had been suppressed for far too long, but now, the seal of the 33 Heavens was weakening. Now that the Mountain and Sea Realm had been stimulated, the cultivators began to soar!

Henceforth... the 33 Heavens... were now 32 Heavens, and their seal had lost one of its layers!

As the rumbling sounds echoed out into the ears of the Outsiders, they shook, and began to edge backward. They no longer had any will or faith to fight whatsoever.

Even the Outsider Dao Sovereign Long Linzi who was fighting Patriarch Reliance was shaking.

“Perhaps... we were mistaken. A Mountain and Sea Realm like this, the continuation of the Paragon Immortal Realm itself, is something... that we cannot subjugate... that we cannot destroy....”

The Outsider Imperial Lord fighting with Ksitigarbha also began to shake. His cultivation base put him on the cusp of being a Paragon, and

therefore, he could see even more of what was happening. He could see the Mountain and Sea Realm awakening, and he could see its aura slowly rising up from deep within.

Outsider Paragon Eegoo, who was fighting Paragon Sea Dream, felt intense bitterness in his heart. As a Paragon, he could see the entirety of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and understood everything that was happening. He could also sense that terrifying aura rising up, the pride which had been passed down all the way from the Paragon Immortal Realm.

The Immortals from the era of the Paragon Immortal Realm had been valiant, proud without being arrogant. They had been powerful, but not cruel, and had thus subjugated numerous Lower Realms, sweeping across all Heaven and Earth, dominating the starry skies!

It had been a very, very long time since Paragon Eegoo saw an aura like this, and yet... here it was on this day. Yet again, he felt that aura taking root.

“This kid might not love fighting,” he thought, “and he might not understand troop movements and formations. Nor does he excel in the art of war, or of military campaigns. However he... has mastered the quintessence of war!

“Ordinary people think that war is about subjugation. Some more intelligent people realize that it is about death and destruction. However... the truly wise know... that war is about destroying the spirit of your enemy....

“Any given world, and any given people, have a spirit that leads to the most terrifying kind of willpower. Back in the days of the Paragon Immortal Realm, that spirit was suppressed, and that willpower altered, forced to hole up here. It was sealed up, not just by the 33 Heavens, but by the people themselves.

“But now, everything has changed.... That kid, must die!” The Outsider Paragon’s eyes flickered with cold light.

It was at about this time that bitter laughter could be heard not too far

away from Meng Hao. It was the Outsider Dao Sovereign, who had now converged his incarnations back together, who had burned his life force to try to prevent the 1st Heaven from collapsing. However, he had acted too late. Now, his mind was completely shaking. Rumbling sounds echoed out as he shot murderously toward Meng Hao, raving in madness.

“You destroyed my home, and you destroyed my people!” he shrieked as he closed in at top speed. “You wiped out everything that was ours, Meng Hao!!”

“You wiped yourselves out,” Meng Hao said calmly. He was just about to launch an attack, when all of a sudden, he turned to look at the collapsing 1st Heaven.

He could sense... the aura of Essence!

“World Essence!” he thought. Eyes glittering, heart surging with elation, he thought back to the World Essence of the Windswept Realm. The enormous land mass that was the 1st Heaven also had Essence, although it vastly exceeded the Essence from the Windswept Realm. After all, this had been one of the few surviving, unbroken remnants of the 3,000 Lower Realms.

Therefore, it was only natural... that this place had World Essence! 1

World Essence was a supreme Dao, a complete Dao based on an entire World. As such, different worlds had different types of World Essence!

Years before, Meng Hao had experienced numerous deadly situations, all to acquire the World Essence of the Windswept Realm. After acquiring it, he had been able to unlock his Allheaven Dao Immortal bloodline, and had even been able to plant the Allheaven Dao seed within the blood of the entire Fang Clan!

That World Essence had affected Meng Hao in a profound way. In fact, later on, the only reason why he eventually rose to the heights he had, to be able to slaughter Dao Lords and Dao Sovereigns, was because of his Allheaven bloodline. And that... was because of the Windswept Realm's World Essence, the Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao!

As of this moment, Meng Hao was completely shaken. He could sense the Allheaven Dao Immortal blood inside him boiling, as if it were consumed by incredible thirst. He suddenly had the intense premonition that if he could get that World Essence, then he might have a chance to further awaken his Allheaven Dao Immortal blood!

He could even sense that the World Essence of the 1st Heaven was something very different than the Windswept Realm's Traitorous Sutra of the Rebel Dao. If he could gain enlightenment of it, the results would be extraordinary!

It could help cultivators gain enlightenment of great Dao relics of Heaven and Earth.

The 33 Heavens had tolerated the Windswept Realm only because of its World Essence which they coveted.

Right now, as the land mass that was the 1st Heaven collapsed, it was possible to tell that this World Essence was far more powerful than the Windswept Realm's. Furthermore... it was now seeping out through the shattered cracks that riddled the 1st Heaven.

Meng Hao didn't hesitate for a moment. He flickered into motion, avoiding the Outsider Dao Sovereign to suddenly appear in the location of the World Essence.

When that happened, an intense Essence aura rumbled out toward Meng Hao. His mind suddenly grew a hundred times clearer, and he became a hundred times more agile. The feeling of a great Dao, of a powerful Essence, was even more explosive than before.

Most importantly, his powers of deduction were now vastly beyond what they had been.

Even his bloodline experienced strange transformations, signs of absorption and change!

1. World Essence was a fairly important part of the Windswept Realm arc, and was mentioned many times. The most relevant chapters were 1147-1149.

Chapter 1345: Hexing Magic Essence!

As soon as Meng Hao sensed the World Essence, he began to absorb it. The World Essence around him began to move, and then became visible for all to see.

Countless motes of light, emanating soft glows, floated out from the 1st Heaven and spread out to fill the entire area. From a distance, it was possible to see one hundred thousand of them, forming together into the shape of a lizard.

As for Meng Hao, he was located where that lizard's heart would be, where the World Essence was most dense!

At this point, the Outsider Dao Sovereign gasped, then cried out, "World Essence!!"

The Outsider Paragon fighting Sea Dream saw the lizard-shaped World Essence, and his eyes filled with grief.

Not all worlds could give birth to World Essence. However, if one did, if that resulting World Essence was given enough time, it could actually become... a real living being!

All of the cultivators and Outsiders could see what was happening, although not everyone understood it.

Of course, thanks to the events which had occurred in the Windswept Realm, the Echelon cultivators from the various Mountains and Seas knew exactly what they were looking at, and their jaws dropped. It only took an instant for them to realize that this was World Essence.

Meng Hao's heart was pounding. Based on the level of his current cultivation base, being able to sense this World Essence filled him with an intense desire to acquire it. Furthermore, he knew that World Essence was extremely precious, especially to him.

He was currently in the very middle of all of the World Essence, and every breath he took caused vast amounts of it to flow into him. His thinking grew quicker, his powers of deduction stronger, and even his

willpower seemed to increase. It was as if he were becoming more at one with Heaven and Earth.

It was at this same point that the Outsider Dao Sovereign, eyes red, life force burning, suddenly had a strange feeling. He wasn't sure if it was an illusion or not, but after seeing Meng Hao begin to absorb the World Essence, he almost thought he could hear the World Essence screaming.

This was the Essence of his home, the homeland of his heart, the mother of lizards!

"Meng Hao!" he roared. He flickered into motion, shooting into the World Essence in an attempt to stop Meng Hao. However, as he closed in, Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and he dodged to the side, clearly not interested in tangling with the Outsider Dao Sovereign. Instead, he went all-out to continue to absorb the World Essence.

When he couldn't dodge to the side, he used the Lightning Cauldron and Form Displacement Transposition to put distance between the two of them as he continued to absorb the World Essence. As for the Outsider Dao Sovereign, considering that Meng Hao wasn't of a mind to do combat, there was little he could do.

After all, although it might seem as if they were on the same level in terms of battle prowess, the truth of the matter was that Meng Hao was now just a bit stronger than the Outsider Dao Sovereign!

Were it not for the fact that the World Essence seemed unstable, as if it might fade away at any moment, then Meng Hao would definitely have already attacked and killed him, and then continued the absorption process later.

Unfortunately, there was no time for that. His body flashed as he dodged a black sea of flames, after which he took in a deep breath, causing massive amounts of World Essence to rumble toward him.

As the World Essence shrank down, miserable screams echoed out that could be heard nowhere else except in the minds of the Outsiders.

It was as if the World Essence was begging its people, begging all lizard

cultivators, to help it!

Throughout the Mountain and Sea Realm, the Outsiders were trembling, and expressions of grief could be seen on their faces. However, there was nothing they could do....

Meng Hao continued to absorb the World Essence, and his eyes began to glow with increasing brightness. He almost looked like a sun, radiating a dazzling, boundless light of understanding.

He could clearly sense his thoughts racing faster than ever before; he could detect things that he had never been able to detect before, and could also feel the indescribable enlightenment of a Dao.

It was as if the great Daos of Heaven and Earth were all there in front of him, and all he had to do was pick one and attempt to understand its fundamental nature. Then... it would be able to grow into an Essence which belonged solely to him.

This was not like the Divine Flame, which was an external entity, and not his own!

What he was able to do now actually came from his experiences back in the Windswept Realm. There, he had laid the foundation by coming to enlightenment regarding 3,000 great Daos. That became the sowing of Karma, and today he was able to reap it!

“Understanding Essence....” he thought, his eyes flashing.

“I don’t need to gain enlightenment of any outside Essence. 3,000 great Daos. 3,000 Essences. Nobody can have all 3,000.... I only need enlightenment of nine Daos!

“Those nine Daos aren’t anything I need to jealously attempt to acquire from others, but rather, things which exist inside of me.... There are definitely no Essences more suitable to me than the Nine Demon Sealing Hexes!

“I came up with this idea before, to use the Demon Sealing Hexing magics as my Dao Realm Essences. If each one of the Hexes can be an Essence, then... when I get all nine Hexes, I will have nine Essences. And

that is when I, Meng Hao... will step into the pinnacle of the Paragon level!" Meng Hao's eyes were shining brightly, and his heart was pounding. As of this moment, he didn't hesitate at all. He went all out with every scrap of power he could muster to gain complete enlightenment of... the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex!

Body-Spirit Hexing!

In the instant that Meng Hao made his decision to seek enlightenment of the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, rumbling sounds filled his mind as all of his mental faculties focused completely on that Hex!

His mind filled with a roaring like the crash of endless thunder as he analyzed the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, focused on it, broke it apart and dug into it!

He contemplated why the Hex could cease the movement of the cultivation base, and he pondered how it could even control Essence. He analyzed why the Hex was even capable of locking down Nascent Divinities!

He even analyzed how the Eighth Generation Demon Sealer... created this particular Hexing magic!

Without the World Essence, it would have taken Meng Hao a very, very long time to do something like this, and would have required constant research and contemplation. But now, the World Essence almost seemed to make time move differently; it was as if 10,000 years passed by for Meng Hao with a single thought, benefiting him with all of the understanding he would come to in such a time!

As he continued to analyze and ponder, screams echoed endlessly within the minds of the Outsiders, and they knew that the motes of light that were the World Essence were being uncontrollably absorbed by Meng Hao.

In the blink of an eye, 30,000 motes of light had been sucked into him.

His powers of deduction became more profound, and he could analyze things faster. His eyes gleamed so brightly that anyone who could actually

see him would be shocked.

It was at this point that an aura of enlightenment began to rise up from him, to merge with Heaven and Earth, as if he were becoming one with the world!

This type of enlightenment was something that all cultivators dreamed of. It was... Dao enlightenment!

“NO!!” screamed the Outsider Dao Sovereign, eyes flashing with madness. Suddenly, his body collapsed, spreading out into the starry sky to form a crimson sea of blood, upon which raged black flames.

The red and the black mixed with each other, turning into violet. This was apparently some sort of spirit dissolving grand magic; the Outsider Dao Sovereign was willing to abandon his fleshly body and his Dao foundation, to burn all of the power of his Nascent Divinity, to turn into a sea of flames that swept magnificently toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao did nothing to dodge or evade. His eyes shone with a strange light as the sea of blood surged toward him. Then, he waved his finger.

That wave of a finger didn't unleash the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, and yet a powerful ripple spread out, causing the sea of blood to lurch to a stop. However, it took only a moment to recover. Rumbling sounds echoed out as violet waves roared, sending blistering heat out toward Meng Hao, along with the power of extermination.

“DIE!” screamed the Outsider Dao Sovereign from within the sea of blood, causing a massive pressure to erupt out, spreading out in all directions and then crushing down onto Meng Hao.

This insane attack by the Outsider Dao Sovereign converged all of his willpower, and burned his cultivation base away in exchange for an attack that caused even Meng Hao to feel a twinge of fear.

A boom could be heard, and blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth. His entire body was on fire as he staggered backward. And yet, he seemed to be completely ignoring that fact; a blankness could now be seen in his eyes, a blankness that came from deep and profound

contemplation.

It was almost as if he didn't see the danger which was right in front of him.

"DIIIIEEEEEEEEEE!" The sea of blood transformed into a huge face, which was none other than that of the Outsider Dao Sovereign. He glared at Meng Hao with intense hatred, howling as the sea of blood suddenly began to swirl, emanating an even more terrifying aura than before as it shot toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao sat within the sea of flames, frowning, his eyes filled with the gleam of augury.

"No, it's not just a simple Hexing magic," he muttered. "The Essence... is hidden within the Hexing magic...?" Suddenly, Meng Hao's eyes glittered.

"I need more World Essence!" Completely ignoring the sea of blood bearing down on him, he suddenly took a step forward.

As his foot descended, the entire world seemed to superimpose upon itself. Then it split apart, as if he had walked into a different dimension, as if he were no longer within the Mountain and Sea Realm.

He was now outside of the sea of blood, which crashed onto his former position with a loud rumbling sound. At the same time, more of the World Essence surged toward Meng Hao.

10,000. 20,000.... In the blink of an eye, he had absorbed more than half of the World Essence!

His mind was now roaring, and his powers of deduction exploded, as he mentally broke apart the Eighth Demon Sealing Hex, until finally... he saw the Essence of the Hexing magic!

"Space..." A tremor ran through him.

Chapter 1346: Essence of space!

Meng Hao saw countless dimensions of space, all of them different sizes. Some were blurry, others were clear. They transformed into countless threads, threads that Meng Hao was very familiar with; every time he unleashed the Eighth Hex, these threads would appear, bind whoever was the target of the magic, and seal their cultivation base as well as their Nascent Divinity.

Originally, Meng Hao had assumed that the threads were natural laws of Heaven and Earth. But now that he could see them clearly, he understood that they... were definitely not natural or magical laws!

They were dimensional spaces!

Numerous dimensional spaces superimposed over each other and then exerted pressure onto a cultivator to seal their cultivation base and Nascent Divinity!

“Yes! This is how to truly lock someone down! Shackle the cultivation base with numerous dimensional spaces! In fact, it might be less appropriate to call it locking them down, and more appropriate to call it... a sealing!” Meng Hao’s mind was reeling, and his eyes shone with a strange light as the surrounding World Essence continued to pour into him.

The entire starry sky shook, and the Outsider who had transformed into a sea of flames seethed as he once again bore down on Meng Hao. However, instead of slamming into Meng Hao, he passed right through him.

It was as if Meng Hao was now hovering, not in the Mountain and Sea Realm, but in some other dimensional space. The only thing which remained behind was a shadow, an image which everyone could see but not touch!

As of this moment, Ksitigarbha’s heart was pounding. The Outsider Imperial Lord he was fighting felt his mind trembling, and he gasped as he looked toward Meng Hao with complete astonishment.

It wasn't just them. Paragon Sea Dream and the Outsider Paragon Eegoo were also shocked.

The Mountain and Sea Lords, as well as the other Dao Realm experts of the Mountain and Sea Realm, all felt as if their minds were filled with crashing lightning as they realized... that they could sense the aura of Essence on Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's expression was calm, but the glow of augury in his eyes radiated dazzlingly, and the World Essence around him roared as he absorbed it with complete abandon.

60,000. 70,000. 80,000!!

Mere moments later, Meng Hao had absorbed more than 80,000 motes of light. Furthermore, he had entered a state in which something new was now floating in his mind...

Essence formed from space!

Why did the world have space, and what exactly was it?!

With the help of the World Essence, Meng Hao was able to analyze the subject, and to seek enlightenment of it. As of this moment, he had reached an unprecedentedly high peak. Rumbling could be heard as boundless light shone out from him to spread through the entire starry sky.

As of this moment, all cultivators and all Outsiders were completely shaken.

The Outsider Dao Sovereign was doing everything he could think of, but was incapable of even touching Meng Hao. All he could do was watch as Meng Hao hovered there in the starry sky, and then closed his eyes.

He was now truly gaining Dao enlightenment!

"What is space...?" Meng Hao murmured. The sound of his voice echoed out, causing the starry sky to shake. Although his eyes were closed, in his mind, he could see numerous dimensional spaces, spreading out in all directions, stretching out over such a vast area that they seemed limitless.

“Length... is space....

“Height... is space....

“Breadth... is also space....

“Size, can also be an expression of space....” Among the countless dimensional spaces, he saw that they could be described in terms of length, height, breadth, and overall size. And yet all of that seemed to be only a portion of what space was. Those were all... descriptions of space.

However, Meng Hao still didn’t understand everything clearly. There was something he was missing, something he hadn’t grasped. His brow furrowed as he subconsciously continued to absorb more World Essence power.

He needed to increase his powers of augury and understanding... to gain enlightenment of the true meaning of the Essence of space!

As of this moment, he had completely forgotten about the sea of flames, about the Mountain and Sea Realm, about the war. He was completely and utterly immersed in Dao enlightenment.

The rest of the world was completely shaken. Both the Mountain and Sea Realm and the Outsiders had been in an uproar, but now they were silent. Even the Imperial Lord and the Paragon said nothing.

At long last, the Outsider Dao Sovereign who had been trying every method possible to kill Meng Hao finally had no choice... but to stop unleashing his magic.

It was pointless....

As Meng Hao sought Dao enlightenment, the area around him distorted, occasionally expanding, occasionally contracting. Sometimes it would bulge upward and downward, and sometimes it would sweep out to the left or right.

The Outsider Dao Sovereign was trembling in his form of the flame sea. He couldn’t affect Meng Hao at all, and in fact, was prevented from even getting close to him. The closer he got, the more unstable the void became,

until destructive rifts even began to open up. In the end, he simply fled.

Currently nothing in existence could get close to that area, with the exception of Meng Hao, who was now gaining enlightenment of the Essence of space.

Meng Hao's body was also in a distorted state of transformation. Rumbling could be heard as he expanded, then shrunk. In one instant he was as tiny as a mustard seed, in another, as huge as the Heavens!

The Outsider Paragon looked at Meng Hao with mixed emotions, and then bitterly muttered, "The Essence of space.... From ancient times until now, numerous almighty experts have sought enlightenment of it. However, those who succeeded are as rare as phoenix feathers or qilin horns...."

Sea Dream's eyes shone with a strange light as she watched Meng Hao, and a smile slowly broke out on her face.

Everyone simply watched as Meng Hao hovered there with his eyes closed, the same as ever, seeking enlightenment. As of now, his state exceeded that of the Eighth Generation Demon Sealer when he actually created the Eighth Hex. At that time, he had only needed to understand the initial aspects regarding length, height, breadth, and size. With that, he had been able to create the Eighth Hex.

On the other hand, what Meng Hao was contemplating was beyond that. He was contemplating the very Essence of space!

That was an Essence filled with endless possibilities, and Meng Hao wanted to know all of them!

Normally, that would be virtually impossible, but with the aid of the World Essence, it was quite the opposite. Currently, rumbling sounds echoed out as Meng Hao continued to absorb more World Essence like mad.

By this point, Meng Hao had absorbed roughly ninety percent, 90,000 motes of light!

He only continued to absorb them faster and faster. At this point, his

augury and contemplation of enlightenment had reached the pinnacle. The final 10,000 motes of World Essence light were sucked into him, whereupon his mind felt as if it had been split open by a massive boom that was so loud it was impossible to describe.

Amidst the rumbling, his eyes snapped open, and although an abstruse gleam could be seen therein, there was nothing else that was vastly different. And yet, at the same time, the contrast between the blackness of his pupils and whites of his eyes was more distinct than ever!

His eyes now sparkled in a way that seemed to indicate that they were filled with a great Dao of Heaven and Earth.

“So, that’s the Essence of space....” he said, smiling slightly. He could feel the Essence of space fading away within him, and could also sense his enhanced powers of augury and deduction dissipating. He sighed.

In almost the same instant that Meng Hao’s eyes opened, the instability in the surrounding void faded away. Furthermore, his body returned to the Mountain and Sea Realm. When the maddened Outsider Dao Sovereign saw that, his sea of flames form seethed, and he shot toward Meng Hao.

“Space... is nothing more than countless threads, formed together into a pattern. The patterns formed by those threads... are space!” Meng Hao shook his head, then waved his hand, causing a circle to appear beneath his feet.

“I am currently within space,” he said, looking down. Then he smiled as his enlightenment deepened. As for the sea of flames that was the Outsider Dao Sovereign, it appeared to be on the verge of consuming Meng Hao, but to the Dao Sovereign’s utter shock, he realized that the flames were stuck to the outside of the thread that formed the circle!

“Th-this... this....” The Outsider Dao Sovereign’s heart was battered by waves of shock, as were the hearts the other Outsider Dao Sovereign and the Paragon.

“Space! He actually gained enlightenment of the Essence of space!”

Meng Hao’s expression was calm as he looked at the circle formed by

the thread, within which he stood. Then he smiled. “As for these threads... doesn’t the Essence I have gained enlightenment of consist of more than just the threads themselves?

“Within these threads are length, height, breadth, and size. They are limitless, and that is space.... They are flat, but actually....” He waved his right hand, causing a thread to stretch out from the circle, and then pass over him. In the blink of an eye, the circle of threads was no longer flat, but had transformed into... a sphere!

“With an additional thread, it is no longer a circle, but a sphere, like a world.... It’s too bad my enlightenment is insufficient, and I can’t sustain it for very long.” Even as Meng Hao murmured to himself, the sphere collapsed, and he sighed lightly.

“In my eyes, the world is just a canvas.” Meng Hao looked up at the shocked Outsider, who was still a sea of flames. Then Meng Hao waved his right hand, causing the flames to suddenly lock into place. Then they began to transform; no longer were they surrounding Meng Hao, but instead, they were now spreading out to form a static image of flames within the starry sky, like a painting!

Then he waved his hand, and four threads appeared, surrounding the flames, almost as if they were a picture frame.

“This, is space,” he said, his eyes flickering with a cold light.

Rumbling could be heard as the sea of flames trembled. Inside, the Outsider Dao Sovereign was howling bitterly. The fire seemed to be on the verge of slipping out of the shackles, of bursting out from within the threads that held it. And yet, it could not. Finally, the flames converged together, transforming into a lizard of fire. It began to butt its head against the threads, and yet that did nothing. It... could not free itself. It was completely sealed within what Meng Hao had created... the picture frame.

The starry sky was like a canvas, and anyone who could control the Essence of space could use their hands like a brush. With a few strokes, threads could be formed together into an outline. What was within that outline... was space.

If that canvas was folded, the subsequent cracks that were created were dimensional rifts. Furthermore, if the canvas could be formed into a sphere, then that space would be... a world.

Chapter 1347: A Cold Glow in the Eyes!

Meng Hao chuckled and suddenly raised his hand into the air, slowly clenching his fist in the direction of the painting within which hung the Outsider Dao Sovereign. It was as if he were crumpling a piece of paper into a ball; the canvas he had just created instantly transformed into ash.

The Outsider Dao Sovereign within let out a miserable cry, and was then completely destroyed.

The task left Meng Hao's face slightly pale, and inwardly, he sighed. Because of the World Essence of the 1st Heaven, he had gained enlightenment of the Dao of the Eighth Hex's Essence, which was even stronger than Meng Hao had imagined it would be. Although it was very draining, it only served to make him more convinced that his idea of using the Hexing Magics as the basis of his Essences was the correct course.

"Unfortunately, considering my current cultivation base, I can only use this magic once per month." That limit to the usefulness of the magical technique was the only thing that Meng Hao was disappointed in. It was based completely on the level of his cultivation base and the Essence power he could wield.

After all, his true cultivation base was actually in the Ancient Realm, with six extinguished Soul Lamps.

"With the Essence of Space, I can seal the 6-Essences level. That's my limit. If I were fighting an Imperial Lord, losing would be a possibility. And as for a Paragon...." Meng Hao shook his head. He was well aware that everything was dependent on the rise of his cultivation base, and his control of more Essence power.

In fact, his enlightenment of the Essence of Space could be likened to a vastly deep pit, at the bottom of which was a tiny lake. Eventually, though, that deep pit would become... a boundless sea of stars!

Furthermore, enlightenment of the Essence of the Eighth Hex was just the first benefit Meng Hao had gained from the World Essence. There was also a second!

And that was... transformations to his blood!

Meng Hao could clearly sense that, after absorbing the World Essence of the 1st Heaven, his Allheaven Dao Immortal bloodline had experienced a strange change. Although that change wasn't large, it was a fundamental one that could shake the Heavens and topple the Earth.

He wasn't sure exactly what that change entailed, but he could sense that his Allheaven bloodline... was vastly different.

He now knew that there was some completely extraordinary and astounding secret locked within the Allheaven bloodline, something that could perhaps raise him to unprecedented heights.

After that change occurred, his Allheaven Dao Immortal blood would experience another awakening, and he had the intense premonition... that he would reach an unbelievable level.

Perhaps that level was a Realm that had never been seen before!

As for what that Realm was, Meng Hao didn't know, but he did know that if he wanted to elicit such an awakening in his Allheaven blood, then he needed to absorb more World Essences.

After the World Essence of the 1st Heaven had been completely absorbed, a slight sliver of awakening could be detected.

In almost the exact same instant that Meng Hao finished absorbing the World Essence, and his Allheaven Dao Immortal bloodline showed signs of another awakening, something happened back on Planet South Heaven. Shui Dongliu's eyes suddenly flickered, and a tremor ran through him.

"Ever since that kid changed his fate, I've been unable to see his future," he murmured. "However, I have the feeling that he... has the chance to become... something above and beyond everything else... To reach the supreme Realm! 1

"Perhaps, something even higher than that.... Perhaps he can become that which was legendary even in the Paragon Immortal Realm, that which people put faith in from the beginning of creation until now... the Immortal!

“In the Vast Expanse that is the starry sky, there is the God and the Devil, but no Immortal....” Shui Dongliu was trembling, and a look of keen anticipation and focus could be seen in his eyes as he peered out into the starry sky toward Meng Hao.

“The Immortal.... From the moment that word came to be, no person, no entity, has ever become the true Immortal... The Immortal stands alongside the God, is on equal footing with the Devil.... Eternal in the starry sky!

“The uninformed think that the two great powers are coming because of a precious treasure. One of them seeks the return of the God, the other wishes to resurrect the Devil....

“However, the truth is that their purpose is not limited to those things. They wish to stop... the birth of the Immortal!

“By seizing the power unleashed by the birth of the Immortal, and combining it with that of their precious treasures, they can at long last accomplish their true ambitions!”

Out in the starry sky, floating in the vicinity of Meng Hao, was something no one could see. It was a ship, upon which an old man sat cross-legged, staring silently at Meng Hao. Mixed emotions could be seen in his eyes, as well as the gleam of enlightenment.

Not too far off in a different direction was Slaughter, dressed in a black robe, hovering there like an unsheathed sword. Although he was surrounded by a profoundly murderous aura, no one could sense him as he remained in place, studying Meng Hao thoughtfully.

At the same time that Meng Hao gained a bit of enlightenment regarding the transformations to his bloodline, and a spark of anticipation rose up in his heart, something happened down in the Mountain and Sea Realm, where everyone was still reeling in shock from the sight of Meng Hao destroying the 1st Heaven and absorbing its World Essence.

An astonishing, deafening roar rose up from the direction of the Fourth Mountain and Sea, and at the same time, a power like that of a Paragon suddenly erupted out. Simultaneously, Ksitigarbha bellowed, and yet was

incapable of preventing a certain figure from bursting out from the Fourth Mountain and Sea.

It was none other than the Outsider Imperial Lord!!

He was at the peak of the 6-Essences level, half a step into being a Paragon!

Originally, Ksitigarbha had been able to pin him down, but clearly he was now benefiting from the aid of the Outsider Paragon, who couldn't break free from Sea Dream, and had apparently decided to help the Imperial Lord to break free. Now that Imperial Lord was bursting with his peak level of power, taking advantage of the fluctuations caused by the appearance of Meng Hao's Essence to break free from Ksitigarbha and charge forth in attack.

He was a sea of flames that shot through the void like a meteor, bursting with intense cultivation base power as he closed in on Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and he momentarily glanced off in a different direction, which was none other than the location where Paragon Sea Dream was fighting the Outsider Paragon. Unfortunately, he was currently unable to transmit any information to Sea Dream, so he looked back at the Imperial Lord and then, instead of retreating, advanced.

The Outsider Imperial Lord looked completely awe-inspiring, and his eyes were bursting with mad killing intent. Based on the fluctuations of his cultivation base, he was completely going all-out with his Essence power. The sea of flames transformed into a vortex, and after that, materialized five successive vortexes, each one larger than the one before it.

Six vortexes could be seen, all of them emanating Essence power that shook the starry sky and caused all onlookers to gasp.

This terrifying power exceeded that of a Dao Sovereign; it was the most shocking level of power that existed beneath a Paragon's.

The power within any one of those vortexes was more than half of that of a Dao Sovereign, and in fact, two vortexes together could easily crush

that level. When you added six of them together, the Essence power they emanated would enable the Imperial Lord who wielded it to crush any Dao Sovereign!

This was the power of an Imperial Lord!

Even Ksitigarbha, who could rely on the river of reincarnation and the sea of the Yellow Springs, who had countless Yama palaces from the Fourth Mountain, and who could draw upon the Joss Flame power of innumerable dead souls, would not be able to fight back against the Outsider Imperial Lord in this state.

In this situation, the reality was that the Outsider Imperial Lord now had enough power to wipe out Ksitigarbha. As he charged forth at top speed, he didn't rely on any magical technique or other tricks. Instead, he drew upon terrifying Essence power as he prepared to completely crush Meng Hao.

Extending both hands, he then clapped them together viciously. Rumbling sounds could then be heard as the first of the vortexes passed through him and shot toward Meng Hao.

As Meng Hao closed in, his hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, summoning numerous mountains. He transformed into a huge azure roc, and then shot like lightning toward that incoming vortex.

A massive boom echoed out as the vortex collapsed, and Meng Hao's mountains shattered. At the same time, his azure roc form continued to speed toward the Outsider Imperial Lord. At the same time, the second vortex screamed forth to appear directly in front of Meng Hao.

The resulting boom sent colors flashing through the sky and caused the stars to shudder. Meng Hao's azure roc form collapsed, and he appeared in his normal form, clenching his right hand into a fist and unleashing a fist strike!

The vortex trembled, and then cracking sounds rang out as it collapsed into pieces. Meng Hao's face was ashen, and he backed up a bit. It was at that point that the third and fourth vortexes closed in. The destructive

power of extermination erupted out as the full power of an Imperial Lord was unleashed.

Meng Hao's face flickered. His fleshly body power was now thrumming at its peak, and his cultivation base exploded out. The Paragon Bridge appeared, and Divine Flame blasted out as he unleashed three successive fist strikes!

Life-Extermination Fist!

Bedevilment Fist!

God-Slaying Fist!!

Three fist strikes were joined by the crushing Paragon Bridge and the rumbling Divine Flame. The third vortex collapsed, and at the same time, Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood. Then he fell back, relying on the strength of his fleshly body to bear the brunt of the terrifying fourth vortex and its Essence power.

A boom rang out, and blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as he tumbled backward like a kite with its string cut. The direction in which he fell seemed to be in accord with the Outsider Imperial Lord's plan. Unexpectedly, it was the direction leading toward where the Outsider Paragon was fighting Paragon Sea Dream.

Meng Hao's face fell, and he was apparently on the verge of trying to change directions when the Outsider Imperial Lord snorted coldly. Killing intent raging, he sent the fifth vortex flying forward in shocking fashion.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as his Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation worked like mad to heal his injuries. At the same time, he raised his right hand and unleashed Demon Sealing Hexing magic. Rumbling could be heard as streams of Hexing magic shot out, bolstered by the power of the Mountains and Seas as they bore down on the fifth vortex.

Seventh Hex, Sixth Hex, Fifth Hex, Third Hex, Second Hex!

His Eighth Hex had become Essence, but the other five Hexing magics turned into sealing marks which absorbed the power of the Mountains and Seas, causing them to grow in size to 3,000 meters as they neared the

fifth vortex.

As they slammed into the vortex, they were wiped out one by one, and Meng Hao coughed up successive mouthfuls of blood. He fell back again, the backlash power wreaking havoc upon his body. However, the fifth vortex also collapsed.

At the same time, deep within his eyes was something that no observer would be able to detect, a cold, grim anticipation.

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1. Shui Dongliu initially talked about Meng Hao “changing his fate” in the events in the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite temple in chapter 819.

Chapter 1348: Enslaving a Paragon!

When the fifth vortex collapsed, its attack power blasted out in all directions. Within the blood that sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth were chunks of internal organs, and he was yet again sent tumbling backward toward the Paragon battlefield. By now, he was only about 30,000 meters away!

"Today, I'll kill you as a sacrifice to the 1st Heaven!" roared the Outsider Imperial Lord. His eyes were bright red as he strode forward, sending the sixth and final vortex rumbling forward!

From the fact that Meng Hao could withstand the attack of the fifth vortex, it was possible to see how powerful he was. He was already far beyond the level of a 6-Essences Dao Sovereign. However, when facing an Imperial Lord who was halfway into the Paragon level, he didn't quite seem to be able to match up.

The sixth vortex was the most majestic of them all, and it was currently causing the starry sky to twist and distort. All laws of nature and magic were ripped to shreds as the vortex shot toward Meng Hao. As it bore down on him, his eyes were bright red. He lifted his hand, summoning the Battle Weapon. The meat jelly appeared, forming a suit of armor, and the mastiff became a cape. Meng Hao threw his head back and roared, rapidly growing to a height of 3,000 meters. At the same time, the Battle Weapon grew longer, and its appearance more fearsome.

Meng Hao didn't fall back. He knew that there was no avoiding this attack. Therefore, he hefted the Battle Weapon and then slashed it out toward the sixth vortex!

"Cleave!" he bellowed. The Battle Weapon shone with brilliant light, becoming a dazzling beam that slashed down into the sixth vortex. Massive rumbling sounds echoed out as the entire vortex was completely cleaved in two!

However, Meng Hao paid a steep and bitter price as a result. The Battle Weapon vanished, the armor shattered, and the meat jelly let out a

miserable scream. The Blood Mastiff howled in anguish, and the parrot was left shivering in pain. As for Meng Hao, his body shook violently as most of his bones were shattered. At the same time, nearly half of his flesh exploded into a cloud of gore and blood.

His consciousness went dim, and he almost looked like a skeleton. In addition to all that, he was sent spinning backward toward where the Paragons were fighting, until he was less than 3,000 meters away!

The Outsider Imperial Lord stilled his cultivation base and then looked up with a vicious smile.

“Now, you’re dead for sure!” The words spoken did not come out of the mouth of the Imperial Lord, but rather, came from behind Meng Hao. The speaker was none other than... Outsider Paragon Eegoo!

His booming voice was laced with rage as he suddenly broke away from Sea Dream and shot toward Meng Hao. Sea Dream could only keep him locked down to a certain extent, and 3,000 meters was within that area!

Meng Hao was now within that 3,000 meter distance. However, it was at this point that a slight smile suddenly appeared on his face, as if... he had been waiting for just this moment!

Ksitigarbha’s face drained of blood, and Sea Dream frowned, as if she found the situation very strange. However, there was no way to change what was happening, and definitely no way to stop it. The Outsider Paragon and Imperial Lord were joining forces to try to kill Meng Hao!

Obviously, not even the Imperial Lord was confident in being able to slay Meng Hao on his own. Therefore, he chose the most simple and direct way to deal with the situation, which was... force Meng Hao close enough to the Paragons, force him into that 3,000-meter range in which the Paragon would have a chance to make a move!

Meng Hao appeared to have completely lost the initiative in the fight, having been forced back step by step until he was in a position of extreme danger. In fact, the Outsider Imperial Lord, fearful of Meng Hao’s Lightning Cauldron, had even prepared a special technique just to counteract it.

Therefore, he couldn't help but wonder why it was that Meng Hao still hadn't attempted Form Displacement Transposition.

And then the Imperial Lord saw the slight smile on Meng Hao's face, and suddenly felt his heart thump. His face flickered as a sense of deep foreboding suddenly welled up from the depths of his heart.

However, he couldn't think of where the problem lay. Why would Meng Hao be smiling in the middle of such a deadly, critical situation?

"Is it his Essence of Space? Impossible! Not even Essence could be used to defend against the attack of a Paragon!

"Then what could it be...? What is making this kid smile!? He even seems like he's been waiting. Just now, it seemed like I was forcing him to get closer to the Paragon battlefield, but now, it seems almost like... he was heading there on purpose!!

"Something's wrong. Something's definitely wrong!!" The Outsider Imperial Lord's face flickered, but no matter how he considered the problem, no answer revealed itself.

Although the Outsider Paragon couldn't see Meng Hao's smile, as a Paragon, he had lived for countless years. How could he not have noticed the indications that Meng Hao had done this on purpose? However, even he wasn't sure exactly why Meng Hao was confident enough to do that.

"Well it doesn't matter what trick you're trying to pull, nobody can get this close to a Paragon... and survive!" Paragon Eegoo snorted coldly. He was completely confident, a confidence born from the mere fact that he was a Paragon.

He strode forward, clenching his right hand into a fist and then slamming it down toward Meng Hao!

Paragon power exploded out; this fist strike was strong enough to destroy, not just Meng Hao, but the void itself. It was as if it would destroy the starry sky and completely obliterate the entire area in which Meng Hao existed!

The power of a Paragon could suppress Essence, could dominate

anything and everything. Paragon Eegoo was completely confident that, with the exception of an 8-Essences Paragon, no one could possibly have a hope of saving Meng Hao.

In fact, even if there were an 8-Essences Paragon, that person would have to be in the immediate vicinity to have the time to do anything.

He was sure that on this very day, Meng Hao... would die!

It took only the blink of an eye for the power of the Paragon's fist to cause blood to spurt out all over Meng Hao's body. The starry sky around him shattered as an indescribably shocking power rumbled toward him.

The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were crying out in alarm. In contrast, the Outsiders were overjoyed. They hated Meng Hao for destroying their homeland, and yet they feared him. Therefore, to see what was happening now left them elated.

The Mountain and Sea Lords were all stunned, and had various expressions on their faces. Grandpa Meng was trembling, and it seemed as if tears of blood were about to pour down his cheeks. In the Fourth Mountain and Sea, Xu Qing's face was ashen, as if everything had lost meaning to her.

Ksitigarbha stood there, taciturn, and back in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, all of the Chosen were gaping in shock. They simply couldn't imagine a situation in which Meng Hao actually died!!

Fang Xiufeng threw his head back and howled. All of the members of the Fang Clan were crying out in grief and rage. And yet, none of them could do anything.

Sea Dream was the only one who reacted differently. The same frown could be seen on her face, but she made no move to interfere. In fact, when she looked at Meng Hao, a thoughtful expression appeared.

The power of a Paragon was crushing down toward Meng Hao, and the void around him was shattering. An unprecedented sensation of deadly crisis rose up within him, and even as the Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering power bore down on him, he turned to face the enormous form

of Outsider Paragon Eegoo.

He almost seemed to be studying his opponent.

The Outsider Imperial Lord's heart was now filled with anxiety, as though there were a voice inside of him screaming that something was very wrong!!

However, having thought everything through, he sent his divine sense out, and couldn't detect anything suspicious in the area.

It was in that very moment, when Meng Hao seemed to be on the verge of completely collapsing, that he laughed. Despite his shattering body, he laughed in a way that seemed to defy Heaven and Earth.

Within his laughter was a power that few people would be able to comprehend, but as soon as Paragon Eegoo heard it, his face filled with disbelief. In fact, the astonishment and terror visible in his expression... exceeded what had appeared there when the 1st Heaven had collapsed!!

"You...." he said hoarsely. He suddenly raised his right hand in front of him and fell back at top speed.

This scene caused all of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm to gape in shock. The Outsiders were stunned. Ksitigarbha's eyes went wide, and Paragon Sea Dream was panting, as though she couldn't believe what she was seeing.

Clearly, what she found unbelievable wasn't the fact that the Outsider Paragon was fleeing, but rather, something else!!

In almost the same moment that the Outsider Paragon began to flee in alarm and frustration, Meng Hao's hoarse voice floated out.

"You can't escape, Paragon Eegoo."

When the Outsider Imperial Lord heard those words, his mind reeled, he stared in complete incredulity, and even began to shake.

The idea of a Paragon fleeing like this was simply unimaginable. Paragon Eegoo even seemed terrified, an expression that the Imperial Lord had never seen on the face of a Paragon.

“This... this....” he thought, trembling. Without even thinking about it, he began to edge backward. All of a sudden, he realized that Meng Hao was wrapped up in far too many secrets; terrifying, incomprehensible secrets.

Even as Meng Hao spoke, Paragon Eegoo let out a miserable shriek. This was the first time he had ever lost his composure in this way, and the first time he had ever been completely terrified. In fact, this was the first time since becoming a Paragon that he had truly feared for his own soul.

“Who are you!?!? You’re not a cultivator from the Mountain and Sea Realm! Who are you!?!?!?”

“I, Eegoo, a Paragon, refuse to surrender!!

“You... just who are you exactly!?!?” Paragon Eegoo’s shrill voice echoed out, backed by the cultivation base of a Paragon, to fill the entire Mountain and Sea Realm. The starry sky trembled, and the Mountains and Seas shook. Countless cultivators and Outsiders all coughed up blood.

No one could see clearly what was happening except for Paragon Eegoo, Sea Dream, and Meng Hao. What was visible to them was a shadowy, misty form in front of Meng Hao. It was impossible to see what exactly was inside that mist, but it radiated a sensation of indescribable terror.

Then, gray threads began to spread out from the mist toward Paragon Eegoo, moving at incredible speed as they began to wrap him up!

Then they started boring into him, transforming into magical symbols that flickered on his skin, although they were invisible to virtually everyone.

No voice emanated out from the mist in reaction to the screams of Paragon Eegoo, only more gray threads. It was almost as if they were locking down his Karma, making it impossible for him to escape. At the same time, an increasing number of flickering magical symbols appeared on him!

“Come to me,” Meng Hao said with a faint smile, his voice somehow completely awe-inspiring. “Henceforth, I am your master, for all eternity....” His body was rapidly healing thanks to the Green Emperor’s

Eternal Incantation, and a strange light could be seen in his eyes.

As the words left his mouth, Paragon Eegoo shivered, and then slowly plodded back toward Meng Hao.

To everyone watching, it was a completely bizarre sight!!

The Outsider Imperial Lord's mind was spinning, and his face was as pale as death. Without the slightest hesitation, he began to retreat. He was filled with complete and utter terror of Meng Hao, and wanted nothing more than to get as far away from him as possible!

Chapter 1349: The Unyielding Soul of a Paragon

Paragon Sea Dream's eyes flickered as she looked at the misty figure in front of Meng Hao. Waves of shock battered her heart; not even she would ever have imagined that Meng Hao would be able to call upon assistance such as this!

He could actually turn a Paragon into a puppet!

Enslave... a Paragon!

Although Eegoo was only in the 7-Essences level, that was a level that was considered powerful even in the days of the Paragon Immortal Realm. In those days, there had been one 9-Essences paragon, one 8-Essences Paragon, and one 7-Essences Paragon which was Sea Dream herself.

The current 33 Heavens had five Paragons, and although Sea Dream couldn't be sure of the exact cultivation base of each and every one, she did know that they had no 9-Essences Paragons. If they did, then the war would have broken out much earlier. In fact, the 33 Heavens had been holding back for that specific reason.

As such, a 7-Essences Paragon would clearly be an immense asset on the battlefield. If Meng Hao could turn one into his slave, then it meant the war with the 33 Heavens... wasn't a hopeless struggle!

"A full 7-Essences Paragon is comparable to the combined power of five of the Heavens!" Sea Dream was panting. Despite the level of her willpower, and how incredibly long she had lived, even she was shaken, and a gleam of anticipation appeared in her eyes.

Ksitigarbha had the same reaction, and his eyes were shining with a strange light. The sudden reversal in events left him both shocked and yet intensely excited.

As for the other Mountain and Sea Lords, their hearts all surged with excitement, with the exception of Ji Tian, who sat there reticently.

Then, there was Shui Dongliu. Startled, he slowly lowered his right hand. Were it not for this sudden change, he would have been forced to intervene. By now, it was clear that Meng Hao was absolutely critical to the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“That is good fortune which belongs solely to him...” Shui Dongliu murmured, a wide smile visible on his face.

At the same time, cultivators in other parts of the Mountain and Sea Realm were able to deduce what was happening, and they began to go wild with joy and disbelief.

“Enslave... a Paragon!?!?”

“Heavens, Meng Hao actually... actually figured out a way to enslave a Paragon!!” As the cries rang out, even the Mountain and Sea cultivators who weren’t able to see exactly what was happening were shaken, and could hardly believe what they were hearing.

As for the Outsiders, their blood connections made it much easier for them to discern what was happening up in the starry sky. The terrified cries of their Paragon caused expressions of despair to appear on their faces. Although they might otherwise have gained desperate strength from their grief and rage over the loss of their homeland, at this moment they had lost all hope and were doomed!

They could sense the Imperial Lord fleeing, and could hear the screams of the Paragon. When you added in the fact that their home had been destroyed, the shadow of defeat instantly enveloped their hearts.

They... had been defeated.

Thoroughly and utterly defeated. They were defeated, and had nowhere to retreat to. The invasion of the 1st Heaven had turned into a complete disaster!

Before invading, they had scorned and disdained the Mountain and Sea Realm. But now they had to admit that, even if the Mountain and Sea Realm were weaker than it was now, the 1st Heaven would never have been able to overcome it.

This was where the Paragon Immortal Realm lived on, the same Paragon Immortal Realm which had once been the Higher Realm, far above them!

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the Outsiders trembled and began to fall back in retreat. However, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm had the exact opposite reaction. Exuberant shouts rang out as their blood began to boil.

The 1st Heaven had collapsed, and the spirits of the Mountain and Sea cultivators had risen up!

Seeing a Paragon on the verge of being enslaved gave them hope! At long last, the slumbering Mountain and Sea Realm was opening its eyes. It was awakening!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

Up in the starry sky, Meng Hao's eyes shone with a strange light as he looked at Paragon Eegoo slowly approaching him. At the same time, his Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation was rapidly healing him.

It was then that an unyielding roar erupted out of Paragon Eegoo's mouth. He had finally managed to suppress the terror inside of him, and his unyielding heart was now bursting with power.

"I am a Paragon!!" he howled. A tremor ran through him as he tried to fight back against the gray threads which had him bound up. Then, he ground to a halt and stared at the misty figure in front of Meng Hao.

Although he had stopped moving toward Meng Hao, he was trembling, and then blood began to spurt out all over his body. However, he remained in place, unmoving.

He turned to look at Meng Hao, and a blazing pride erupted out from inside of him. "I've practiced cultivation for tens upon tens of thousands of years. I have a longevity the same as that of Heaven and Earth. I am a Paragon, subjugator of countless worlds, worshipped by innumerable living beings. How... could I possibly let you enslave me!?"

He was shivering, and blood oozed out all over him, and yet he remained in place, relying on his life force and his very dignity to resist the illusory

figure in front of Meng Hao that was attempting to enslave him.

His right hand trembled as he lifted it up and waved his finger viciously toward Meng Hao, and yet that simple movement caused his face to go deathly pale as he discovered that the gray threads were interfering with his cultivation base, making it impossible for him to unleash its power.

That grayness, and that figure in front of Meng Hao, caused his heart to be filled with terror.

Suddenly, he chuckled bitterly, and then threw his head back and let out a bitter howl.

“I am Eegoo. I watched the destruction of the Paragon Immortal Realm. I helped the 33 Heavens rise to prominence. I witnessed the sealing of the Mountain and Sea Realm. I fought in this bloody battle to wipe out all life in the Mountain and Sea Realm!

“I’ve lived for tens upon tens of thousands of years! I have practiced cultivation to the level of a Paragon!

“I am a Paragon. Paragon Eegoo!” The deafening sound of Paragon Eegoo’s bitter laughter pierced out to fill the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, and even higher up into the 32 Heavens above.

Ripples filled the starry sky, which was caused by the attempts of the other 32 Heavens to break through the barrier and enter the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“Heaven can’t make me bow, Earth can’t make me drop to my knees, and the starry sky can’t make me lower my head. My will is the Dao of the Heaven, and my body is limitless in the Vast Expanse!” Paragon Eegoo roared as his body rapidly grew in size. In the blink of an eye, he was 3,000 meters high, then 15,000 meters, then 30,000 meters!

As a 30,000-meter giant, he looked like a deity. Meng Hao’s pupils constricted as he sensed the unyielding will of this Outsider Paragon, a willpower that apparently could not be wiped away by either Heaven or Earth. Suddenly, the gray threads of Choumen Tai’s magical technique began to unravel.

To enslave a Paragon might sound easy, but the truth was that all Paragons were blazing suns within Heaven and Earth. They represented the convergence of luck and destiny... and thus could not easily be made slaves!

Their willpower, their thoughts, and their hearts, surpassed the Heavens!

Rumbling sounds could be heard as more and more of the gray threads began to snap. Deep in his heart, Meng Hao couldn't help but admire this Paragon's willpower, his fighting spirit, and his unyielding heart.

With all of that, he truly deserved the title of Paragon!

It was at this point that the blurry figure in front of Meng Hao let out a cold snort. Suddenly, ten times as many gray threads as before exploded out, then a hundred times more than that. They began to wrap around the 30,000-meter-tall Paragon in an even more complicated fashion than before. It took only a moment before the Paragon was not only back under control, but also beginning to kneel toward Meng Hao.

"I refuse!" Paragon Eegoo shrieked. Blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and he was shaking violently. And yet, he remained standing, as if not even the vast Heavens and Earth could force his legs to bend.

Cracking sounds rang out, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. And yet, he still didn't bend a knee. A vast quantity of scales appeared all over him, each one of them radiating intense ancientness. He seemed to be on the verge of transforming into an ancient and archaic lizard!

However, the gray threads continued to bore into him, causing magical symbols to appear, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

Meng Hao was visibly moved, but remained silent, mixed emotions playing out in his eyes.

"If the Mountain and Sea Realm and the 33 Heavens weren't at war... then this Paragon would truly be deserving of worship by all life." Meng Hao sighed, and then addressed Paragon Eegoo directly.

"If you will support the Mountain and Sea Realm, then I will spare the

lives all of your people from the 1st Heaven!"

Paragon Eegoo shivered, and despite the pain coursing through him, the look in his eyes was as unyielding as ever. He even began to laugh.

"The Mountain and Sea Realm will definitely be exterminated. As long as only one of my people remains alive in the end, then years from now, we will make a comeback!

"I am Eegoo! I am a Paragon now, and I will be a Paragon in death!

"You want me to submit? You want me to be your slave? The only slave you will have is my body, not my soul!" As he laughed uproariously, the signs of an imminent self-detonation appeared.

There was no madness in his eyes, only endless pride. He would rather die than bow his head and lose his dignity!

Rumbling could be heard as destructive fluctuations began to emanate out from him. However, because he could not unleash the power of his cultivation base, the destructive blast would not sweep out into the Mountain and Sea Realm to wreak mass destruction. He would only be able to harm himself. But that way, even if he died, his body would be useless to Meng Hao.

Even as Meng Hao frowned, Choumen Tai's voice suddenly echoed in his mind. "Paragons can't be forced to submit unless you erase their souls."

"Then erase his soul!" Meng Hao said decisively, staring at Paragon Eegoo.

In the moment that he opened his mouth, the gray threads which bound Paragon Eegoo suddenly turned black, and began to emanate a strange light. It turned into a destructive power that poured into Paragon Eegoo, a power of soul annihilation. In the very moment in which he was about to self-detonate, massive rumbling sounds echoed out as some unknown method was used...

To erase his soul!

Muffled rumbling could be heard as the threads faded away. The blurry

figure in front of Meng Hao now seemed weak beyond compare. Finally, a faint voice spoke. "I've fulfilled my promise.... I shall sleep now, until the moment when my master is resurrected.... I hope that you can keep your end of the agreement...."

Gradually, the weak voice faded away into nothing.

The blurry, misty figure also vanished. In the same moment, Paragon Eegoo's body shivered, and his eyes went completely and utterly blank.

The ripples of self-detonation faded away, and he lowered his head as he knelt in front of Meng Hao.

Chapter 1350: Full Scale Counterattack!

What was kneeling was the body of a Paragon, not the soul.

However, that act of kneeling caused all of the Outsiders in the Mountain and Sea Realm to go deathly quiet. Their minds went completely blank, as blank as death.

With the exception of the professional soldiers or the especially warlike individuals, most of the Outsiders, regardless of which tribe they came from, were fighting for their homes, their people, and especially for more cultivation resources.

Therefore, the collapse of the 1st Heaven caused the minds and hearts of all the Outsiders to tremble. They were left blank and terrified, and filled with regret. Their home... was gone.

Their fellow tribe members were dead....

There was no point to the war anymore. Given enough time, their thirst for revenge would eventually spur them to hold nothing back in fighting. However, before that could happen, their Paragon had been enslaved, a huge blow that crushed their will and reduced their morale to the freezing point.

Off in the distance, the fleeing Imperial Lord suddenly stopped and forced himself to look back. What he saw was the towering 30,000-meter tall Paragon kneeling in front of Meng Hao, and his mind reeled.

"Defeated..." he muttered in a hoarse, despairing voice. The events leading up to the destruction of the 1st Heaven had caused him to fly into a rage, and even put his life on the line in a mad attempt to intervene. Although most of the other Outsiders had been at a complete loss, he had been quick to regain control of his thoughts and jump on the offensive.

But then he watched their Paragon be enslaved, and he was filled with bitterness. He even regretted his decision to flee, and felt guilty. With all the complicated thoughts assailing him, all the Outsider Imperial Lord could do was chuckle bitterly.

A strange expression could be seen on Sea Dream's face as she looked at the enslaved Paragon. Although she was excited, she couldn't help but sigh. She was also a Paragon, someone who stood at the pinnacle of Heaven and Earth, so she knew how difficult a task it must have been for that mysterious figure to force Eegoo to yield.

In sharp contrast to the Outsiders were the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm. After a brief moment of silence, they exploded out with an exuberance that could shake Heaven and Earth. It started in the Fourth Mountain and Sea and quickly spread all the way to the First and Ninth Mountains and Seas. Soon, the voices of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm were crying out in a powerful voice.

“Victory belongs to the Mountains and Seas!”

“Victory belongs to the Mountains and Seas!!”

“Victory belongs to the Mountains and Seas!!!”

It was impossible to say who said it first, but soon those words rang out throughout the entire Mountain and Sea Realm. Everything began to shake as orders were delivered to begin fighting back against the Outsiders.

In all of the Nine Mountains and Seas, the cultivators counterattacked!

Few of the remaining Outsiders possessed a will to fight. Their eyes were blank, and they trembled in fear. The 1st Heaven was destroyed. Their home was gone. Their tribe members were dead. Their Paragon had been enslaved. Everything that had happened filled them with complete despair.

When the Mountain and Sea Realm began to fight back, and the excited battle cries rose up, Meng Hao looked at the kneeling 30,000-meter-tall Paragon, and his eyes filled with a complicated expression. He sighed.

Then, he clasped hands and bowed deeply.

That bow was a bow toward the unyielding soul of the Paragon. For a moment, he felt pity that Eegoo's soul had been erased, but then the complex look in his eyes was replaced with coldness. When experts were

enemies, they could respect each other, but they could never back down!

Sometimes, the only option was death!

One party died, or the other died. In war, pity could not be tolerated, nor could compassion, and especially not weakness. Besides, this battle... was only the beginning.

“In any case, I don’t need your soul. I just need your Paragon body. Although that makes your battle prowess slightly lower, you’re still a Paragon!” Meng Hao flickered into motion, flying up to land atop the 30,000-meter Paragon’s head. Now that he had control of this body, a mere thought on his part could make the Paragon puppet do anything he wished.

In the same moment that Meng Hao landed on the head of the Paragon puppet, the puppet slowly rose to its feet, energy surging out in all directions.

As of this moment, Meng Hao was completely shocking in every aspect. Not only did his cultivation base place him at the highest level in the Mountain and Sea Realm in terms of battle prowess, now that he had a Paragon puppet, he was at the absolute pinnacle.

However, none of that could compare to what Meng Hao himself now symbolized. After destroying the 1st Heaven, and enslaving a Paragon, he... was now the symbol of the spirit of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

His eyes glittered as he turned to look at Sea Dream, toward whom he immediately clasped hands and bowed. Looking at her caused him to feel quite regretful and apologetic. Voice soft, he said, “Senior Sea Dream, back then... I was ignorant and naïve. I was only thinking about myself, not the Mountains and Seas. Senior, I hope that you aren’t too deeply offended by what I said.”

With that, he clasped hands and bowed again. Just as he had said, years ago he hadn’t cared much at all about the Mountain and Sea Realm, which led to his altercation with Sea Dream after the events in the Windswept Realm.

Now that he thought back to that time, he realized that he had indeed spoken a bit too harshly. 1

Sea Dream smiled slightly, which was something she rarely did. It made her look like a beautiful, blooming peony flower. Warmth and kindness filled her gaze as she looked back at Meng Hao. To her, he was merely a member of the younger generation, a child really.

“You just go take care of whatever it is you need to,” she said.

Meng Hao nodded, and without any further hesitation, sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes. Then, he sent out some divine will, causing the Paragon puppet’s eyes to shine, almost as if they were Meng Hao’s.

After sending his divine will into the Paragon puppet, it was like his own body, completely under his control. At the same time, it emanated the terrifying aura of a Paragon.

Of course, Meng Hao himself had divine sense that was eighty percent as powerful as a Paragon’s, which ensured that he could easily unleash eighty percent of the power of Paragon Eegoo. With a single step, the Paragon puppet stepped across the starry sky to appear in front of the Outsider Imperial Lord.

“Acknowledge allegiance, or perish!” Meng Hao said through the mouth of the Paragon puppet. The voice crashed out, echoing throughout the Mountain and Sea Realm.

The Imperial Lord laughed bitterly as he looked at the Paragon puppet version of Eegoo standing in front of him, a Paragon who had once been one of his own people. His eyes gleamed with madness, and even a desire for death. If Paragon Eegoo would rather die than yield, then as an Imperial Lord, he would not make the same mistake he had before in backing down.

“You destroyed my home! You killed my people! And now you think I’m going to acknowledge allegiance to you? Even if I perish, I’ll turn into a vengeful ghost that will curse your Mountain and Sea Realm for generations to come!” The Imperial Lord threw his head back and laughed, unleashing the explosive power of his cultivation base and causing six

vortexes to appear behind him.

A strange expression appeared on Meng Hao's face as he stared at the Imperial Lord for a moment, then said, "Your words seem very righteous, very unyielding, and very hateful...."

The thunderous boom of Meng Hao's voice caused the Outsider Imperial Lord's energy to suddenly falter.

Without waiting to engage in any more rhetoric, Meng Hao sent the Paragon puppet's hand out, and immediately, the starry sky around the Imperial Lord was shattered. The Imperial Lord's body began to vibrate, and blood sprayed out of his mouth. He fell back, waving his hand to send countless magical items flying out. The six vortexes behind him shot through him toward Meng Hao, who sent the Paragon puppet's fist flying out in a fist strike.

"It seems you've forgotten that the invaders in this war came, not from the Mountain and Sea Realm, but from the 33 Heavens!" As Meng Hao's voice echoed out, the fist crushed the void and shattered the starry sky. All of the magical items were reduced to powder, and the six Essence vortexes were destroyed. Then the blow landed on the Outsider Imperial Lord, whose legs exploded. Having escaped death, he once again fell back in retreat.

"This war wasn't the idea of the Mountain and Sea Realm, it was yours!" How could Meng Hao possibly let this Outsider off the hook? His words crashed out like thunder, causing the Imperial Lord's mind to tremble, as he realized that Meng Hao's words, despite being difficult to accept... were true.

This war really had been instigated by the 33 Heavens, and they really were the invaders.

"Yeah, well so what?!" howled the Imperial Lord. "We haven't even destroyed the Mountain and Sea Realm yet, but then you went and wiped out our people!? You're the ones who exterminated our home first!!" No longer concerned about whether what he said made sense, he transformed into his true form, a gigantic lizard thousands of meters long and covered

with raging black flames. Then, he charged toward Meng Hao and the Paragon puppet. “The Mountain and Sea Realm is definitely going to be wiped out!!”

“As for whether the Mountain and Sea Realm will be wiped out,” Meng Hao replied coolly. “I can’t say for sure. But what I do know is that you... are going to die, right now!” With that, the Paragon puppet’s hand performed an incantation gesture, then waved out, causing the full power of a Paragon to explode out, sealing the entire area like a cage and then crushing down with incredible pressure.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the Imperial Lord began to shake. Blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and the black flames which covered his body were extinguished. His scales exploded, and he screamed bitterly. Then, the pressure caused his entire body to explode as he was completely killed!

After killing the Outsider Imperial Lord, Meng Hao felt weak; personally controlling the Paragon puppet was quite draining. As he sat there on the Paragon puppet’s head, his eyes suddenly snapped open, and he looked down at the Mountain and Sea Realm. A bit of divine will sent the Paragon puppet down into the Mountains and Seas. Wherever it appeared, the Outsiders who saw it were filled with despair. Some felt insanity, some felt bitterness. They were now fighting a hopeless fight and apparently... there was nothing they could do about it.

They were the invaders, but now they were feeling what it was like be the invaded. That... was the double-edged sword which is war.

“This first battle with the 33 Heavens can now be concluded!”

The most powerful Outsider remaining from the 1st Heaven was Long Linzi, who was fighting with Patriarch Reliance. As of this moment, he trembled and began to flee. Snorting coldly, Patriarch Reliance immediately gave chase.

The Outsiders from the 1st Heaven were in complete chaos.

1. Meng Hao spoke some harsh words to Sea Dream in chapters 1151 and 1152.

Chapter 1351: The 1st Heaven Acknowledges Allegiance!

The Mountain and Sea Realm counterattacked with full force. The flames of war climbed high into the sky, in a way that was different from before. This time, it was not the Mountain and Sea cultivators who suffered defeat after defeat, it was the Outsiders.

In the First Mountain and Sea, Echelon cultivator Dao-Heaven led the army of cultivators into battle. On every front, the Outsiders were routed and crushed. Many of them didn't even dare to fight back. Anyone could see that at this moment, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm wore expressions of utter self-confidence, and that their fighting spirit was indomitable.

Sometimes in battle, practitioners of cultivation were known to self-detonate, to literally explode in a final burst of grandeur for their people. However, such acts were born of grief and desperation, and led to nothing but death.

Using tactics like that could cause the enemy to respect or even fear you, but could not make that enemy feel powerless.

In sharp contrast... when an entire people was bursting with confidence and spirit combined, they became truly fear-inspiring. As of this moment, that was exactly how the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were!

Upon awakening, they were filled with a madness, with a majesty that caused the Outsiders' minds to tremble. It wasn't that the Outsiders never thought to go all out in a mad scramble to fight back, or that they didn't consider resorting to self-detonation. Those things... were useless.

They tried. As the Mountain and Sea cultivators fought back, Outsiders self-detonated, or went all out in various attempts drag their opponents with them into mutual destruction.

And yet... none of that did any good!

In the Second Mountain and Sea, fierce fighting raged. As for the Third

Mountain and Sea, it was completely filled with the stench of blood. The cultivators there had experienced something like a baptism in blood. Their eyes shone brightly, glowing with confidence, with hope, with ferocity, and with madness.

The hatred they felt surpassed the hatred within the hearts of the Outsiders, as did their confidence. When it came to their hope, even their hope was something the Outsiders could never match.

Rumbling could be heard as the battle for the Fourth Mountain and Sea neared its conclusion even more quickly. Under Xu Qing's leadership, and with the return of Ksitigarbha to the battlefield, the grand army there swept across the enemy with virtually no resistance.

However, Ksitigarbha himself did not join in the fighting unless necessary. It was the same with Meng Hao, who despite having a Paragon puppet and peak 6-Essences battle prowess, also held back.

Sea Dream and the other Mountain and Sea Lords were the same. Unless facing powerful Outsider experts, they merely observed the battle.

They allowed the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm to do most of the fighting, to help them understand that now, the true war was only just beginning. Only by bathing in the blood of the enemy could the cultivators truly be qualified to grow into seasoned veterans.

It was the same in the Eighth and Ninth Mountains and Seas.

The Outsiders had nowhere to run to. Upon their initial invasion, they had established nine main camps in the Nine Mountains and Seas. Originally, they had been in the superior position in the fight, which made those camps like nine sharp blades stabbing down into the Mountain and Sea Realm, threatening to slice it into pieces.

However, such troop placement was why they were now hovering on the brink of being exterminated completely. They were scattered, surrounded, with only the Sixth and Seventh Mountains and Seas being united and relatively free of Mountain and Sea cultivators. Those two locations had been their primary base of operations, and now, they were their last point of refuge.

Within the span of seven days, the First, Second, Third and Fourth Mountains and Seas all clinched victories, completely cutting off and surrounding the Outsiders, killing nearly eighty percent of them.

Blood spread out through the starry sky, and fierce fighting raged everywhere. The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm fought with upright fearlessness. Xu Qing shone with her own type of glory, and in the end, the Fourth Mountain and Sea was where the greatest slaughter of Outsiders was carried out. Next, they turned to help the cultivators in the Third Mountain and Sea.

After that, they all joined forces in grandiose fashion. Under Xu Qing's leadership, they marched toward the Fifth Mountain and Sea, their target being... the Outsider encampment that stretched through the Sixth and Seventh Mountains and Seas.

As for the Eighth and Ninth Mountains and Seas, after wiping out the Outsiders on the field of battle, they joined forces and invaded the Seventh Mountain and Sea.

The fighting dragged on for several months. However, during those months, everything changed in a monumental and even spectacular way.

Eventually, the day came in which the final battle began in the Sixth and Seventh Mountains and Seas. Meng Hao fought in that battle with his Paragon puppet, leading to both grief and despair among the final resisting Outsiders.

The strongest among their number was Long Linzi. The bitter agony which engulfed him was too difficult to put into words.

The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were like floodwaters smashing into the Outsiders. With Paragon Sea Dream, the Paragon puppet, Ksitigarbha, and Meng Hao himself leading the armies of cultivators into battle, the Outsiders in the Seventh and Sixth Mountains and Seas were powerless to fight back.

"Acknowledge allegiance, or perish!" said Meng Hao. As his voice echoed out across the battlefield, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm ceased attacking, and instead began to echo his words.

Their voices were grand and filled with unswerving determination. This was the spirit of a people on the rise. It was almost as if they were back in the Paragon Immortal Realm, in the position to look down on all creation.

“Acknowledge allegiance, or perish!”

“Acknowledge allegiance, or perish!!” The sound of their voices filled the Mountain and Sea Realm, echoing about with intense pressure that caused the Outsiders to tremble even more than before.

Meng Hao did not want to completely exterminate the Outsiders. That would be a waste. If they chose to acknowledge allegiance, then not only would the overall power of the Mountain and Sea Realm not be reduced any further, but it would actually grow.

That in turn was the true hope to be able to fight this war to the end.

In response to Meng Hao’s words, Paragon Sea Dream nodded slightly. Apparently, if Meng Hao hadn’t spoken the words himself, she would have. As for Ksitigarbha and the other Mountain and Sea Lords, although each one had slightly different ideas about how to go about things, Meng Hao was a paramount figure in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and they would listen to him.

In fact, the incredible fleshly body power of the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators was thanks to Meng Hao, so of course they wouldn’t go against his wishes.

The Outsiders didn’t need much time to think. The most powerful of their number, the golden-armored Dao Sovereign Long Linzi, laughed bitterly and dispersed his cultivation base power. Then, bowing his head, he said, “I acknowledge allegiance!”

They really had no choice but to acknowledge allegiance. It was either that... or die as a people.

When Long Linzi’s words echoed out across the battlefield and throughout the Seventh and Sixth Mountains and Seas, the Outsiders heard them, and they sighed. They, too, dispersed their cultivation base power and bowed their heads.

There were a few who refused, and they were quickly subdued and summarily executed. Their flowing blood bore witness to a grand victory on the part of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

It was a victory in which the 1st Heaven collapsed, a Paragon was enslaved, an Imperial Lord was killed, and of two Dao Sovereigns, one was killed and the other surrendered. Nearly seventy percent of the invading force was killed....

However, the Mountain and Sea Realm had also paid a grievous price. Nearly forty percent of the Mountain and Sea cultivators had been killed, most of them in the initial battles.

If Meng Hao hadn't destroyed the 1st Heaven and awakened the spirits of the cultivators, then enslaved their Paragon before giving the Outsiders any time to regroup, then even more of the Mountain and Sea cultivators would be dead.

The first phase of the war was over....

Although there were cheers of victory, massive pressure still weighed down on the shield created by the will of the Mountains and Seas. That shield separated them from the 32 Heavens, and right now there seemed to be some enormous figure pushing down onto it.

Everyone knew that the 32 Heavens would be coming for them soon. The will of the Mountains and Seas could only hold them off for so long, and when they came, it would be with force that far exceeded that of the 1st Heaven.

This time... a far larger army would be coming against them!

Could the Mountain and Sea Realm prevail...?

That was the question all the cultivators in the Mountain and Sea Realm were pondering. However, when they saw the enormous Paragon Puppet, and Meng Hao on its head, their eyes shone with brilliant light.

An ancient voice suddenly rang out into the minds and hearts of all of the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators. It was none other than the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm itself.

“Three months.... At the most, we have three months.... At that time, the 32 Heavens will break through the barrier and descend upon us! This time, it will not just be a single Heaven....”

Next, the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm asked a question which reverberated out in all directions. “Should we activate Mountain and Sea Siege Mode?!”

A look of surprise appeared on Meng Hao’s face, and Ksitigarbha suddenly looked up. However, Paragon Sea Dream turned to look at the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and after a long moment spoke, her voice cool.

“Activate Siege Mode!

“Mountain and Sea Lords, hear my orders. Immediately evacuate all life forms from the planets in your Mountain and Sea. Take them to the Ninth Mountain and Sea, which will now serve as our command headquarters!

“Mountain and Sea cultivators, return to your respective Mountains and Seas and await further orders. We will work together in concert with the Mountain and Sea Siege Mode... to once again battle the 32 Heavens!

“Mountain and Sea Siege Mode takes one month to activate; it was prepared by Paragon Nine Seals for the express purpose of being used in this war!

“In Siege Mode, the entire Mountain and Sea Realm will be transformed from a horizontal layout to a vertical one. All of the Mountains and Seas will be lined up on top of each other!

“The First Mountain and Sea will be our first line of defense. The Second Mountain and Sea, our second. After eight lines of defenses is the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

“Fellow Daoists from all Mountains and Seas, we have three months.... This war will determine the fate of our Realm. As for me, I have only one thing left to say... Mountain and Sea Cultivators, fight to the death!” After Paragon Sea Dream’s words faded away, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were silent for a moment before their voices erupted out in unison.

“Mountain and Sea Cultivators, fight to the death!” The sound of their voices shook the entire Realm.

Meng Hao took a deep breath, and within his eyes flickered the desire to do battle. He looked up at the starry sky, and the void which existed beyond the barrier. That was where the 32 Heavens were, and from that barrier emanated numerous ripples.

“The war really has begun....”

Chapter 1352: Crown Prince of the Mountains and Seas!

The entire Mountain and Sea Realm was transforming. Although one might initially assume that such a huge transformation would happen slowly, it was actually visible to the naked eye! As such, one could well imagine how rapidly the transformation took place!

The change was happening at a speed which all cultivators could perceive, and yet did not cause any sense of unease or disorientation. Originally, the Mountain and Sea Realm was laid out in a horizontal line, from the First Mountain and Sea all the way to the Ninth. It was like a giant laying there, with the sun and moon orbiting the entire Realm.

But now, that giant... was slowly standing up!

The First Mountain was rising high up into the starry sky, as was the First Sea. Even as intense rumbling sounds echoed out, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm adhered to Paragon Sea Dream's orders. Under the leadership of the various Mountain and Sea Lords, the occupants of the mortal worlds were all transported to the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

The Mountain and Sea Realm buzzed with activity, and was changing by the moment.

There was no time for Xu Qing to reunite with Meng Hao. She had put on an extraordinary display of her command of strategy and tactics, and as such, was whisked away by Paragon Sea Dream. She, along with Li Ling'er, were appointed by Sea Dream as the Two Great Holy Daughters of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Meng Hao sent the Paragon puppet high up into the starry sky, and tasked it with standing guard against any early incursions by the 32 Heavens. At the same time, it sent divine will out through the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, constantly exerting a slight pressure to cow any potential double-crossers.

After all, despite the awakening of the spirit of the people, when it came to ultimate survival, there were some cultivators, and even some entire sects and clans, who weren't completely loyal. They didn't understand what it meant for all the eggs to be lost when the nest was overturned. They wanted to preserve their strength either to join everyone else in a comeback or, if things looked bad, to surrender and attempt to somehow impress the 32 Heavens.

Of course, with the Paragon puppet there, such double-crossers didn't dare to take any action.

Everyone in the entire Mountain and Sea Realm was at work, busily preparing for war. Time was of the essence, and unless something unexpected happened, they had at most three months....

Unexpectedly, Meng Hao experienced a rare situation in which he was left with nothing pertinent to do, so he strolled amidst the starry sky, watching the Mountain and Sea Realm transform. The First Mountain and Sea led the rise as the Mountain and Sea Realm slowly transformed from a horizontal layout to a vertical one. At the moment, that left it tilted at an angle.

"It starting to look... a bit unfamiliar," Meng Hao thought reticently. Finally, he sighed. He had known for a long time that war was coming. However, to him and all the other cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, that war had arrived too suddenly.

It had started with the sudden outbreak of violence between the Seventh and Eighth Mountains and Seas. Then came the conflict between the Fifth and Sixth Mountains and Seas. After that was the decision to start the fighting the 33 Heavens ahead of schedule. That decision had been the right one, and yet it didn't change the suddenness of it all.

Meng Hao felt somewhat blank inside, even uncertain about the future. However, he couldn't give voice to such doubts. He couldn't allow anyone to see anything except staunch confidence and faith.

Sadly, the truth of the matter was that... he wasn't confident.

Wherever he went, the cultivators who saw him clasped hands and

bowed, looks of deep reverence in their eyes no matter which Mountain and Sea they came from.

Meng Hao now symbolized the spirit of the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators. To many people, he also symbolized hope.

Meng Hao put aside the pressure he felt, allowing a faint, self-assured smile to appear on his face. He would nod at people and then proceed along. He passed through the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Mountains and Seas. Finally... he ended up in the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

This was his first time back since he had left, oh so long ago. Looking out at the Ninth Mountain and Sea, his heart finally grew calm. However, there were still many things left for him to accomplish.

“Chu Yuyan’s soul...” he thought, pain stabbing at his heart. As he walked through the starry sky, there was really no other place that he wanted to go to other than home.

Planet South Heaven.

There were vast numbers of cultivators garrisoned on Planet South Heaven now. Because of their connection to Meng Hao, the Fang Clan was well known not just in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, but throughout the Mountain and Sea Realm. Everyone was aware that Meng Hao was the Crown Prince of the Fang Clan.

Meng Hao’s return caused a big stir. The entire Fang Clan emerged to receive him, and a ceremony was held that surpassed the kind which would be held for even a Clan Chief. Only Patriarchs received such treatment.

Of course, it wasn’t just the Fang Clan that went out to receive Meng Hao. All of the sects and clans on Planet South Heaven made appearances. Even the Emperor of the Great Tang could be seen.

As soon as Meng Hao appeared outside of Planet South Heaven, he saw tens of millions of cultivators lined up to welcome him. The looks on their faces were those of excitement, enthusiasm, and worship.

In almost the same instant that he appeared, tens of millions of

cultivators clasped hands and bowed deeply.

“We offer respectful greetings upon the return of the Crown Prince!”

“Respectful greetings upon your return, Crown Prince!”

“Crown Prince, the divine abilities you unleashed in the battle with the 1st Heaven are without parallel!!”

Ever since Meng Hao destroyed the 1st Heaven and enslaved the Outsider Paragon, the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators had come to view him... as a Crown Prince, not just of the Fang Clan, but of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

As their voices boomed out, Meng Hao looked over the group, and eventually his gaze came to fall on a separate group of people who stood behind everyone else, within the actual borders of the planet.

There, he saw his father, his mother, his sister, and the familiar faces of the Chosen he had interacted with in the past.

Meng Hao saw his father smiling, a smile of excitement and pride. He saw the kindness in his mother's face, as well as pride that only a mother could feel.

Meng Hao looked back at the cultivators congregated outside of Planet South Heaven, then clasped his hands and bowed deeply to them.

“What I did in the battle with the 1st Heaven is what any other Mountain and Sea cultivator would have done. I alone cannot determine the outcome of this war. If we want to win, we of the Mountains and Seas must fight together!”

Due to how powerful of a warrior he was in battle, Meng Hao didn't need to add any extra power to his voice. The words alone radiated passion and ardor.

It was when the fighting broke out with the 1st Heaven that Meng Hao came to understand that he no longer had the luxury of thinking about only himself. He had a responsibility to bear, and that responsibility had already begun to weigh down on him.

As his words echoed out, the tens of millions of cultivators outside of Planet South Heaven once again clasped hands and bowed. Meng Hao proceeded forward, and they parted to create a path for him.

Everyone watched as he strode forward and then entered Planet South Heaven. As Meng Hao looked at his father and mother, and the various Patriarchs, he suddenly felt as if the powerful spirit that had driven him in battle had somehow transformed into a deep exhaustion which threatened to overwhelm him.

Home. The place where it was truly possible to relax....

Meng Hao stepped up to his father and mother, then dropped to his knees and kowtowed.

“Dad, mom... I’m back.”

Countless cultivators looked on as Meng Li stepped forward and lifted Meng Hao to his feet. She looked at him for a moment, a flicker pain in her eyes, and then pulled him into a warm embrace.

It was at that point that a huge cheer rose up from Planet South Heaven. In the hearts of the Mountain and Sea cultivators, Meng Hao was a supreme being. However, in the Ninth Mountain and Sea, and especially among the cultivators on Planet South Heaven, he was something beyond that. He was... THEIR Meng Hao!

Meng Hao was back!

Planet South Heaven was shaken, as was the entire Ninth Mountain and Sea. In the following half month, countless cultivators came to visit Planet South Heaven in the hopes of meeting Meng Hao. As for Meng Hao, he did his best to meet with as many as he could.

Although he was exhausted and only wished to rest, he couldn’t disappoint the cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

When Meng Li realized what a strain it was putting on him, she erupted like a thunderclap, and refused to let any visitors through the front gate. Fang Xiufeng then began to stand in for Meng Hao to receive the guests, after which the crowds waned.

At long last, Meng Hao had some personal time. He was able to spend some time with his mother and sister, to truly enjoy the happiness of being with family.

He did not meditate, nor did he practice cultivation. He didn't even leave the Fang Clan to visit all the places he was familiar with on Planet South Heaven. He stayed in the ancestral mansion, slowly allowing his heart to grow calm.

He was only now coming to realize that the way the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm viewed him had changed. Fan Dong'er and all the other Chosen he knew treated him... differently.

Occasionally, even his father would look at him with a reverence in his eyes that had never been there before. It left Meng Hao feeling somewhat bitter, and even sad.

And then there was his sister. When they were both young, she had promised that she would always protect him. And yet, she had also changed. She loved him more than ever, but when she looked at him, he could see the awe in her eyes. 1

There almost wasn't a need to even mention Sun Hai. He had long since come to revere Meng Hao, but now, he looked at him, not just with reverence, but with fanatical zealotry.

His mother was the only one who didn't seem to have changed. To her, it didn't matter what Realm Meng Hao was in; even if he was a Paragon, he would always be her son.

As he spent time with his family, he would sometimes look off into the distance, where he knew Xu Qing was. Occasionally, he would ponder the matter of Chu Yuyan's soul....

As for everyone else he knew, it wasn't that he didn't want to see them. Rather, in this moment of incredible crisis for the Mountain and Sea Realm, he simply didn't have the mental energy to think about too many things at one time.

Meng Hao got the feeling that he was changing. He was becoming

quieter, and even spirit stones somehow didn't seem as important to him as they had in the past. Now, his thoughts were occupied more and more by the Mountain and Sea Realm....

"If I could have my way," he thought, "I would live in an era in which there was no war...." Sighing, he felt more tired than ever.

Another half month passed. The Mountain and Sea Realm Siege Mode was completely activated. The First Mountain and Sea was at the apex, with the First Sea being in the highest position, followed by the First Mountain. After that was the Second Sea and the Second Mountain....

The entire Mountain and Sea Realm had risen up like a giant that propped up Heaven and Earth!

The sun and moon no longer orbited around the Realm, but were motionless in guard positions on either side. Although that left certain parts of the Mountain and Sea Realm in perpetual day, and other parts in perpetual night, in this critical moment, that wasn't something that people worried about.

At the same time, the vast numbers of mortals who lived in the Mountain and Sea Realm had been transported to the Ninth Mountain and Sea, which was now... the most important place in the entire Realm!

In the instant that the Mountain and Sea Realm Siege Mode was completely activated, the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm spoke out into the minds of all cultivators, seemingly emotionless.

"My interference with the 32 Heavens cannot be maintained for much longer. In a month and a half... they... will come."

*

1. Fang Yu was first described as promising to protect Meng Hao in chapter 800, and those words were repeated in the following chapter.

Chapter 1353: I Demand An Explanation!

The voice echoed out into the minds of all of the cultivators in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and regardless of what they were doing, they stopped in place. The entire Realm went silent.

Soon, eyes began to shine with the desire to fight. The bewilderment and fear that had existed in those eyes were now replaced by a brilliant glow that reflected their spirits.

Although they maintained their silence, they went back to whatever important tasks they had been working on with renewed haste.

In accord with the requirements of Paragon Sea Dream and the Mountain and Sea Lords, the First Mountain became the first line of defense. Furthermore, innumerable spell formations and restrictive spells were set up, until the entire place was like a gigantic restrictive spell formation.

As for the denizens of the First Sea, they were also part of the war, and their survival was also on the line, so they held nothing back in their preparations.

Each successive Mountain and Sea was an additional line of defense, after eight of which was the nucleus, the headquarters of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

As the Mountain and Sea Realm prepared for war, Meng Hao sat cross-legged in the Fang Clan ancestral mansion. Another half month passed before he chose to leave.

There was someone he wished to see on Planet South Heaven... as well as someone on the Ninth Mountain!

The first person was... Shui Dongliu!

He had recently learned from his Grandpa Meng that Shui Dongliu was the Outsider he had known of for some time. After thinking about everything that had happened throughout the years, and putting many pieces of the puzzle together, Meng Hao was increasingly certain that

there was more to Shui Dongliu than met the eye.

In fact, he even had the feeling that there was some monumental secret connected to Shui Dongliu, a secret that perhaps... had something to do with the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

“Shui Dongliu used a single sentence to get my grandfather to become the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Just... who exactly is he?

“According to what Grandma Meng said, my Grandpa Fang isn’t in the Mountain and Sea Realm. Could it be... that he’s in....” Meng Hao looked up. His gaze seemed to pass through all eight lines of defense, out into the starry sky, to the 32 Heavens.

During his more than one month on Planet South Heaven, Meng Hao had frequently sent divine sense out to cover Planet South Heaven in search of Shui Dongliu. He was certain that Shui Dongliu was there, somewhere.

However, he hadn’t been able to turn up even the slightest clue about his actual location. In the end, he sighed. Trusting in his own senses, but having no other recourse, he bid farewell to his parents and everyone else. Upon leaving, he hovered just outside of Planet South Heaven and looked back down.

“Don’t want to see me, huh?” Meng Hao said coolly.

In that same moment, back down on a high mountain peak on Planet South Heaven, Shui Dongliu was looking up into the sky at Meng Hao.

Apparently, he could see Meng Hao, but Meng Hao couldn’t see him.

Meng Hao hovered there for some time before his eyes glittered. He quickly blinked his left eye nine times in a row, causing his view of the world to change and magnify. Soon, he could see all of the lands below in complete detail.

Suddenly, he vanished. Shockingly, when he appeared... he was standing on the mountain peak directly in front of Shui Dongliu.

Shui Dongliu didn’t move a muscle, although a look of surprise could be

seen in his eyes as he looked at Meng Hao.

Except... Meng Hao could see nothing in front of him at all. He got a very strange feeling from this mountain, as if it were somehow connected by Karma to Shui Dongliu.

After standing there silently for a moment, Meng Hao suddenly smiled in a relaxed fashion. Finally giving up on the idea of tracking down Shui Dongliu, he clasped hands and bowed deeply to the air in front of him.

“Senior, since you don’t wish to meet with me right now, then I’ll take my leave. I will never forget the kindness you have shown me. I’m not sure what your plan is, Senior, but... the Mountain and Sea Realm is weak now, so please... don’t play with fire and get burned!” The words he spoke were icy, and a bitter coldness emanated from him. Even the Paragon puppet up in the starry sky radiated a coldness that seemed to lock down onto that mountaintop.

With that, Meng Hao looked up and made his way out into the void, paying the mountain no more heed. There, he transformed into a beam of light that left Planet South Heaven.

As he made his way off, Shui Dongliu continued to stand there, and a flicker of praise could be seen in his eyes. After a moment passed, he smiled.

“So, kid,” he murmured, his smile deepening, “you’ve finally grown up... grown some teeth too, I see. You know what it means to protect your home. Excellent. Excellent....

“As for the Mountain and Sea Realm, let’s just say... I care about it more than you do. More... than anyone.”

Outside of Planet South Heaven, Meng Hao proceeded along through the starry sky. Throughout the Ninth Mountain and Sea, cultivators were crafting planets and land masses in numerous locations, filling the starry sky.

Gathered upon those planets and land masses were all of the mortals of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and all of the bloodlines of all the

cultivators....

There was only one Mountain and Sea Lord here, though, and that was Ji Tian. Paragon Sea Dream had personally come to visit him and appoint him as guardian of the place.

Meng Hao looked out at this vastly changed Ninth Mountain and Sea, and eventually, his gaze came to rest upon a certain mountain.... The Ninth Mountain!

Meng Hao wanted to meet a certain person and put an end to the Karma which tied them together. That person was none other than Ji Tian!

Ji Tian had interfered when Fang Xiufeng stepped into the Dao, and had attempted to possess Meng Hao in the Eighth Mountain and Sea. Because of things such as these, the Karma between them was varied and strong.

Meng Hao proceeded through the starry sky toward the Ninth Mountain, then began to walk up the steps leading to the peak. Soon he was there, at the highest part of the Mountain.

He saw a celestial pond, within which was a sleeping Xuanwu turtle. Sitting cross-legged next to the pond was an old man in a violet robe. His eyes were unclouded and bright, and boundless Karma was visible upon his person.

In the instant in which Meng Hao saw him, he knew that this was the man he had come to see... Ji Tian!

He was a former subordinate of Lord Li, a powerful expert from the same era as the first generation Patriarch of the Fang Clan. He was also the Lord of the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

Ji Tian was not alone. A young man and a young woman stood behind him. Meng Hao was unfamiliar with the man, having never seen him before, but could see that he had an extraordinary cultivation base in the mid Ancient Realm. When he looked at Meng Hao, the awe in his eyes was evident, and although he was apparently trying to hold back from revealing it, Meng Hao could see it clearly.

As soon as Meng Hao laid eyes on the young woman, he recognized her.

It was Ji Yin, and as soon as she saw him, a complex look could be seen in her eyes, and her expression darkened. 1

Ji Tian's expression was the same as ever when he looked up at Meng Hao. It was almost as if he considered him to be an old friend. He smiled, and in a casual tone said, "You've come."

Meng Hao looked at Ji Tian, expression calm as he approached and stood before him. Then he looked down at the Xuanwu turtle in the pond water, and his eyes suddenly glittered.

"So you can see it?" Ji Tian said, smiling. "I knew there would be no way of hiding the truth. The only question is, will I be able to calm your anger, Crown Prince of the Mountains and Seas?"

Meng Hao stood there silently, eyes flashing. What he saw was that there were innumerable powerful Karma threads binding Ji Tian to the Xuanwu turtle, creating a connection between the two of them that vastly exceeded the connection between an ordinary Mountain and Sea Lord and Xuanwu turtle. In fact, the life forces of Ji Tian and the Xuanwu turtle seemed to be bound together.

Furthermore, it was not a situation in which Ji Tian was in the dominant position, with the Xuanwu turtle being bound to him. Instead, the Xuanwu turtle was dominant!

If the Xuanwu turtle died, Ji Tian would perish. However, if Ji Tian died, it wouldn't have any negative effect on the Xuanwu turtle at all. In fact, if Ji Tian died, the Xuanwu turtle would be able to absorb the power of his cultivation base, and thus have an explosive increase in battle prowess.

The way Meng Hao saw it was that this was an oath sworn by Ji Tian that he would live or die with the Ninth Mountain and Sea!

Meng Hao examined the situation for a very long moment before turning to look Ji Tian in the eye. "Why have you done this?"

Ji Tian looked back at Meng Hao and began to speak slowly, sounding as proud as the Lord of the Ninth Mountain and Sea should. "That is the wrong question to ask, Crown Prince. Let us make things clear. I have a

grudge with your Fang Clan. Furthermore, although there are many sects and clans in the Ninth Mountain and Sea who venerate me, most of them fear me, but don't respect me.

"However, after becoming the Mountain and Sea Lord, I have committed no depraved acts of inhumanity! Perhaps I haven't lead the Ninth Mountain and Sea into riches and glory, but I haven't led it into decline either!

"As a matter of fact, many Chosen have appeared here, one after another. I never had a single one of those Chosen killed, no matter what sect or clan they come from, nor have I engaged in any wholesale slaughter!

"It's true that the Ji Clan has grown large and powerful thanks to the Immortality Bestowal Dais I created, which allowed many people to become false Immortals by means of my name. However, in the end, I have done nothing to harm the Ninth Mountain and Sea. If anything, I gave more people the hope, and the chance, to reach Immortal Ascension.

"As for the Fang Clan, the only reason I ever targeted them was because of the old enmities that exist between our two clans.

"Despite that, from the very beginning until now, when you still haven't stepped into the Dao, I never made a move to attack you... with the exception of that one time in the Eighth Mountain and Sea."

Meng Hao thought for a moment, then responded in a cool voice, "Nice soliloquy, but it's not enough. I demand a complete explanation."

Ji Yin couldn't hold back from jumping in. "Meng Hao, y-you're pushing things too far. What the Patriarch did to you and your father wasn't his true wish. He actually--"

"That's enough," Ji Tian said, waving his hand to interrupt Ji Yin. He looked at Meng Hao, and he seemed to have come to a decision.

"I can give you that complete explanation, Crown Prince." With that, he rose to his feet and waved his hand, causing a rift to appear in front of him, which he immediately entered.

Meng Hao glanced over at Ji Yin. Based on what she had just said, he already had an idea of what was going on. He strode forward into the rift, then appeared in a small dimension.

The surroundings weren't very large. It was a sepulcher.

"Crown Prince, the explanation I owe you lies in here," Ji Tian said, his voice hoarse.

Meng Hao looked around, and was instantly moved. Within the sepulcher were eight coffins, none of which contained bones, only piles of skin.

There was also a strong Karmic power that caused Meng Hao's eyes to glitter. It only took a moment of extrapolation on his part to determine the general function of this place, although he couldn't determine the specific grand magic at play.

"Clone possession," he said. "Crafting the perfect body.... Eight possessions were like eight lives, and from the look of it, Ji Dongyang was your eighth life. He wanted to possess me in order to become the ninth life!

"Therefore, what you want to tell me is that the divine magic you unleashed actually took control of you. The 'you' that I encountered before wasn't really you. Furthermore, after cutting down Ji Dongyang, the magic was broken, and you recovered control?" Eyes glittering, he looked over at Ji Tian!

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1. Ji Yin was one of the many Chosen who Meng Hao beat and stuffed into his bag of holding in the events of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite temple arc. He fought Ji Yin in chapter 829. Later someone disguised as her appeared when the Ji Clan attempted to overthrow the Fang Clan.

Chapter 1354: The 32 Heavens are Coming!

Ji Tian stood there for a while without responding. Then he sighed, looking around the sepulcher with mixed emotions.

“Ke Yunhai was the hero of an entire generation.... His reincarnation magic worked for Ke Jiusi. But even though I obtained the same magical technique, I couldn’t get it to work right.”

Meng Hao’s mind reeled as he realized why this magical technique seemed so familiar. It was obviously... the same legendary transmigration technique Ke Yunhai had mentioned! 1

“Crown Prince, does this explanation of mine meet with your satisfaction?” Ji Tian asked slowly.

Meng Hao waved his hand, causing the dimension they were in to shrink down until it was nothing more than a dot of light in the palm of his hand. Then, he and Ji Tian reappeared back out on the Ninth Mountain.

Ji Tian had made things very simple. He knew that he had offended Meng Hao and the Fang Clan far too deeply. That was in fact why he had connected his life force to the Ninth Mountain’s Xuanwu turtle. Such an act clearly demonstrated how determined he was to fight for the Mountains and Seas. Then, he had actually handed over to Meng Hao the very pocket dimension which was inextricably bound to his own life.

All of that showed that he was placing his life in Meng Hao’s hands. If Meng Hao wanted to, he could easily use the pocket dimension to torture him endlessly, even kill him.

After providing all of these things to Meng Hao, Ji Tian stood quietly off to the side, waiting for Meng Hao to make his decision.

Meng Hao thought for a moment, then gave Ji Tian a profound look. If there were no war in the Mountains and Seas, then he would definitely kill Ji Tian on the spot. But now....

A profound gleam flickered in his eyes as he turned, taking the pocket dimension with him as he left the Ninth Mountain.

After Meng Hao left, Ji Tian seemed to age, and much of his energy drained away. After standing there bitterly for a moment, he sighed.

He knew that he had just sidestepped a huge catastrophe. Before Meng Hao had destroyed the 1st Heaven, he had felt confident in being able to personally prevent him from taking action. But after what happened with the 1st Heaven, and after he enslaved the Paragon, Ji Tian was filled with an unprecedented level of fear.

At that point, he realized that all the preparations he had made would be useless in dealing with Meng Hao. The only way to have a shot at living... was to place his life in Meng Hao's hands.

Even then, he only had a sliver of a chance!

After resolving matters with Ji Tian, Meng Hao proceeded along through the starry sky, observing the Mountain and Sea Realm preparing for war. His heart grew calm, and his will to fight grew stronger. He was like a sword being sharpened, a sword that, when it was unsheathed, could sever the Heavens.

The preparations continued, and one by one, various projects were completed. The eight lines of defense were set up, and the Nine Seas were filled with astonishing restrictive spells.

The Mountain and Sea cultivators were also organized into armies. Roughly thirty percent were sent to the First Mountain and Sea, with the rest being sent to the other Mountains and Seas, where they would wait to relieve troops on the battlefield or act as reinforcements.

Ancient treasures from various sects and clans were distributed, and large numbers of cultivators were stationed on the sun and moon, which were in and of themselves precious treasures no weaker than Paragons!

During the battle with the 1st Heaven, the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm had been solely focused on maintaining the barrier against the other Heavens. Therefore, the sun and the moon had not been used. Now

that the barrier was breaking, and the 32 Heavens were coming, the sun and moon... were ready to explode into battle!

Ksitigarbha was stationed on the moon. Considering the level of his cultivation base, as well as the fact that he commanded the river of reincarnation, the sea of the Yellow Springs, as well as numerous Yama King palaces, the moon was the best place for him to unleash his peak power. Most of the power of the moon was focused, not on attacking, but defending!

The brightest glow of all came from the sun! The person who had been appointed to that station was... Meng Hao!

As per Paragon Sea Dream's orders, Meng Hao was to take control of the sun, and would wield the Mountain and Sea Realm's most deadly weapon!

As for the paragon puppet, Meng Hao sent it to the peak of the First Mountain, where it had a perfect view of the First Sea, and would be able to observe all of the battlefields which would make up the first line of defense.

Conveniently, Meng Hao's incredible divine sense made it possible for him multitask, and thus personally control the incredible power of the Paragon puppet. To him, it was a perfectly suitable thing to do, although to anyone else it would be impossible.

Everyone took everything very seriously, and soon, a powerful will to fight pervaded the entire Mountain and Sea Realm. With the Siege Mode activated, the Realm was like a razor-sharp sword.

The most important aspect of the Siege Mode was that everything surrounding the entire Mountain and Sea Realm was locked down by its will. The only way in or out was through the First Sea and the First Mountain!

If the 32 Heavens wanted to exterminate all life in the Mountain and Sea Realm, then there was really only one way to do it. They could not resort to trickery like the 1st Heaven had, and try to divide the Mountain and Sea Realm.

All cultivators in the Mountains and Seas, regardless of whether they wanted to or not, were ready for war. Some of them were thinking of themselves, but most were thinking of their clans and their sects!

Perhaps few people were worried about the Mountain and Sea Realm as a whole, but everyone had a clan or sect, as well as a family, and all of those existed within the Mountain and Sea Realm!

It was now only about three days until the 32 Heavens were expected to break through the barrier. Everything was still and quiet, although the will to fight and the killing intent in the Realm grew stronger and more pervasive.

Meng Hao made his way through the starry sky until eventually he... reached the sun. There were 100,000 cultivators posted there, arranged in both military and spell formations.

The minimum cultivation level among those cultivators was the Immortal Realm, with about thirty percent being Ancient Realm experts. They did not come from one particular Mountain and Sea, but had been picked from all of them. These people all cultivated fire-type techniques, and with them present, the power of the sun would be even further increased.

As soon as Meng Hao arrived, the 100,000 cultivators clasped hands and bowed deeply, fanatical gleams shining in their eyes.

“Greetings, Crown Prince of the Mountains and Seas!

“We shall live and die with the Mountains and Seas! We are willing to give our lives and souls for the Crown Prince!” The voices of 100,000 cultivators joined together into a powerful roar that echoed out, and within their eyes burned passion, and an intense desire to do battle.

Meng Hao looked at them, looked at the sun, and then clasped hands and bowed deeply. He made no speech, but instead stepped forward into the nucleus spell formation at the center of the sun, where he sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes.

Now that Meng Hao had arrived, all of the 100,000 cultivators sat down

cross-legged.

Meng Hao had previously believed this sun to be huge, definitely larger than a planet, and most likely as large as one of the Mountains of the Realm. But now he realized that actually... it wasn't very big.

The reason it seemed so spectacular was because of the dazzling, majestic light which constantly shone off of it, and the intense heat which made it impossible for ordinary cultivators to even get near it.

In fact, these 100,000 cultivators were wearing a special type of armor provided by Paragon Sea Dream which allowed them to stay on the surface of the sun. As for Meng Hao, considering the current level of his fleshly body, he needed nothing of the sort.

Numerous powerful spell formations could be seen which had apparently existed since time immemorial. As the 100,000 cultivators sat down cross-legged onto those spell formations, they merged into them, becoming part of the formations.

Meng Hao, of course, sat down cross-legged at the spell formation in the very center.

When he sent his divine sense out to cover the entire sun, he could sense a power there that could shake Heaven and Earth.

It was not his first time sensing that power. Back in the Windswept Realm, he had used his drop of Paragon's blood to summon the light of this very sun, and the energy he had sensed at that time was the same as the energy he sensed now!

With his divine sense unleashed, he could utilize the spell formation, and with a mere thought, could merge into that power, and even... control it without the slightest interference!

Meng Hao could also sense that deep within the recesses of the sun was... the true precious treasure that this spell formation could unleash.

"According to the legends," he murmured, "Paragon Nine Seals created the Mountain and Sea Realm, and then used his two Battle Weapons to make the sun and moon.... As for the sun, it focuses on battle, and the

moon focuses on defense.” With that, he looked over in the direction of the moon, which was on the opposite side of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

That was where Ksitigarbha was stationed, who Meng Hao had still not met in person. He was the most peerless expert in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and he was tasked with using the moon to coordinate the defenses in battle.

Meng Hao took a deep breath and looked away. Then he sent his divine sense throughout the sun, linking himself with the 100,000 cultivators.

With that, he closed his eyes and began to wait.

Time passed. One day. Two days.... The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were itching to fight, and their killing intent shook Heaven and Earth. Everyone was now completely focused on the starry sky up above.

By now, boundless ripples were spreading out through the starry sky, as well as crashing booms, all from the barrier created by the will of the Mountains and Seas. Something terrifying was bashing at that barrier, causing the starry sky to burn, and sending crevices snaking out!

As the crevices grew wider, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm calmed their spirits. No one spoke. They stood there silently. Waiting. Waiting for the 32 Heavens to attack!

It was in that moment that Paragon Sea Dream’s voice suddenly echoed out in Meng Hao’s mind.

“Meng Hao....”

Meng Hao opened his eyes.

“The sun is extremely important, and is in fact the key to the war. The sun... must not be lost! The Tailuo Redthunder Formation was one of the most powerful spell formations back in the days of the Paragon Immortal Realm.

“Paragon Nine Seals himself set up the formation, and having built up energy for tens upon tens of thousands of years, it can unleash supreme power. However, that power is limited. It can attack only nineteen times at

one hundred percent strength. Eventually, the formation may break, and at that time, there is something you must remember. When it comes to the power of the sun, the spell formation is the first layer, the structure of the sun is the second layer, and the precious treasure in the nucleus is the third layer!

“Hold on for as long as you can.... This war is going to go on for a long time....”

Paragon Sea Dream’s voice echoed away into nothing. Meng Hao sat there silently. He didn’t respond to her words, but his eyes shone with a sharp, brilliant light. As for his divine sense, he sent some of it out toward the peak of the First Mountain where... the Paragon puppet sat cross-legged.

In the instant his divine sense poured into it, the Paragon puppet’s eyes opened, and they glittered brightly as it slowly looked up.

That was the moment in which a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering explosion rang out through the Mountain and Sea Realm. Up above in the starry sky, visible to all, was a huge black scorpion claw, slashing down through the barrier up above!!

The barrier was ripped open, and rumbling sounds like thunder filled the starry sky of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm.

The rift which had been opened in the barrier was thousands of meters wide, and on the other side was an army of Outsiders so large it was impossible to number. Countless eyes stared toward the Mountains and Seas, filled with greed and ruthlessness.

The 32 Heavens... were coming!!

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1. You may remember the Daoist magic from the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect that allowed Ke Jiusi to continue to live down until the events of ISSTH. It was mentioned several times throughout that arc,

the most relevant reference being in chapter 597.

Chapter 1355: Paragon Xuan Fang!

The rumbling was so intense that the heavenly bodies shook. The scorpion pincer retracted, then appeared once again in another area off to the side. More booms could be heard as a second huge rift was ripped open.

Meng Hao watched silently, as did all of the other cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Their cold eyes were fixed on the starry sky up above as they awaited orders from Paragon Sea Dream.

The gigantic scorpion pincer appeared again and again, and soon ten rifts had been slashed open into the barrier in the starry sky. The strangest thing was that the ten rifts did not connect at all.

With every slash of the pincer, it seemed to grow weaker, until the final slash was delivered, whereupon a blast of energy surged out from the pincer.

Everything trembled, and a huge shockwave surged out, although it seemed as if the source of that blast was actually beyond the barrier itself!

After all, the scorpion pincer itself was more than 30,000 meters long, so it could only be imagined how gigantic the scorpion itself was!

The aura emanating from the scorpion pincer spread out in all directions, and the pressure of a Paragon superseded that of Heaven and Earth, dispersing everything in its path as it descended toward the Mountain and Sea Realm, a will unto itself!

“Heathens of the Paragon Immortal Realm, henceforth all of ye... shall cease to exist!

“All Immortals shall perish!

“All Immortal bloodlines will be cut off!

“All memories will be expunged!”

Massive rumbling echoed out in concert with the voice, causing the Mountains to shake and the Seas to seethe. The minds of all the

cultivators in the Mountain and Sea Realm shook.

That was the will of a Paragon, and not that of a 7-Essences Paragon.... No, this was... an 8-Essences Paragon!!

The Mountains and Seas were trembling. The lands shook and mountains were rocked as Heaven and Earth crumbled. The enormous scorpion pincer gradually retracted, as if the Outsider Paragon were temporarily incapable of actually descending into the Mountains and Seas, but first needed to widen the passageway before its true form could come.

As the pincer pulled back through the huge 3,000-meter rift it had just opened, a sea of countless Outsiders began to swarm through. Their eyes blazed with greed and a thirst for blood, and their laughter rang out in all directions.

At the same time, countless Outsiders began to fly out from the other rifts.

“The flesh and blood of Immortals.... I haven’t savored that flavor for a long, long time....”

“Immortals, huh? So this is the Immortal World we’ve been suppressing for so many millennia? They actually managed to wipe out the 1st Heaven?”

“Hahaha! Attack!!”

Screams that could twist the mind and heart echoed out as huge waves of Outsiders poured out. For the most part, they looked completely different than ordinary cultivators. Some had scaly skin, others had bone spurs protruding out all over their bodies. Some of them even looked like enormous crocodiles.

There were Outsiders that had human bodies but the heads of lions, and others with even more bizarre appearances. At a single glance, it was possible to tell that these beings were from outside the Mountain and Sea Realm.

When Meng Hao saw them pouring through the rifts, he frowned, and wondered why the Paragon Immortal Realm had ever ruled over Lower

Realms filled with Outsiders such as these.

It was at this point that Paragon Sea Dream's icy voice suddenly rang out in the minds of all Mountain and Sea cultivators.

“Fight!”

It was one word, but it was a word that called for a battle to the death. The resolve of the cultivators exploded like a whirlwind, and their hearts burned as if with fire.

Rumbling could be heard as the cultivators on the first line of defense attacked, unleashing their most powerful divine abilities. The starry sky trembled as the might of millions of cultivators exploded out. Instantly, the starry sky was not black, but instead filled with a riot of dazzling colors.

Countless divine abilities and magical techniques emanated scintillating colors, and were backed by the will and resolve of all the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm. It was like an ocean of magic that surged with fatal power toward the Outsiders. And this... was just the first showdown!

The fighting exploded in an instant. The Outsiders also unleashed their most profound divine abilities, some of them moving so fast they were mere blurs. Others laughed maniacally as they grew to incredible sizes, using their natural armor-like flesh to fight back. Some even transformed into multiple clones.

However, there were quite a few who were immediately cut down by the raging ocean of magic that blasted into them. This time, the Mountain and Sea Realm had entered its Siege Mode, and the spirits of its cultivators burned with passion. They were completely and utterly prepared for battle.

The ocean of magic swept over the Outsiders, and even as it was destroyed, another salvo surged out from the First Mountain and Sea.

As Meng Hao sat cross-legged in the sun, he refrained from attacking. This precious treasure of the Mountain and Sea Realm could not be squandered casually. It was impossible to say exactly how long the war

would last, and Meng Hao wanted to ensure that each attack he unleashed... would inflict maximum damage on the invading 32 Heavens.

His Paragon puppet was also waiting to attack. Currently, the only fighters on the field of battle were the cultivators from the First Mountain and Sea.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the initial advance of the Outsiders was shoved back, making it impossible for them to descend into the Mountain and Sea Realm. However, despite being sent spinning back by the ocean of magic, the number of Outsiders was vast, and more and more of them poured out of the ten rifts. Furthermore, additional rifts were now opening up.

As the forces of the Outsiders swelled in number, they were slowly able to push back against the ocean of magic unleashed by the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Meng Hao frowned in thought. Then, the sun's spell formation began to flicker with light as he prepared to launch an attack. However, it was at this point that a cold snort echoed out from within the rift, and a new figure appeared.

It was a lion-headed Outsider, and as soon as he appeared, he exploded with the aura of an Imperial Lord. As he advanced, his aura transformed into an enormous circular shield of light!

The shield of light grew larger and larger as he moved in front of all the others, until it was over 9,000 meters in diameter. This was what the Outsider Imperial Lord used to defend against the ocean of magic.

Meng Hao's eyes glittered, and without hesitation, he took action. The boundless light of the sun became the most dazzling light on the battlefield. A beam of light shot out, and if you looked closely, within that beam of light was a glowing arrow!

The arrow pierced through the void to appear directly in front of the lion-headed Imperial Lord. His light shield instantly shattered, and the Imperial Lord's face fell. Pupils constricting, he shot backward. However, the arrow's speed hadn't been reduced in the slightest.

Just as the arrow was about to slam into him, the lion-headed Imperial Lord threw his head back and roared. At the same time, his body rapidly expanded and changed shape into that of a golden lion. He then butted his head into the light shooting toward him from the sun.

Intense, blistering light radiated out from the Outsider Imperial Lord, and he let out a miserable shriek. Just when he was on the verge of being wiped out of existence, he suddenly spit a marionette out of his mouth. It was hard to tell whether the marionette was laughing or crying, and apparently, it was taking the place of the Outsider Imperial Lord's soul as it cracked into pieces.

After the marionette was destroyed, the Outsider Imperial Lord's body grew blurry and then vanished. When he reappeared near the border of the one of the rifts, he was trembling, and was clearly much weaker than before. Enraged, he turned to look in the direction of Meng Hao and the sun.

Meng Hao's expression was calm as he snorted coldly. At the same time, the Outsider Imperial Lord suddenly looked back in the direction of his destroyed marionette to find that the light arrow had reformed. It then shot forth at incredible speed, and before he could react, it stabbed into his forehead.

A boom rang out, and a look of disbelief flashed across his face in the moment before he exploded. In the last moments before he died, the only thing that filled his mind was disbelief that he was dying after having just stepped foot onto the battlefield. Then, he was completely wiped out of existence!

Countless cultivators within the Mountain and Sea Realm saw this happen, and they were instantly enlivened.

Upon the death of the lion-headed Imperial Lord, another astonishing stream of aura pierced out from within one of the rifts. It was a second Imperial Lord who moved so fast it was difficult to see him. Only when he stopped moving was it possible to see that his appearance was not humanoid. Instead, he was a huge ant, thousands of meters tall.

He was pitch black and emanated a boundless black glow that fought back against the ocean of magic. Even as he looked over warily at Meng Hao, a third Imperial Lord appeared!

Shockingly, this third Imperial Lord... was not an Outsider, but a cultivator. He emanated profound ancientness, and wore a long white robe. He was an old man who had apparently lived for countless years, and emanated boundless cultivation base ripples. As soon as he appeared, he looked down at the Mountain and Sea Realm with a complex expression. Seemingly reminiscent, he finally snorted coldly, waving his right hand to cause a crimson flame phoenix to appear, fully 3,000 meters long. Instantly, it shot toward the ocean of magic.

Two Imperial Lords were now attacking simultaneously, causing the ocean of magic to begin to vibrate. After a long moment, just when it seemed as if it couldn't sustain itself for any longer, the invading Outsiders built up enough troops to unleash a magical ocean of their own.

Meng Hao quickly prepared the sun's spell formation for a second attack. In the blink of an eye, another light arrow shot out, toward... the white-robed Imperial Lord who was... clearly a cultivator who had originally come from in the Mountain and Sea Realm.

However, it was at this point that the starry sky trembled. Everything shook as a huge hand stretched out from one of the rifts. It was completely golden, and covered with boundless fur that floated about elegantly. That hand stretched out with incredible speed to simply grab the second light arrow Meng Hao had just shot from the sun!

The hand clenched down viciously, and the light arrow shattered.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered. He hadn't used the full power of the sun in his previous two attacks, only about sixty to seventy percent. Even still, the only type of person who could crush those arrows would be a Paragon!

*

Note from Deathblade: Interestingly the Paragon isn't actually named in the chapter, only the chapter title.

Chapter 1356: Plot To Fragment the Heavens!

Massive rumbling could be heard as the light arrow collapsed into pieces. The Paragon's enormous hand stopped in place, then opened slowly, causing a drop of blood to drop down. That blood drop sizzled, and then exploded into a boundless sea covered with innumerable magical symbols. It descended like a millstone toward the ocean of magic unleashed by the huge army of Mountain and Sea cultivators.

Meng Hao's pupils constricted in response.

"He definitely deserves to be a Paragon. He clearly has copious experience in battle, and is adept at changing tactics in the middle of fighting. He actually took the drop of blood that resulted from being struck by the light arrow and turned it into a powerful attack...."

There was no time for Meng Hao to stop what was happening. Frowning, he watched as the Paragon's sea of blood shoved down onto the ocean of magic, instantly causing its light to fade wherever they connected.

Simultaneously, the two Imperial Lords also attacked. Rumbling sounds could be heard as, for the first time, the Mountain and Sea Realm's ocean of magic was suppressed, and began to fade away.

It was also at this point that the rifts in the starry sky were relentlessly ripped open wider and wider. Vast quantities of Outsiders appeared. There were no less than a million at this point, and their expressions were all fierce and vicious as they charged toward the First Mountain and Sea.

The rifts only continued to open wider, and it was possible to see that even more Outsiders were waiting beyond. They kept pouring through the openings without stop.

Furthermore, behind all of those Outsiders was... a land mass!

It was... the 2nd Heaven. This 2nd Heaven was clearly larger than the 1st Heaven, and beyond it, Meng Hao could see the 3rd Heaven, the 4th Heaven, and the 5th Heaven....

Each of the 33 Heavens was larger than the one before it, with the smallest being the 1st Heaven, and the largest Heaven being... the 33rd Heaven.

Rumbling could be heard as the 2nd Heaven... battered the barrier, causing the rifts to grow larger, and allowing more and more Outsiders to enter the Mountain and Sea Realm.

From the look of it, the barrier wouldn't stay intact for very much longer.

Meng Hao looked back toward the rifts, and his eyes flickered as he caught sight of the Paragon who had just shattered his arrow. He was enormous, and golden-colored, with the head of a lion, the type of figure to be the subject of all attention.

Golden light shimmered off of him, and Meng Hao could even sense that this lion-headed Paragon possessed terrifying, world-destructive power.

Sensing Meng Hao's gaze, the lion-headed Paragon looked over, and his lightning-like eyes pierced through the void to land on the sun, and Meng Hao. Voice cool, he said, "I am Xuan Fang."

Meng Hao snorted coldly as he sent his divine sense out to defend himself.

Xuan Fang's eyes glittered. Ignoring Meng Hao, he turned to face the Paragon puppet which waited on the First Mountain. His expression was mixed as he extended his hand and pointed toward the First Mountain and Sea.

"Let the war of extermination begin!" In response to his words, countless Outsiders roared and charged toward the First Mountain and Sea, unleashing numerous magical techniques and divine abilities.

The army that comprised the first line of defense for the Mountain and Sea Realm was separated from the Outsiders by the First Sea, but they still fought back directly with various magics. However, the number of Outsiders was vast, and more were pouring in by the moment. Their charge was relentless and awe-inspiring, and their advance drew them ever closer to the First Sea.

The seawater boiled and screamed, and began to vaporize into a mist, as if it were being eternally wiped away.

Unexpectedly, Paragon Xuan Fang stayed in place, an enigmatic smile on his face as he studied the Mountain and Sea Realm. Then he shot up into the starry sky and stretched out both hands, as if he were going to grab hold of the expanse and rip it apart.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the barrier in the starry sky was ripped open even wider.

Apparently, a tipping point had been reached. Massive rumbling could be heard as the barrier became completely inundated with cracks and tears, and then shattered into pieces like a mirror.

As it did, everything that was up above was then revealed. All of the... 32 Heavens!!

Now that the barrier was down, the Mountain and Sea Realm and the 32 Heavens were connected. Both sides... could look directly at each other.

However, it was in that moment that all of the Outsiders from the 32 Heavens suddenly grew blurry and then faded away. Shockingly, they returned back to the land masses from whence they had come! This strange development caused Meng Hao's heart to begin to thump. Something strange was happening, and although he wasn't sure what it was, it seemed like something big was about to occur.

Paragon Xuan Fang's expression flickered with scorn as he looked coldly at the Mountain and Sea Realm.

"I have to admire your little plot. But... I couldn't care less about it!" In almost the exact same instant that Xuan Fang's words echoed out, Meng Hao's heart trembled from the intense foreboding that was growing stronger by the moment. Suddenly, all of the shattered remnants of the barrier began to emit a droning sound as they spun around to form a huge tempest. Then, they began to rise up toward the 32 Heavens.

At the same time, Paragon Sea Dream's voice echoed out into the minds of the Mountain and Sea cultivators.

“Attack!!”

Rumbling sounds echoed out, starting from the Ninth Mountain and Sea and then moving to the Eighth, the Seventh, and all the way to the First Mountain and Sea, as the Mountain and Sea cultivators unleashed explosive divine abilities and magical techniques. They rocketed up, then shot out from the First Mountain and Sea in an ocean of magic which exceeded the ferocity of the previous oceans by ten times. It shot out toward the tempest, merging into it and thus experiencing an exponential growth in size and power.

That indescribably powerful force was heading directly toward... the 32 Heavens.

This was the Mountain and Sea Realm plot that Xuan Fang had referred to, something that had been enacted by Paragon Sea Dream, but originally planned out by Paragon Nine Seals.

It really was a plot. Although it wasn't possible to tell from the perspective of the Mountain and Sea Realm itself, from the direction of the 33 Heavens, it was easier to distinguish. The barrier which had been erected by the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm, once shattered, would clearly be able to unleash a shocking attack.

That shocking attack, that intense tempest, would combine all of the magical techniques of the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators to create a power similar to that of a Paragon, which would then be used to strike at the 2nd Heaven!

The massive tempest swept out to cover the 2nd Heaven, smashing its mountains and buildings, then moving on to batter the 3rd Heaven, the 4th Heaven, and then the 5th Heaven.

As of this moment, Meng Hao had already unleashed two powerful attacks, leaving him with less than sixteen left. However, he didn't hesitate to add the power of one more light arrow into the huge tempest, making it even more glorious than before.

Meng Hao could also sense that there were likely more tricks hidden within the shattered barrier, so despite the sense of foreboding he had, he

still chose to join in.

The windstorm screamed, backed by the madness of the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators, by the explosive power of the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm, as if they wanted to bash all of the 32 Heavens to pieces!

However, even as the windstorm blasted into the 6th Heaven, and before it could charge on toward the 7th Heaven, blinding light shone out to cover the land mass that was the 7th Heaven. It then covered the 8th Heaven above it, and the 9th and onward all the way to the 33rd Heaven. Then, all of those Heavens began to fade into blurriness.

At the same time, a barrier appeared, cutting the connection between the 6th Heaven and the 7th Heaven.

Simultaneously, a gigantic scorpion appeared in the vast expanse above the 7th Heaven. It was blurry, but its eyes glittered with oppressive coldness as it stared down at the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“The tactics of Nine Seals, carried out by Sea Dream. Our 33 Heavens have no choice but to face the power of your plot. As it turns out... that power of extermination is as terrifying as ever.

“However... tens upon tens of thousands of years have passed. We are different than we used to be. In the past, you might have been able to blast through all 33 Heavens, to open up a path for the Mountain and Sea Realm to flee. But now... you shall be stopped at the 6th Heaven.

“That Mountain and Sea Siege Mode might seem like it is intended to converge power for defense, but there is no question that its shape is that of an arrow. In all likelihood, Paragon Nine Seals planned this out all those tens of thousands of years ago. His plan for the final battle was actually... to open a corridor to make your getaway.

“I wonder how many cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm actually knew about this little plan? Based on what I know of your personality, Sea Dream, my guess is... that you didn’t tell anyone!” The scorpion’s laughter rang out through the Mountain and Sea Realm as it slowly disappeared.

His words were filled with sinister malevolence, and when they entered

the ears of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, their hearts trembled with shock. Not even Meng Hao had been aware that Sea Dream would do something like this.

Although he could disregard the allegation of the scorpion-shaped Paragon if he wanted to, after some thought, he realized that what he had said didn't seem like a complete fabrication.

If Meng Hao was affected in such a way, then it could only be imagined how the rest of the Mountain and Sea Cultivators felt. They couldn't help... but suddenly lose a bit of confidence regarding the war. After all... even their Paragon wanted to escape, not fight to the death....

The sensation of hope they had felt after Meng Hao destroyed the 1st Heaven and enslaved a Paragon... suddenly faded a bit thanks to the words of the scorpion-shaped Paragon.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered, and his heart sank. He knew that cultivators who could reach the level of Paragon were by no means weak, and would also be profound schemers.

As the scorpion-shaped Paragon disappeared, and the 7th through 33rd Heavens faded into a state of invisibility, the land masses of the 6th, 5th, 4th, 3rd, and 2nd Heavens all began to descend.

Although they were broken and in ruins, the Outsiders on them clearly had ways to defend from the attack just now. All of them boiled forth, tens of millions of them, backed by their land masses as they charged in attack.

There were also numerous black cubes which spread out from the five land masses, no less than a million of them.

At this point, Paragon Sea Dream's cold voice echoed out into the starry skies. "What a pack of lies! You think a measly Scorpion Tribe Priest like yourself can understand the ways and means of Paragon Nine Seals...? Cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, the 7th Heaven and all the other Heavens have unleashed their Heaven Concealing sorcery. For the next year, they will be incapable of emerging from their current state. Nor will they be able to fight us. They will only be able to watch!

“They have abandoned the 2nd through 6th Heavens. Their armies are alone! Outsider cultivators of the Lower Realms, did you know that? Did you know that you have been forsaken?”

Chapter 1357: Throw Myself Out as Bait!

It didn't matter whether or not Paragon Sea Dream really had planned to flee with the Mountain and Sea Realm, or whether or not she felt the war to be hopeless. As of this moment, her echoing words not only solidified the hearts of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, it was also a rhetorical counterpunch that caused the Outsiders who remained behind in the 2nd through 6th Heavens to turn very grim-faced.

Meng Hao breathed a sigh of relief, then looked toward the Ninth Mountain with a complex expression. Deep in his heart, he was convinced that Paragon Sea Dream really had intended to lead the Mountain and Sea Realm into flight.

However, now was not the time to ponder the matter. He settled his thoughts and then focused completely on the spell formation, causing brilliant sunlight to shine out into the starry sky.

Meanwhile, as if giving their reply to Sea Dream's words, the millions of black cubes floating in the starry sky suddenly erupted with boundless lightning, which then lashed downward and bombarded the Mountain and Sea Realm's first line of defense. If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal, but in addition, the surging energy of a Paragon also erupted out from the 6th Heaven.

A hoarse voice could be heard, filled with seemingly infinite pride, "Still as slippery with words as ever, Fellow Daoist Sea Dream. How amusing."

The 33 Heavens originally had five powerful Paragons. Of those, one had been enslaved by Meng Hao. That left four, and now... two were present to fight!

The words spoken by this Paragon instantly filled the Outsiders with confidence. After all, if the 32 Heavens sent two Paragons to support them, then how could it be as Sea Dream said, that they had been abandoned?

Their fighting spirit soared. Roaring, millions upon millions of Outsiders charged toward the First Sea, whose waters boiled and bubbled as countless restrictive spells exploded out. The First Mountain and Sea was

the first line of defense, and the cultivators there had no time to think or ponder. They could only begin to fight!

Millions of cultivators charged forth in attack. Countless scintillating beams of light shot through the First Sea, joining the power of the restrictive spells and spell formations to unleash carnage upon the Outsiders.

The First Sea seethed as innumerable Outsiders poured into the battle. In the blink of an eye, miserable shrieks and cries filled the air, and countless grievous injuries and even deaths occurred. The First Sea almost instantly turned crimson, making the entire sea look like... a sea of blood.

As for the Paragon who had just spoken out from the 6th Heaven, he did not appear in body. Clearly, his only goal had been to put pressure on the Mountain and Sea Realm, and to calm the Outsiders. Even more so, he wanted to buy time.

Time was needed for the 7th through 33rd Heavens to emerge from the special state created by the magic they had used to evade the destructive tempest.

As for the Outsider Imperial Lords, their number had increased from four to six, and they were making a grand display in battle.

Out in the starry sky, Xuan Fang's eyes glittered as he looked over at the six Imperial Lords, then pointed in the direction of the sun.

"All of you—" However, before he could finish speaking, his expression flickered. "Not good...."

In that same instant, a glowing shield exploded out from the moon. Ksitigarbha was using all the power he could unleash to utilize the moon's spell formation power. The moon was devoted to defense, and now it created a shield that covered the Mountain and Sea Realm, including the First Sea.

That shield locked down the Mountain and Sea Realm, and at the same time... cut off all of the Outsiders who were within the First Sea from the others!

It was as if the Outsiders' huge army had suddenly been cut apart!

One portion was isolated in the First Sea, with the majority of the army being stuck outside. At the same time, Meng Hao sent divine will into the Paragon puppet that was waiting atop the First Mountain. Suddenly, it looked up, its eyes flashing.

The puppet's face was expressionless, but when Xuan Fang saw it, his face fell. The puppet rose to its feet, the pressure of a Paragon exploding out from the First Mountain to fill the First Sea. Then, it took a step forward.

"Eegoo, what are you doing!?!?" Xuan Fang roared from the other side of the shield. He took a step toward the shield, clenched his hand into a fist, and struck out. The entire shield shook as though it might break at any moment. However, Ksitigarbha's eyes gleamed viciously, and blood oozed out of the corners of the mouths of the 100,000 cultivators under his command. As a result, the shield stabilized, and showed no further signs of being breached.

Xuan Fang roared with fury as he battered the shield again, but it did no good. He stared viciously at Meng Hao's Paragon puppet as it took a step forward, then unleashed a fist strike toward the First Sea.

That fist strike contained Paragon power that could shake the Heavens. The entire First Sea sank down, and the Mountain and Sea cultivators were pushed back by an enormous force. In contrast, the Outsiders' faces flickered with shock and despair.

"NO!!"

"Th-that's... that's Paragon Eegoo. How... how could this be possible!?!?"

"Paragon Eegoo has turned traitor!!"

Massive rumbling echoed out as the fist strike descended. The Outsiders began to cough up blood, and cracking sounds mixed with miserable shrieks could be heard as their bodies began to fall to pieces.

After the fist strike landed, a powerful shockwave surged out in all directions like a massive tempest. As it passed over the Outsiders in the

First Sea, their bodies were flayed into masses of blood and gore. Their flesh became ash, and their bones were shattered into fragments, leaving nothing behind!

Their magical items, their bags of holding, everything about them was completely destroyed, until nothing was left behind but wisps of smoke.

However, the blood that filled the First Sea remained behind. Not a bit of it faded away, and in fact, it grew thicker, until the First Sea emanated a stench that struck fear into the hearts of the Outsiders on the other side of the shield.

One single punch exterminated all of the enemy forces in the First Sea.

The power of a Paragon, once unleashed... could exterminate Heaven and Earth.

The Paragon puppet slowly looked up, and its eyes were clearly not that of Eegoo, but Meng Hao. The icy madness therein, freezing killing intent which stabbed out of the Mountain and Sea Realm's shield toward Xuan Fang.

Xuan Fang shivered, and his face darkened, but the killing intent in his own eyes burned brighter than ever as he then turned to look in the direction of the sun, and Meng Hao.

"As long as this kid remains alive," he thought, "this war will be ten times as hard to win!" After a moment, he looked away. Without speaking another word, he turned his attention back to the shield. He was confident that he would be able to break it open, but he also knew that even if he did, his army wouldn't be willing to casually step into the First Sea.

And yet, if he didn't break the stalemate, then despite being able to buy some time, the morale of the troops would be significantly damaged. Furthermore, that would also give time for the Mountain and Sea Realm to make further preparations.

Xuan Fang's eyes glittered. "We can't let them dictate the tide of battle. To break this stalemate, I need... to throw out some bait! An Imperial Lord wouldn't be enough. Only by offering myself up as bait can I force the

Mountain and Sea Realm into making a move, whatever it is!”

After a moment of silence, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm suddenly began to cheer, and their excitement grew. At the same time, the shield began to fade away.

As it did, the Outsiders stared at the bloody First Sea, and just as Xuan Fang had predicted, none of them dared to enter it. Although they clearly outnumbered the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators, they were the scared ones.

None of them dared to enter, but Xuan Fang did. He shot through the vanishing shield at high speed, and in that same moment, Ksitigarbha suddenly rose to his feet from where he sat inside the moon.

“He actually dares to enter?!?!” he thought, eyes shining with a strange light. However, he hesitated. That hesitation came as he considered whether or not to activate the shield again, trapping the Outsider Paragon inside, and then using the power of the Mountains and Seas to kill him!

Accomplishing that... could potentially end the battle much earlier!

It wasn't just Ksitigarbha who was hesitating. Sea Dream was frowning, and as for the rest of the Outsider army, they were stunned. However, some of the Outsiders were already beginning to roar, and charge forth to fight.

The six Imperial Lords were also shaken. The only person who seemed unfazed was the other Paragon in the 6th Heaven.

Meng Hao began to breathe heavily; the decisiveness being shown by Xuan Fang caused an icy coldness to glitter in his eyes.

“Offering himself up as bait?”

There was no time for lengthy consideration. Xuan Fang shot into the First Sea and appeared directly in front of the Paragon puppet. As he closed in, he performed an incantation gesture and pointed out, causing the surrounding sea of blood to solidify, almost as if it were being frozen by indescribable coldness.

“Seal!” Sea Dream barked in response, countering his move. Her eyes flickered with a fierce gleam. There was really no choice in the matter. If Xuan Fang was brave enough to offer himself up as bait, and the Mountain and Sea Realm was too cowardly to bite, then how could they possibly continue to fight the war?

Sea Dream normally planned things out carefully, but this situation was different.

Even as Sea Dream’s voice continued to echo out, and before she could act on her decision, the light of the sun around Meng Hao blazed brightly. He had made his choice too, which was... to take the bait!

Ksitigarbha took a deep breath as his cultivation base surged with power. The river of reincarnation appeared, along with the sea of the Yellow Springs, and the numerous underworld palaces. The 100,000 cultivators on the moon all erupted with cultivation base power, pouring it into the spell formation, which Ksitigarbha then manipulated, causing the shield to spring up, covering the Mountain and Sea Realm, completely trapping Paragon Xuan Fang!

In the same moment that the shield appeared, the sun blazed with intense light as an attack was unleashed. An arrow of light shot through the starry sky, and at the same time, Paragon Sea Dream suddenly shot to her feet in the Ninth Mountain, then took a step forward to appear on the battlefield.

Rumbling could be heard as Meng Hao’s Paragon puppet began to fight with Xuan Fang. Even as the spectacular battle began to play out, the sunlight arrow was closing in.

Unexpectedly, Xuan Fang didn’t attempt to evade the arrow. In fact, he didn’t even pay any heed to Paragon Sea Dream.

“Do you people really think I threw myself out as bait to get revenge for the millions of my fellow clan members who have died already? Or perhaps because of this Eegoo puppet?”

“Oh, no. No... I came here,” he suddenly looked toward the sun and smiled coldly, “for YOU.” Laughing, he reached up and grabbed the light

arrow, crushing it with his hand. A massive boom rang out, and blood oozed out of his mouth as he seemed to be on the verge of exploding. However, a strange light then began to flicker within his eyes.

“Dao of Time, return to the origin, trace this light back, and converge my true form!” Even as he spoke, Xuan Fang vanished!

When he reappeared, he was on the sun, a black pearl in his hand, which he then slammed downward!

Chapter 1358: Battling Paragon Xuan Fang!

It was as if he had searched for the origin of the arrow, followed the light arrow back, used some incomprehensible divine ability to travel back in time by several breaths. Furthermore... Paragon Xuan Fang himself had traveled back in time!

The injuries that had just been inflicted on him by the light arrow suddenly faded away as he appeared on the surface of the sun!

Massive rumbling sounds could be heard, and the whole sun began to vibrate. The sudden turn of events caused Meng Hao's eyes to narrow.

"The Essence of Time!!" Meng Hao had fought many people in his life, and although he might not have as much experience as Xuan Fang, he came close. Therefore, it was without the slightest hesitation that he reacted. In fact, his physical reaction was even faster than his mental reaction, as his cultivation base exploded with power, taking the power of the spell formation formed by the 100,000 cultivators and sending a vicious attack out.

That attack contained the full power of the sun, becoming a beam of light that shot, not directly toward Xuan Fang, but toward the black pearl.

That pearl gave Meng Hao a very bad feeling.

The golden light which emanated off of Paragon Xuan Fang had faded some. Clearly, using the Heaven-defying Timeshift magic was not something he could easily do. In fact, most likely, he wouldn't be able to unleash the same magic again any time soon; in that respect, it was similar to Meng Hao's Essence of Space.

In any case, Paragon Xuan Fang's sudden appearance on the sun not only caused Meng Hao's eyes to widen, Paragon Sea Dream was clearly shocked.

Paragon Sea Dream instantly drew upon her full power to teleport over to the region of the sun. Meng Hao also used divine will to call his

Paragon puppet over to help extricate himself from the danger!

Amidst rumbling sounds, brilliant light shot toward the pearl that Paragon Xuan Fang was slamming toward the surface of the sun with such speed that it seemed that it would surely be able to intercept the pearl before its impact.

Xuan Fang snorted coldly, then suddenly let go of the black pearl, allowing the light of the sun to slam into it. A huge boom then echoed out as the pearl was completely shattered.

As that happened, black mist spread out, which Meng Hao could instantly tell was filled with some sort of incredible sealing power. Thankfully, it had been destroyed before being fully unleashed; had it been used, even a Paragon would have been hard pressed to undo the sealing effect.

Clearly, the pearl had been a precious treasure that only a Paragon could create!

As soon as the black pearl shattered, Paragon Xuan Fang suddenly flickered into motion. In the blink of an eye, he was off in the distance. However, he was still on the surface of the sun, and shockingly, another black pearl could be seen in his hand. A vicious grin could be seen on his face as he completely ignored the incoming Sea Dream and Paragon puppet.

“When I attack, I plan things meticulously,” he said coolly. “Things rarely go awry when I make a move!” With that he viciously threw the black pearl down toward the surface of the sun.

“Why does he insist on slamming that thing into the sun...?” thought Meng Hao, frowning. Suddenly, an idea popped into his head, and at the same time, the Lightning Cauldron appeared. Electricity danced as Meng Hao teleported out of the spell formation. Xuan Fang’s jaw dropped as, in the blink of an eye, Form Displacement Transposition caused him to switch places with Meng Hao.

Meng Hao waved his hand, and just as the black pearl was about to slam into the surface of the sun, he scooped it up.

As soon as he touched it, he understood.

“He doesn’t want to seal this moment in time, and he doesn’t want to use the pearl to kill me, he wants... to seal the sun!” With that, he looked up, and his pupils constricted as he realized that Paragon Xuan Fang... had produced a third black pearl.

This time, Xuan Fang didn’t speak. In almost the same instant that Meng Hao laid eyes on him, he didn’t throw the pearl down, but simply crushed it.

As the pearl was crushed, thick black mist exploded out, instantly swirling out to cover the entire sun, creating something like a unique Domain.

It was at this point that Meng Hao’s Paragon puppet closed in and unleashed a fist strike upon the black mist. However, the power of that strike disappeared as quickly as a stone ox thrown into the ocean. Furthermore, there was no reaction whatsoever from the mist.

As for Paragon Sea Dream, as soon as she was close enough, she waved her finger, sending Paragon power exploding out. However, it did nothing to the mist except cause it to shudder and loosen slightly.

“Those are Gloompearls!!” An extremely unsightly expression appeared on Sea Dream’s face. Gloompearls were not something from the 33 Heavens. Back when the Paragon Immortal Realm faced complete catastrophe, one of the two major enemy forces created them with the express purpose of ensnaring powerful experts of the Immortal World. Once their power was unleashed, it couldn’t easily be dispelled.

At the very least, it could trap everything inside of it for a quarter of an hour.

During that quarter hour, whatever was inside the mist was completely cut off from the rest of the world!

Even as Sea Dream’s face flickered, Paragon Xuan Fang was within the mist, eyes flickering with icy killing intent. Although he initially appeared to be going after the Paragon puppet, in the blink of an eye, he changed

his target to Meng Hao. But then, just when everyone thought he was actually trying to kill Meng Hao, he unleashed a Gloompearl to lock down the sun!

He had even prepared three pearls, all to ensure that the power of the sun could not be unleashed. That would remove one of the major obstacles to the invading army.

However just when people thought they knew what Xuan Fang was trying to do, he suddenly changed tactics again. Instead of trying to keep the sun sealed, he targeted Meng Hao. The truth was that few people would be able to guess... exactly what his goals were.

Right now, the sun was cut off because of the mist. Sea Dream and the Paragon puppet were on the outside, trying to batter their way in, trying to undo the seal. Meanwhile, Meng Hao was inside, facing incredible danger.

"I have a quarter of an hour to kill you, and that's all I need!" Xuan Fang laughed loudly, erupting with the cultivation base power of a Paragon as he took a step forward toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao's face darkened. Xuan Fang was turning into a real headache; not only was his cultivation base incredibly powerful, his ability to scheme ran deep and profound. He was proving much more difficult to deal with than Eegoo.

Even as Xuan Fang bore down on him, Meng Hao backed up, sending out divine will to gather the power of the spell formation. Rumbling sounds could be heard as brilliant light exploded out, transforming into a light arrow that shot toward Xuan Fang.

Xuan Fang roared and performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing an enormous golden lion to appear behind him. The lion rapidly grew in size, covering Xuan Fang and taking the hit of the arrow instead of him.

A boom rang out as the light arrow pierced into the image of the lion, which distorted, and then, before it could even roar, shattered into pieces. The light arrow, despite dimming somewhat, continued to stab toward Xuan Fang, who then reached out and grabbed it. As he crushed his hand

down, the light arrow collapsed, and Xuan Fang backed up a few steps, his face pale and yet covered with an expression of scorn.

“The treasures passed down by Nine Seals are truly powerful. Unfortunately, you can only unleash a limited bit of its power. Perhaps if you struck me over and over again in quick succession, you would have a chance to kill me. However, you can only unleash the power with the help of that spell formation, and those 100,000 cultivators which maintain it. What a joke!

“Besides, for the next ten breaths of time at the minimum, you will not be able to unleash the power of this sun!” Even as he spoke, Xuan Fang launched himself toward Meng Hao, golden light flickering around him as he clenched his fist and punched out.

“Your fleshly body has the signs of fleshly body cultivation. Let’s see how well you cultivated it!”

The fist strike was powerful enough to shatter mountains and crush the earth. The sun trembled, and boundless golden light radiated out as a gigantic lion appeared within the fist strike, roaring as it charged toward Meng Hao.

Paragon power dispelled the natural laws in the area, causing the 100,000 cultivators to cough up mouthfuls of blood. There were even some who exploded into showers of blood and gore.

Meng Hao’s cultivation base suddenly teetered unstably, and he staggered backward. At the same time, Paragon Sea Dream’s voice echoed urgently from beyond the mist, sounding almost as if it were coming from a different time and space.

“Meng Hao, just hold on for a quarter of an hour!! That’s the longest it will take us to break this seal.”

The danger was intense, leaving Meng Hao’s heart pounding. He might be as powerful as the peak of 6-Essences, capable of fighting with Imperial Lords. However, the difference between that and a Paragon, was too vast. He was currently trapped, with nowhere to flee, and no choice but to fight to the death.

In this critical juncture, Meng Hao dismissed all notions of coming up with a clever idea. Instead, his mind thrummed with the desire... to fight!

“A quarter hour....” he thought, eyes flickering with killing intent. Then, he sent his divine sense rocketing toward Xuan Fang in a vicious attack. Instead of falling back, he fought back against the pressure, taking a step forward and unleashing his own fist strike!

Life-Extermination!

Everything shook violently, and a tempest sprang out in all direction as Meng Hao's fist strike slammed into Paragon Xuan Fang's. A huge boom could be heard, and blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth. However, his expression was extremely vicious as he took another step forward and unleashed a second fist strike.

Bedevilment Fist!

No survival without Bedevilment! Meng Hao laughed uproariously. Massive energy was unleashed by the fist strike, causing a deafening boom to ring out. Even Paragon Xuan Fang was taken aback. Meng Hao coughed up more blood, and cracking sounds could be heard coming from within him.

He might have a Dao Sovereign fleshly body, but Xuan Fang was a Paragon, with an even stronger fleshly body, one that vastly exceeded Meng Hao's

“You really want to die?!” Xuan Fang laughed coldly. Rotating his cultivation base, he caused intense pressure to spread out. The golden lion roared, completely suppressing Meng Hao's Bedevilment Fist, and then appearing directly in front of Meng Hao himself.

It was at this point that Meng Hao's eyes shone with a brilliant light as he... unleashed a third fist strike!

It was none other than... the God-Slaying Fist!

Chapter 1359: Oh So Devious!

Merge my will with that of the Heavens. My fist arouses the sun, becoming a fist of light!

As of that moment, Meng Hao's will converged in the form of the God-Slaying Fist. Advancing courageously and with complete determination, he unleashed the powerful blow.

When it slammed into Paragon Xuan Fang's fist, massive booms rang out. A tremor ran through Meng Hao, and his right arm distorted. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he was sent tumbling backward as though he had been struck by a powerful blast.

However, at the same time, Xuan Fang's eyes flickered with astonishment. Although he appeared to have been unfazed, the five fingers of his right hand were tingling in pain, and he couldn't even stretch them out. An injury like this wasn't something that would cause him to cough up blood. And yet, his finger bones were crushed, and the other bones in his arm were fractured. However, the intense pain only caused the killing intent in Xuan Fang's eyes to deepen. Once again, he closed in on Meng Hao.

"Wish you could get away?" Xuan Fang chuckled. However, even as he closed in, Meng Hao suddenly stopped in place and looked up, his eyes gleaming with ferocity as his Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation operated at full speed.

"The thought never crossed my mind," he replied icily. Azure light shone out as he transformed into an azure roc, which then shot toward Xuan Fang at high speed. A piercing cry rang out, and at the same time, numerous mountains descended, along with the Paragon Bridge, which erupted with intense power.

Rumbling could be heard as Paragon Xuan Fang laughed coldly, choosing not to evade, but instead to step forward and make a grasping motion. Immediately, golden light sprang into being in front of him, within which flickered innumerable magical symbols. A spell formation

was formed, which radiated the power of the stars, causing the five elements to be thrown into chaos, and strange lights to flicker.

The spell formation immediately shot toward Meng Hao, causing his mountains to shatter and destroying his azure roc form. Azure light scattered, and Meng Hao's human form emerged, looking completely bedraggled. His chest was a mass of blood and gore, and even organs were visible.

Without the incredible effort of the Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation, which constantly healed him, Meng Hao would already be dead. Even with it, he was clearly in an extremely precarious situation.

"Now this is a Paragon...." he thought, eyes flickering with an unyielding gleam. His fight with Eegoo hadn't been nearly as intense as this. Right now, he was trapped, and had no other choice but to face the terrifying might of a Paragon.

And this was just a 7-Essences Paragon!

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the golden spell formation bore down on Meng Hao. He threw his head back and roared, causing brilliant light to shine off of the Paragon Bridge as it fought back.

The pressure from the Paragon Bridge caused the golden spell formation to tremble, and finally break into pieces. The Paragon Bridge shuddered, but continued to crush downward toward Xuan Fang.

Xuan Fang's eyes widened. He suddenly looked more closely at the Paragon Bridge, and his expression flickered. Backing up, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then placed his finger onto his forehead. Instantly, golden light erupted from the top of his head, transforming into a golden lion. An expression of avarice appeared on Xuan Fang's face, and he began to laugh.

"I can't believe it's THAT bridge.... I'll take it!" The golden lion was a sliver of Xuan Fang's psyche, and as it flew out, it began to swirl around the Paragon Bridge, attempting to use the power of a Paragon to sever the connection between it and Meng Hao.

Meng Hao had no time to try to stabilize the connection. It was a critical moment of deadly crisis, but Meng Hao was confident that as long as he himself didn't die, the bridge couldn't be taken away from him. Even as Xuan Fang was backing up, Meng Hao suddenly teleported back into the spell formation in the middle of the sun. There, he performed an incantation gesture and pointed out, causing scintillating light to swirl out from the sun.

Shockingly, he had already been fighting with Paragon Xuan Fang for more than ten breaths of time, which meant that the sunlight arrow could once again be unleashed. Rumbling sounds could be heard as intense light shot toward Paragon Xuan Fang. Because of how close he was, that light landed on him almost instantly.

It stabbed into his forehead, causing Xuan Fang to shudder and then cough up a mouthful of blood. His energy waned slightly, and although he wasn't dead, a grievous wound could be seen on his forehead, which immediately began to heal up.

It only took a moment of analysis on Meng Hao's part to come to the conclusion that Xuan Fang hadn't come out unharmed. He was clearly using some sort of secret magic to suppress the harmfulness of the wound. In the future, he might suffer an incredible backlash because of that, but at the moment, his battle prowess was not decreased at all because of the wound.

"Dammit!" thought Meng Hao, his face darkening. At the same time, Xuan Fang gave a sinister laugh and charged toward Meng Hao. As he closed in, he waved his hand, causing a golden sea to spread out in all directions, then bash toward Meng Hao within the spell formation.

"Don't even mention that quarter hour. You won't even last long enough to fire another of those light arrows."

Paragon Sea Dream was outside of the mist, her face pale as she realized that Xuan Fang was completely intent on killing Meng Hao. Even she didn't believe that Meng Hao could last an entire quarter of an hour against him....

It was actually just as Xuan Fang had said. Meng Hao couldn't hold out for that long, even if he... sacrificed the 100,000 cultivators to buy time.

"Xuan Fang!" Sea Dream roared, battering anxiously at the mist. At the same time, the divine sense which Meng Hao had sent to drive the Eegoo puppet was slowly fading. The puppet was already becoming sluggish, and it wouldn't be long before the divine sense completely faded away. Then the puppet... would lose most of its battle prowess, and be left only with its basic instincts.

If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal. However, the Outsider army on the other side of the shield was getting stirred up, and was now trying to break through. At the same time, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were completely shocked by what was happening with the sun.

Even more relevant was that, in the 6th Heaven outside of the Mountain and Sea Realm, a cold laugh rang out, which belonged to none other than the second Paragon.

If he didn't understand how to take advantage of the opportunity Paragon Xuan Fang had created, then he didn't deserve to be a Paragon himself. As he stepped out from the 6th Heaven into the starry sky, no one could see what he looked like, as he was covered by a rippling field of darkness. He looked coldly out at the Mountain and Sea Realm, and the shield, then at the battlefield that was the sun.

His lips twisted into a cold smile, and a merciless cruelty radiated out from him. He did not speak, but instead raised his right hand and performed an incantation gesture. Instantly, the rippling darkness around him twisted and distorted, then began to expand outward. Clearly, he was using all his power.

The aura of a Paragon erupted out from him as... the land mass that was the 2nd Heaven began to vibrate.

It suddenly began to move, as though some giant, invisible hand had grabbed it, and was sending it... hurtling toward the barrier protecting the Mountain and Sea Realm!

The sight of an entire land mass smashing toward the Mountain and Sea Realm's shield was something that provoked shock on the part of both the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators and the Outsiders.

Most nervous of all were the Outsiders from the 2nd Heaven itself. However, they didn't dare to give voice to such feelings, and could only watch as the land mass, which had already been smashed by the tempest earlier, suddenly began to crush toward the Mountain and Sea Realm's shield.

It seemed to be moving slowly, but the truth was that the power it contained was enough to shake Heaven and Earth!

As of this moment, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were now witnessing... what a Paragon truly was!

A Paragon was a person who could influence the tide of an entire battle. They could use an entire massive land mass like a weapon to unleash unimaginably destructive power. In fact, were it not for certain limitations, a Paragon might even use the starry sky itself in that way.

The land mass that was the 2nd Heaven was the smallest among the five land masses present, but it was still difficult to put into words exactly how large it was. Even the mere pressure exuding from it was enough to shatter the starry sky. Instantly, the Mountain and Sea Realm's shield began to show signs of buckling.

Ksitigarbha's face was ashen, but he threw his head back and laughed uproariously. At the same time, he produced a medicinal pill bottle. After a moment of hesitation, he popped the contents into his mouth, and then his cultivation base exploded with power. Blue veins popped out on his face, and a vicious-looking green horn suddenly protruded from the top of his head.

His skin began to change color, turning green, and he grew to a size of 300 meters tall. His Daoist robe was shredded to pieces as his energy rocketed up. As of this moment, his energy was no longer that of a cultivator, but was instead that of... a Demon!

He lifted his right hand and then slapped it down onto the ground, using

his life force, using everything he had, to fight against the incoming 2nd Heaven land mass.

The 100,000 cultivators on the moon all smiled bitterly as they also delivered up their life forces, their cultivation bases, their souls, pouring them into the spell formation to assist Ksitigarbha, to assist the Mountain and Sea Realm, to fight back against the enemy!

As of this moment, the sun and the moon were both in situations of deadly crisis. Moments ago, the Mountain and Sea Realm had held the upper hand, but now, it was the opposite. All of that was thanks to... Xuan Fang!!

Of the 33 Heavens' five Paragons, Xuan Fang's cultivation base was not the highest. However, in this critical moment in the war, the 33 Heavens had sent him, and were clearly intensely confident that under his leadership, the five Heavens' worth of Outsiders could shake the Mountain and Sea Realm. At the very least... they could easily cause the fighting to last for a year.

Back on the sun, Xuan Fang was laughing. He took a step forward toward Meng Hao, who was still in the spell formation, and said, "There's no harm in revealing my true plan now. My true goal is not Eegoo, or the sun, and not even you. Instead... it is something I haven't spared a glance at this entire time... your moon!"

The surrounding cultivators were coughing up blood, and yet none of them abandoned their posts. Just like the cultivators on the moon, they unleashed their cultivation bases and their life forces. Even if they died, they would buy time for Meng Hao.

They would bear the brunt of Xuan Fang's Paragon power to help Meng Hao.

Chapter 1360: Six Hexes Combine!

100,000 individuals were all thinking the same thing. Their life forces connected to the spell formation, and their souls thrummed with unyielding ardor. Their cultivation base power made them as one, as they fought together to protect Meng Hao.

Xuan Fang laughed coldly, then stomped his foot down. Instantly, everything began to shake violently, and an intense rumbling sound could be heard as the 100,000 cultivators coughed up mouthfuls of blood.

Meng Hao was in the middle of the spell formation, mind reeling. He couldn't simply sit there and ignore what was happening. He knew that he wasn't a match for a Paragon, and also knew that all he had to do was close his eyes and wait for enough time to pass. If enough time was bought it might be possible... to hold out for that full quarter hour until the mist dispersed.

At that time, he might be able to make it out alive!

However... Meng Hao did not choose to wait. Performing an incantation gesture, he ceased to draw upon the power of the sun. If he continued to do so in his current state, it would deplete the life forces of the 100,000 cultivators even faster than before, which was something he wouldn't do.

He strode forward, leaving the spell formation and heading toward Xuan Fang, who laughed loudly, eyes shining with scorn. He had actually been worried that Meng Hao would hole up, which would have been a waste of his time.

As soon as Meng Hao took action, Xuan Fang suddenly vanished, and then reappeared right in front of him. Then, he raised his right hand, sending power slamming into Meng Hao that he couldn't possibly defend against. Meng Hao instantly staggered backward, blood spraying out of his mouth.

“Crown Prince!!”

“Crown Prince!!!” The cries of the 100,000 cultivators rang out in

anguish.

As Meng Hao hovered there, his Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation worked constantly to prevent his body from collapsing. However, under the pressure of a Paragon, he couldn't hold out for very long, and besides, his wounds had already reached a critical level.

Once again, Xuan Fang closed in, raising his right hand high, killing intent flickering in his eyes as he grabbed at Meng Hao's head.

"Just die, would you!?"

Even as Xuan Fang reached out to grab him, Meng Hao performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and then waved his finger.

Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!

However, in the same moment that the Hexing magic was unleashed, and Xuan Fang stopped in place, the magic was shattered. The backlash slammed into Meng Hao, causing blood to spray out of his mouth. Even though it seemed as if he were staggering backward, suddenly, Time rippled in front of Meng Hao. Everything changed, causing a look of shock to appear on Xuan Fang's face. His eyes widened as Meng Hao suddenly vanished, then reappeared behind him.

Xuan Fang turned and lunged toward him, but ended up passing right through Meng Hao, as if he were nothing more than a shadow.

"Time!" Xuan Fang's eyes once again widened.

This was not some trivial change in time, but rather, contained the power of time travel. Apparently, Meng Hao had appeared several breaths of time before, right behind Xuan Fang!

This was none other than the strange time-walking technique that Meng Hao had learned from the black-robed Slaughter. When he reappeared, he was still directly behind Xuan Fang, and suddenly, his right hand transformed. Shockingly... the Battle Weapon appeared, which he raised high above his head as he took a step forward, seemingly walking from the past back into the present!

A shocking blade then slashed down!

Xuan Fang had no time to dodge. The blade slashed from the past into the present, making it impossible to evade. For the first time, a sensation of crisis filled Xuan Fang's mind. Although it wasn't a situation of deadly crisis, it was still something very rare for him to experience.

Rumbling could be heard echoing out in all directions as a bright flash of light descended onto Paragon Xuan Fang. Although he couldn't completely dodge, he managed to move slightly, ensuring that the blow didn't land on his forehead, but rather on his left shoulder!

A boom echoed out, and blood splashed as Paragon Xuan Fang's left arm was completely severed. Xuan Fang fell back at top speed, face ashen, eyes flickering with killing intent toward Meng Hao. In the next instant, his severed arm exploded, transforming into a sea of golden blood which then swept out toward Meng Hao.

Meng Hao trembled; he had already sustained serious injuries, and now he was coughing up more blood. His consciousness was starting to fade, and he was laughing bitterly. And yet, an unyielding gleam flared up in his eyes, and he sprang into motion, ignoring the damage he sustained in the process.

In the instant in which he burst into motion, Paragon Xuan Fang's right hand flashed with an incantation gesture, and stabbed out viciously with his finger, causing a long golden blade to appear. The blade slashed out with ferocious speed, and before Meng Hao could even react, the meat jelly flew out and blocked the blade.

A miserable shriek rang out as the meat jelly was sent flying back, clearly weakened. However, it didn't return to the bag of holding, but instead started to drag Meng Hao back into the spell formation.

"You're not going anywhere!" Paragon Xuan Fang said, his voice sinister and cold. All he had left was his right arm, which he stretched out toward Meng Hao. As he extended his fingers, Essence power erupted out.

Five Essences rumbled out, swirling together. Moments later, a sixth Essence appeared, and then a seventh. With the addition of the Essence of

Time, the enormous hand that had been created was filled with completely unpredictable power. Once this hand was unleashed... it was certain to strike its target!

Meng Hao's face was deathly pale. In this critical moment, he shoved the meat jelly away, then suddenly reached his right hand out toward the incoming hand, toward Xuan Fang, then pointed his finger!

Demon Sealing, Eighth Hex!

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the huge hand ground to a halt. However, it only lasted for a moment before it lurched into motion again. As a result, blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth because of the intense backlash. That was one of the reasons he had hesitated to use the Hexing magic before. If he tried to use it to tie up a Paragon, not only would he fail, he would also end up hurting himself.

When he had fought Eegoo, Choumen Tai had been in the process of enslaving him, which meant that the Hexing magic was possible to use. But now he was fighting a full Paragon, and it wasn't that his Hexing magic had a problem, but rather...

"My cultivation base is too low!" Meng Hao laughed bitterly and gritted his teeth. As the hand closed in on him, he unleashed his Essence of Divine Flame, then performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and waved his finger multiple times.

"Demon Sealing, Seventh Hex!

"Sixth Hex!

"Fifth Hex!

"Third Hex!

"Second Hex!"

If he was going to risk his life, then he might as well go all out. His eyes gleamed with madness as he unleashed all of his Hexing magic. Everything shook violently, and Xuan Fang frowned as the qi around him was thrown into chaos, and a profoundly disturbing sensation rose up.

Meng Hao was trembling, and his body was collapsing into a bloody mass because of the backlash from the Demon Sealing Hexing magic. What he really wanted to do was use the Seal the Heavens Incantation, but that relied on the power of the Mountains and Seas and, considering that he was now isolated and cut off, it had thus failed when he tried it.

Instead, he had to risk death to... combine his Demon Sealing Hexing magics into one attack!

Combining nine Hexes was the ultimate transformation a Demon Sealer could perform. But right now, Meng Hao only had mastery of six Hexes. He was missing the First Hex and the Fourth, and had yet to create his own Ninth Hex.

However, there was nothing else he could do at the moment. More than half of the quarter hour had passed, but that meant that half of that amount of time still remained. He simply couldn't hold on any longer. Meng Hao threw his head back and howled, pushing with all the power he had. His flesh and blood exploded, his bones shattered, all in his effort to fuse his Hexing magics together.

Massive rumbling sounds echoed out, and everyone on the sun was filled with shock. Xuan Fang gasped in astonishment at the sudden drastic transformations!

As of this moment, the entire Mountain and Sea Realm was trembling. The hosts of cultivators out in the starry sky were shocked, and the Outsiders were shaking. Even the Paragon from the 6th Heaven was astounded.

Sea Dream, and everyone else present, felt themselves trembling.

In sharp contrast was Shui Dongliu, who stood on Planet South Heaven, looking anxiously in Meng Hao's direction. His eyes were filled with concern, and even... turmoil!

Massive energy was rising up from the sun. Meng Hao shook violently as, all of a sudden, a sphere of light appeared in front of him. The light was in chaos, as six powers swirled around therein. It almost seemed as if that sphere of light were thinking, as if it wanted to give birth to some new

entity.

The intense pressure caused Paragon Xuan Fang's face to flicker, and for the first time, he felt a sensation of deadly crisis. Without the slightest hesitation, he began to speed backward.

Even as he fell back, Meng Hao unleashed all the power he could muster, drawing upon even his life force, to push the turbid sphere of light forward. He was trembling, his flesh was being shredded to pieces, revealing his bones, which then shattered.

Rumbling could be heard as the sphere was pushed fully away from him. However, he was now completely drained of power. Even as he collapsed, the meat jelly scooped him up and carried him back inside the spell formation.

At the same time, the sphere of light shot toward Xuan Fang. As it closed in, Xuan Fang screamed. A sensation of deadly crisis overwhelmed him, and he suddenly began to grow in size. In the blink of an eye, he was 30,000 meters tall. Then, he instantly shrank back down, turning into a shocking golden lion.

His eyes flickered with the gleam of augury, as he drew upon his life force to unleash a magical technique that he hoped would help him identify the weakness in the magic he faced.

Death!

Death!

Death....

Xuan Fang's face was a mass of shock and terror. In a very short time, he performed more than ten thousand augury calculations, but no matter how he analyzed it, the end result was always the same. Death!

"This is impossible! Just what type of divine ability is this!?" Xuan Fang was trembling as he fell back further. Unfortunately for him, the surrounding mist, which he had put in place to trap Meng Hao, now left him trapped!

“Incomplete! It’s an incomplete magic! That means I have a chance. He must have injured his soul to use it. Clearly this is a Dao in the midst of percolating, which he is drawing upon early!

“Until he completes the Daoist magic later, it won’t matter if he survives this day, he won’t be able to use it again until then!!” Xuan Fang’s eyes flickered.

“I still have a chance, and that is... in the shadows of Time!!”

Roaring, his body flickered into motion as he unleashed his Dao of Time with all the power he could. His body turned blurry, and in the blink of an eye, his Undying Soul appeared.

“I have lived for tens upon tens of thousands of years. Perhaps I have no hope of getting eight Essences, but even still, I have the ability to leave behind a soul at the end of every sixty-year-cycle. This is the ultimate magic of Time. Unless you destroy each and every one of those souls of mine, then you can never destroy my true soul!” Xuan Fang’s eyes were bright red. This was a magic he would only use if he had no other choice, if his life were truly in great danger!

This was a life-saving magic that he could use... only once in his life!

As of this moment, he was pushed to his very limit. If he didn’t use the magic now, then he would die beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Chapter 1361: Risking It All In Battle!

Xuan Fang quickly became blurry, as if the Time around him were distorting. Gradually, it was as if tens upon tens of thousands of years flitted by, countless eons, and countless... images of Xuan Fang!

This was a consummate life-saving magic that Xuan Fang had acquired after becoming a Paragon and mastering the Essence of Time. It represented all of the sixty-year cycles through the tens upon tens of thousands of years of his existence.

A magical technique like this could only be described as terrifying, and with it, he could even escape unharmed from 8-Essences Paragons!

Only by destroying all of the souls which he had left in the stream of time, could he be fully destroyed. As long as one of those souls remained, he would be able to immediately and fully recover. Unfortunately for him, a consummate magic such as this was something that he could only use once in his entire life.

If he abused it, the backlash caused by the great Dao of Time would transform him into an aspect of Time itself. His consciousness would fade away, and he would become an Essence slave!

By this point, sixty percent of the quarter hour had passed. It was already impressive enough that Meng Hao had been able to fight against the battle prowess of the 7-Essences level for so long. Even more impressive was that Meng Hao had forced Xuan Fang to unleash a consummate magic like this. Even if Meng Hao lost in the end... he had fought in epic fashion!

Paragon Xuan Fang threw his head back and roared, completely unleashing the full power of his consummate magic. He could not evade the chaotic, soul-locking sphere of light, so he faced it directly, stretching his arms out in front of him and viciously jabbing forward with his fingers.

Massive booms rang out as everything in the space around Xuan Fang twisted and distorted in the direction of the sphere, then slammed into it, instantly crushing it.

“I’m betting on the fact that this magic is incomplete. I’m betting... that such an incomplete magic is insufficient to destroy all of my souls throughout Time.” Xuan Fang threw his head back and roared as his Essence of Time made contact with the turbid light sphere, resulting in a blinding explosion!

Strangely, light did not shine past the 300-meter border of the sphere. However, the area inside of it became like another sun, filled with scintillating, dazzling light.

Within that 300-meter area, Paragon Xuan Fang’s expression twisted ferociously. The turbid sphere of light vanished, and became six streams of smoke that bored into the Essence of Time. Within those tens upon tens of thousands of years of Time, the six streams of smoke began to eradicate Paragon Xuan Fang’s souls.

No sound could be heard, and yet within the twisting Time that surrounded Paragon Xuan Fang, numerous flashes of extermination could be seen as more than ten percent of his souls were wiped out!

The loss of ten percent of his souls caused an unsightly expression to appear on Paragon Xuan Fang’s face. However, that number quickly increased to twenty percent, then thirty, forty, and even fifty....

When the destruction passed fifty percent, Paragon Xuan Fang’s eyes shone with intense terror, astonishment, and even disbelief. He refused to believe that he would perish this day, and refused to believe that he had miscalculated. Furthermore, he refused to believe that his most powerful life-saving magic, which could only be used once in a lifetime, was incapable of standing up to an incomplete Daoist magic!

“Impossible!!” he roared. Instantly, his blood surged in his body, causing the qi and blood of the souls within the rippling Time to erupt with intense soul power.

At the same time, the six strands of smoke were beginning to run out of power after having exterminated fifty percent of Xuan Fang’s souls. However, they still managed to spread out, increasing the destruction to sixty percent. Only then did they begin to show signs that they would fade

away.

Soon, seventy percent of the souls had been eradicated, and the six streams of smoke were now fading away. They pushed hard, but in the end, couldn't quite exterminate eighty percent of Xuan Fang's souls before... completely vanishing.

When that happened, Meng Hao coughed up a huge mouthful of blood, then sagged in exhaustion. His face was completely drained of blood, and the backlash from what had just occurred shattered his internal organs and left his entire body vibrating. His cultivation base was teetering, and his consciousness was fading.

He had lost.... He didn't even have the energy to chuckle bitterly. He knew that he had been completely and utterly defeated.

He had never failed in such bitter fashion before. Even his desperate fight with Lord White of the Seventh Mountain and Sea had ended in victory. However, on this day, despite having done everything in his power, he was left without the slightest hope of victory. Meng Hao's heart swelled with bitterness and pain.

The Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation was still working, but without sufficient time, he wouldn't recover enough to even lift his hand and unleash a divine ability.

Besides, as of this moment... time was like a sharp blade hanging over Meng Hao's neck. Only about seventy percent of the quarter hour had passed, and to hang on for any longer would be extremely difficult.

Because the battlefield on the outside was obscured by the covering of mist, and because Meng Hao could not allow distractions during his battle with Paragon Xuan Fang, he could only get a general sense that the situation on the outside... was equally discouraging.

Xuan Fang was some distance away from the sun's spell formation itself, trembling. The 300 meters of light around him was quickly fading away, along with Meng Hao's Daoist magic that was the combined six Hexes. Soon, Paragon Xuan Fang himself was revealed.

He was in extremely bad condition, his hair disheveled, his body soaked with sweat. A complicated expression could be seen on his face, as if he had just experienced a near-death catastrophe. Then, he turned to look toward the spell formation, and Meng Hao sitting there, completely drained of energy.

“In the 33 Heavens, the only people who could force me into a situation like this would be the two 8-Essences Paragons. But now, another person like that exists... you.” Xuan Fang gave Meng Hao a profound look, then clasped hands and bowed.

“This bow is a bow of respect to you. I have no choice but to kill you, but at the same time, you have my admiration.

“Different mindsets have led to this war, and have thus our battle here. I understand you had no choice in the matter. However, despite being a Paragon, I’m only at the 7-Essences level, so I had little choice myself.

“Meng Hao... I will remember your name. And now the time has come... for you to leave this world forever.” Xuan Fang took a deep breath. Of all his souls that existed within the stream of time, nearly eighty percent had been destroyed. However, as long as even a single one remained, he could not be truly killed.

The main thing he regretted was it was a magical technique... that he could never again unleash. If Meng Hao somehow managed to unleash that incomplete Daoist magic a second time, then... he would die beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Meng Hao sat there silently, sighing inwardly. It was a critical moment of life or death, and yet, he felt no fear. Instead, he thought about his life after his parents went missing, about being a scholar in Yunjie County, about the Imperial examinations, and about the events on Mount Daqing which had led to him entering the world of cultivation and the Dao.

His life flashed before his eyes, images of his family, his wife, his friends....

Rumbling sounds echoed out as Xuan Fang took a step forward to enter the spell formation itself. Just when he was about to reach out and

exterminate Meng Hao, an enraged roar echoed out, from none other than the 100,000 cultivators that Xuan Fang had completely disregarded this entire time.

ROOOOAARRRR!!

No words were spoken, no explanations were given. There was only... a furious cry that echoed out from the depths of their souls.

100,000 cultivators' eyes were all completely bloodshot as they unleashed the power of their cultivation bases, and even their life force, to fight back against Paragon Xuan Fang. They would not allow him to enter the spell formation, and they would not allow him to harm Meng Hao!

Xuan Fang's eyes flickered, and he snorted coldly, stomping his foot down viciously. The entire sun shuddered as a massive wave of power shot out toward the spell formation and Meng Hao!

Meng Hao had not received numerous injuries, but the injuries he did receive had been extremely grievous. Therefore, it was the 100,000 cultivators who absorbed the powerful attack.

Blood sprayed out of their mouths, and there were some whose bodies withered to the point of collapse.

This sudden development wrenched Meng Hao out of his reverie regarding past memories. To see 100,000 people refusing to yield, determined to give up their own lives rather than allow him to be killed, caused his entire body to tremble.

Xuan Fang was also moved. Inwardly, he sighed, unsure of what to say at this point. However... he continued to press the attack as viciously as ever. His killing intent rocketed up as he took eight steps forward, forcing his way through the spell formation toward Meng Hao. With each step he took, the spell formation trembled violently.

The 100,000 cultivators coughed up more blood, and some even withered away into death, allowing the spell formation to draw upon them until they were killed, all for the purpose of... protecting Meng Hao!

Perhaps it would be most accurate to say that what they were protecting

was, not just Meng Hao, but their home!

For some groups of people, the destruction of their homeland will lead, not to a thirst for revenge, but to hopelessness and confusion. However... there are some people whose spirits cannot be exterminated. For a people like that, when the critical moment arrives in which the survival of their homeland is on the line, then the only choice will be sacrifice! Those were the type of people whose vengeance would live for all eternity even after their homeland was destroyed.

Sacrifice oneself to defend one's home!

Wars are never truly fought over resources. Or perhaps it is most accurate to say that when wars are fought over resources, then regardless of how many casualties are suffered, they are relatively tame.... The true brutality of war comes when the goal is to crush the spirit and will of an entire people!

Only by wiping out the spirit and the will of a people... can that people be truly exterminated!

When exterminating a people, what is exterminated is not just life, but the heart and soul of the entire people!

In the opening stages of the war between the Mountain and Sea Realm and the 33 Heavens, Meng Hao had ignited a fire. He had burned the land mass that was the 1st Heaven to illuminate the eyes of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm. He had awakened... the spirit and the soul of the people.

When that happened, the war changed. Perhaps the 33 Heavens could exterminate the people of the Mountain and Sea Realm, but... they could not exterminate the souls of its cultivators!

As of this moment, every step Paragon Xuan Fang took resulted in one cultivator after another making the ultimate sacrifice. Blood flowed, and bodies withered. They used their deaths... to buy time!

"You... don't need to do this...." Meng Hao said through bleary eyes, his body trembling. He looked around at the group of cultivators around him.

They were people he had never even seen before the war started. They were strangers. They had their own families, sects, loved ones, even children. But now... it was without hesitation that they gave up their own lives to slow Xuan Fang's steps.

Bodies withered, and souls faded away. They were like candles in the wind, sputtering on the verge of being snuffed out. Finally, a desperate howl echoed out from Meng Hao's mouth.

A blood-colored flicker appeared in his eyes, and a flame suddenly burned within him as he looked up at Xuan Fang. As of this moment, Meng Hao... had played all of his cards! There was only one thing left to do.

He waved his hand, drawing fully upon the power of his life force to summon all of his 33 Soul Lamps.

Chapter 1362: Extinguishing Four Soul Lamps!

Of his 33 Soul Lamps, six were already extinguished. The other 27 still burned. Of the Seven Desolations, he had completely passed the First, and had experienced one tribulation in the Second Desolation, leaving four more lamps before that Desolation was passed.

In the past, whenever he extinguished Soul Lamps, he had only done so after being completely confident of the outcome. But now... it was a critical moment. Tens of thousands of cultivators were dying to protect him. Therefore, despite lacking complete confidence, he felt that he had no other choice.

As one cultivator after another withered up and died, Meng Hao gritted his teeth, and his eyes gleamed with determination. The flame which burned inside him only continued to grow hotter as it prepared to burn, not himself, but others.

Without any further hesitation, he lifted his right hand and pointed at his 7th Soul Lamp.

“Extinguish!” he said, pushing out with all of the power he could muster, unleashing the last scrap of his divine will to crush down onto the 7th Soul lamp. It was like a wind had gusted past the lamp. The flame flickered, and then... was snuffed out.

A curl of smoke floated up, which instantly bored into Meng Hao through his mouth and nose. As it spread out through his body, he began to shake, and blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. His cultivation base began to rumble, and his fleshly body filled, first with numbness, then stabs of pain.

It was almost as if his body was a combination of both Yin and Yang, with one half being icy cold, and the other scorching hot!

His cultivation base was now growing. Before, it had been almost completely spent, but now it was recovering. As it did, his body withered

rapidly under the simultaneous freezing and scorching of Yin and Yang.

In the blink of an eye, he was nothing more than a pile of flesh and bones. Furthermore, the sensation of deadly crisis within him soared to incredible heights. It almost felt like... his body was about to be transformed into nothing more than ash.

Paragon Xuan Fang's eyes glowed brightly as he looked at Meng Hao's Soul Lamps. Although his expression remained neutral, inside, he was being battered by massive waves of shock.

"His cultivation base...." Despite being shocked, he began to walk faster. The will of a Paragon spread out, and more of the 100,000 cultivators withered, many of them transforming into ash.

Of the 100,000 people, only half remained alive!

However, not a single one of that remaining group chose to give up. It wasn't that they lacked a fear of death, but rather, they understood that Meng Hao... was more important than all of them added together!

For the Mountain and Sea Realm, for their families, for their friends... they were willing to die to prevent Meng Hao from perishing!

"You people are looking to die!" Paragon Xuan Fang roared, pushing forward, unleashing his cultivation base, sending a divine ability roaring out. There were now 50,000 cultivators left, and even as blood spurted out of their various wounds, Meng Hao chuckled bitterly. He wasn't sure whether or not he would die, but he did know that the power of one extinguished Soul Lamp was not enough to recover his cultivation base. His eyes gleamed with cold light, and he clenched his jaw viciously.

"Extinguishing a single Soul Lamp doesn't count as risking it!" His divine will exploded out to extinguish his 8th Soul Lamp!

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the flame flickered, then suddenly winked out. Smoke poured into Meng Hao's body, and he lifted his head up and let out a piercing howl. Then he slowly rose to his feet, his energy rapidly returning to its previous heights. Simultaneously, the intense sensation of imminent danger exploded up within him.

His body had already been extremely withered, but now it got even worse, to the point where nothing seemed to remain behind other than skin and bones. And yet, his eyes shone with indescribable intensity.

He leaped up into the air, his energy soaring, surrounded by rumbling sounds. He flew out from the center of the spell formation toward Xuan Fang, whose face instantly fell. At the same time, Xuan Fang clenched his hand into a fist and unleashed a punch.

Meng Hao's expression was vicious, and his overall appearance completely ferocious. The Second Desolation would not be immediately fatal, which gave Meng Hao time to take three steps forward and use his God-Slaying Fist to meet Paragon Xuan Fang's punch.

A massive boom echoed out as the two fists slammed into each other. A tremor ran through Xuan Fang; he might be a Paragon, but his short battle with Meng Hao had left him completely and utterly shaken. His qi and blood were set aboil, and his eyes burned with killing intent. Just when he was about to unleash another attack, Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of blood. Then, a wild gleam appeared in his eyes, and he waved his hand toward his 9th Soul lamp. Unexpectedly... he was planning to extinguish that Soul Lamp too!!

"Are you crazy!?!?" Xuan Fang blurted in shock. He had never seen anyone successively extinguish one Soul Lamp after another. Doing that was courting almost certain death! Eyes glittering coldly, he asked, "Are you that set on killing me before you die?"

Just when he was about to launch another attack, he realized that after extinguishing his 9th Soul Lamp, Meng Hao was actually... extinguishing the 10th!!

When both of those Soul Lamps were extinguished, their smoke poured into Meng Hao's nose and mouth, filling his body and causing his cultivation base to rise explosively. At the same time, his battle prowess reached a completely shocking level.

He had just extinguished four Soul Lamps in one effort, which filled him with four times the power he had commanded when initially igniting his

Ancient Realm Soul Lamps. Right now, his cultivation base and battle prowess exceeded that of an Imperial Lord!

He was now only slightly behind a Paragon in terms of power. In terms of his divine sense, it also experienced explosive growth. Now, it wasn't eighty percent as powerful as a Paragon's, it was... equal to a Paragon's, or even slightly more powerful!

With divine sense power like that, coupled with his cultivation base and battle prowess, it was possible to say that Meng Hao... was now completely qualified to fight to the death with a Paragon. At the same time, his Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation surged into action, constantly restoring him, ensuring that his battle prowess was truly at its peak!

Unfortunately, the aura of death which surrounded him was incredibly strong, and was soon reaching its peak as well. In addition, the Second Desolation was so intense that his already emaciated frame was... beginning to completely rot.

Blisters appeared all over him, which let out an aura of rot after they popped. There were even some places where his flesh had turned into a bloody mush, revealing... blackened bones!

Those bones had long since been tainted by some sort of curse power. However, Meng Hao ignored all of that, striding forward at increasing speed until he was right in front of Paragon Xuan Fang. There, he lifted his right hand and performed an incantation gesture. The Mountain Consuming Incantation exploded out, causing Xuan Fang's face to flicker. He could see how terrifying Meng Hao was at this moment, and thus, he didn't hesitate at all to snort coldly and fall back into retreat.

He didn't want to have anything to do with Meng Hao at the moment; as far as he could tell, Meng Hao was doomed to die, and therefore, there was no reason to continue fighting him and join him in death.

Besides, in his current state, Meng Hao was completely fear-inspiring, even to Xuan Fang.

"Trying to run away?!?" Meng Hao said, lips twisting into a smile. As of this moment, he didn't care if he was dying. The only thing he was

concerned with right now... was making sure Xuan Fang died with him!

He was convinced that Xuan Fang had no more soul-saving magics left. There was no way for him to evade death. Besides, Meng Hao had the Echelon mark left by Paragon Sea Dream, which meant that he was more than qualified to battle with this 7-Essences Paragon!

Although eking out a victory wouldn't be easy, neither would it be easy for the Paragon to slay him!

Rumbling echoed out as Meng Hao picked up speed, transforming into a black roc. And yet, this roc was also little more than skin and bones. It was as if it had just climbed up out of the grave, completely ferocious in appearance, with a strong aura of death surrounding it as it slashed its claws toward Xuan Fang.

Xuan Fang's face flickered as he sent out all of the Essence power he could muster. Meng Hao in roc-form slammed into him, and the roc shattered, revealing Meng Hao himself, who staggered backward, coughing up blood. Virtually all of his flesh and blood were destroyed, with nearly half of him being nothing more than bones. And yet, Paragon Xuan Fang was also coughing up blood. In the face of this maddened Meng Hao, he didn't hesitate at all to yet again fall back into retreat.

Regardless of anything, there was no way he would give Meng Hao a chance to drag him along into death.

It was at this exact moment that the quarter hour ended. Suddenly, the surrounding mist began to roil, and then, in the blink of an eye, vanished.

"Heaven is helping me!" laughed Xuan Fang, his eyes glittering. With that, he flew off of the sun, content with having made a huge accomplishment within the Mountain and Sea Realm.

"Meng Hao is going to die, and the Mountain and Sea Realm's shield will soon shatter!"

Almost as soon as the mist vanished, Meng Hao could see that beyond the First Sea, and beyond the shield, the 2nd Heaven was bearing down.

The shield was twisting, sinking in, covered with countless, madly

flickering magical symbols. Paragon Sea Dream was not in the vicinity; she could not abandon the shield only because of Meng Hao. Now, she was below the shield, using all her power to bolster it.

Meng Hao's Paragon puppet had lost its connection to his divine will when he was in his fierce fight with Xuan Fang. Now, it had nothing left but its instincts as it hovered there beyond the region where the mist had been.

It was at this point that the land mass that was the 2nd Heaven smashed into the Mountain and Sea Realm's shield. A huge, ear-splitting boom echoed out through the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, causing all the cultivators' minds to reel, and their ears to fill with piercing pain. It was the same with the Outsiders beyond the shield that protected the First Sea.

When Meng Hao saw all of this, some of the madness in his eyes faded away. He watched as the huge land mass bashed into the shield, which then shattered into countless fragments.

When that happened, blood sprayed out of Paragon Sea Dream's mouth, and she suddenly seemed to age. On the moon, blood sprayed out of the mouths of 100,000 cultivators as their bodies were shredded and transformed into nothing more than ash.

Ksitigarbha's Demon form collapsed, and he returned to his previous cultivator appearance. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he sagged in exhaustion; apparently, his Dao foundation was now unstable.

The already cracked land mass that was the 2nd Heaven now entered the Mountain and Sea Realm, transforming into countless meteors that hailed down. At the same time, the millions upon millions of Outsiders waiting outside the First Sea let out excited roars as they charged in.

The tide of battle... had completely shifted!

Chapter 1363: Sealing a Paragon!

In the First Sea, the Mountain and Sea cultivators were already engaging in fierce fighting with the Outsiders. Unending rubble from the shattered 2nd Heaven rained down, some of it piercing down to land on the Mountain and Sea below it, and even the planets there.

Incredible casualties resulted!

The war was no longer balanced.... The situation was now anything but that, and it was all because of... Xuan Fang!

The reason why the Mountain and Sea Realm was now in such an unfavorable position was because of... Xuan Fang!

As of this moment, a cold smile could be seen on Xuan Fang's mouth as he sped along, intent on leaving the Mountain and Sea Realm. His plan had worked. Meng Hao was destined to die, and the Mountain and Sea shield was broken. Of course, he had been seriously injured in the process, and he now needed to leave the Mountain and Sea Realm to recover. Control of the war effort would now be handed over to the other Paragon.

However, even in the moment in which he hoped to flee, a rotting, skeletal figure appeared, which was Meng Hao. Laughing a grating, maniacal laugh, he smiled and said, "Paragon Xuan Fang, you threw yourself out as bait, so why are you in such a hurry to leave? You might be a Paragon, but you can't just waltz in and out of the Mountain and Sea Realm whenever you feel like it." Even as he spoke, Meng Hao reached out and crushed some unknown object with his right hand. Simultaneously, the Lightning Cauldron appeared above his head, and electricity danced. Rumbling echoed out as Paragon Xuan Fang, regardless of whether he was willing or not, suddenly switched locations with Meng Hao. It was Form Displacement Transposition!

As soon as he reappeared, he frowned and let out a cold harrumph. However, only a moment later, his face fell as he realized that a thick mist was spreading out around him.

"Gloompearl!! You can use Gloompearls too!?!? Right, your aura of

death!!” Xuan Fang’s face fell as he remembered that, when fighting with Meng Hao earlier, Meng Hao had taken one of the Gloompearls. Xuan Fang had forgotten that point, but now it was obvious what was happening. Normally, Gloompearls could only be used by means of a special technique. The only way someone unfamiliar with that technique could activate a Gloompearl was if they had an intense aura of Death surrounding them.

And of course, that was exactly the state Meng Hao was in, enabling him to use the Gloompearl!

Paragon Xuan Fang’s heart began to pound, and his expression was very grim.

The mist seethed, completely locking him in place where he was. He would now need a full quarter hour before he could move.

“Well, you won’t be able to cause a big stir within a quarter hour. Let me guess, Meng Hao. You plan to give your last bit of life to Sea Dream. Or perhaps use the Eegoo puppet to try to kill our other Paragon. Right?

“You won’t succeed in a mere quarter hour.” Even as his sinister voice echoed out from within the mist, the 6th Heaven’s Paragon suddenly stepped down into the starry sky. After glancing in the direction of Meng Hao and Xuan Fang, he sent his cultivation base power out to block Sea Dream and the Paragon puppet.

He actually wasn’t worried about Xuan Fang; he was concerned about Sea Dream and the Eegoo puppet. As far as Meng Hao went, he had confidence in Xuan Fang’s methods, and was sure that Meng Hao... would soon die.

Sea Dream was shaken as she looked over at Meng Hao and his intense aura of death. At the same time, Meng Hao’s divine will once again connected with the Paragon puppet, and its eyes began to glow. However, Meng Hao’s divine will was rife with an aura of death, causing the puppet to also be surrounded with the same aura.

In response to Paragon Xuan Fang’s words, Meng Hao merely smiled, and didn’t say a word. Considering his current state, that smile looked

completely ferocious. Meng Hao knew that right now, it would be impossible to kill Xuan Fang, and therefore, all he wanted to do was lock him down temporarily.

In this critical moment of danger for the Mountains and Seas, the balance of the war needed to be restored. Meng Hao's eyes shone with a strange light. With that, he extended his right hand toward the area that contained the mist, and then waved his hand slightly.

As he did, a thread appeared, a horizontal thread, down below the mist. Then, Meng Hao made a second stroke with his hand, then a third, and a fourth....

The four threads connected to form a circle that completely surrounded the mist. Inside that mist, Paragon Xuan Fang's face flickered as he sensed the fluctuations of Essence.

"That's... the... the Essence of space!!"

Even in the moment in which surprise filled Xuan Fang, the eyes of the other Paragon went wide. That Paragon didn't move in to help, but instead, raised a hand high up toward the 3rd Heaven, and pointed.

It was in the same moment that the aura of Essence exploded out from the circle in front of Meng Hao. It was the power of Spatial Sealing!

Meng Hao couldn't use his Essence of space for a long period of time, but because he had extinguished four Soul Lamps, causing an explosive growth in his cultivation base, he was able to unleash power formidable enough to seal a Paragon!

Of course, Meng Hao was not powerful enough to completely banish him. This was only a sealing, and a temporary one at that, but it would definitely last many times more than a quarter hour.

"Seal!" he said, his voice grating. As it echoed out, the circle flashed with light, and began to solidify. Paragon Xuan Fang let out a maddened roar. Even as the seal was completed, he apparently burned his life force to send the circle flying out with an incredible burst of speed. It shot toward the darkness-cloaked Paragon, who quickly reached a hand out and

grabbed it.

Meng Hao sighed. Paragons were hard to kill, which was something he now had deep understanding of thanks to experience. However, the circle had solidified, and the seal created by the Essence of space was completed. That seal would not be easily unraveled without first spending many months working at it.

Even when the seal was opened, Paragon Xuan Fang had burned his life force, and before that, had been seriously injured. Even if he was still at the Paragon level at that time, his battle prowess would be reduced by at least half!

Most important was not Paragon Xuan Fang's cultivation base, but rather, his tactics. What he had done caused Meng Hao to burn with the desire to kill him. At least trapping him for several months would prevent further unexpected situations from arising in battle.

All of the cultivators and Outsiders who were fighting near the First Mountain saw what happened, and were shaken. When the Mountain and Sea Realm's shield was broken, the balance of battle was disturbed, but now that Meng Hao had sealed Paragon Xuan Fang, everything changed, and the fighting was evening up.

As for the Paragon puppet, now that it was under the control of Meng Hao's divine sense, its eyes flickered, and it shot toward the First Sea, clearly intent on using its Paragon power to slaughter more Outsiders.

His mission was... to tip the balance of battle in favor of the Mountain and Sea Realm. If the remaining Outsider Paragon wanted to save the Outsiders in the First Sea, he would have to face the combined might of Meng Hao, the Eegoo puppet, and Sea Dream.

If he did that, he would definitely end up dead or seriously injured.

Considering the situation, the darkness-cloaked Outsider Paragon sighed. He was not like Xuan Fang, with his crafty battle plans. Having no other options, he had to rely on his own methods, and the truth was that the moment Xuan Fang had been sealed, he had already made his decision.

With the wave of a finger, the land mass that was the 3rd Heaven began to rumble as if it were about to move toward the Mountain and Sea Realm. Apparently, he was going to use the same technique as before, sending the entire 3rd Heaven in a crushing attack onto the Mountain and Sea Realm.

From the look of things, he didn't even care about the Outsiders who were currently still in the 3rd Heaven. His mood had gone foul, and he chose to use his own style to fight this war. At the same time, his voice echoed out into the starry sky.

"The power of a Paragon will once again be unleashed on the battlefield. I will pay any price, including the destruction of the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and even the 6th Heaven, to strike at the Mountain and Sea Realm."

As his voice echoed out, the Paragon puppet stopped in place, and a strange light began to gleam in Sea Dream's eyes as she looked up. As for Meng Hao, he was losing consciousness, and a will of death was taking grip upon his body. He knew that he couldn't hold on much longer, and yet he gritted his teeth and looked up at the Paragon puppet from the 6th Heaven.

"Mountain and Sea Paragons," the Outsider Paragon said, his voice ringing with determination, "hold back from fighting, and I will hold back from unleashing the land mass attack!"

As his words rang out, Paragon Sea Dream's face flickered. For a long, tense moment, she hesitated, apparently unwilling to yield, and yet, in the end, she flicked her sleeve and gave Meng Hao a meaningful look. Under the direction of Meng Hao's divine will, the Paragon puppet fell back.

The Outsider Paragon from the 6th Mountain breathed an inward sigh of relief. The truth was that he didn't want to destroy the 3rd through 6th Heavens. He wasn't adept at leading wars, and therefore, he simply wanted to buy time until the 7th Heaven and the others arrived.

He wasn't aware of it, but if Xuan Fang were present, he would be incensed at such tactics. Xuan Fang didn't care about life or death, and would definitely have gone to the length of destroying the land masses in order to prevent Meng Hao from recovering. He would not have given the

Mountain and Sea Realm the slightest bit of breathing room, or the slightest chance to gain an advantage.

By slamming those five land masses into the Mountain and Sea Realm, it would likely destroy all of the Mountains and Seas, and would force the Mountain and Sea Realm to draw upon whatever deep reserve powers they were holding back. In that case, they wouldn't need to wait for the 7th Heaven and the others to arrive in order to clinch a victory!

For decisive people, hesitation and delay were not options. That could lead to a drop in the Outsiders' morale.

Most important of all... was that the decision of this second Paragon actually bought time for the Mountain and Sea Realm. Using the 2nd Heaven to attack had been an unexpected twist, but now, the Mountain and Sea Realm would definitely prepare for such a thing to happen again. As such, further threats of using all the other land masses themselves would be somewhat hollow, and following through on such threats, less effective!

That, of course, was why Paragon Sea Dream had pretended to be so torn after hearing the Outsider Paragon's words, and also the reason she gave the meaningful look to Meng Hao. After all, this decision was a good thing for the Mountain and Sea Realm!

The war continued. Bitter fighting went on in the First Sea, but the Paragons didn't participate. Meng Hao couldn't hold on any longer. After coughing up another mouthful of blood, he lapsed into a coma.

As he fell down out of the sky, Paragon Sea Dream shot forward to catch him. The aura of death which surrounded became much thicker, and his body was rotting away. His organs, his bones, and his flesh... were all turning into ash.

Grief covered Sea Dream's face, and she was just about to begin to treat his injuries, when an ancient voice echoed out from behind her, a voice which caused her to tremble.

"Let me handle this."

Chapter 1364: Demon and Immortal!

The war of the Mountain and Sea Realm continued. The sun had lost Meng Hao, so Paragon Sea Dream arranged for the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea, Meng Hao's grandfather, to temporarily take control. The 100,000 cultivators were reinforced, and under Grandpa Meng's control, the sun once again became a powerful weapon and threat.

The army of Outsiders did not enter the First Sea en masse to fight. They were split into five divisions, each one of which was directed by an Imperial Lord. In addition to that, various Dao Realm experts were also placed within those forces. Currently, the group fighting with the Mountain and Sea cultivators in the First Sea consisted of the first division of several million Outsiders.

The First Sea was almost completely dried up, and so stained with blood that the redness would never be expunged. The reek of gore filled the air, and the brutality of battle caused the starry sky to grow dark.

Even the dazzling glow caused by the unleashing of divine abilities and magical techniques was darkened by the sea of blood. Only hoarse shouts and shrill screams could be heard echoing out constantly across the battlefield.

The only reason that the first line of defense hadn't been broken was because the darkness-cloaked Outsider Paragon was a cautious person, and his deepest instinct and inclination was to keep buying time.

Were it not for that, he might have resorted to using the land masses to strike the Mountain and Sea Realm. In fact, if Paragon Xuan Fang hadn't been sealed, the battle being fought would have been a hundred times more brutal.

Actually, it was because of the cautious decisions being made by the other Paragon, that Sea Dream chose to utilize one particular stratagem ahead of schedule, long before the second division of Outsiders launched an offensive....

The Mountain and Sea cultivators who made up the first line of defense,

despite having reinforcements to relieve them, were gradually growing exhausted.

Furthermore, the First Sea was on the verge of being completely dried up. The Mountain and Sea cultivators were pushed back relentlessly, and soon, the second division of Outsiders began to advance into battle.

Even as that second division set foot into the First Sea, Paragon Sea Dream's eyes glittered. Without any hesitation, she performed an incantation gesture, sending an order out to Xu Qing. In turn, Xu Qing suppressed her concern for Meng Hao, and excitedly passed the order along to the army.

Soon, magical symbols began to glitter throughout the sea of blood that was the First Sea. Waves kicked up, and then the First Sea... unexpectedly... self-detonated!

Although not much sea water was left in it, it was still a sea. Most importantly, the First Sea had its will, which was really a part of the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm as a whole. In fact, the self-detonation of the First Sea was, most accurately speaking, a detonation of the will of the First Sea.

Rumbling could be heard as the water in the First Sea began to bubble and seethe. Then, destructive power exploded out from every drop of water, from every wave, from every part of the entire sea!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The resulting explosion caused the entire Mountain and Sea Realm to shake, even the planets. After a moment of shock, the Paragon from the 6th Heaven took a step forward, and then looked grimly in the direction of the First Sea.

A terrifying shockwave was spreading out, starting from the very middle of the First Sea. There, a black hole appeared, which immediately sent out a terrifying gravitational force. It was like the power of Heaven and Earth itself were sucking in the sea of blood, as well as numerous Outsiders.

The Outsiders were thrown into complete chaos. Their first and second

divisions were crying out in alarm as they began to spiral toward the black hole. As for the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, even as the gravitational force appeared, something exceedingly powerful grabbed ahold of them and pulled them out of the First Sea.

The black hole almost appeared to be breathing. It sucked in a huge breath, and then... the true power of self-detonation appeared. Massive rumbling could be heard as a huge blast swept out across Heaven and Earth.

Everywhere it passed, Outsiders screamed as first their flesh and blood were flayed, then their bones were crushed, and finally, their Nascent Divinities were transformed into ash.

The intense power of self-detonation exploded out, and in the blink of an eye, it covered the entire area of the First Sea, completely enveloping the forces of the first and second divisions of Outsiders.

Few were able to flee. Not even ordinary Dao Realm experts or Dao Lords were qualified to do such a thing. Only those few who were in the 4-Essences level managed to avoid being enveloped by the insanity of the explosion.

Heaven and Earth trembled, and the starry sky shook. Outside of the Mountain and Sea Realm, the rest of the army was shaken, and stared in terror and shock. Even the six Imperial Lords gasped.

The force of the self-detonation lasted for three full days, during which time the Mountain and Sea cultivators stood on one side of the sea, silent, and the Outsiders stood on the other side, shocked.

After three days, the reverberations of the explosion died down. The First Sea... would never be seen again for all eternity. The Mountain and Sea Realm had lost one of its seas, although along with it went all the Outsiders inside of it.

The rest of the Outsiders stood there silently, as did the Mountain and Sea cultivators. The First Sea... was gone. For the first time in the war, the Mountain and Sea cultivators felt what it was like to lose one of their Mountains or Seas.

The sensation... left them in a bit of a daze.

Soon, though, the fighting continued. The third division of Outsiders was ordered into action by their Paragon. This time, two Imperial Lords joined in the fighting, as well as numerous Dao Realm experts, all of whom began to advance upon the First Mountain.

Only half of the Mountain and Sea Realm's first line of defense remained. The entire First Mountain turned into a battleground, and soon the fierce fighting caused the entire mountain to be stained red with blood.

Even as the rumbling of battle echoed out, Meng Hao remained in a coma, completely unaware of what was happening around him. He was like a drifting soul in a strange world.

That world had no sky, no land, no trees or plants, no mountains or rivers. There was only... a faint mist, within which could be seen... two enormous statues.

The facial features of the statues were obscured, but one thing that Meng Hao could sense was that the statue on the left pulsed with a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering Demonic qi!

As the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, Meng Hao could sense how powerful that Demonic qi was. Furthermore, it clearly contained some of the aura of the Mountains and Seas. There was something strange about it, something multifarious. Even moreso, it possessed a frenzied desire to kill which, contrary to expectation, was not deranged and mad, but cold and calculating.

The aura which surrounded the statue made it extremely bizarre, and even though Meng Hao couldn't see its face, he was certain that its expression was both ferocious and benevolent. It was the type of face that seemed to be crying, and yet laughing at the same time. It was as if the statue actually had a thousand faces, making it impossible to tell what emotion truly lay within.

It was... a Demon. Because of its multifariousness, it became Demonic, and this statue seemed as if it were the world's sole and perfect exemplar

of a Demon.

As for the statue on the right, when Meng Hao looked at it, he could sense an Immortal qi so concentrated that it caused everything in the area to tremble. It was as if this were the perfect expression of all Immortals, as if this were the only Immortal that existed in the world!

Meng Hao looked silently at the two statues, and then glanced around at the world which surrounded him. He felt bewildered, unsure of where he was, and confused regarding exactly what these two statues depicted.

Even as Meng Hao began to question what was happening, an ancient voice spoke to him, a voice which seemed to echo out from primeval times, to fill the world in which he stood.

“This place... exists inside your heart of hearts.”

His mind trembled, and he looked up, but could not see the owner of the voice. It was as if the voice was everywhere and nowhere.

“Look at these two statues. One is the Demon, the other is the Immortal.... In the Paragon Immortal Realm, a birth was foreordained... the Vast Expanse’s one and only... Immortal....

“That is why the Allheaven bloodline emerged....

“However, there were certain people who did not wish for the Immortal to be born. They wanted to supplant that position. That is because, although the Immortal and the God complement one another... the Immortal is above the God, and can also suppress the Devil!

“The God and the Devil cared not, but their descendants cared. Thus, the Heavens were reversed, Karma was altered, and time was rifled with. They were willing to pay any price... and they succeeded! Yet, they also failed. Furthermore, they were unaware that... because of the changes wrought by the mix of success and failure, they unwittingly caused something to happen which should not have. The Immortal... became the Demon....

“That is because the world in which the Immortal was to be born, was a world that existed before the Allheaven bloodline had appeared. That world... was a world which suppressed the 3,000 Greater Demons. It was...

the Paragon Demon Realm!

“The Demon is multifarious and bizarre. Changeable.... It is not righteous and noble like the Immortal. It cannot suppress the Devil, nor can it shake the God.... However, what it can do... is topple the Vast Expanse!

“And now, the time has come for you to ask yourself, if you had the choice, would you become... the mighty and powerful Immortal? Or would you become... the Demon which can topple the Vast Expanse?!”

As the ancient voice echoed out, it was possible to tell that there was no power of compulsion within it. It simply wished to hear an answer to the question.

Meng Hao maintained his silence. He looked over at the left-hand statue which represented the Demon. Before, the face had not been visible, but now, it suddenly was.

What Meng Hao found himself looking at... was his own face!

He had towering Demonic qi, and eyes that glowed with a redness that would never be extinguished. There was no haughty conceit, no extreme domineering air. There was no righteous nobility, and there was no dignity. However, there was a multifariousness, a changeability, a bizarreness. Furthermore, within those red eyes there was the sensation... of a hatred as fathomless as a sea of blood, something that wished to destroy the entire world.

And yet, deep within the eyes, concealed beneath the thousand multifarious, changeable faces were bitter memories and complex emotions... which could not be discovered, nor felt by others.... 1

When Meng Hao looked at the statue of the Demon that had his own face, his heart trembled. He could sense the grief within this Demon, as well as an unyielding heart. There was also madness and hatred.

Meng Hao quietly turned to look at the statue of the Immortal....

This statue also bore his face, a face tranquil, calm, and otherworldly. Its gaze seemed warm, but in truth, it was incredibly cold. It was as if, in its

eyes, everything in Heaven and Earth could be expressed in terms of natural law, as if this Immortal were above everything and everyone, the only Immortal in the world.

All memories, everything about the past, were like impurities from former lives. Everything that happened while treading the path of Immortality would be left behind, severed, not allowed to be a hindrance or restraint of any kind.

This Immortal was neither ruthless nor sentimental. He was neither selfish nor selfless. There was only a certain separation from the past, as if, when looking back and recalling old memories, he was unaffected, and would merely sigh lightly.

Once again, the ancient voice echoed out. "There is no need to speak your answer out loud. As long as it exists in your heart, that is enough...."

*

1. This was not the first time the word multifarious was used in connection with Demons. Check out chapters 407 and 408.

Chapter 1365: The Daoist Societies Make a Move!

No one except for Meng Hao knew whether he had picked the Demon or the Immortal.

Upon awakening, he found that several months had passed. He was currently back on the sun, and his Paragon puppet was sitting cross-legged next to him, acting as Dharma Protector.

The surrounding 100,000 cultivators were operating the spell formation alone, and off in the distance, the flames of war flickered brightly on the First Mountain. The Outsiders had fought their way nearly to the peak of the mountain, and the overall state of the battle was one of incredible ferocity.

Virtually all of the Mountain and Sea Lords were out in the starry sky, fighting. Paragon Sea Dream was also there, and her eyes flashed like lightning as she observed the battle. The First Mountain... was on the verge of being overrun.

There were no longer six Outsider Imperial Lords. Two had been killed, cut down by Grandpa Meng by means of the sun. However, he hadn't used two arrows to accomplish that, but four!

The sun currently had only seven light arrows left to unleash!

Of the four remaining Imperial Lords, two were currently participating in the battle. However, they weren't unleashing widespread destruction upon the Mountain and Sea cultivators. Instead, they acted like sharp blades, cutting open paths for the other Outsiders to pour into the First Mountain.

They were skirting Sea Dream's bottom line, but weren't crossing it. They were well aware of that, and knew that as long as they didn't cross that bottom line, then the Paragons wouldn't join in on the fighting.

Unfortunately, without the help of a Paragon, the Mountain and Sea Lords were no match for the two Imperial Lords, not without teaming up,

and even then they would have a hard time keeping them under control.

Out in the starry sky, the final division of Outsiders was arrayed in ranks, waiting to join the battle, eyes flickering with killing intent as they stared at the Mountain and Sea Realm.

The fighting had proceeded in this fashion for more than seven months.

In another five months, the 7th Heaven and the other Heavens would emerge from their current state, and could join the fighting.

When Meng Hao opened his eyes, everything was blurry at first. However, the sound of the battle being fought helped him to focus his thoughts, and soon, his eyes glittered with bright light as he rose to his feet.

Of the surrounding 100,000 cultivators, roughly half had fought with him in the earlier battle against Paragon Xuan Fang. When Meng Hao stood up, those cultivators looked over with eyes that burned passionately.

“The Crown Prince has awakened!!”

“The Crown Prince is awake!!”

The 100,000 cultivators’ loud cries echoed out in all directions, and soon, the entire sun was glowing even more brightly than before. There were even many cultivators fighting on the First Mountain who could tell that a new pair of eyes had turned in their direction.

As Meng Hao rose to his feet, countless images flashed through his mind of the events leading up to him losing consciousness. He also remembered an ancient voice speaking out in the moment before his vision had gone completely black.

That voice seemed to contain all of the ancientness of the entire world.

“Who was he...?” he thought. Looking down at himself, he saw that the aura of death was gone, and that his wounds were healed. He was even a bit stronger than before. Based on his cultivation base, his battle prowess was now such that he exceeded an Imperial Lord. He could definitely fight Paragons now.

The sensation of being in control of so much power caused Meng Hao to gasp. When he thought back to the insane battle with Xuan Fang, he couldn't dispel the lingering fear within his heart. His choice to extinguish four Soul Lamps had been a deranged decision that could have only been made in the face of certain death.

He sent his divine sense sweeping out across the battlefield, and then, the sun blazed with light as an arrow shot out toward the First Mountain. Before any of the fighters on either side could react, that arrow stabbed into the head of one of the Imperial Lords!

The sun's light arrows could injure even Paragons, let alone Imperial Lords. This was not the first Imperial Lord to be killed by such an arrow.

The sudden fatality shook the battlefield, and was a message to all of the Outsiders that... Meng Hao was back.

The Outsider Paragon from the 6th Heaven was sitting cross legged out in the starry sky. During the past months, he had been working hard at unraveling Meng Hao's Essence of space, and was on the verge of freeing Xuan Fang. Suddenly, his eyes opened, and when he looked at the Mountain and Sea Realm, he caught sight of Meng Hao.

He instantly frowned. During the course of working to breaking through the Essence of space, he had confirmed that Meng Hao wasn't dead, but he had never imagined that he would make his comeback so soon. Only a few months ago, he had been hovering on the brink of death, and yet now, he was fully recovered, and even stronger than before.

The instant Meng Hao woke up, the sun blazed dazzlingly, and an Outsider Imperial Lord was killed. The army of Outsiders was shaken, but their killing intent was as strong as ever. Furthermore, the First Mountain was already completely soaked in blood.

Meng Hao didn't unleash the power of the sun again. Even as he stood there, Sea Dream looked over at him with flashing eyes, and then suddenly, her voice spoke in his mind.

"Send the Paragon puppet to attack!"

Meng Hao's eyes glittered. He knew exactly what Sea Dream wanted to happen, so without any hesitation, he sent out his divine will, causing the Paragon puppet's eyes to open. It instantly rose to its feet, eyes blazing as it took a step forward and then shot toward the First Mountain!

The Mountain and Sea Realm was breaking the agreement that had been put in place... they were attacking with a Paragon!

Almost in the same moment that the Paragon puppet began to move forward, the Outsider Paragon's face flickered, and he gnashed his teeth. He still needed more time to safely unravel the Essence of space, and after all of the months that had passed, he still hadn't managed to take the First Mountain. He knew that he was not a strategist, and that if Xuan Fang were here, the situation would be different.

Now that Meng Hao was making a move in violation of the agreement, the Outsider Paragon, gritted his teeth and then unleashed so much cultivation base power that he injured himself. His spirit turned listless as he coughed up his own life-essence blood onto the Essence of space seal. By using a secret magic, and simultaneously drawing upon his longevity, he hoped to speed up the process of unraveling the seal.

Rumbling could be heard as his life-essence blood splashed onto Meng Hao's Essence of space, which then shuddered and began to emit cracking sounds! Then, it simply collapsed!

Xuan Fang shot out like lightning, and without even the slightest bit of hesitation, pointed his finger up at the 3rd Heaven and unleashed all the power he could muster.

The 3rd Heaven began to tremble, then slowly tilted over and began to descend toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

As of this moment, the balance which had been maintained over the past several months was completely disrupted. The reason Meng Hao was so important was not because of his control over the power of the sun, but rather... that he could completely disrupt the balance that existed between the Mountain and Sea Realm and the Outsiders.

In fact, Paragon Sea Dream had been waiting for months for Meng Hao

to return just for this express purpose.

Once the Paragon puppet shot toward the First Mountain, incredible pressure instantly exploded out from it. At the same time, the 3rd Heaven began to pick up speed as it headed toward the Mountain and Sea Realm. As for Paragon Xuan Fang, his hair was disheveled and his face ashen; overall, he looked to be in very bad shape.

A pained look could be seen in his eyes. During the months in which he had been trapped, the Outsiders had lost their control over the flow of battle, and Xuan Fang knew that a critical moment had arrived.

“Mythdragon, help me! We’ve lost the initiative, and if we don’t get it back... then this battle... is lost!” In response to his words, the Paragon wreathed in darkness resolutely performed an incantation gesture and point up toward the land mass that was the 3rd Heaven.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the 3rd Heaven trembled, picking up even more speed as it headed toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

At the same time, Xuan Fang didn’t hesitate at all to send the 4th Heaven into motion. Two land masses of enormous, indescribable size, both emitted ear-piercing rumbling sounds as they smashed down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

By that point, the Paragon puppet had already set foot onto the First Mountain. First he clenched his hand into a fist and then punched out toward the army of Outsiders. Heaven and Earth shook, and screams rang out from the Outsiders. Simultaneously, the two land masses were bearing down on the defenseless Mountain and Sea Realm.

The 3rd Heaven had already reached the former location of the destroyed First Sea, and yet for some reason Paragon Sea Dream’s expression hadn’t changed at all. It was at this point that a cold snort suddenly echoed out from within the Mountain and Sea Realm.

A blue, illusory sea suddenly appeared over the First Mountain, above which hovered an enormous violet gate. Written on that violet gate were four words.

Nine Seas God World!!

Swirling beneath the gate were 100,000 Sea Dragons, which lifted the gate high up into the air. The sight was completely shocking, and caused the eyes of the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators to grow wide. Cries of shock instantly began to ring out.

“It’s the Nine Seas God World!!”

“The Three Great Daoist Societies’ Nine Seas God World is here!!”

“The Three Great Daoist Societies are making a move!!”

There were no sects or clans in the entire Mountain and Sea Realm who could compare to the Three Great Daoist Societies. Some groups could rival their power in an individual Mountain and Sea, but the Three Great Daoist Societies existed in all of the Nine Mountains and Seas. When they combined their forces, then they truly deserved to be called... the most powerful sects in the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Perhaps their cultivators weren’t the most powerful, but they had been building up resources for countless years, storing up precious treasures which were now about to be unleashed. In fact, as soon as the Nine Seas God World gate appeared, it opened, and eighteen coffins appeared!

Magical symbols glittered on the surfaces of the coffins, and as they flew out, they transformed into eighteen beams of light that sped toward the 3rd Heaven!

As they flew along, the coffins began to crack and crumble, revealing eighteen corpses. As the corpses appeared, their eyes opened, and they erupted with boundless cultivation base power and divine sense!!

“Demonic cultivators of the Lower Realms, how dare ye!”

“My life was dedicated to defending against the Lower Realms’ Demonic cultivators. How dare ye provoke the Immortal World!!”

“Back down!”

As the enraged corpses shouted out, the power that erupted from them was... the power of Imperial Lords!!

Shockingly, these were... eighteen Imperial Lords from the Immortal World of yesteryear!

Meng Hao was completely shaken, but was quickly able to determine that these corpses, despite having the power of Imperial Lords... were only the remnants of Imperial Lords who, in the moments before dying, allowed their discarnate souls to be turned into puppets, all for the purpose of unleashing one final attack. Once they made that attack... their souls would disperse for all eternity.

“The Mountain and Sea Realm’s resources and tactics are being revealed one by one,” he thought. As he looked out at the Mountain and Sea Realm, he realized that at this point in the battle... all the cards were being played.

Chapter 1366: Advancing the Decisive Battle!

Out in the starry sky, the two Outsider Paragons, Xuan Fang and Mythdragon, looked shocked. Mythdragon was hesitating, but Xuan Fang merely sighed, and a cold gleam appeared in his eyes as he pointed a finger up toward the land mass that was the 5th Heaven.

“Fellow Daoist Mythdragon, please lend me a hand once more.”

Mythdragon sighed within his cloak of darkness. “Fine, I’m useless when it comes to strategy. Just tell me what to do.” With that he rotated his cultivation base, whereupon a faint roar like that of a dragon echoed out. At the same time, numerous faint, shadowy forms appeared and began to swirl around him as he helped Xuan Fang set the 5th Heaven in motion.

The huge land mass that was the 5th Heaven emitted enormous rumbling sounds, and then began to crush down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Meanwhile, the power of the eighteen Imperial Lord corpses was erupting out. Their discarnate souls were burning away, allowing incredible power of Heaven and Earth to be directed toward the 3rd Heaven.

Massive rumbling sounds echoed out, and brilliant colors flashed. Cracks began to spread out across the 3rd Heaven, and soon it began to crumble and collapse.

The eighteen corpses transformed into eighteen beams of blade-like light that shot toward the 4th Heaven. Shockingly, as they closed in on the land mass that was the 4th Heaven, they chose... to self-detonate!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The eighteen corpses used the last bit of life force they had to explode. The starry sky vibrated, and the 4th Heaven, unable to avoid the blast, was hit head on. In the blink of an eye... the entire land mass... crumbled! Unable to maintain a solid form, it shattered and then... transformed into

smoke and ash!

Even as the crumbling fragments of the 3rd Heaven continued to fall down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm, several beams of sword light suddenly appeared from down below. Suddenly... nine swords shot out from within the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Converged upon those nine swords was the wills of the cultivators of the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto of their respective Mountain and Sea. Precious treasures from the Paragon Immortal Realm, they slashed out toward the fragments of the 3rd Heaven, completely destroying them!

The brilliant sword light which filled the Mountain and Sea Realm caused everything else to grow dark.

Meng Hao still stood there on the sun, watching as all of this happened, his heart pounding with excitement. At the same time, the land mass that was the 5th Heaven was still under the control of Xuan Fang and Mythdragon as it smashed down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“We need to force the Mountain and Sea Realm to pull out everything they have. The 7th Heaven and above can’t join the battle, but they can see what’s happening....” Xuan Fang’s eyes glittered as he drew upon all of his cultivation base to send the 5th Heaven in after the 3rd and 4th Heaven.

The 5th Heaven was far larger than all the previous Heavens, and as soon as it began to descend, the starry sky was crushed. Massive rifts snaked out everywhere, and yet at the same time, an old man suddenly flew out from the First Mountain.

That old man had the demeanor of a transcendent being, but if you looked closely, you would see that he was actually transparent. He was illusory, and not real. Even as he appeared, the sound of scriptures being chanted could be heard echoing out from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite temples in the Nine Mountains of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

The chanting filled the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, and a strange power rose up, almost like a summoning. Apparently, it was that illusory old man who was being summoned.

Meng Hao instantly recognized him. It was the same old man who had given sermons on the Dao back when he himself had been in that abandoned temple of the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite, the same man who could write the character Immortal 仙 into the air with his finger.

Now, that old man floated out into the void as if he had been transported from ancient times into the present. Mixed emotions could be seen on his face, and he sighed as he extended his hand, pushing it toward the incoming 5th Heaven.

That simple motion caused the entire 5th Heaven land mass to shudder to a stop. Then... to Meng Hao's complete disbelief, the entire land mass began to dissolve, transforming into nothing more than ash.

It happened too quickly for anyone to even react. A simple gesture by that old man caused the land mass that was the 5th Heaven to... completely vanish.

Then, the figure of the old man began to fade away. At the same time, countless cultivators in the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite temples in the Mountain and Sea Realm coughed up blood, the price that they had to pay for the summoning.

"Imperial Lord corpses. Deadly Dao Realm treasures. Paragon projections.... The Mountain and Sea Realm's resources run incredibly deep!" Xuan Fang stared at the disappearing old man from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite, then took a deep breath, whereupon his eyes flickered with a gleam of madness.

"We won't be able to drag this fight out until the 7th Heaven and the others arrive. Fellow Daoist Mythdragon, as of this moment, we have only one choice... put everything on the line, lest the both of us perish this day!" Xuan Fang rose to his feet, then looked in the direction of the 6th Heaven, and stamped his foot down viciously.

Instantly, the 6th Heaven began to tilt onto its side. Paragon Mythdragon stood there silently, sighing. He knew that the battle had been lost, and that it was because of him. Therefore, without any hesitation, he also stamped his foot down, his eyes flickering with killing intent.

The land mass that was the 6th Heaven emitted rumbling sounds as it slowly began to move toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“The combined power unleashed by five of our land masses is not enough to break through even their first line of defense,” said Xuan Fang. Based on the resources the Mountain and Sea Realm has at hand... we aren’t well enough prepared to win.

“However, I refuse to only use part of what we have at our disposal. Fellow Daoist Mythdragon, we must hold nothing back. Let us see... if we can break through this line of defense! Let us see if the Mountain and Sea Realm has any tricks left to defend themselves....

“The more resources they draw on now, the easier it will be for the 7th Heaven and the others to prepare to counter them in the months to come. That will lead to the Mountain and Sea Realm being defeated in even more expeditious fashion.” Xuan Fang’s eyes glittered coldly as he and Mythdragon sent the 6th Heaven barreling toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

At the same time, the final division of millions of Outsiders followed the directions imparted by Xuan Fang’s divine will, surrounding the 6th Heaven, joining it to crash into the Mountain and Sea Realm.

The decisive battle... was being fought ahead of schedule!

It only took a moment for the Mountain and Sea Realm to brace itself. Even as the 6th Heaven began to descend, the 100,000 Sea Dragons beneath the Nine Seas God World gate roared and flew up to meet it.

However, as they closed in, killing intent flickered within the eyes of Paragon Mythdragon of the 6th Heaven. He waved his right hand viciously through the air, and the howl of a dragon could be heard coming from the darkness which surrounded him. Suddenly, an evil, pitch-black dragon roared out, fully 30,000 meters long. Its appearance instantly caused Heaven and Earth to shake violently, and elicited a howl of rage from the 100,000 Sea Dragons.

The explosive roaring sounds caused everything to shake, and at the same time, Paragon Mythdragon erupted with Paragon power. After all,

despite not being adept at strategy, he was very adept... at slaughter!

As soon as he waved his hand, the roaring of the evil black dragon caused the Sea Dragons to begin to tremble. In the blink of an eye, their flesh was flayed off of their bodies, and they were transformed into bones, which then collapsed into ash.

The black, evil dragon then shot toward the gate of the Nine Seas God World.

However, it was at this point that the gate suddenly slammed open, and an enormous, 30,000-meter Sea Dragon flew out. This Sea Dragon had no flesh, and was made completely of bone!

As soon as it flew out, the shattered bits of flesh and blood from the other Sea Dragons, as well as the ash from their bones, instantly flew over to cover the bones of the gigantic Sea Dragon. Now that it had a body of flesh and blood, it charged toward the evil dragon, roaring.

At this point, Paragon Sea Dream flew out to join the Paragon puppet, which was still under Meng Hao's control. Meng Hao also sped out of the sun and headed toward the battlefield.

The nine swords from the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto then ripped through the void toward the 6th Heaven land mass.

Further in the depths of the Mountain and Sea Realm, the sound of chanting scriptures once again rose up from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite. This time, a middle-aged man appeared out of thin air. His eyes were blank, and he held a long spear in his hand. He instantly stepped forward and began to slaughter the Outsiders.

At the same time, Paragon Mythdragon took a step forward, transforming into three incarnations, one of which headed toward Paragon Sea Dream, and the other toward the Paragon puppet.

The last incarnation became a black beam of light that sped toward the nine swords. The black light around him shattered, transforming into a hail of shrapnel that spiraled toward the nine swords, then reformed into a sealing field which trapped them.

Without the black light cloaking him, Paragon Mythdragon was now revealed for all to see. He was huge, with three heads, two of which had their eyes closed. The eyes of the middle head glowed with bright red light as he stared toward the middle-aged man whom the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite had summoned.

Soon, the glow of magical techniques rose up into the sky.

As all of that was happening, Xuan Fang began to pick up speed as he headed toward Meng Hao.

With all the main powerhouses of the Mountain and Sea Realm locked down, there was no way to stop the 6th Heaven. A massive boom echoed out as it slammed into the First Mountain. The mountain trembled, and cracking sounds emanated out as crevices were ripped open. Then, the land mass continued to smash down into the First Mountain until... it was completely obliterated!

By this point, most of the land mass that was the 6th Heaven was destroyed. Endless amounts of rubble then began to rain destructively toward the rest of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Instantly, the spell formations of the Second Sea were activated, causing the Second Sea to collapse as it blocked the falling rubble.

Mountains were being crushed and Seas were being obliterated!

Even as the Second Sea collapsed to block the rubble raining down, Ksitigarbha was sitting cross-legged on the moon. When his eyes opened, they glowed with icy coldness, and he immediately activated the defensive shield, despite the injuries inflicted upon himself by doing so.

A glittering shield appeared above the Second Mountain, upon which smashed the remnants of the falling rubble, which then turned into ash.

No further destruction was carried out; the danger posed by the 6th Heaven was neutralized!

“That’s it...?” Xuan Fang said, sighing. Behind him, the final division of Outsiders was charging into the Mountain and Sea cultivators. Instantly, fierce fighting broke out. At the same time, complete silence filled

everything behind the Second Mountain. No more special methods or techniques were unleashed. “Still don’t feel the need to use more of their reserves? Well, in that case....”

Xuan Fang performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and pointed in Meng Hao’s direction. However, just when Meng Hao was about to make a move, Xuan Fang pulled back, laughing.

“I don’t care what methods the 7th Heaven or all the other Heavens have at their disposal, they’re not going to be here any time soon. Therefore... since the Mountains and Seas won’t reveal any of its other resources, then... this kid, and that sun and moon, must be destroyed!

“Activate the Immortal-Imprisoning Formation!!”

Chapter 1367: No Choice But to Descend!

As soon as the words left Xuan Fang's mouth, glittering light appeared on the previously-obscured 7th Heaven, and then the 8th and the 9th, all the way to the 33rd Heaven.

There were still several more months left before they could unbind themselves from their current state. However, they could hear the words uttered by Xuan Fang, and could also see everything clearly.

In fact, they had been closely observing the battle as it played out over the past few months, and had already begun preparing special ways to deal with the Mountain and Sea Realm based on what they had seen. Also, they had long since come to the realization of how important the sun and moon were!

From what they could tell, the most important between the two was not the sun, but the moon!

Of course, with Meng Hao in position on the sun, considering his battle prowess and the fact that he controlled a Paragon puppet, he was now fully qualified to tie down two Paragons in battle.

A Mountain and Sea cultivator like that was someone the 33 Heavens couldn't afford to disregard, and they had long since placed him on their list of priority targets to kill.

After hearing Xuan Fang's declaration, the powerful Outsider experts from the 7th to the 33rd Heaven, including the two 8-Essences Paragons, were all completely focused on how things were playing out. Whether it was because of the effort to kill Meng Hao and Ksitigarbha, for the overall strategy of drawing out the battle, or even more importantly, for the safety of Xuan Fang and Mythdragon, what was happening now was of utmost importance.

That was also why Xuan Fang had taken immediate, seemingly maddened action after being unsealed. Attacking with all the land masses ensured that he had nowhere to retreat to. Thus... the forces which remained from the 33 Heavens would not hesitate to do everything they

could to come to his aid.

Only then could this battle not be called a complete failure for him.

“As long as I can destroy the sun or the moon, then... this battle won’t have been a total failure.” The starry sky then began to tremble as a beam of light emerged from the main force of the 33 Heavens, which then shot down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

It moved with incredible speed, and yet, even as it neared, another beam of light rose up from the Ninth Mountain. Those two beams of light shot toward each other, and then collided outside of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

As rumbling booms echoed out, an enraged roar echoed out from the 33 Heavens. That light which shot down was blasted into countless shards of light which were now incapable of forming the Immortal-Imprisoning Formation Xuan Fang had spoken of!

At the same time, large numbers of cultivators poured out from the Second Mountain to charge into the Outsiders, and began to fight bitterly.

Paragon Mythdragon simultaneously began to fight the Paragon puppet, Paragon Sea Dream and the Nine Seas God World Sea Dragon. He was also keeping the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto at bay, and was even pinning down the middle-aged man from the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite.

Of course, he paid a heavy price to do all of that as, almost instantly, blood sprayed out of his mouth. And yet he didn’t back down; grinning viciously, he slapped his hand onto his head.

A boom rang out as black light erupted out from him, causing his battle prowess, and that of all his incarnations, to leap to new heights.

“Dragondemon Tyrant Physique!?!?” said Paragon Sea Dream, her eyes flashing. “That’s an innate divine ability of the Mythdragon Clan, which allows a battle soul to possess the body, making it impervious to divine abilities and magical techniques! However, once the Tyrant Physique ends, all the wounds he seemingly avoided will suddenly flare up!

“That means he’s seeking to die in battle!! His delays led to their defeat,

so he's going to put his life on the line....”

Off in the distance, Paragon Xuan Fang saw what was happening, and after a moment of silence, threw his head back and laughed. Eyes flickering with determination, he shot toward Meng Hao. As for Meng Hao, his eyes glittered, and instead of backing up, he advanced, and soon the two of them were battling back and forth with booming divine abilities.

Meng Hao was in a slightly inferior position. His cultivation base qualified him to fight with Paragons, but not necessarily to win. However, delaying Xuan Fang was nothing difficult.

As long as Mythdragon was forced to retreat or even killed by the various methods employed by everyone he was fighting, then Xuan Fang would be destined to fall in this battle.

“Of you two Paragons, one will definitely die here,” Meng Hao said coolly, his eyes flickering with killing intent. This was not his first time fighting Xuan Fang, and in their last battle, he had been pushed to the very limit. But now, he had fully recovered, and was even stronger in terms of battle prowess.

Booms rang out from within the army of Outsiders, as well as screams. The Mountain and Sea cultivators were unleashing carnage, and their numbers were swelling as more cultivators joined in the battle.

The Outsiders' 2nd to the 6th Heavens had actually done a great deal more damage to the Mountain and Sea Realm's structure than the 1st Heaven had. However, in terms of the casualties they were wreaking upon the Mountain and Sea cultivators, it didn't match up at all.

Meanwhile, the forces in the 7th to the 33rd Heavens up above could sense what danger Xuan Fang and Mythdragon were in. Roars of rage echoed out as they attempted to extricate themselves from their current state. However, that state was like a double-edged sword; although it had enabled them to escape catastrophe from the sudden attack of the Mountain and Sea Realm, it also left them completely and utterly sealed.

In the final analysis, they had never anticipated that the combined

power of five land masses... couldn't even break through the second line of defense in the Mountain and Sea Realm. Furthermore, they were losing so badly in the battle below that they were virtually being massacred.

Booms rang out as the 7th through 33rd Heavens all bashed against the invisible sealing barrier. On the battlefield, the Mountain and Sea Realm clearly had the advantage, and the Outsiders were dying in droves. They were shoved back again and again, and seemed incapable of fighting back against the Mountain and Sea cultivators.

In front of the Second Mountain, the Second Sea had collapsed, and in its place was a sea of blood.

As for Paragon Mythdragon, after utilizing his body technique, he was going all out. However, his heart was filled with bitterness because of the failure of the Immortal-Imprisoning Formation. Had it succeeded, he would not be in such a bad situation.

He currently had all of the top experts of the Mountains and Seas locked down, but the price was that he himself was stuck in an unimaginably deadly situation.

"Xuan Fang, hurry up!!" Mythdragon roared. Xuan Fang was already going all out with his cultivation base. Paragon power erupted out, and yet he was unable to break free from the fight. Not only had he been weakened, Meng Hao had already fought a deadly battle with him before. Meng Hao was used to his fighting tactics, and therefore, breaking free from the fight was not something that Xuan Fang could do quickly.

No matter what he tried to do, he simply couldn't get away.

Meng Hao transformed into an azure roc, which whistled through the starry sky, slashing its deadly talons out in attack. He used the One Thought Stellar Transformation, as well as his Supernova Magic.

He even unleashed his Demon Sealing Hexing magic, and the backlash wasn't as bad as it had been in the past.

At the moment, the two Outsider Paragons could not flee, and there was no one there to save them. The 7th through 33rd Heavens were getting

very anxious. If things kept going as they were, then they needed to be prepared... for one of their Paragons to perish.

The 33 Heavens originally had five Paragons. Eegoo was essentially dead. If they lost another, they might still be able to secure a victory, but the price would be one they were hard-pressed to pay.

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Currently, Shui Dongliu was on Planet South Heaven, outside the Ninth Mountain, looking up coldly into the starry sky. He appeared to be hesitating, as if he had a very hard decision to make.

After a long moment, he murmured, "If you take a step back, you realize that there is no one... who cannot be sacrificed. Even me.... Since that's the case...." He took a deep breath and then slowly lowered his hand.

"Since that's the case, I will allow you people to open a breach ahead of schedule. That way... you'll be able to send someone in. However, the price you will pay is that the overall time before the rest of you can emerge from the sealed state will be extended.... Most importantly... those two experts who were possessed by the two powerful forces, they who now have the power of 8-Essences Paragons... will be unable to descend before the seal is completely removed.

"This will make things very dangerous for Ksitigarbha, Sea Dream, and the Three Great Daoist Societies. It will be even more dangerous... for Meng Hao...." After a long, thoughtful moment, Shui Dongliu sighed.

"In the end, the 33 Heavens don't count for much. It is those two possessed Paragons... who are the powerful enemies we can't handle right now!"

Outside of the Second Mountain, intense fighting was going on. Mythdragon was suffering successive defeats, and didn't seem like he could hang on much longer. He had already used the body technique multiple times, and was now on the verge of collapsing.

Xuan Fang could do nothing to push Meng Hao away and break free, and was getting more and more anxious.

However, it was at this point that a huge boom echoed out in the starry sky. It was hard to say what price had been paid by the 7th to 33rd Heavens, but suddenly, everything from the 16th Heaven and below started to flicker, as if the sealing power were becoming unstable. Then, bright lights flashed as the 7th through 16th Heavens... suddenly materialized in the starry sky!

Apparently, the 17th Heaven and above had taken on the sealing power which had been restraining the 7th through 16th Heavens, allowing those Heavens to break free!

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the 7th Heaven descended, followed by the 8th, the 9th... all the way to the 16th Heaven. In total, ten Heavens rumbled down out of the starry sky toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

At the same time, ten beams of light shot out from those land masses, causing rumbling sounds to echo out as they closed in on the Mountain and Sea Realm. One of those beams of light shot toward Mythdragon, instantly ending his battle with the Mountain and Sea experts and dragging him away. The second beam of light burst onto the scene of Meng Hao and Xuan Fang's battle, creating a huge wave of qi that separated the two of them.

Meng Hao was violently shoved backward toward the Mountain and Sea Realm's sun. Even as blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth, the fourth beam of light shot with incredible speed toward the sun. There was nothing Meng Hao could do except watch as the beam of light slammed into the sun, instantly transforming 100,000 cultivators into ash....

As for the sun, it began to tremble, and then fissures spread out across its surface in completely shocking fashion!

Chapter 1368: Reversals!

Meng Hao's eyes went wide at the shocking scene, and he let out a miserable howl. "NOOO...!!"

At the same time, the fifth beam of light shot toward the moon. Of course, the moon was designed for defense, so although it was shaken, and the 100,000 cultivators there coughed up blood and withered dangerously, they didn't die.

Cracking sounds emanated out as crevices opened up all over the moon; it appeared to be on the verge of imminent collapse.

Next, the remaining five beams of light spread out to cover the entire Mountain and Sea Realm as a whole. They weren't being used as an attack, but rather... as a seal!

Powerful rumbling echoed out. Heaven and Earth trembled. The starry sky went dim. Sea Dream and the others felt their faces fall as the five beams of light covered the whole Mountain and Sea Realm... cutting it off completely from the sun and the moon!

As of this moment, the sun and the moon were now outside of the Mountain and Sea Realm. The development occurred so quickly that all Meng Hao could do was laugh bitterly at the realization... that this was simply how war worked!

Life was the weakest of all things in a war, and could be snuffed out in a single attack.... Of the 100,000 cultivators who had been stationed on the sun, half had paid a heavy price to help him buy time in his earlier battle with Xuan Fang. They and Meng Hao... were comrades-in-arms.

Meng Hao's eyes were bright red, and yet, he had no time to ponder the matter at the moment. Even as the five beams of light formed together into the huge seal, Meng Hao sent divine will out to his Paragon puppet. Instantly, it performed a teleportation, bursting out from within the seal to appear at his side!

At the same time, tens of millions of Outsiders poured out from the 7th

to 16th Heavens, along with countless vicious-looking war chariots.

The 7th through 16th Heavens were like an inverted pagoda whose converged force caused intense pressure to weigh down through the starry sky.

It was almost as if a gigantic, invisible hand were crushing down onto the Mountain and Sea Realm, causing all of the Mountains, Seas, and planets to tremble.

The five beams of light which had shot out from the ten land masses were like a huge cage, trapping everything from the Second Mountain to the Ninth Mountain, completely separating them.

They were now isolated, impossible to aid, a sudden change that caused the faces of the Mountain and Sea cultivators to fall. Mixed emotions could be seen on Sea Dream's face as she tried in vain to break past the barrier.

For the time being, the Three Great Daoist Societies' efforts were for naught. Although the Mountain and Sea Realm would be temporarily shielded from any attacks, Meng Hao and Ksitigarbha were now completely isolated in a dangerous situation.

The sun and the moon had been of incredible aid throughout the war, and the 33 Heavens could sense how threatening they were. Now, they had descended with the intent of destroying that very sun and moon at any price.

Meng Hao fell back into the sun's spell formation. He was completely alone; not even corpses had been left behind. The only thing that existed was a pervasive aura of death, and the souls of the dead, which refused to disperse. Meng Hao sat there silently, and his eyes began to glow with intense killing intent.

As the Paragon puppet appeared next to him on the sun, he looked off into the distance at the waves of tens of millions of Outsiders swarming out from the ten land masses. Even as they began to fill the starry sky, Xuan Fang and Mythdragon were retreating into the Outsider army.

Xuan Fang was in slightly better condition, whereas Mythdragon was a mass of blood and wounds. He was clearly severely wounded, and could barely stand. Even as he consumed medicinal pills, several Imperial Lords helped him to return to the land masses to recover.

He was so grievously injured that he could barely maintain consciousness. After finally reaching the 16th land mass, he coughed up a mouthful of blood and then closed his eyes in meditation, surrounded by Outsider guards.

It wasn't that he didn't notice Meng Hao's murderous gaze coming all the way from the sun. Instead, he didn't deign to care. Although Meng Hao was powerful enough to arouse his caution, in the current situation, Meng Hao had to consider his own survival, and thus Paragon Mythdragon didn't pay him any heed.

Paragon Xuan Fang threw his head back and laughed uproariously. Inwardly, he was elated at what had occurred. Ten land masses had appeared, and tens of millions of Outsider reinforcements had arrived, including ten Imperial Lords. Although there were no Paragons, as far as Xuan Fang was concerned... the current reinforcements were enough.

"It's enough for me to destroy the sun and moon, and then at least half of the rest of the Mountain and Sea Realm. It's also plenty to be able to last until the 17th Heaven and the others arrive."

Eyes flickering with killing intent, Xuan Fang reached his hand out toward the moon and pointed.

"Imperial Lords, destroy that moon, and all the cultivators on it!" Even as the words left his mouth, the newly arrived Imperial Lords shot toward the moon with bursting energy and murderous auras. They were joined by a force of millions of Outsiders, all of whom charged toward the moon!

On the moon itself, Ksitigarbha's face returned to its normal placid state. He even began to chuckle, although it was a hoarse, pained chuckle. However, the burning fire in his eyes had not lessened.

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes, and as for the 100,000 cultivators who surrounded him, despite their withered state, in which

they hovered on the edge of death like candles flickering in the wind, none of them said a word. They looked down in the direction of the Mountain and Sea Realm, clearly reluctant to part from it into death, and yet at the same time, sending it their well wishes....

Then, the 100,000 cultivators closed their eyes, appearing to give the last bits of their life force as a sacrifice to the Mountain and Sea Realm. As they fueled the defensive powers of the moon, rumbling sounds echoed out, and numerous beams of light appeared to completely surround the moon. As they did, the divine abilities of the Outsider Imperial Lords, as well as the magical techniques of the millions of other Outsiders, bore down and seemed to be on the verge of completely engulfing the moon.

Blood oozed out of the eyes, ears, noses, and mouths of the 100,000 cultivators, and their bones began to shatter. Ksitigarbha continued to chuckle bitterly, and yet, a look of increasing madness was seeping into his eyes.

On the other side of the field of battle, Xuan Fang was eying the sun with killing intent. He had already fought Meng Hao twice. The first time had been an incredibly bitter fight. The second fight had gone on for longer, and yet wasn't as bitter. However, because of Meng Hao, he had been unable to rescue Mythdragon, who had ended up being trapped in an incredibly dangerous situation.

"Our third battle. This time, either you die, or I die!" Flicking his sleeve, Xuan Fang sent out divine will instructions to the surrounding millions of Outsiders, whereupon all of them charged toward the sun, radiating intensely murderous auras.

Paragon Xuan Fang followed behind them, performing a double-handed incantation gesture that caused some strange magical technique to begin to build up.

Meng Hao sat there silently. He had not possessed the initiative during this battle, which did not conform to his personality. His eyes flickered, and he sent divine will out to the Paragon puppet, which instantly stood up, killing intent flickering in its eyes. It took a step forward, shot toward

Xuan Fang, but then unexpectedly passed by him and headed toward the main group of the Outsider army behind him.

And then it kept going, in the direction of... the 16th Heaven. Its goal, Meng Hao's goal, was the heavily wounded Paragon Mythdragon.

You want to kill me? How about... I kill your Paragon!

As Meng Hao sat there cross-legged within the spell formation, he looked at Xuan Fang, eyes ice cold as he said, "Are you going to save him, or not?"

At the same time, rumbling sounds could be heard from within the Mountain and Sea Realm, as an intense power rose up from within the Ninth Mountain, which shot up toward the seal covering the Mountain and Sea Realm. When it slammed into the seal, the seal twisted and distorted, sending brilliant light shining out.

At the same time, Paragon Sea Dream and the Three Great Daoist Societies all attacked. And yet, something else happened at the same time. Within the Mountain and Sea Realm were three temples out in the starry sky, temples that no one could see. Within each of those temples were an old man and a young man.

Right now, those old men were opening their eyes, almost as if they had been summoned, as if orders had been delivered to them.

"Take my magical item and assist the masses to break that seal open!" The exact same words came out of the mouths of all three old men, and as they echoed out into the temples, the young men looked up, their eyes flickering with the desire to do battle.

They had been waiting for this war for a very long time.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the young man in the first temple looked up, and a suit of blue armor spread out over his body, covering even his face. A long blue spear materialized in front of him, which he grasped. As he did, an intense energy surged up from him.

It quickly reached the 6-Essences level, and then a bit higher than that, although that energy didn't seem to come from the young man himself,

but rather, from the suit of armor and the spear.

He took a step forward, suddenly appearing outside of the temple, where he became a blue streak of light that shot up toward the seal.

At the same time, in the other two temples, other streaks of light appeared. One was crimson, and inside of it was a figure in blood-red armor, with a blood-colored sword and a colossal murderous aura.

In another direction was a bright yellow beam of light, within which was a figure wearing bright yellow armor. In that figure's hand... was a bamboo scroll. Shocking divine sense swirled around him as he flew up with incredible speed.

Booms rang out as these three figures smashed into the shield. Astonishingly, these three figures were emitting three different auras. That of... the Sublime Spirit Scripture, the Dao Divinity Scripture, and... the Heaven Severing Scripture!

The three classic scriptures of the Mountain and Sea Realm were all in play!

The seal shook violently, and cracking sounds rang out, as if it might collapse at any moment.

Within the Mountain and Sea Realm was another figure who was violently head-butting the seal. It was none other than Patriarch Reliance. Back when the Mountain and Sea Realm had entered its Siege Mode, he had disappeared somewhere. Now, he suddenly reappeared, and as he battered the seal, he muttered, "That little bastard most likely isn't dead. If he really was, then I would be free, but... I still feel like having him alive is a bit better." Sighing, he bashed into the seal again.

Chapter 1369: Sun, Detonate!

At the same time, all of the cultivators in the Mountain and Sea Realm unleashed their divine abilities to batter against the seal, which began to weaken and crack. However, the 33 Heavens had paid an incredible price to put this seal in place; it was clearly something extraordinary in nature. Despite cracking, it did not fall.

Outside of the Mountain and Sea Realm, booming sounds echoed out from the moon as the Imperial Lords and the other Outsiders attacked it relentlessly. The moon quivered on the verge of being destroyed, causing Xuan Fang to begin to laugh coldly, and completely ignore the Paragon puppet, which was slaughtering its way toward the 16th Heaven. Instead, he stood in place, both hands flashing in incantation gestures as a bizarre aura built up around him. Soon, countless illusory figures became visible in his vicinity.

As that happened, the divine abilities of millions of Outsiders descended onto the sun like a sea of magic, engulfing it. The sun did not have the defensive powers that the moon did, so as soon as the sea of magic hit it, it began to crack and split. The entire sun seemed to be on the very brink of collapsing.

There in the midst of the sea of magic was Meng Hao, who began to laugh in the face of the terrifying attack. His eyes burned with fire because he knew that this attack... was something the sun could not withstand; it would be broken!

It was all thanks to the terrifying beam of light which had struck it. That grievous blow ensured that the sun was now incapable of surviving for much longer....

“Since that’s the case, instead of simply letting you destroy this sun... I should use it to kill more of you Outsiders!” Meng Hao threw both hands up and then slammed them down onto the surface of the sun.

The blow was backed by the rotation of his cultivation base and the power of his fleshly body, and the impact caused the sun to tremble, then

suddenly explode into pieces!

BOOOOMMMMMMM!!

Shrapnel that was the remnants of the sun exploded out in all directions, creating a powerful attack that slammed into the sea of magic. When those two forces collided, a terrifying shockwave blasted out into the starry sky. It was like the roar of a giant as dazzling light shot out everywhere. The whole scene resembled a destructive apocalypse!

As the light and heat of the sun's self-detonation spread out, the sea of magic was enveloped. The millions of Outsiders were powerful, but the destructive power of the sun was something they simply couldn't fight against.

After all, this sun had illuminated the Mountain and Sea Realm for tens upon tens of thousands of years. Considering it had heated the Realm for so long, it was impossible to even imagine how hot it was. Most important was that the sun had actually been created from a treasure belonging to Paragon Nine Seals. As such, its detonation was shocking beyond imagination!

The massive sound of the explosion filled the Heavens, and the dazzling light it created lit up everything. Everyone in the Mountain and Sea Realm, and all of the Outsiders beyond the area of the explosion, stared at what was happening in complete shock.

The scene playing out in front of them could rightly be described as the most insane thing any of them had witnessed.

The sun was exploding!

BOOOOMMMMMMM!

The detonation was not something that just ended immediately. It was an ongoing process in which intense light and heat continuously blasted out in all directions. The sea of magic was completely engulfed, and the surrounding Outsiders had no time to flee. They were swept over, their flesh and blood torn from their bodies as they were incinerated into ash!

Because of the blinding light, some people simply closed their eyes.

Others braved the piercing rays of light to watch. Countless miserable screams began to rise up as rank after rank of Outsiders were wiped away as if by an enormous hand of light.

It was at this point that Paragon Xuan Fang finished his double-handed incantation. He looked up, and a callous smile could be seen on his face. He was the type of person who understood war, and although he would not dare to say that no one in existence could match up to him, he was certain that among the five great Paragons, he was the most skilled strategist.

“In war, there is only victory and defeat,” he said coolly. “There is no such thing as right or wrong. To gain victory... I am willing to sacrifice anything. If it comes down to it, I will even sacrifice myself. Since the spirit of the Mountain and Sea Realm has risen up, then fate has been sealed.... Either you people will die, or us!” Suddenly, he waved his finger in the direction of the masses of dead Outsiders.

Along with the wave of his finger came his voice, filled with a strange tone as it echoed out into the starry sky.

“Your souls are the spell, your blood is the sacrament. The world is Vast, the stars are the Expanse. Converge the will of severing into... a blade!”

As his voice echoed out, countless screaming, vengeful souls rose up, which were the dead Outsiders. Their blood, which should have been completely wiped away by the light and heat, now began to swirl up, merge together, and shine with a bizarre light!

As for the blood which had already faded away, the odor of gore which it left behind rapidly transformed into an illusory sea of blood.

Then the screaming Outsider souls then sank down into the sea of blood, as if they were refusing to die.

The bitter, venomous cries of the souls echoed out into all creation, as if they wanted to overturn the starry sky itself. The converged screams of millions of Outsiders became... the most intense of hatreds!

“Form your hatred into a blade, and use that blade to sever... all mental

connections!” Xuan Fang’s voice boomed like thunder, and his expression was completely vicious as he raised his hand up into the air. As he did, the churning sea of blood formed together into the shape... of a blade!

A huge blade!

A blade formed from endless hatred!

Paragon Xuan Fang lifted the blade high up and then slashed it down toward Meng Hao!

“Fellow Daoist Eegoo, today I shall help you... be severed free!”

Even as Meng Hao looked up, he realized that the blade of hatred only seemed to be slashing toward him. Its real target was the space just in front of Meng Hao.

There in front of Meng Hao was something that no one could see, and in fact he hadn’t noticed up to this point.... A thread!

It was a thread that Xuan Fang could only see after employing a bizarre magical technique. It was... the thread connecting Meng Hao to his Paragon puppet!

By means of that thread, and by means of divine will, Meng Hao could control the Paragon puppet. More importantly, that thread did not actually belong to Meng Hao himself, nor had he created it. It came from... Choumen Tai!

The blade was descending to sever... that thread!!

If it succeeded... Meng Hao’s divine will connection to his Paragon puppet would be severed!!

The blood and souls of millions of Outsiders had transformed into a blade, which had been Paragon Xuan Fang’s plan all along. Although his actions had seemed to change arbitrarily, the truth was that everything had been done to try to gain the greatest possible advantage for the Outsiders.

His choice in this moment was not to try to cut down Meng Hao, but rather, to sever that thread. In addition to gaining an advantage for the

Outsiders, it would also resolve the problem of the Paragon puppet trying to kill Paragon Mythdragon!

A boom rang out, and Meng Hao's pupils constricted as he sensed the connection between him and the Paragon puppet being cut!

Having control of the Paragon puppet suddenly taken away felt like having a limb severed. It was as if the sensation of control was still there, except that the limb was gone.

At the same time, the Paragon puppet, which had been charging toward the 16th Heaven, suddenly shuddered. Its eyes grew blank as it slowed down and stopped moving.

"A soul blade created from the souls of millions can sever all divine will. Meng Hao, without Eegoo... you are doomed to die!" Xuan Fang began to laugh uproariously. He had always believed himself to be shockingly adept at scheming, and this proved that he was right. His ability with scheming and strategy was truly causing incredible problems for the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Without him, the battle would have been much simpler, and the losses sustained by the Mountain and Sea Realm would have been much more manageable. But now, the sun had exploded, and the moon was in grave danger.

And yet, after Meng Hao's eyes went wide for a moment, a strange expression appeared on his face. Paragon Xuan Fang loved to scheme, and loved to come up with ideas and plans that no one could see through. Meng Hao already knew that. It was at this point that... Meng Hao blinked, and then cleared his throat.

The thread had been created by Choumen Tai, and although Meng Hao wasn't completely sure of exactly how terrifyingly powerful Choumen Tai was, the mere fact that he could turn a Paragon into a puppet... showed that he was completely beyond the ordinary, and definitely had other terrifying abilities at his disposal.

The agreement with Choumen Tai had been that Meng Hao would have a Paragon puppet, but now... the connection had been severed by someone

else, and he had lost the puppet. Most important of all, Choumen Tai needed Meng Hao's willing aid to be the seed of hope which would lead to the return of his Master. That was why, not only had Choumen Tai refrained from doing anything to harm Meng Hao's interests, he had also given him the puppet – not just to comply with their agreement, but also as a way to protect him.

After all, Meng Hao's life or death had a lot to do with whether or not Choumen Tai would succeed or fail in awakening his Master. And of course, Meng Hao was aware of all of that.

As such, it was easy to imagine that the person who would be most incensed that the thread had been severed... wouldn't be Meng Hao, but rather Choumen Tai. He might be slumbering, but he would definitely awaken because of something like that!

It was at this point that Meng Hao said: "Choumen Tai... the thread was severed!"

Xuan Fang's laughter continued to ring out as he began to advance toward Meng Hao. However, it was then that his face fell, and his heart suddenly trembled. He suddenly had a very bad premonition, a strange feeling in his heart that something disastrous was about to happen.

At the same time, a voice suddenly rang out from the mouth of the motionless Paragon puppet.

"You really dare to sever the thread I created?" The Paragon puppet suddenly turned, and its eyes were glowing bright red. It appeared to be completely and utterly enraged. As of this moment, this was not the Paragon puppet, this was... something which had been buried deep inside of the Paragon puppet.... A fragment of Choumen Tai's soul!

His voice was filled with a murderous aura, and echoed with madness. Few people could actually hear the voice, but Paragon Xuan Fang could, and his eyes widened. Then his heart began to thump as he slowly turned to look at the Paragon puppet.

Then... his face fell!

Chapter 1370: Bow In Hand!

In almost the same moment that the Paragon puppet's eyes fell on Xuan Fang, an indescribably shocking divine sense exploded out from it.

The divine sense was not flexible, but rigid. It was also boundlessly ancient. However, it was so majestic that Xuan Fang couldn't help but gasp in disbelief.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered in response to this change in the Paragon puppet. At the same time, the power of the exploding sun was weakening after destroying millions of nearby Outsiders.

Because Meng Hao was in the middle of the spell formation, he wasn't hurt very much at all. Instead, his eyes glittered with killing intent as he looked in the direction of the 16th Heaven, and then back at Xuan Fang, whose face had completely fallen.

It had been a long time since Meng Hao had conned anyone, although in truth, this was not a case of him conning Xuan Fang, but more a case of Xuan Fang setting himself up for failure.

Meng Hao had always had his speculations regarding Choumen Tai's true level of power, and Xuan Fang's actions now were only giving him a deeper understanding.

"The Mountain and Sea Realm... has so many mysterious entities.... Choumen Tai, that old man on the boat, and also Slaughter, who walked out of Dao-Heaven's scroll painting. Then there's Shui Dongliu...." Meng Hao's eyes flickered. He had the intense premonition that, as the war reached its climax, as the 33 Heavens and the Mountain and Sea Realm headed closer and closer to the final battle, all of the secrets would be revealed, like a scroll being unfurled.

"In all of this... who exactly are the enemies, and who are the friends.... And who was it that saved me before? Was it Shui Dongliu? What exactly are his plans here in the Mountain and Sea Realm?" Meng Hao sighed inwardly. After awakening from his coma, there had been no time to ask Paragon Sea Dream about such matters. However, he had long since

developed the feeling that the truth about the Mountain and Sea Realm was covered by a mist-like gauze, which made it impossible to see everything clearly. However, it seemed to him that there was someone behind the scenes influencing everything that was happening in the war.

He himself was only a pawn in this war. Perhaps everyone was, including the Outsiders. They were pawns, with no idea who the chessmaster was.... It was brutal, but that was war.

It had been a long time since that bashful smile appeared on Meng Hao's face when he was conning someone. The war had broken out suddenly, forcing him to mature, to grow up. He didn't want to think about what it would be like to watch his family or friends dying in battle in front of him, or what that would turn him into.

He didn't dare to contemplate such pain!

Therefore, the only thing he could do was make sure that any likelihood of such an outcome... was thoroughly wiped away!

"This time, one of these two Paragons will definitely perish!" As the murderous aura spread out from Meng Hao, his eyes suddenly went wide, and he looked down at the spell formation beneath his feet.

The sun was gone, but... there was still something else that remained behind.

It was in that exact same moment that the Paragon puppet's eyes locked onto Paragon Xuan Fang, and its enraged voice echoed out into the starry sky. "Was it you who severed my thread?"

Paragon Xuan Fang's heart began to pound as he sensed something locking down on him, something locking onto, not just his body, but his mind and his soul.

The voice which had just spoken was filled with killing intent and murderous intentions. There was a brutality to it, something that made the starry sky around it turn icy. At the same time that the voice rang out, the Paragon puppet vanished, then reappeared directly in front of Xuan Fang.

Xuan Fang didn't hesitate at all to fall back at top speed, his heart filled with an intense sensation of imminent crisis. However, no matter how fast he tried to flee, he couldn't match the soul fragment of Choumen Tai which had been sleeping inside the Paragon puppet.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the Paragon puppet extended its right hand and made a grasping motion. In reality, it was manipulating the flow of time, reaching backward a few moments into the past.

"Get back here!" said the icy voice which echoed out of the Paragon puppet's mouth. Then, the puppet's hand wrenched backward.

Off in the distance, Paragon Xuan Fang had been fleeing, but then his face flickered as he sensed an enormous hand in front of him, grabbing at his soul, pulling him toward the Paragon puppet.

"You're not Eegoo, and you're not Meng Hao! Who... who are you?!" Paragon Xuan Fang's face flickered as he bit down on the tip of his tongue, spitting out a mouthful of life essence blood and simultaneously performing a double-handed incantation gesture. That mouthful of blood became an entire sea which spread out in all directions and transformed into a blood-colored magical symbol.

"Break!" It was a critical moment in which there was no time for contemplation. Xuan Fang attacked without any consideration for the negative ramifications to himself. Everything around him twisted, and the blood-colored magical symbol exploded, sending out a huge shockwave that he used to shake free of the Paragon puppet's time-traveling hand. Then he shot back at top speed, mind reeling and heart pounding from the realization of how powerful the Paragon puppet was.

In fact, he was now coming to the conclusion that severing Meng Hao's connection to this puppet might have been... a big mistake.

"Dammit, this is no puppet! There's a soul supporting it from the inside! This is a discarnate soul possession!!" Having come to this conclusion, Xuan Fang's face looked more unsightly than ever, and the sensation of crisis within him grew even more intense.

However, no matter how he tried to flee, the sensation only got worse.

He didn't feel like he was breaking free from anything. On the contrary, he felt more locked down than ever, incapable of extricating himself.

Then, the Paragon puppet's eyes flickered, and its hand clenched into a fist before punching out.

BOOM!

The fist strike causing rumbling sounds to fill the void as an explosive force suddenly appeared right in front of Paragon Xuan Fang. Despite how powerful he was, blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he fell back, a look of shock on his face. Then he looked at the Paragon puppet, and suddenly seemed to have realized something, and his face fell.

"Y-you're... you're not a cultivator from the Paragon Immortal Realm. Y-you're... from the Barbarian Devil Realm!!"

"Barbarian...." A gleam of reminiscence could be seen in the eyes of the Paragon puppet before it then took another step forward and launched another blow at Paragon Xuan Fang. Booms rang out as Xuan Fang fell back, blood spraying out of his mouth. 1

Meanwhile, back in Meng Hao's position, the detonation of the sun revealed something completely shocking. There, numerous strands of light formed the outline of a spell formation design.

Within the heart of that spell formation was... a bow!!

It was an azure bow, floating in the nucleus of the spell formation, emitting boundless light. This was... Paragon Nine Seals' precious treasure!

Furthermore, Meng Hao was currently located above that spell formation... directly facing that bow!

The sun might have exploded, but the sun was only the outer shell.

Meng Hao paid no heed to the battle ensuing between Xuan Fang and the Paragon puppet. Instead, he looked down at the bow, his eyes glittering. Then he reached out, as if to grab it!

As soon as he reached out to touch the bow, it shuddered, as if in

response. At the same time, the Paragon's blood inside of his Nirvana Fruit began to boil in an unprecedented fashion. Then the bow then began to slowly rise up toward Meng Hao.

Simultaneously, within the sealed Mountains and Seas, all of the Mountains began to shake, and the Xuanwu turtles in the celestial ponds began to howl as if because of some intense provocation. At the same time, the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm also seemed to erupt explosively.

Patriarch Reliance's eyes went wide, as if he too could sense what was happening, and unexpectedly, he threw his head back and roared. At the same time, wave-like ripples filled the area around Guyiding Tri-Rain, and as for Mount Daqing, although it seemed to be just an ordinary mountain, all of a sudden... a completely extraordinary aura began to stir within it.

Also on Patriarch Reliance's back was Dong Hu. A pearl floated in front of him, which radiated dazzling light. Dong Hu looked at it thoughtfully, and then looked up into the vast sky.

"My life has been devoted to preparing this treasure for someone I don't know. Is it possible... that the fated master of this object is him...?"

As these things occurred, the cultivators who wielded the magical devices of the three Doyens redoubled their efforts, joining the Mountain and Sea cultivators to relentlessly attack the quivering seal which covered the Realm.

It was also in this moment that rumbling sounds could be heard as the bow emerged from the spell formation... and came to rest in Meng Hao's hand.

The bow was azure, the string was black, and there were no arrows!

However, there was a boundless ancientness which erupted from within it.

It was as if in the moment he grabbed ahold of the bow, all of the qi and blood inside of Meng Hao erupted. The starry sky vibrated, and wild colors flashed. Meng Hao's hair flew about, and his energy rocketed up.

However... his body instantly began to wither as his qi and blood were rapidly absorbed by the bow.

Meng Hao's eyes grew bright, and he took a deep breath. Then he looked up toward the 16th Heaven, his eyes flickering with killing intent.

"Xuan Fang is pinned down by the Paragon puppet. If I join in, then it might be possible to kill him. However, it would be better to take down Paragon Mythdragon when he's injured. There won't be another chance to do that....

"Yes, I'll kill Mythdragon!" He made his decision in a split second, then took a step forward and transformed into a beam of light that shot toward the rest of the land masses up above.

As he flew up, the majestic spell formation which surrounded him followed. His feet remained on the spell formation, and his hand grasped the azure bow. He was like the sun itself, rising with majestic splendor toward the land masses in the starry sky.

The ordinary Outsiders, and their Imperial Lords, were all shaken, and quickly flew forward to try to stop Meng Hao. Paragon Xuan Fang's eyes went wide, and although he instantly grew very anxious, there was nothing he could do but watch Meng Hao fly up.

As of this moment, the Outsiders were all astonished!

As of this moment, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were all staring at Meng Hao as he rose up into the sky like a sun!

Meng Hao's father, Xu Qing, his fellow clan members, his friends, and all of the other cultivators who were watching, no matter how far away they were, could see the sun-like figure transforming into something like an arrow of light that shot toward the land masses up above!

"I am not indispensable to this war," Meng Hao murmured. "If I weren't here, there would be someone else who could take my place, and follow a similar path as mine....

"I can be a game piece. I can lack my own will. I can be a sacrifice. I just hope... that my family lives, that my wife lives, and that my friends live...."

With that, he drew the bowstring back!

*

1. This “Barbarian” is a term that comes up a lot in *Beseech the Devil*, and is a bloodline/clan/people/something-like-that in that novel. Unfortunately, some translators have transliterated it oddly as “Man,” which I think is incredibly confusing.

Chapter 1371: Paragon in Terror!

He was going to kill a Paragon!

Kill Outsider Paragon Mythdragon!

As he pulled back on the bowstring, qi and blood surged through his body, as though the azure bow were sucking away at his life force. It began to shine with dazzling light, light that was none other than the convergence of his life force, and everything that was him.

It was also the light of his very soul!

Draw the bow, converge the light, form an arrow!

A dazzling spell formation appeared beneath his feet, and he took a step forward, his eyes flashing like lightning. When he released his grip on the bowstring, the string instantly began to vibrate with a shocking noise that left all the Outsiders' minds reeling.

It was a noise that could rip apart the Heavens, a noise that resonated in the minds of all cultivators and Outsiders, a noise which represented death and killing!

Anyone with an unstable mind would find their thoughts in complete disorder, and would feel terror rising up within them. Such people would even find their cultivation bases thrown into chaos, wrested completely beyond their control.

That sound could destabilize Dao hearts!

As Meng Hao released his grip, the bowstring began to propel the arrow formed from the light of his life force. It instantly seemed to suck in all the light in the area, turning the starry sky black, and making the dazzling arrow the center of all attention.

"Kill him!" Meng Hao growled as the light arrow began to speed forth. At first, it wasn't necessarily very impressive. However, in the blink of an eye, it grew from 30 meters long to 300, then 3,000, and then 30,000!!

It took only a split second for the 30,000-meter-long light arrow to

begin rumbling toward the millions of Outsiders who were trying to block the way to the other land masses, a group which included Imperial Lords.

Heaven and Earth went dim, a massive wind kicked up, and the Outsiders' minds were completely shaken.

"This...."

"That bow...."

"This cultivator...." Massive waves of shock battered at the hearts of the Outsiders. Meng Hao was like an Immortal Divinity; the glowing spell formation beneath his feet illuminated him, and the azure bow was so striking that the Outsiders couldn't help but stare at it.

The Outsider Imperial Lords who were trying to block Meng Hao were shaken, and then roared as they transformed into their true Outsider beast shapes, unleashing their cultivation base power as they sallied forth to try to destroy the light arrow.

However, a moment later, the light of the arrow engulfed them, and booms rang out, mixed with bloodcurdling screams. The Imperial Lords were completely incapable of blocking the arrow, and after it passed by... they were all dead!

Gasps could be heard as the light arrow then blasted into the Outsider army itself. Wherever it passed, scorching light gave rise to miserable shrieks. Countless Outsiders were directly incinerated as the huge arrow cut a gaping path through the army!

Over a million Outsiders. A host of Imperial Lords. None of them were capable of doing a single thing to stop the arrow from piercing through the army. Rumbling sounds could be heard as it shot toward the 16th Heaven, and then hit it!

The entire 16th Heaven began to shake, and vast crevices snaked out. It only took a moment for the entire land mass to be on the verge of collapsing.

Meng Hao himself transformed into a beam of light that followed the arrow. He shot through the path that had been carved out through the

army, and as he closed in on the 16th Heaven, he once again began to pull back on the bowstring.

“Mythdragon!” he roared, voice bursting with killing intent, a shockingly murderous aura radiating out from him. After firing that first arrow, he was somewhat emaciated, and yet that murderous aura of his was as stupendous as ever!

As he pulled back on the bowstring with his right hand, his qi and blood boiled, as once again a vast amount of it was sucked away. Meng Hao now looked extremely gaunt, and yet the second arrow formed completely, whereupon he loosed the string. The arrow of light shot out, bursting with energy that could shake Heaven and Earth, filled with a viciousness that could exterminate anything and everything.

The arrow split open the starry sky as it shot toward the 16th Heaven, locking down onto an area in the very center of the land mass!

There, Mythdragon was completely absorbed in recovering from his injuries. Suddenly, his eyes opened, and within them could be seen shock and apprehension. Gritting his teeth, he suddenly turned blurry, and a second image of him appeared. One of those images then stepped forward: his clone.

The clone emerged from Mythdragon’s Immortal’s cave, outside of which several dozen Dao Realm Outsiders stood guard. All of them were pulsing with energy as they looked up into the sky at the incoming light arrow, behind which flew Meng Hao.

By this point, though, there were few people who could do anything to save Mythdragon; on the same token, there was no one who could help Meng Hao. Apparently this land mass was fated to be the location of their final showdown!

Outside of the land mass itself were millions of Outsiders, most of whom wouldn’t be able to reach the 16th Heaven in time. However, all of them could unleash various divine abilities, creating an ocean of magic that rumbled toward the 16th Heaven.

However, in terms of the time frame involved, such an attack wouldn’t

do much good unless Meng Hao took an unusually long time to kill Mythdragon.

Meanwhile, countless Mountain and Sea cultivators were in the Mountain and Sea Realm, beneath the seal, watching as Meng Hao single-handedly fought his way through the Outsider land masses, all for the purpose of... killing a Paragon!

Everyone, whether they knew Meng Hao personally or not, was shaken. In fact... all of the Outsiders from the 17th Heaven all the way to the 33rd Heaven, who were watching but unable to descend into battle at this exact moment, were equally shocked.

By now, Meng Hao was the most majestic and glorious Mountain and Sea cultivator in the war! In addition to him, there was Ksitigarbha. Their use of the sun and moon respectively had made them thorns in the sides of the Outsider army.

“If I can buy enough time,” thought Mythdragon, “then this Meng Hao... will have to face the deadly threat of the ocean of magic unleashed by the others!” Mythdragon’s clone threw his head back and howled, then flew out to meet the light arrow. The numerous Outsider experts who were serving as Dharma Protectors all howled as they reverted to their true forms, then gathered in formation around Mythdragon’s clone to defend against the light arrow!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The light arrow plowed into the Outsider Dharma Protectors, causing booms to echo out, along with miserable cries. They unleashed various divine abilities, but nothing did any good. Regardless of the levels of their cultivation base or fleshly body, they were instantly transformed into ash!

Then that ash faded like wisps of smoke within the light of the arrow!

Only Mythdragon’s clone remained. He quickly performed a double-handed incantation, transforming into a huge black dragon. Roaring, he head-butted the light arrow, which faltered. Mythdragon’s clone howled as he erupted with the aura of a Paragon. He might just be a clone, but he was still a Paragon, and his unleashing of power caused the arrow to begin

to fade away.

It was at this point that a cold snort echoed out. Meng Hao, instead of falling back, once again began to pull back the bowstring, unhesitatingly unleashing a third arrow, and then a fourth!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The third arrow shot forth in spectacular fashion, causing the clone's eyes to widen in despair. Gritting his teeth, he then opted to self-detonate.

The burgeoning self-detonation of a Paragon clone instantly caused the land mass of the 16th Heaven to begin to crumble, sending fragments blasting out in all directions. The second arrow was destroyed in the self-detonation, but most of the third arrow remained, and as it closed in on the source of the clone's self-detonation, even more explosive self-detonation power erupted out.

Massive booms echoed out as the entire land mass was completely destroyed. Within the rubble, Mythdragon's true self flew out from his secluded meditation chamber, blood oozing out of the corners of his mouth. He looked elderly and weak; he had just reached a critical juncture in healing his serious injuries, and had then been interrupted, sacrificing more than half of his blood and essence to make a clone. All of that left him unprecedentedly weak.

In fact, this was the weakest he had ever been since becoming a Paragon, and also the most dangerous situation he had ever faced.

"Meng Hao, I'm going to exterminate your entire clan!!" Mythdragon roared, his eyes crimson. Bleeding from numerous wounds, he fell back into retreat. And yet, Meng Hao's fourth arrow was hot on his heels.

From the look of it... that arrow would not stop until he was dead!

"Go ahead and try that," Meng Hao responded to Mythdragon's retreating figure.

Even as the words left his mouth, the fourth light arrow suddenly exploded, blasting onto Paragon Mythdragon with full force.

Shockwaves spread out into the starry sky, and Paragon Mythdragon let out a bloodcurdling scream. However, he wasn't dead yet. Although he was coughing up blood, he still managed to scramble away in flight, simultaneously transforming into a 30,000-meter long Black Dragon. And yet, that Black Dragon was a mass of mangled gore, with a severely weakened aura that was on the verge of dropping out of the Paragon stage.

"Save me, Xuan Fang!!" Mythdragon shrieked as he fled. Fear had blossomed in his heart; this was the most desperate situation he had ever been in since becoming a Paragon, and also the most terrifying.

The feeling of imminent death was even greater than when he had simultaneously fought Sea Dream and the Daoist Societies!!

"Nobody can save you," Meng Hao said softly. "This Mountain and Sea War has reached the point... where the blood of a Paragon is needed to cleanse the Heavens." Although his body had been weakened to the point where he was little more than skin and bones, his eyes shone with even more brilliant killing intent than before.

He looked at the bow in his hand, then suddenly laughed. Eyes cold and grim, aura bursting with murder and madness, he began to pull back the bowstring back. But then, he slowly loosened his grip.

"It would be quite a pity for him to die like this...." A crimson glow rose up in his eyes, and he suddenly took a deep breath. Boundless blood-colored light exploded out from him as the Blood Demon gradually formed behind him. Unlike previous occasions, the Blood Demon superimposed with Meng Hao, merging into him.

Blood-colored light exploded up from Meng Hao, and he threw his head back and roared. His eyes were bright red, filled with a bloodthirsty, icy light. He took a step forward, and then transformed into a huge sea of blood that shot toward the Paragon!

He planned... to use the Blood Demon Grand Magic... to consume Mythdragon!

Chapter 1372: Mythdragon Perishes!

Mythdragon was a mass of blood and gore. He had just managed to avoid being killed by the fourth arrow, but the injuries he had sustained from that arrow were still critically severe. If he were at the peak level of his power, then he had ways to significantly minimize the damage. But now... he could do no such thing.

Miserable, bitter laughter rang out from Mythdragon as he fled at top speed. The sensation of deadly crisis in his heart had not lessened, and in fact, he had the feeling that he might not be able to make it out of this situation alive. However, even as bitterness and anguish rose up in his heart, he saw Meng Hao suddenly lower his bow.

But then, Meng Hao began to glow with a blood-colored light, and emanate a sensation of madness, even a thirst for blood.

The sight caused Mythdragon's heart to tremble. Meng Hao closed in, and the ocean of magic followed close behind, but was incapable of catching up to him.

Meng Hao was surrounded by a massive glow of blood. Having fused with the Blood Demon, and unleashing the Blood Demon Grand Magic in this way, he now didn't look like an Immortal Divinity, he looked like a Demon Immortal!

All of this takes quite some time to describe, but actually happened in the briefest of moments. Meng Hao was now bearing down on Mythdragon, who clenched his teeth viciously. He knew that he could not escape what was about to happen, and quickly turned to face Meng Hao's charge.

The two slammed into each other, and the sea of blood that was Meng Hao swept over Paragon Mythdragon as the Blood Demon Grand Magic was fully unleashed.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the ocean of magic closed in. Mythdragon screamed, breaking free from the sea of blood, which then transformed into a blood-colored roc. With a piercing cry, the roc began to

chase Mythdragon.

Numerous blood-colored mountains appeared, as well as the Paragon Bridge, which also emitted a blood-colored glow. Blood sprayed out of Mythdragon's mouth, his cultivation base power having long since dropped from the level of a Paragon to that of an Imperial Lord.

At this point, there was little he could do to fight back against Meng Hao. He could only laugh bitterly as Meng Hao in roc form grabbed onto him and unleashed the Blood Demon Grand Magic again.

In the blink of an eye, boundless qi and blood power was sucked out of Mythdragon's body, to be madly absorbed by Meng Hao. Mythdragon struggled, but there was no stopping what was happening. Beneath their feet, the 16th Heaven was collapsing rapidly, and at the same time, the ocean of magic was barreling toward them.

Off in the distance, Xuan Fang watched silently, sadness flickering in his eyes. He knew that Mythdragon... would not be able to escape. Although Xuan Fang was adept at strategy and warfare, there was nothing he could do to help Mythdragon in this situation.

Even Xuan Fang himself felt a sensation of deadly crisis. He was having a difficult time dealing with the attacks of the Paragon puppet, and was in full retreat, coughing up blood the entire time.

At the same time, the seal over the Mountain and Sea Realm was beginning to show signs of crumbling beneath the combined bombardment of the Three Great Daoist Societies, the three young men who wielded the Doyen treasures, the ordinary Mountain and Sea cultivators, Paragon Sea Dream, and Patriarch Reliance.

Once that seal was broken, the Mountain and Sea cultivators would burst out upon an Outsider army which now lacked Paragons. Having no Paragons meant certain defeat!

The greatest danger was now to the moon. It was surrounded by Outsiders, none of whom were backing down in the slightest. There were also Imperial Lords there who were dead set on destroying it. It didn't matter if their Paragon was dead, or even the rest of the army, they would

accomplish their mission.

They would ensure that the moon... ceased to exist.

All aspects of the war seemed to have reached a critical mass, ripe to explode!

The first such explosion would not be Meng Hao, nor the Paragon puppet. Despite the fact that Ksitigarbha was fighting it out to the bitter end, the moon couldn't evade or dodge, and was surrounded by Outsider cultivators. Their combined attacks finally caused the moon to collapse, sending countless fragments and rubble out in all directions.

BOOM!!

The moon... was no more....

As it collapsed, Ksitigarbha coughed up a mouthful of blood. Even as his bitter laughter rang out... a second boom rang out.

It was the second explosion to ring out in this critical moment. This time, though, the sound emanated from the seal over the Mountain and Sea Realm. The beams of light which had descended from the 17th Heavens and above, were collapsing due to the combined power of all the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators!

Cracks spread out in all directions, eventually joining together until the seal shattered like a giant mirror. Heaven and Earth went dark, and the starry sky shook, as countless Mountain and Sea cultivators burst out, brimming with madness and killing intent.

The Three Great Daoist Societies, Paragon Sea Dream, numerous Dao Realm experts, the three young men wielding the Doyen treasures, all burst out from within the Mountain and Sea Realm.

However, it was in that moment that a third explosion rang out, from the location where Meng Hao and Mythdragon had been fighting. Mixed within the booming explosion was an unyielding roar.

That roar came out of the mouth of Mythdragon, who was completely enveloped by the sea of blood. His fleshly body was withering rapidly as

his qi and blood, cultivation base, and soul were all being rapidly absorbed!

It wasn't that he hadn't attempted to self-detonate. Meng Hao's time-walking technique, coupled with the serious injuries that had been inflicted, dropped Mythdragon's power below that of a Paragon, and he simply couldn't!

He could only watch, wide-eyed, as Meng Hao's Blood Demon Grand Magic sucked away his qi and blood, his cultivation base, and his soul!

"I won't... give in!!" Mythdragon's woeful laughter echoed out until it ended with a muffled grunt. The enormous black dragon closed its eyes as it sank down forever into the sea of blood.

As of this moment, a Paragon had perished!!

More accurately speaking, this was the second Paragon to die in the war between the Mountain and Sea Realm and the 33 Heavens. The first could be considered to be Eegoo, who had been transformed into a puppet.

The surrounding Outsiders were in shock as they watched Mythdragon die. Then, terror began to rise up within their hearts and minds.

"Paragon.... Our Paragon... perished?"

"Th-this... is impossible..." The Outsiders were completely flabbergasted. The forces who were in the 17th through 33rd Heavens were dumbstruck, including the powerful experts among them, who felt their hearts palpitating.

The sea of blood seethed as Mythdragon vanished, after which the blood began to congeal, growing smaller and smaller until it was the shape of a person with Meng Hao's face.

His face was pale, he was emaciated, and he bubbled with swirling curse power. However, he completely ignored that as he looked up at the seal that had constrained the Mountain and Sea Realm, which was now crumbling, and the massive swarms of cultivators charging out into battle. Then he looked over and saw the moon collapsing.

Finally, he turned to look at Xuan Fang, who was bearing the brunt of a fist strike from the Paragon puppet. Blood sprayed out of Xuan Fang's mouth, and bitter laughter rang out. Suddenly, even as the Paragon puppet closed in on him, Xuan Fang suddenly... began to initiate self-detonation!

Xuan Fang was choosing to blow himself up!

He was well aware that, just like Mythdragon, he was destined to perish. He also knew that if he died fighting, he might be able to kill some enemies in the process. But that wasn't how he wanted to end things.

Taking a few enemies out wasn't satisfactory to him; he wanted his death to bury the whole Mountain and Sea Realm!

Madness gleamed in his eyes. Because of his mastery of the Essence of Time, it was essentially impossible for anyone to prevent him from self-detonating. The Paragon puppet's eyes flickered, and it suddenly backed up. The soul light that originated with Choumen Tai vanished, and the puppet was once again completely connected to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao looked on with a grim expression on his face.

Xuan Fang's mad laughter filled the starry sky, echoing out in all directions.

He didn't want to admit it, but he knew that he had been defeated. Completely and utterly defeated. In fact, his defeat could not be any more thorough. The nail in the coffin was that Meng Hao was now reconnected to the Paragon puppet!

The discarnate soul which had appeared had locked Xuan Fang down, and he had finally come to understand how brutally decisive Meng Hao was. He could only laugh bitterly. Before the battle had begun, neither he nor any of the other Outsiders in the 33 Heavens could possibly have imagined... that the war would be this difficult.

In their minds, this war would be one in which the 33 Heavens exterminated the Mountain and Sea Realm. They wouldn't even need the help of those two other powerful forces. They could do it all by themselves.

But now... the fighting had reached the point that Xuan Fang was struck with a sudden feeling....

“Is it possible that the 33 Heavens... will actually lose in the end?” Xuan Fang could sense that Mythdragon’s spiritual soul and physical soul had both dispersed. Looking over at Meng Hao congealing out of the sea of blood, he said, “Meng Hao... you’ve beaten me in this battle!

“I made two mistakes. The first is that I should have risked everything to strike you down that first time. I should have struck hard and ensured that you were completely and utterly dead! I knew that you were important, but I mistakenly took you too lightly....

“My second mistake was underestimating the Mountain and Sea Realm. We should not have split up our forces....

“Hear me, my brothers in the 17th through 33rd Heavens. You must remember everything that you have seen happen here. When you descend, do not split up your forces. Attack in unison. Go all out to destroy the Mountain and Sea Realm!!

“Spare nothing. Do not vacillate because of thoughts of living or dying. If you do... victory cannot be certain. As for the two 8-Essences Paragons, I hope that my death in this battle... will be avenged by the two of you. Take Meng Hao’s head and place it as a trophy upon my grave!

“To all of my people who are here fighting the Mountain and Sea Realm right now, there is no retreat in this battle. If you retreat... you will die. There is no home to return to. Your homes... will all be destroyed!

“If you want a chance to live, then you must fight to the bitter end! In that case, even if you die, it won’t be long before the rest of our people come to avenge us!

“In war, there is no right or wrong. There is only victory and defeat!!

“I am Paragon Xuan Fang, and I hereby sacrifice myself to help the 33 Heavens destroy the Mountain and Sea Realm!!” Xuan Fang threw his head back and laughed, then swished his sleeve. Blinding light began to radiate off of him, as well as powerful ripples. Then, the explosive

beginning of the self-detonation began to erupt.

At the same time, the other Heavens which were under his control began to move, transforming into what looked like sharp blades that... began to stab down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Vicious, suicidal grimaces of madness appeared on the faces of the millions of remaining Outsiders. As the land masses descended from above, they charged murderously toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“Use these land masses to crush the Mountain and Sea Realm. That was my plan all along, and will make my name infamous for all eternity. Therefore... I shall build that infamy to an even higher level right now!” Xuan Fang threw his head back and laughed with deranged madness.

Chapter 1373: Mountains Crumble, Seas are Destroyed!

Using the land masses as battering rams against the Mountain and Sea Realm truly was an act of madness. It was a strategy that Xuan Fang had begun to unfold with the 2nd Heaven, and had then entrusted to Mythdragon to fully carry out. However, the price to pay was a steep one: the wrath of the entirety of the 33 Heavens.

Only if the plan resulted in a grand victory could it have potentially been accepted. But now... Xuan Fang would never see any such victory; he was moments away from perishing.

“After I die... the true deluge will come!” Xuan Fang’s laughter rang out, filled with madness. Since he had already sacrificed the 2nd Heaven and the other land masses in a deadly attack, he didn’t object to sending everything else to crush the Mountain and Sea Realm at his hour of death.

This was the only way left that he could deal an unprecedentedly critical blow to the Mountain and Sea Realm, and thus, buy a chance for the 17th Heavens and beyond to gain victory.

“This... is all that I can do,” he said. He waved his sleeve, sending the land masses down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm, surrounded by millions upon millions of Outsiders.

Then, Xuan Fang closed his eyes, whereupon a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering power of detonation was unleashed!

BOOOOMMMMMM!

Xuan Fang exploded. This was not a partial Paragon self-detonation like what had occurred with Mythdragon’s clone. This was a full and complete Paragon self-detonation. His cultivation base had not dropped, and although he had sustained injuries, he still had the full cultivation base of a Paragon.

He was even able to add his own Essence into the explosion. The starry sky was set aflame, the Heavens shook, and the entire Mountain and Sea

Realm vibrated.

The power of the self-detonation did not just blast about wildly. Instead, Xuan Fang managed to direct the power of the blast into a propelling force which sent the Heavenly land masses down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm with indescribable speed.

Although the Mountain and Sea Realm had prepared to be battered by Heavenly land masses, this barrage was unlike anything that had happened before. This time, the land masses were being propelled by the force of Xuan Fang's self-detonation, making them like deadly blades that stabbed down with incredible force.

The war was now erupting with unprecedented intensity!

Booms echoed out continuously. The starry sky trembled, and the lands quaked. Upon the land mass closest to the Mountain and Sea Realm, the seas evaporated and the mountains crumbled. The entire mass of land crumbled and then burst into pieces.

The Three Great Daoist Societies attacked in unison, drawing upon their most profound Daoist scriptures, unleashing their most shocking Daoist magics. The Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite spared no cost to summon numerous Dao projections to fight against the incoming land masses.

The Sublime Flow Sword Grotto formed a majestic sword formation of 1,080,000 flying swords, which whistled up to meet the land masses.

The Nine Seas God World had sustained the most casualties of all, and yet called upon equally terrifying resources. Countless Sea Dragons flew out, along with innumerable cultivators. Numerous God World gates appeared which, upon opening, unleashed one giant after another.

The giants then linked arms, forming a huge wall that braced for the impact of the land masses of the various Heavens.

The disciples of the three Doyens also put everything on the line, joining forces to unleash a shocking attack with their magical items!

Paragon Sea Dream's face was pale white, and blood was oozing out of her mouth. Ignoring any negative effect it would have on her already

serious wounds, she flew out toward the land masses and began to attack them.

The Paragon puppet was now under Meng Hao's control, and it also launched forth.

Then there were Meng Hao and Ksitigarbha. As of this moment, they were doing everything they could to block the incoming land masses.

The land masses of the various Heavens were being blasted apart. And yet, the fragments and rubble continued to shoot down at incredible speed, piercing into the Mountain and Sea Realm. Wherever they passed, mass destruction was wreaked. Cultivators were smashed to death like ants beneath mighty hands of destruction. Miserable screams rang out constantly.

Vast hosts of cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm joined forces, unleashing a sea of magical techniques that rose to meet the land masses. And yet... there was nothing they could do to stop the onslaught.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

A massive remnant of one of the land masses, despite being broken and in ruins, was still mighty enough to evaporate the Third Sea, and even slam into the Third Mountain.

The Mountain began to crumble!!

The Sea was destroyed!!

Light arrows shot out from Meng Hao's location, slamming into the various Heavenly land masses, bashing them to pieces. However, there was only so much he could do. Even with the added efforts of the Three Great Daoist Societies, Paragon Sea Dream, and everyone else, only about seventy percent of the land masses could be destroyed, which wasn't enough to save that Mountain and Sea.

Soon, the Third Mountain was in a state of complete collapse. The Mountain and Sea Realm was in chaos. Countless cultivators couldn't hold back from screaming in agony as they watched the Third Mountain crumble into rubble. Tears streamed down cheeks, especially among the

cultivators who were originally from the Third Mountain and Sea.

Their home... was gone....

The Xuanwu turtle atop the Third Mountain died an agonizing death. The Third Mountain vanished, and the sound of its destruction rang in the ears of the Mountain and Sea cultivators. More and more of them began to weep.

Next was the destruction of the Fourth Sea!

It transformed into nothing more than a mist. Then came the Fourth Mountain.... The Fourth Mountain and Sea represented reincarnation, and the underworld. But now, it was shattering into nothing.

Henceforth, there would be no sun or moon in the Mountain and Sea Realm. Nor would there be any reincarnation....

More people began to weep, and yet, those tears led to even more unswerving determination.

The apocalyptic rubble of the various land masses incinerated the Fifth Sea before it finally came to a stop. Xuan Fang had resorted to self-detonation, ending his own life, and yet unleashing an unprecedented level of damage and destruction onto the Mountains and Seas.

The number of cultivators who died was impossible to count....

Furthermore, the Mountain and Sea Realm had gone all out with its power to block the attack; had it not, then the destruction would not have stopped at the base of the Fifth Mountain!

The Mountain and Sea Realm would have sustained even more severe casualties.

Now that the bombardment of the Heavenly land masses had ended, the army of Outsiders poured in. The war had reached a fever pitch with such rapidity that people had almost no time to consider how to react.

Cultivators and Outsiders alike were unable to process it all.

And yet, the fighting did not stop. The millions upon millions of Outsiders were met by countless Mountain and Sea cultivators, whose

tears flowed as they fought back against the onslaught.

Paragons attacked. Dao Realm experts attacked. Imperial Lords held back no divine abilities. As soon as the two sides met, blood flowed. Everything was stained with red, and the starry sky glowed with crimson light.

The flames of war raged in front of the Fifth Mountain. Blood flowed like seawater, and the din of slaughter rang out constantly. By this point, the Paragon-level fighters were limited in what they could do. After all, the Outsiders were many... but there were also Mountain and Sea cultivators on the battlefield, and it could be difficult to distinguish between the two.

Furthermore, the Outsiders attacked with complete insanity, ensuring that the fighting was close and fierce. The battlefield soon turned into a vast sea of blood.

Meng Hao was there on the battlefield, and wherever he went, death followed. His eyes were crimson as he glared at the surrounding Outsiders, and by this point, he had no need to unleash magical techniques to carry out slaughter. He transformed into a sea of blood that washed over them and absorbed their life force.

Sea Dream was there, as was the Paragon puppet. Both of them were using similar tactics as Meng Hao to unleash the power of Paragons to dispatch the Outsider Imperial Lords, which were now all dead. The Mountain and Sea cultivators fought with madness, and the Outsiders with complete viciousness. The slaughter being carried out was shocking.

When those on the front lines grew exhausted, there were others behind them to who were happy to continue the fight. The battle stretched on outside of the Fifth Mountain, and it was hard to say when it would end.

The number of Outsiders was dropping at a horrific rate. With the Three Great Daoist Societies, the Doyen disciples, and the combined power of all the other Mountain and Sea cultivators, they ensured that, despite facing millions upon millions of Outsiders, their superior position made them like a grindstone that crushed all of the Outsiders who charged the Fifth Mountain.

The entire time, the 17th through 33rd Heavens looked on reticently. They did not interfere in any way, but simply watched, observing the tactics and methods of the Mountain and Sea Realm, committing them to memory and using augury in order to prepare ways to deal with and neutralize them.

Eventually, the fighting ended. A vast sea of blood now existed outside the Fifth Mountain. The bedraggled remnants of the Outsider army began to fall back, and the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators let them go, too exhausted to pursue.

Meng Hao's vision was fading, and his cultivation base was drying up. He bit the tip of his tongue to regain some clarity, then looked down to find his clothing so soaked with blood that it was sticking to his body. It felt disgusting.

He looked up into the starry sky for a moment before sitting down cross-legged and closing his eyes to focus on healing. When he did that, the sound of the weeping of the Mountain and Sea cultivators drifted into his ears.

They wept for their homes. They wept for their friends and family who had fallen in battle. They wept because of the grief which filled their hearts.

Bitterness washed over Meng Hao as he realized that the war wasn't over. And yet, despite all odds, the Mountain and Sea Realm... had eked out another victory!!

They had survived against the 1st Heaven's onslaught, resisted the 2nd through 6th Heavens, and blocked the 7th through 16th Heavens. The price they had paid was immense. Four entire Mountains and Seas had been destroyed, and countless cultivators had died. The sun and moon had been lost. And yet... they had still come out victorious!

Despite all that, little joy could be found in the hearts of the fighters. Everyone was exhausted. Xu Qing, many members of the Fang Clan, and other faces familiar to Meng Hao had all participated in the battle. Now that the fighting had stopped for the moment, everyone was lost in their

own thoughts and feelings.

When they looked up into the starry sky, it was with mixed emotions. Everyone knew that the war wasn't even half over. Soon, they would face... the 17th through 33rd Heavens.

That would be... the final battle!

The final battle for the Mountain and Sea Realm! The enemy would be prepared to counter the techniques they had used in the fighting thus far. Furthermore... even more powerful Paragons would be coming.

At that time....

One side would be wiped out, or the other would!

By means of Xu Qing, Paragon Sea Dream sent orders out into the various Mountains and Seas regarding how to rest and reorganize. The sea of blood outside the Fifth Mountain was filled with restrictive spells, as was the Fifth Mountain. The Mountain and Sea Realm sprang into action. Most cultivators buried their tears and focused on carrying out the tasks assigned to the various sects and clans by Paragon Sea Dream.

The Fang Clan was completely mobilized, as were all of the Mountain and Sea Lords.

It was at this point that Meng Hao received a request from Paragon Sea Dream....

"The 33 Hells... should be opened. Meng Hao... I will pick 33 Chosen from the Mountain and Sea Realm to go with you into the 33 Hells and acquire the legacies therein!

"You must become stronger! Furthermore, the 33 Chosen I select must search within the 33 Hells for their own personal... Dao!

"It is there that Paragon Nine Seals... left incredible good fortune behind for the later generation of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

"You and the Chosen will have ten months. After ten months pass, the 17th through 33rd Heavens will descend, and the final battle for the Mountain and Sea Realm will begin...."

Chapter 1374: Returning to the 33 Hells!

“Of course... the 33 Hells contain falsehoods and danger....” After a moment of silence, Sea Dream went on to elucidate to Meng Hao the various dangers to which she referred.

Meng Hao’s eyes glittered, and after hearing her description, he nodded his head.

Time passed.

For the time being, the warfare ceased. The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, hearts filled with grief and reticence, carried out the orders of Paragon Sea Dream, making preparations in various areas... to meet the onslaught that was coming in ten months!

Everyone was preparing for that final battle, causing profound pressure to weigh upon the hearts of everyone in the Mountain and Sea Realm. It was as if... they would either die in silence, or explode with savagery!

Some people contemplated whether or not the Mountain and Sea Realm would even exist by the time the war ended. However, such lines of thinking were like a bottomless pit that left one feeling frozen, without even the strength to continue breathing.

Because of the destruction of the sun and moon, the Mountain and Sea Realm was left with only the blackness of empty space.

Within that darkness, the mortals sat trembling in fear, and even the cultivators felt pressure weighing down on them.

After carrying out the tasks assigned by Paragon Sea Dream, many of the cultivators chose to return to their family and friends. Such time spent with loved ones was something to be cherished at a time like this.

There were some male and female cultivators who had been close friends for years, and yet had developed more deep feelings that they never had the courage to reveal. Now, hearts were bared, and declarations of love were made.

There were some people with longstanding grudges and enmities who

chose to finally let such hard feelings go....

It was as if people were preparing for their own deaths, and cherishing the time they had left.

Some people pondered why this war was happening. Half of the 33 Heavens had been destroyed, and half of the Mountain and Sea Realm was lost. The number of Outsiders and Mountain and Sea cultivators who had died was vast.

Why... were they fighting...?

What was the purpose of this war? What was the purpose of the dying? What was the meaning of it all?

However, such questions weren't really important. What was important was that the war would continue, and the fragile balance between life and death... would reveal the true difference between darkness and light.

The Mountain and Sea Realm rested and recovered. As various parties made final preparations for war, Meng Hao met with the 33 Chosen whom he would lead into the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

The majority of those 33 Chosen were strangers to him. The rest, he was familiar with, for example, Ji Yin. None of the Chosen from the Three Great Daoist Societies were participants.

To Meng Hao's delight, Chen Fan and Wang Youcai were among those present. Although Fatty wasn't there, to have these two long-time comrades present helped Meng Hao to recall some of his former wonderful memories, despite the pressure that weighed down on his heart.

The rest of the cultivators from the other Mountains and Seas were people who Meng Hao didn't recognize. However, they knew exactly who he was, and as soon as they laid eyes on him, their eyes burned with zeal.

None of these Chosen had cultivation bases in the Dao Realm. All were in somewhere in the Ancient Realm, some being in the early stage of that realm, some at the very peak.

As soon as they met, all of the Chosen clasped hands and bowed.

“Greetings, Crown Prince!”

“Greetings, Crown Prince of the Mountains and Seas!”

Chen Fan wore a smile as he looked at Meng Hao, and it seemed as if he were thinking back to events in the Reliance Sect.

Wang Youcai had long since lost the use of his eyes. However, his murderous aura made him almost look completely forbidding and unapproachable. Despite his lack of eyes, he seemed to be looking at Meng Hao. After a moment passed, he clasped hands and bowed.

Li Ling'er's emotions were the most mixed of all. Recently, more than one person had asked about the marriage engagement between her and Meng Hao. The way she had fled that marriage years ago now seemed very childish. Later, she had watched as Meng Hao rose to prominence, and seen his dazzling display of might in the war of the Mountains and Seas.

She sometimes wondered what would have happened if she hadn't fled that marriage....

Even though Meng Hao had also chosen to flee, in terms of the law and of morality, she was technically Meng Hao's beloved partner.

Ji Yin had even more mixed feelings. Originally, she had viewed Meng Hao as being inferior to her. Eventually, she took him to be an equal. But that was a long time ago. Eventually, he had risen to the same level of her own clan Patriarch, someone to whom she had no choice but to bow her head.

She had once believed that such a level was the absolute limit. But then war had broken out, and she came to realize that Meng Hao... had long since exceeded the level of a Patriarch.

He was the type of person toward whom anyone and everyone would bow their heads.

Meng Hao looked around at the Chosen, and then slowly began to speak.

“I have been to the 33 Hells before,” he said. “It is a location that

Paragon Nine Seals prepared for the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm. There, he left incredible good fortune in the form of thirty-three powerful experts, sealed therein since of the war of the Paragon Immortal Realm.

“Those experts’ fleshly bodies were destroyed, but their souls remained behind. They are like wellsprings of power, and if you can absorb them, your cultivation base will advance by leaps and bounds!

“However, the process is not as simple and easy as it sounds. There is great danger.

“If you fail in your effort, you will perish.... Furthermore, even if you succeed, and your cultivation base experiences incredible growth, the price you will pay... is that in the future, you will find it very difficult to make any further advancement with your cultivation base!

“You will essentially be terminating any future possibilities. However, in exchange... your cultivation base will be no less powerful than that of a Dao Sovereign. In addition, if you are willing to sacrifice some of your longevity, to part with some of your own life force Essence, then... you can acquire a cultivation base power that exceeds that of a Dao Sovereign. However... that will only last for a single sixty-year-cycle, after which you will die forever.”

Upon hearing this, the thirty-three Chosen gaped in shock. This explanation was somewhat different from their previous understanding. However, after seeing the serious look on Meng Hao’s face, they could sense... that he was telling the truth.

The thirty-three Chosen remained silent, but none of them backed out.

Meng Hao looked out at the group, then said, “Upon entering, I will escort all of you. We will go together to acquire the good fortune that exists within the 33 Hells. Another matter to consider is that within the 33 Hells are thirty-three Outsider beasts, which will be released when the 33 Hells dissipate.” Much of the explanation that Meng Hao was giving was information that had been given to him by Paragon Sea Dream.

“There is still time to back out now. However, if none of you wish to do

so... then let us proceed into the 33 Hells!"

Meng Hao could see the determination and decisiveness within those thirty-three pairs of eyes. They didn't need to speak a single word for him to understand what was going on in their minds.

If the Mountain and Sea Realm ceased to exist, then there was no need to talk about any type of future whatsoever. Taking this good fortune was a gamble, as well as a huge self-sacrifice, and yet it gave the Mountain and Sea Realm a chance to survive.

Without another word, Meng Hao flicked his sleeve, transforming into a beam of light that carried the entire group toward the 33 Hells of the Eighth Mountain and Sea. As they neared that region of complete darkness, Meng Hao relied upon the power of his current cultivation base to forcibly open the entrance.

Upon entering, the thirty-three Chosen found themselves within a boundless mist, beneath which broken and shattered lands were just barely visible, a place where intense magical battles had been fought.

Gradually, a huge figure became visible within the mists, which seethed as a mighty roar echoed out. Suddenly, a long iron chain flew out in the direction of Meng Hao and the others.

At the same time, a voice rang out which shook the minds of all present: "Hungry... hungry... so hungry...."

For everyone behind Meng Hao, this was their first time coming to this place, and the incredibly shocking figure left their minds on the verge of lapsing into unconsciousness.

Meng Hao snorted coldly, waving his finger in the direction of the iron chain.

"Screw the hell off," he said.

The snort echoed like thunder, leaving the crowd behind him shaken. His words seemed to carry the weight of natural law, and as the iron chain closed in, it began to tremble, and then simply exploded.

Meng Hao's voice was like an arrow that pierced the mists, transforming into countless invisible magical symbols that shot toward the enormous figure. Then he waved his finger back and forth, causing the entire world to rumble around them, and the mist to churn. Gradually, all of the mists began to move off to either side.

Soon it was revealed... exactly what had been lurking there in wait!

It was a giant, covered in iron chains, roaring. Based on the look in its eyes, it was sentient, and it trembled beneath the force of Meng Hao's gaze.

"This is the first Outsider beast within the 33 Hells," Meng Hao said coolly. Then, he proceeded forward, followed by all the Chosen.

They passed by the giant, who roared the entire time, and yet whose eyes were filled with dread. Clearly, what it feared was not the thirty-three chosen, but rather, Meng Hao.

It feared Meng Hao, and the intensely murderous aura upon him!!

It was an aura that no one else could detect without a sufficient cultivation base. However, those who could sense it would be able to tell... that he had cut down Paragons!

Meng Hao led the group toward the central stone stele of the first area, and when they reached the edge of the rift leading inside, the giant behind him suddenly spoke in a somewhat garbled voice, "You... have killed... Paragons?"

"Yup. I killed one, enslaved another, and forced a third to self-detonate. You are far from being a Paragon, so don't worry, I won't kill you." With that, Meng Hao stepped into the rift. The crowd behind him exchanged speechless glances, and then hurried to follow.

Li Ling'er wore a strange expression, and Chen Fan chuckled hoarsely. Wang Youcai's lips quivered. Although none of them said anything, Meng Hao's words seemed exceedingly audacious to them....

As for the chain-wrapped giant, he gasped in fear, shock filling his face. His simple brain was not one that was inclined to mind games. He could

sense the aura on Meng Hao, and could understand his words, and was left shivering. Finally, he bowed his head.

Chapter 1375: I've Been Waiting!

As he entered the rift, Meng Hao explained, "The souls which have been sealed in the 33 Hells are all devious rogues. As for the Outsider beasts, they have varying degrees of intelligence, but we'll just overawe them with words and threaten them with my cultivation base, they'll back down.

"This will make it much easier for us to deal with them."

Most of the group responded with thoughtful expressions, except for those few who knew Meng Hao. Strange looks could be seen on their faces, and they coughed dryly, but refrained from saying anything.

"Simply put, you have to terrify them!" After emphasizing that point, he led the group into the necropolis. Based on what he remembered from the last time he was here, he quickly led them toward the main temple. As he proceeded along, he could see out of the corner of his eye that everything was as he had left it: bare and almost completely cleaned out. He took that in stride, of course.

However, everyone else looked around with wide eyes. Every single necropolis chamber they passed, they saw broken down walls devoid of frescos, and floors which had been completely cleared of tiles. Many areas were so lacking in decoration that they almost seemed to have been gnawed clean by dogs....

Gasps could be heard coming from the mouths of the Chosen.

"Not good! Someone's actually been in here before!!"

"W-what brutality! Whoever came here before cleaned everything out! Everything's gone...."

"I can't believe that they didn't even spare the floor tiles...."

"Dammit, don't tell me it was the Outsiders!!"

The Chosen were all shaken by what they were seeing, even Li Ling'er and the others who knew Meng Hao. Only Chen Fan hesitated for a moment, then glanced over at Meng Hao.

Meng Hao was in the lead position, and when he heard the things everyone was saying, he couldn't help but feel a bit embarrassed. Instead of launching into an explanation, he merely increased his pace, leading the gasping, astonished group all the way to the central necropolis temple, where Greed was sealed.

When they arrived, the Chosen burst into a commotion at the sight. This was the largest necropolis chamber of all, and also the one which had been most thoroughly looted. With the exception of the very central-most area, everything had been completely and utterly cleared out.

"This is preposterous!!"

"There's not even a spot of mold left behind! Dammit, this was definitely the Outsiders!!" The Chosen were all completely incensed. However, it was at this point that a face suddenly appeared within the ball of soul fire in the central area. That face appeared to be completely enraged.

"Dammit, it's you again.... What are you planning to do this time!?!?"

"You scammed away a bunch of my life force Essence and looted all of the funerary objects in my necropolis. You even dug up the floor tiles and stole the frescoes! Dammit, you bastard, you left nothing behind. What do you want now!?!?"

"Meng Hao!!" A begrieved howl echoed out through the entire necropolis. The group behind Meng Hao gasped and shifted their gazes to look at him. It was almost as if they were truly seeing him for the first time, and strange expressions appeared.

They had been incensed at whoever it was who had gone so far as to even scrape up the floor tiles of all the areas they had passed. How could they ever have come to the conclusion that the culprit was actually... Meng Hao?

"This.... This...."

"Ahem... the exalted Crown Prince truly is formidable...."

Everyone began to chuckle wryly, and when they glanced at Meng Hao, odd looks could be seen in their eyes. Gradually, the image of Meng Hao

which they had built up in their minds was being subverted.

Suddenly feeling a bit down, Meng Hao frowned and gave a cold harrumph as he strode over toward the ball of soul fire. In response, a scream echoed out from within the fire.

“Stay away, dammit! Get back, you shameless bastard. You’re even more shameless than the jinx from way back when!!”

Meng Hao looked back at the Chosen and explained: “I already absorbed some of this soul fire a few years ago. What’s left is just a fragment. It won’t help you people now.” With that, he extended his right hand. Ignoring the screams from the face, he made a grasping motion, causing the soul fire to be dragged over into his hand. That in itself caused the sealing columns which surrounded it to collapse.

Then Meng Hao clenched his hand tightly into a fist, causing the soul fire to disappear into his palm. After absorbing it, he stepped into the previously sealed area. Clearing his throat, he hesitated for a moment. After a moment of thought, he ignored the people behind him, produced a flying sword, and proceeded to pry up all of the floor tiles, even as everyone watched.

The Chosen stared with slack jaws at the incredible proficiency with which Meng Hao quickly cleared out the entire area, even going so far as to collect up the collapsed columns. Then, after brushing off his sleeves, he suddenly stamped his foot down onto the ground, causing a rift to appear.

“Alright, let’s go to the 2nd Hell.” As Meng Hao stepped into the rift, the Chosen exchanged dazed glances. Meng Hao’s behavior just now had completely toppled any previous notions they had about what he was like. After a short moment of hesitation, they followed him into the rift.

In the 2nd Hell, they once again bore witness to Meng Hao’s domineering personality....

“Can you sense my murderous aura? Well let me tell you. I killed a Paragon, enslaved another, and then forced a third one to self-detonate!” In the 2nd Hell was an Outsider beast formed completely from flames.

Currently, it was trembling in the face of Meng Hao's aggressiveness. Considering the pressure and aura that radiated off of him, the beast was completely terrified.

Then, the Chosen watched as Meng Hao scraped the 2nd Hell's necropolis completely clean.... It was as if a gale wind had passed, leaving behind not even a single blade of grass....

Habits like that, and such personality traits, could not simply be changed....

Meng Hao then realized that doing everything on his own was taking too long, so he quickly called the other Chosen over for assistance. "Come come, we don't have much time," he said. "Give me a hand here. Help me clear this place out."

Chen Fan laughed loudly and quickly stepped forward to help. Li Ling'er covered her mouth, and Ji Yin's face darkened. Wang Youcai's lips continued to twitch. As for the other Chosen, they exchanged embarrassed glances, and yet couldn't bring themselves to refuse, and quickly began to help.

This was something the likes of which they had never done before. All they could do was sigh inwardly, and tell themselves that maybe the reason Meng Hao was so powerful was because he did things like this.

After scraping everything clean, they eventually reached the central necropolis temple of the 2nd Hell. The soul fire there was much more powerful than Greed's, and as soon as the group entered the hall, an incredible pressure exploded out. However, Meng Hao merely snorted coldly. Unleashing his cultivation base, he stepped forward and suppressed it.

With Meng Hao's current cultivation base, bolstered by the blessing of the power of the Mountains and Seas, coupled with the restrictive spells within the necropolis, it was a simple thing for him to suppress the souls here. Roars echoed out from the soul fire, and yet there was nothing it could do to fight back.

It was here that one of the thirty-three Chosen was left behind to absorb

the good fortune that was the soul fire of a powerful expert from the past. If this Chosen failed, he would die, but if he succeeded, his cultivation base would advance by leaps and bounds. If he went so far as to sacrifice some of this longevity, then he would leap past the Dao Sovereign level to become an Imperial Lord for a full sixty-year-cycle!

After leaving one of the Chosen behind, Meng Hao led the group into the 3rd Hell. Then the 4th Hell and the 5th Hell... As they went along, he cowed the Outsider beasts with his tale of killing and enslaving Paragons, of forcing them to self-detonate.

At first, the Chosen stared in shock, but eventually, they got used it, and finally grew indifferent. Furthermore, the nervousness they had felt upon entering the 33 Hells gradually faded away.

After watching Meng Hao suppress one soul fire after another, and leaving behind various Chosen to absorb them, they gradually grew very much at ease.

In the end, Meng Hao didn't even need to say anything. As soon as his murderous aura spread out, the other Chosen would jump in to help proclaim his words.

"He killed a Paragon, enslaved another, and forced a third to self-detonate! Scared? Well screw the hell off!"

Eventually, Meng Hao didn't even need to organize the efforts to clear out the necropolises. The strange feeling the Chosen had at first was long gone, and now they were very familiar with the process. In the end, they even exceeded his expectations, finding certain areas that he hadn't noticed, and clearing them away. Meng Hao couldn't help but sigh in praise.

Eventually the weight of their burden, and the wariness they had felt when they had first entered this place, was completely gone. Now, their journey into the 33 Hells seemed more like a vacation....

7th Hell. 8th Hell. 9th Hell....

The number of Chosen who were following Meng Hao grew fewer and

fewer. At each soul fire, he left behind a Chosen, who would laugh and say goodbye to Meng Hao and the group. However, behind their laughter was staunch determination and decisiveness.

“Crown Prince, I’ll be fine here. I hope you clear even more things out than we have so far! Fellow Daoists, I wish you luck in acquiring your good fortune....” It was in such fashion that farewells were made at every soul fire location.

Time passed. 15th Hell. 16th Hell. 17th Hell.... Eventually, they passed through the 31st Hell. Then the 32nd. And finally the 33rd!

It took roughly a month for Meng Hao to pass through all 33 Hells. By that time, there were no Chosen in his company. In a few of the soul fire locations, the soul fire was far too formidable for a single Chosen to absorb, and he had left behind more than one.

Therefore, by the time he reached the 33rd Hell, he was alone. The 33rd Hell was in the deepest region of the void, and upon entering, Meng Hao saw a young man sitting cross-legged atop a mountain peak.

He wore a green robe, and gave off an icy feeling. Apparently, whoever this was, it wasn’t his true form, but rather, a clone!

An alcohol flagon rested in front of him, from which he would occasionally sip. Down below, at the base of the mountain, there was a wide valley, which was completely empty.

As Meng Hao approached, he looked around with flickering eyes, until his gaze eventually came to rest upon the young man. For some reason, this place felt different than the other 32 Hells. There was no necropolis, no Outsider beast, no soul fire. There weren’t even any seals or restrictive spells. It was as if Paragon Nine Seals hadn’t left any restraining measures here at all.

The green-robed man on the mountain seemed very strange to Meng Hao. He was obviously a clone, and yet his cultivation base was unreadable. In one moment he seemed to seethe with unending rage, and in the next, he seemed calm and peaceful.

The young man looked up at Meng Hao, and his eyes flickered with ancientness. “So you’ve finally come... I’ve been waiting a long, long time for you....”

Chapter 1376: The State of Clear Water....

Meng Hao's eyes glittered as he stared at the green-robed young man. Saying nothing, he walked forward and then appeared on the mountain peak.

"I've been waiting for you for a long time," the young man murmured. "In fact, it's been so long I've lost track of exactly how much time has passed.... I just vaguely remember that I fought a man once. We had a wager going, and if I lost, I promised to do a favor for him.

"I promised to wait here for someone... to give that person my Hexing magic."

Meng Hao's eyes began to shine as he said, "Your excellency is...?"

"I've forgotten. This isn't my true form, it's only a clone. I forgot what my name was. I only remember... that place." The young man shook his head and pointed down toward the valley at the base of the mountain.

Meng Hao looked down in the same direction, but didn't see anything other than the valley itself.

"Can't see it? Well... that's nothing unusual. My Hexing magic has many names. Back then, that man I fought told me that he had a similar Hexing magic, although it wasn't as close to its fundamental Essence as mine.

"He speculated that, years later, someone from among his successors might be able to use his First Hex to unravel the other Hexing magic he had. However, because of the bizarre nature of that particular Hexing magic of his, it seemed unlikely that it could be passed down from generation to generation.

"Therefore, he hoped that I would be able to wait here for the right person, and pass on my Hexing magic to him."

The young man smiled, looked Meng Hao calmly in the eyes, and said, "After all the years that have passed, you are the first person to ever come to me. Apparently, you are the person I've been waiting for.

"Come."

Meng Hao studied the young man for a moment, then smiled. He felt no fear, nor any reason to defy him. He approached, and as he did, the young man's eyes glowed with praise. After Meng Hao came to stand directly in front of him, the young man said, "Now, take another look."

Meng Hao turned to look back at the valley at the foot of the mountain. In that very instant, light and color exploded in his eyes.

The once empty valley now had a walled city inside of it. Apparently, it was an entire country, complete with a Forbidden Palace, nobility, and commoners!

The city itself was populated by over a hundred thousand people.

Most shocking of all to Meng Hao was that among all those people, regardless of whether they were young or old, man or woman... from the Emperor down to the common people, everyone had exactly the same aura!

That aura also matched the green-robed young man's. Perhaps ordinary cultivators wouldn't notice these phenomena without deep study. However, Meng Hao noticed it, and in that same moment, the ancient Demon Sealing Jade within his bag of holding began to vibrate.

Soon, Meng Hao realized that all of those more than 100,000 people... were clones!!

They were all clones of the young man in the green robe!

Meng Hao took a deep breath as he studied the city down below. The Emperor was studying various reports, the concubines were bickering in the harem, the ministers were enjoying life, the common people were spending time with their families, and the streets were abuzz with activity.

Street peddlers called out, people ate and drank, people argued and fought, people laughed and joked. The voices merged together into a cacophony that made the entire city seem incredibly realistic. In fact, it was almost impossible to believe that the entire place... was actually populated by an entire world of clones.

Furthermore, the name of the city was written above the city gate.

It was three characters long.

State of Clear Water!

“This Hexing magic isn’t something that was passed down to me by my Master. I gained enlightenment of it myself. Not even my Junior Brother could use it. Ah, well, it doesn’t matter. I’ll pass it on to you to resolve this bit of Karma. 1

“Whether or not you can master it will depend on your luck.” The young man shook his head and smiled. Paying no more attention to Meng Hao, he turned and floated up into the sky.

“I’ve already forgotten how many years have passed. Finally, I can live up to the agreement. And now... the time has come for me to leave. I’m only a stream of divine will, really nothing compared to my true form. I’ve been gone a long time, and I miss some of those old faces from the past.

“Well, I’m off then.” The young man waved his sleeve, and as he floated higher into the air, he gradually began to glow blurry. Soon he turned into countless motes of green light which spread out and then vanished.

Meng Hao looked back down at the valley, and realized that everything was becoming blurry. He immediately sat down cross-legged and focused his mind. He watched as the figures down below began to fade away. The city began to dissipate, and even the words “State of Clear Water” vanished. Soon, the only thing left behind was the valley.

“Hexing magic. Demon Sealing Hexing magic....

“With the exception of the Hexing magic I need to create, I’ve collected all of the others except for the First and the Fourth. Clearly, this isn’t the First, which means that it must be... the Fourth Hex!”

Meng Hao’s mind trembled. Based on his current cultivation base, he actually didn’t need much qi and blood, or energy of Heaven and Earth to step into the bottleneck that would come before a breakthrough. Right now, he actually had two paths available to him. One path was to completely pass through the Ancient Realm.

The other path was to collect all the Hexing magics and then turn them

into Essences.

One of those paths involved cultivating the bloodline of the Allheaven Dao Immortal. The other was that of the Hexing magic of the League of Demon Sealers. They were both valid paths, although the first one would take more time, and would require more cultivation base, qi and blood. Yet what all that yielded was merely an increase in the chances of successfully extinguishing his Soul Lamps.

As far as the second path went, it required enlightenment and good fortune.

Meng Hao sat there silently, looking down at the valley. Finally, he closed his eyes, and everything which he had seen earlier appeared in his mind. As he began to analyze it, he slowly slipped into a trance.

Most people would have a difficult time understanding a Demon Sealing Hexing magic by just looking at it once. But Meng Hao was different. He was the Ninth Generation Demon Sealer, and already had command of six different Hexing magics. Furthermore, he had already successfully turned the Eighth Hex into the beginnings of Essence.

To him, as long as he had the basic elements of a Demon Sealing Hexing magic, and the right direction, then he would be able to come to an understanding of it.

Time passed. While Meng Hao analyzed the Fourth Hex, the thirty-three Chosen within the 33 Hells all reached critical points within their processes of absorbing and understanding the soul fires and the good fortune they contained.

The 33 Hells were very quiet. Simultaneously, time slowly passed by outside in the Mountain and Sea Realm. The war preparations were mostly complete, and the cultivators cherished the last bit of time they had before the rest of the 33 Heavens descended, spending time with their dearest and most loved friends and family.

Up above in the starry sky, the 17th through 33rd Heavens were gradually becoming visible, and it even seemed possible to see the apex of the starry sky.

Beyond the 33 Heavens, in the void of the Vast Expanse, were two land masses that vastly exceeded the 33 Heavens in size, which were approaching with indescribable speed.

Their goal was obviously the Mountain and Sea Realm!

By this point, they were very close....

In fact, it was possible that they might arrive... just as the war was finishing.

More time passed. Four months went by, four months of waiting beneath a sky that had no sun or moon. Four months of waiting... for the truly abysmal pitch black that was coming.

All thirty-four individuals within the 33 Hells were at critically dangerous moments of their transformations. The previous silence was broken by the occasional scream or howl.

The process of acquiring the good fortune there was a painful one for the thirty-three Chosen. After all, during the process of trying to absorb the soul fire, they also had to ward off possession attempts.

Furthermore, because of the restrictive spells in place, if they were possessed, they would be instantly killed.

The exact process was different for everyone, but regardless of how it went, it involved pain. By now, each and every one of the Chosen was bedraggled, with disheveled hair that made them look almost like ghosts. However, they clenched their teeth and continued on with bloodshot eyes.

“I can’t fail....”

“I have to succeed!”

“If I have to sacrifice my longevity, and end up with only a sixty-year-cycle of life, then I’ll do it to protect my clan....”

“I refuse to die in this place! If I’m going to die, I want to die fighting the Outsiders!!”

Explosions could be heard, as well as screams, causing the 33 Hells to be filled with tumult.

In the very depths of the place, in the 33rd Hell, Meng Hao sat cross-legged on a mountain peak, looking down into the valley. Gradually, he came to see a valley that was no longer empty. Instead, the vague outline of a city was taking shape....

However, that city was not the State of Clear Water, but Yunjie County instead. There was a mountain there, beneath which was a flowing river. People could be seen within the city, vague images without faces. However, as Meng Hao's enlightenment deepened, the figures' appearances gradually became more and more clear.

There were men and women, old people and young. They looked different, and yet every single one... had Meng Hao's aura. In fact, if he wished to, he could instantly become any of those figures.

They were his clones!

The Fourth Hex, was... a Mass Cloning Hexing magic! Its name was... the Self Hex!

Massive amounts of clones, massive amounts of one's own self!

By unleashing it to the limit, any one of those clones could become the seed for a new life. With those clones, reincarnation could never be destroyed. As long as one of them existed, one's consciousness could be awoken.

Meng Hao lost track of time. Lost track of everything. He immersed himself in the Hexing magic. Eventually, more and more people appeared in the city, and he began to give all of them unique consciousnesses.

Only by possessing a unique consciousness could they truly think.

Furthermore, all of the clones possessed an invisible thread that connected them to Meng Hao. He was like the center, with countless nodes spread out to form a web. Everything within that web was an extension of him.

Gradually, the people in the city began to live their own lives, to the point where a newcomer who looked at the scene would have a hard time telling that it wasn't real. However, Meng Hao still wasn't satisfied. As he

continued to analyze and gain enlightenment, as the Demon Sealing Hexing magic became more clear, more and more versions of Yunjie County appeared. Gradually, those cities all formed together to become a vast country....

By the time the tenth month arrived, there was no longer a country surrounding him, but rather, three countries.... Within each of those countries lived countless people, all of whom... were Meng Hao.

It was at this point that among the thirty-three Chosen, some died, and some... emerged!

*

Important Note: Er Gen accidentally went directly from 1376 to 1378. There is no chapter 1377.

1. Renegade Immortal info incoming: It seems highly likely that this is a reference to the country of the same name which appears in Renegade Immortal, as early as chapter 105. Furthermore, a person with the same name was a supporting character who viewed MC Wang Lin as his “Junior Brother,” which makes it likely that the Junior Brother mentioned in this passage is Wang Lin. That character hasn’t appeared in the translation yet, but will eventually. If you transliterate “Clear Water” it becomes Qing Shui, which would be that character’s name.

Chapter 1377: [No Title]

Important Note: Er Gen accidentally went directly from 1376 to 1378.
There is no chapter 1377.

Chapter 1378: 8-Essences Arrive!

The first to emerge was none other than Wang Youcai!

In the beginning, he was not among the most powerful of the group of Chosen; quite to the contrary, his cultivation base had been the lowest. He was even the worst in terms of latent talent. However, his willpower and determination was something that left even Meng Hao impressed. The entire Ninth Mountain and Sea had witnessed his vicious tactics, and were left rattled.

In order to join a powerful sect, and in order to pursue the Dao, he had dug his own eyes out, all in order to fix within his mind that final image, that final Dao projection he had seen before losing his sight.

He acted the same within his sect. However viciously he treated others, he treated himself even more so. When others in the 33 Hells had cried out in anguish because of the pain, his reaction had been to laugh.

He laughed viciously the entire time he absorbed the good fortune of the soul fire, and did not hesitate to sacrifice some of his longevity and life force Essence in exchange for an incredible advancement in cultivation base!

He completely passed beyond the Ancient Realm and stepped into the Dao Realm. He became a Dao Lord, a Dao Sovereign and finally, an Imperial Lord!

In the end, the will which existed in the soul fire was also moved by Wang Youcai's ruthlessness and relentlessness. Eventually, it too began to laugh, and almost willingly allowed its life force to merge into Wang Youcai.

After breaking through and then emerging, he transformed; his hair was white as if with age, but when he sent his cultivation base power surging out, everything went dark, and the entire world of the 33 Hells shook.

More people came out after Wang Youcai, but few had made such incredible progress. It wasn't until Li Ling'er emerged, with hair as white

as Wang Youcai's, that another aura similar to an Imperial Lord's radiated out.

Li Ling'er's appearance had changed. She was no longer young; instead, she looked like an old woman. She had forsaken her youth and beauty in exchange for a shocking cultivation base. In sixty years, she would die, but that was her choice!

In contrast to what Meng Hao would have predicted, Chen Fan did not choose to sacrifice his life force. Nor did he even reach the level of a true Dao Sovereign, but rather, the 5-Essences level. He came out slowly, a seemingly emotional expression on his face, almost as if he were hesitating about something.

Ji Yin, on the other hand, chose to make the same decision as Li Ling'er!

As the Chosen flew out, energy surging, the entire 33 Hells trembled. Of the entire group, twenty-four emerged, with the other nine... being forever interred within the 33 Hells. They had failed in their attempt to acquire good fortune, and were dead for all eternity.

As for the twenty-four Chosen who did acquire good fortune, eight of them had chosen to sacrifice some of their longevity. That group acquired cultivation base power equivalent to an Imperial Lord. Of the rest, more than half were now as strong as true Dao Sovereigns, with a few being at the 5-Essences level or so.

Regardless of the final outcome for each individual, their fates had completely changed now that they had successfully emerged. As they came out, the hells crumbled behind them, layer by layer. Then, they collectively chose to wait for Meng Hao.

During the ten months that had passed, all of these people who had obtained good fortune had been unable to sense the progress of those around them. Now, when they sent their cultivation base power out, they could tell that Meng Hao... was still in the deepest 33rd Hell.

As the various Hells collapsed, Outsider beasts emerged, but didn't dare to even get near the group which was waiting there.

Several more days passed, but Meng Hao still hadn't come out. As they waited there silently, they could tell that Meng Hao's aura was gradually fading away, which caused them to frown and look to the cultivator among them with the most powerful cultivation base, Wang Youcai.

After a long moment passed, Wang Youcai turned and headed toward the exit of the 33 Hells, simultaneously speaking to everyone behind him. "Let's go. The fighting outside will begin soon. Waiting here is pointless. The good fortune Meng Hao seeks will surely be greater than ours; naturally, he needs more time than us.

"I only have a single sixty-year-cycle of life, and I don't want to waste any of it. I want to fight!" Despite the fact that his eyes were nothing but dark pits, they somehow seemed to glitter with a strange light. Even as his words continued to echo about, he vanished through the exit.

The other Chosen looked around silently, then clasped hands and bowed to the collapsing Hells. Finally, they turned and flew out. Li Ling'er sighed inwardly and followed them. As for Chen Fan, he seemed to be in somewhat of a daze. Looking down at the Hells, it seemed as if he were peering into their deepest depths, but if one looked closely, one would see that he was actually gazing at the place where he had acquired his good fortune, the 19th Hell.

"How... should I choose what to do...?" he thought bitterly. Looking away, he concealed the confusion inside of him and flew away.

Meanwhile, out in the Mountain and Sea Realm, the final battle with the 33 Heavens was beginning!

The starry sky was shaking, and various areas were being ripped open. Soon, the land mass that was the 17th Heaven became visible in complete detail!

Above it was the 18th Heaven, the 19th Heaven... all the way to the 33rd Heaven. They were all visible now.

Massive pressure weighed down, along with shocking energy. Rumbling filled the starry sky of the Mountain and Sea Realm as the 17th Heaven... began to descend, as did all of the other Heavens, all the way to the 33rd!!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The starry sky was torn to pieces as a massive tempest sprang out in all directions. Two figures emerged from the Heavens, a man and a woman. In terms of appearance, they didn't seem to be Outsiders at all, but rather, ordinary cultivators.

However, their eyes shone with an indescribable coldness, as if all other living things were nothing more than ants to them.

Indescribable pressure radiated out along with them, and as they descended, the Mountains trembled and the Seas churned. Countless cultivators coughed up mouthfuls of blood.

It was Paragon pressure, and not that of the 7-Essences level, but... the 8-Essences level!!

These were the two strongest Paragons in the entire 33 Heavens. These were... 8-Essences Paragons!!

Behind them was a huge army of Outsiders from the 17th through 33rd Heavens. From the mere look of it, this army seemed unending, filled with tens of millions of Outsiders, all of them exceedingly powerful.

There were even some enormous magical items that flew out from the armies. There were statues, tens of thousands of meters high, there were enormous trees and freezing coffins. Even more shocking was that toward the back of the army was an enormous red sun!

In addition to all that, there were other legendary types of Outsiders. Most astonishing... were the giants, tens of thousands of meters tall. From the look of it, those giants could grow even taller than they were now. They had stars on their foreheads, and radiated intense, ancient auras.

There were other vicious-looking entities who had leathery wings, and were extremely conspicuous among the other forces.

Further off in the distance were tens of thousands of Black Dragons, and beyond that, a sea of flames.

This time, the 33 Heavens were holding nothing back. All of their power

was being unleashed in their attempt to destroy the Mountain and Sea Realm. They wanted to strike fear into the hearts of the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators, and considering the vast size of their army, and the presence of their Paragons, it really didn't seem as if the Mountain and Sea Realm had any chance of coming out on top.

Suddenly, a cold, ancient voice rang out into the starry sky. The Outsiders heard it, as did the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“Kill them all... leave no one alive.”

It was one of the two 8-Essences Paragons, the woman. In response to her words, the huge army of Outsiders let out a roar that could shake Heaven and Earth. Then, they poured toward the Mountain and Sea Realm like floodwaters.

As for the female Paragon, she turned into a beam of light, her energy sweeping about as she closed in on the shield which had been formed over the past ten months to protect the Mountain and Sea Realm.

The single swipe of a finger caused cracking sounds to emanate out from the shield, which then shattered. Countless fragments of the shield exploded out in every direction, whereupon the Paragon took a step forward... to appear on the Fifth Mountain! There, she stamped her foot, causing rumbling sounds to echo out. Then, in the blink of an eye... the mountain collapsed.

The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm stared in shock at this sudden development.

However, it was in the same moment that cries rang out from different areas within the Mountain and Sea Realm. Suddenly, three temples appeared in the vicinity of the female Paragon. Within those temples were three old men. They were none other than... the Doyens!!

The three great Doyens of the Mountain and Sea Realm were no longer hiding in the shadows. They appeared all at once to suppress the female Paragon. At the same time, Meng Hao's Paragon puppet was joined by Paragon Sea Dream to also attack the same Paragon.

Further off in the distance, the Three Great Daoist Societies gathered their disciples and magical devices, drawing fully upon all of their resources to meet the army of Outsiders.

Beyond that position, Xu Qing sat in a command pavilion, constantly sending out orders into the army of Mountain and Sea cultivators, coordinating the deadly battle with the Outsiders.

The members of the Fang Clan, as well as other sects and clans, all appeared on the battlefield to fight. There were even people from the Wang Clan.

The chaotic final battle was now underway. However, up in the starry sky, there was another 8-Essences Paragon, the man. His expression remained calm as he turned his gaze to the depths of the Mountain and Sea Realm, to Planet South Heaven in the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

“So, it’s you,” he said softly. He took a step forward, vanishing. Unexpectedly, when he reappeared, he was in the heart of the Mountain and Sea Realm, directly outside of Planet South Heaven.

In almost the moment he appeared, Planet South Heaven’s spell formation erupted with killing intent. The 8-Essences Paragon completely ignored it, though, stepping forward to appear on a certain mountain peak on Planet South Heaven.

That mountain peak was where Shui Dongliu stood. He spun around to face the 8-Essences Paragon, and when their eyes met, no words were spoken. They both vanished, and in the wake of their departure, a massive boom echoed out, which completely leveled the mountain and the lands beneath their feet, leaving behind only a huge crater!

That crater led to the core of Planet South Heaven, where a flaming sea of magma existed.

It was in this exact moment that, back in the collapsing 33 Hells, Meng Hao’s eyes suddenly opened. He looked around to see all of the cities and the people in them, and suddenly, everything stopped moving. Gradually, the scene around him transformed into shimmering motes of light which floated toward Meng Hao and then merged into him. His eyes then began

to glow with shining light.

Chapter 1379: Incredible Power

“The Fourth Hex... Self Hexing!” Meng Hao watched the world vanishing in front of him, and all of the various clones of himself fading away. Finally, he rose to his feet.

His cultivation base had not experienced any transformations, but now, he no longer had six Hexing magics, but seven!

“I’m now only two Hexing Magics away from the full nine. One of them is the original First Hex, and the other is my own Ninth Hex, the final one!” As Meng Hao thought back to all the different times he had acquired Hexing magics throughout his life, he sighed.

Turning, he waved his hand, causing his Soul Lamps to appear. He had a total of 33, with 10 of them being extinguished and 23 still burning.

“There are Seven Desolations, and I have already passed the first two. Now, after having consumed the power of Paragon Mythdragon, I can start the Third Desolation!” Meng Hao’s eyes shone with a bright light as he focused on his 11th Soul Lamp.

“The Third Desolation, the Desolation of the heart....” After a moment of thought, Meng Hao extended his right hand and pointed at the Soul Lamp. A wind blasted out, and the flame was extinguished, transforming into green smoke that poured into Meng Hao’s eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

As he closed his eyes and sat down quietly, there were no changes to his fleshly body or to his soul. However, his heart... felt as if an enormous hand had begun to squeeze down on it.

Thump-thump!

Meng Hao’s face paled as pain stabbed into his heart. In addition to the pain afflicting the actual organ, his figurative heart also filled with pain. It was like endless grief and loss that turned into complete emptiness.

Sweat began to pour down his forehead, and he began to tremble. There were no hallucinations, but the pain made him feel as if the entire world was dead, and he was the only thing left in Heaven and Earth.

“No....” he murmured. Suddenly, he threw his head back and bellowed, a sound filled with intense pain. It was as if he could not bear such loneliness, and wished to tear apart the Heavens and everything else.

The 33 Hells were still in a state of collapse, but when his powerful cry echoed out, a blast of energy erupted out above him, smashing into the lands above him, creating a huge vortex.

Countless ruins and pieces of rubble swirled into that vortex, with Meng Hao at the very center of it. There were also dozens of Outsider beasts, all of them trembling as they looked at Meng Hao. Apparently, the pressure and emotion radiating off of him were affecting them.

“The Seven Desolations... sounds impressive, but they are truly only seven tribulations, seven torments.” Meng Hao opened his eyes and then slowly reached up to rub his chest over the location of his heart.

“The Third Desolation, the Desolation of the heart....” Sighing, he stood. His cultivation base had increased by a bit. Before, he had already exceeded the level of an Imperial Lord, and yet was still a step away from the Paragon level. With this current increase, he couldn’t quite complete that step, but he was immeasurably close.

As he looked around, his energy surged, encompassing all of the collapsing 33 Hells, and all of the Outsider beasts, and causing incredible pressure to weigh down.

“Acknowledge allegiance, or die!” he said, not by means of his voice, but by means of divine will. All of the surrounding Outsider beasts could immediately detect his words.

They had already been terrified by the murderous aura Meng Hao emitted, having killed a Paragon. In response to his words, they maintained silence, and eventually bowed their heads.

In that instant, Meng Hao transformed into a beam of light that shot toward the exit, followed by the roaring group of Outsider beasts from the 33 Hells.

“The ten months have passed,” he murmured. “The fighting must have

already resumed outside....” He increased his speed, and moments later, shot out of the exit.

By the time that Meng Hao burst out from within the 33 Hells, fierce fighting had erupted within the Mountain and Sea Realm. Tens of millions of Outsiders were attacking viciously. Because of the numerous Dao Realm experts present, as well as the giants, the Mountain and Sea Realm was being pushed back in successive losses.

It was in that exact same moment that Wang Youcai and the others returned from the 33 Hells. Without the slightest hesitation, they waded into the fighting, finding the powerful experts among the Outsiders to do battle with.

The addition of these more than twenty Chosen, in concert with the Mountain and Sea Lords, ensured that the disparity between the two forces’ elite-level cultivators was not as great. Now, the Mountain and Sea Realm’s retreat slowed.

An 8-Essences Paragon destroyed the Fifth Mountain with the stomp of a foot, and yet that very same Paragon was now being pinned down by Sea Dream, the Paragon puppet, the three great Doyens, and others. However, they were not her match. The female Paragon snorted coldly and then performed an incantation gesture, causing an enormous vortex to sweep out in all directions.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

Blood sprayed out of Sea Dream’s mouth, and the same thing happened to the three great Doyens. The Paragon puppet’s chest caved in. Everyone was forced to retreat, being completely incapable of standing in the way of the 8-Essences female Paragon.

“What a bunch of insects!” she said. A single step took her past the entire group into the Sixth Sea, where she reached out and pushed her hand down viciously.

Instantly, a ball of green flame appeared in her hand, which rumbled down into the water. It only took a moment for the entire Sixth Sea to begin to boil and dry up!

Countless denizens of the Sixth Sea screamed in agony as they succumbed to the heat and died.

The Sixth Sea was destroyed!

The entire battle now seemed somewhat one-sided. Although the Mountain and Sea Realm had evened the odds in terms of the elite-level cultivators, the 33 Heavens were fighting with everything they had at their disposal. The giants' skin was incredibly tough, and every stride they took forward was something the Mountain and Sea cultivators were powerless to stop. If they tried, they were crushed into pulp.

The army of tens of millions of Outsiders pushed the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators back with deadly force. Miserable screams rang out as the Mountain and Sea cultivators were powerless to do anything except retreat. Gradually, a distinct sensation of despair began to grow within the hearts of the forces of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Faced with this level of power, it was as if their previous preparations had all been for naught.

"This war has gone on for long enough," said the 8-Essences Paragon, her voice cool. "Today... it ends." She took another step forward, toward the Sixth Mountain. Her goal was clear; she wanted to destroy each Mountain and Sea in the Realm as quickly as possible.

When that happened, only the cultivators would remain, and they could be easily dealt with.

Sea Dream and the others watched with bloodshot eyes, and although they tried to interfere, they couldn't even get close. However, just when the 8-Essences Paragon seemed on the verge of setting foot onto the Sixth Mountain, the 17th Heaven suddenly shuddered, as though some enormous force were separating it from the other Heavens and sending it toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

However, if you looked closely, you would see that it wasn't heading toward the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators, but rather... the Outsider army.

This sudden twist caused the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators to stare in shock. The Outsiders were equally astonished. Even the female Paragon stopped in her tracks, spinning around to look at the land mass that was the 17th Heaven.

“I should have known that there would be sleeper agents in the 33 Heavens!” she said, her face darkening. She took another step, this time heading toward the 17th Heaven. Then, she reached out and made a violent grasping motion, causing an enormous boom to ring out as the entire 17th Heaven was shattered. The whole land mass instantly collapsed into ash.

Even still, the 8-Essences Paragon was unable to determine who it was that had done such a thing. Frowning, she scanned the battlefield, but could turn up no clues.

“It wasn’t Windswept, he’s under strict surveillance. If it wasn’t him, then who was it?”

“Well it doesn’t matter. With power like ours, we can crush anything that gets in our path.” Snorting coldly, the female Paragon waved her right hand toward the sun that existed within the army of Outsiders. Instantly, that huge sun radiated boundless light, shrinking down as it shot in her direction. It then swirled around her, quickly transforming into a set of armor.

With that armor, the 8-Essences Paragon’s battle prowess rose even higher. She quickly performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then waved her hand out at her army, causing the Outsiders to be stimulated by some unseen force. One by one, they threw their heads back and howled. Their eyes began to glow red as their battle prowess increased, and they then resumed fighting with increased ferocity.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators suffered instant setbacks. The casualties were severe as they were relentlessly shoved backward across the battlefield.

The female Paragon then turned and headed back toward the Mountain and Sea Realm. Once again, she appeared above the Sixth Mountain,

which she struck with a palm. The Sixth Mountain began to vibrate, and moments later, its Xuanwu turtle shattered. As its agonized scream rang out, the entire Sixth Mountain... was destroyed!

The Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators were shaking and in complete despair, and some began to rave. The first to do so were powerful experts from the Three Great Daoist Societies, who unleashed all of the divine abilities they could; some even self-detonated.

However, in the moment that the Sixth Mountain collapsed, three dazzling beams of light shot out from within the rubble of the mountain. Instantly, they locked down onto the position of the female Paragon, where they transformed into a triangular sealing mark, completely trapping her!

“That’s all you’ve got?!” she laughed coldly, seemingly taking it all in stride. In her original attempt to destroy the Sixth Mountain, the sudden development had occurred with the 17th Heaven, leaving her no choice but to destroy it. At that time, she had guessed that the Mountain and Sea Realm was now resorting to calling upon sleeper agents within the 33 Heavens to try to delay her. In that case, they would most certainly have other tricks planned.

Therefore, the sudden appearance of this sealing mark from within the crumbling Sixth Mountain was nothing surprising. However, even in the moment in which she prepared to cast off the sealing mark, the three Doyens, who had only just made their appearance in the battle, suddenly blurred and disappeared from their current locations. Shockingly, when they reappeared, they were positioned at the corners of that triangle!

“I am the Sublime Spirit Doyen!”

“I am the Dao Divinity Doyen!”

“I am the Heaven Severing Doyen!”

“Our mission has been to wait until your arrival, and use our lives, use our Daos, to seal you tight!!”

Chapter 1380: Three Scriptures Seal the Almighty!

“We didn’t take action before, and even when you first made your appearance we only focused on defense!”

“Today, we three will repay our debt to the Mountain and Sea Realm!”

“Three Scriptures Seal the Almighty!” These three Doyens were extremely mysterious figures. For countless years, they had never made a single appearance. The scriptures they cultivated had been disseminated in the world, but had not actually been created by these individuals. The Doyens were merely the guardians of the scriptures.

The three old men sat down cross-legged and closed their eyes, whereupon the magical symbols of the scriptures began to swirl around them and form a sealing mark!

They planned to use the power of their scriptures to seal this female Paragon!

“We shall sacrifice our longevity to power the three classic scriptures and seal you. It will not be an eternal seal, but it will last long enough to alter the state of this battle!”

The 8-Essences Paragon frowned and waved her right index finger. However, she was incapable of breaking open the sealing mark. Meanwhile, Paragon Sea Dream and the Paragon puppet burst back onto the battlefield, using their Paragon power to completely change the state of the battle.

“You really think you can change the tide of battle like this?” the 8-Essences Paragon said with a laugh. Even as her laughter rang out, a seemingly unremarkable Outsider inside the army suddenly began to tremble, then looked up and screamed. Then, his body began to swell, and unexpectedly, he began to absorb numerous surrounding Outsiders. Within the space of a few breaths of time, he had transformed into a huge ball of flesh fully 3,000 meters across, which hovered there in the starry

sky.

That ball of flesh actually had facial features, and if you looked closely, it resembled a head. When the eyes opened, they glowed with coldness. At the same time, laughter rang out.

“Interesting. It seems that I need to make an appearance after all.” The ball of flesh then rapidly shrank down into the shape of a person.

It was a middle-aged man wearing a long red robe. He was very odd-looking, with an extremely large head that seemed disproportionate to his body. A twisted smile could be seen on his face, and a murderous aura sprang out as he took a step forward toward Sea Dream and the Paragon puppet.

As he appeared in front of them, Paragon Sea Dream’s face fell, as did the faces of all the other powerful experts. Even the three great Doyens’ eyes widened.

“This aura.... You’re not cultivators of the 33 Heavens. You’re from... those other two powers!!”

At this point, more than ten other Outsiders within the huge army began to roar, grow in size, and absorb nearby Outsiders. Soon, more than ten powerful experts had appeared on the battlefield.

Although their cultivation base fluctuations didn’t put them at the Paragon level, based on their battle prowess, they were equivalent to Imperial Lords. As soon as they appeared, they began to laugh as they charged toward the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators.

Their auras were very strange. Clearly, they weren’t Mountain and Sea cultivators, nor were they cultivators from the 33 Heavens. There was even a force of expulsion pushing against them, although it was incapable of actually driving them out!

That was because they had not come as their true selves, but instead, had used their souls to perform a sort of possession, and thus force their way in.

Shockingly, one of these new arrivals possessed one of the giants, who

suddenly grew far larger than before. Throwing his head back and howling, he charged forth into battle; as he did, the stars on his forehead began to spin, causing an intense murderous aura to flare up.

In the briefest of moments, the Mountain and Sea Realm once again began to suffer heavy losses.

The Seventh Sea was no more, and the Seventh Mountain... was being besieged by millions upon millions of Outsiders. It didn't take long before that same mountain began to collapse into pieces. Once again, the battle was completely out of balance.

As of this moment, there were only two Seas and two Mountains left in the entire Realm!

It was a moment of grave crisis, and seemingly impending destruction. Millions upon millions of Outsiders were now under the leadership of numerous powerful experts, who led them into the Eighth Sea. However, it was at that point that a light arrow suddenly shot out from the Eighth Mountain, which almost instantly appeared in front of the giant with the stars on his forehead.

Roaring, the giant clenched his right hand into a fist and punched out at the arrow.

A huge boom echoed out as the light arrow shattered. However, the giant let out a muffled groan as he staggered backward. Simultaneously, his right arm exploded, and much of his body was severely damaged. Blood sprayed out of his mouth even as a second light arrow closed in. However, that arrow didn't slam into the giant, but rather, the Eighth Sea itself!

The Eighth Sea had long since been laced with restrictive spells, which were now activated by that light arrow, causing the entire Sea to begin to roar. Countless rings of light appeared on the surface of the water, which rose up and then exploded in shocking fashion.

Instantly, miserable shrieks began to ring out as countless Outsiders were shredded to pieces by the explosive restrictive spells.

Of course, those deaths didn't count much when compared to the size of the Outsider army as a whole, and couldn't even be called a serious blow. The effect on their morale was significant though.

"Who are you?!?!" bellowed the armless, seriously injured giant, throwing his head back and roaring. All of the other powerful experts who had recently appeared also turned to stare at the Eighth Mountain.

There, a bright light appeared, which shot out from the Eighth Mountain at top speed toward the battlefield.

It was none other than Meng Hao!

Shockingly, he was followed by scores of Outsider beasts. It was impossible to determine how, but he had somehow incited them to follow his orders. Roaring, they shot toward the battlefield with vicious expressions on their faces.

The tide of battle was constantly shifting in numerous unexpected ways. Of the two 8-Essences Paragons, one had begun to fight Shui Dongliu, after which the two of them had vanished. As for the other, she was temporarily sealed in place by the three Doyens.

Paragon Sea Dream and the Paragon puppet were currently fighting a desperate battle with the large-headed cultivator.

Meng Hao's appearance on the scene changed things once again. He stopped the advance of the Outsider army, and yet simultaneously, was now facing the charge of the more than ten recently arrived powerful experts, some of whom were giants.

As Meng Hao began to fight them, the army itself once again began to march into the Eighth Sea. Before long, the sea itself was vanquished, and the army proceed onward toward the Eighth Mountain.

It was at this point that a light sigh suddenly rang out, and someone flew out from the Ninth Mountain and Sea to appear in front of the Outsider army. Shockingly, behind this person could be seen an illusory world, almost as if he had come from within that world itself.

"I've come to help, little brother," said an ancient voice, filled with

warmth and kindness. This person was a young man, whose expression was that of extreme loneliness. It was as if he should never have appeared in this day and age, and yet, here he was.

It was none other than... Ke Jiusi!!

He had come from the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, which had long since faded away into history, to appear on this battlefield. As soon as he appeared, another sigh could be heard from the illusory world behind him. That sigh came from... true spirit Night!

As the sigh echoed out, Night apparently opened his eyes within that illusory world. In that very instant, fully a million Outsiders suddenly vanished. When they reappeared, they were in an era of time that no one could see. They were back in the Ancient Demon Immortal Sect, during its most flourishing and golden era. Instantly, fighting broke out!!

Ke Jiusi was not the only person to appear at this critical moment in the battle. A Daoist couple suddenly flew out from the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Behind the woman were countless cultivators who had blank expressions on their faces, and yet seemed filled with madness and insanity. As for the man, every step he took caused freezing ice to spread out through the starry sky. It was as if he was walking upon frost soil!

These two were none other than... Frost Soil Demon Emperor Han Shan and his wife!!

"Meng Hao, young friend, I've come." Han Shan's appearance on the scene caused ice to spread throughout all Heaven and Earth.

Although his cultivation base was not very high, his debut filled the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm with a new desire to fight, with new braveness. After Han Shan, Lord Ji appeared, as did Grandpa Meng.

Then came the experts of the Fang Clan.

All of the various sects from the Ninth Mountain and Sea joined in. Meng Hao even saw Fatty. Although he was obviously frightened, he instantly flew into battle with the Outsiders. And then there was Meng Hao's Master... Pill Demon, who also began to fight in this final battle with

the Outsiders.

There were many familiar faces who all came to the Eighth Mountain to fight....

The Eighth Mountain was the battlefield, and it was filled with Outsiders and Mountain and Sea cultivators. Bitter and deadly fighting caused rumbling explosions to echo out constantly. Faced against such an endless sea of Outsiders, everyone put everything on the line to fight.

Meng Hao was shaken, but there was no time to ponder his apprehensions. He was incapable of going to personally help the people that he knew, and was instead forced to fight these powerful experts who were clearly not from the 33 Heavens. Their divine abilities and techniques were things that he had never seen before.

That was especially true of the giants, whose formidable fleshly body power was absolutely terrifying.

Booms rang out, and people were dying left and right. Meng Hao's eyes were bloodshot as he called upon the full level of his cultivation base to levy one deadly attack after another. He used the Mountain Consuming Incantation to summon numerous mountains, and he transformed into an azure roc, with infinitely sharp talons.

The Blood Demon appeared, roaring, and the Paragon Bridge descended to crush all. Meng Hao was almost like a phantom who flickered back and forth to fight more than ten enemies at once.

A boom rang out as one of the giants coughed up blood. A look of disbelief could be seen on his face as his chest caved in under one of Meng Hao's fist strikes. His heart was shattered, and blood sprayed out everywhere, completely soaking Meng Hao.

"God blood? Not very pure, but good nonetheless." Sensing the extraordinary nature of the God blood, Meng Hao flickered into motion, once again leaping into the fighting. Spitting some blood out of his mouth, he faced off against the dozen or so enemies and then began to laugh heartily. Waving his hand, he summoned the copper mirror, which transformed into the Battle Weapon. Then the meat jelly flew out and

became a suit of armor.

“Alright, bring it on!” Meng Hao roared, laughing madly, a ferocious expression on his face. His friends and family were all fighting bitterly, how could he not stand by their side!?

Off in the distance, the Three Great Daoist Societies were fighting with all the power they could muster. The boom of self-detonation occasionally rang out, as the Mountain and Sea Realm fought with utter madness. By now, they had fought the Outsider army to a standstill, and were no longer suffering successive defeats.

The Outsiders were finally facing the true madness of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Suddenly, a voice rang out from the collapsed ruins of the Sixth Mountain. “This is all useless. This time, you people will be completely wiped out!”

It was none other than the female Paragon. By now, the three Doyens who surrounded her were withering away into skin and bones. However, they still held on. It was at this point that their disciples flew toward them, sitting down behind them cross-legged to support them with their own longevity!

“How long can you keep me pinned down?” the Paragon asked. “Your three classic scriptures are extraordinary. Paramount Daoist scriptures from the Paragon Immortal Realm. Unfortunately, your cultivation bases are not at the Paragon level. Therefore, how could you possibly keep me sealed for any length of time? In fact, are you even capable of holding on right now? The moment that I’m free, is the moment that the Mountain and Sea Realm... will face complete and utter destruction!”

Chapter 1381: Fierce Killing!

The 8-Essences Paragon remained within the triangular sealing mark. As she looked out at the Mountain and Sea Realm, she spoke, her voice cool, “The Mountain and Sea Realm is doomed.... All bloodlines will be wiped out. Nothing will remain. The fact that you have been able to keep fighting till this point shows that the 33 Heavens truly underestimated you people.

“However... with absolute power like ours, you will fade away into the passage of time. The glory of the Immortal World should have become nothing more than ash. The fact that you are still gasping for life will merely ensure that, through all history, Immortals will be scorned and derided.”

As her words echoed out, they could be heard by all of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“I’m curious. Did you people actually think that there was still hope for you? After the 33 Heavens are the other two great worlds, the Devil Realm and the Immortal God Continent. Those two great powers are immeasurably close....

“What makes you think your trifling Mountains and Seas could possibly fight them? Your bloodlines will be expunged. Your minds will be erased. None of you... will survive.”

As the 8-Essences Paragon looked out at the Mountain and Sea Realm, nothing she saw there was worthy of her gaze, not even Meng Hao. Instead, she focused on a location that only she could see, between the Eighth and Ninth Mountains. There, the other 8-Essences Paragon was fighting someone who even she could not completely fathom. He was also the only person who could strike fear into her heart.

As for the other mysterious experts who existed, either they didn’t wish to make a move against her, or for various other reasons were content to simply observe what was happening.

“Shui Dongliu.... You are simply a body possessed by a discarnate soul. In that case... what exactly are you trying to accomplish? This war was

obviously fated to play out this way.” The 8-Essences female Paragon frowned. The fact that she couldn’t unravel this mystery caused doubt to bubble up in her heart.

The war of the Mountains and Seas continued. The Eighth Mountain shuddered as the Outsider army fought bitterly with the Mountain and Sea cultivators. Heaven shook and the Earth quaked. The starry sky was shattered, and even the Eighth Mountain itself was beginning to crack and crumble.

Paragon Sea Dream and the Paragon puppet were still fighting the large-headed expert, who fought in a very bizarre fashion. He was adept at using fleshly body techniques, and was able to single-handedly take on both of them, and even prevent them from slipping away to fight elsewhere.

In other areas, vicious Outsiders fought bitterly with the Mountain and Sea cultivators.

Meng Hao was also in great danger, surrounded by more than ten enemies, including giants. Roars filled the air, and the glow of magical techniques rose up. Meng Hao’s hair was completely disheveled, and he was going all out with everything he had at his disposal. The Life-Extermination, Bedevilment, and God-Slaying fists shook the starry sky. Finally, he overwhelmed one of his opponents, who coughed up blood as he was completely annihilated.

Meng Hao was gasping for breath as he turned and split the starry sky with the Battle Weapon. A brilliant cascade of light flashed out toward two enemies, who were completely shocked as their heads flew off of their bodies.

Meng Hao’s hands were shaking; the price he had paid to be able to kill three individuals in quick succession was that he was blasted by the divine abilities from the rest of the group. Even worse, he was hit by a fist strike from the giant.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth, but thanks to the meat jelly, he wasn’t grievously injured. Even as he began to recover, thanks to the

Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation, his eyes glimmered with brutality, and he extended his left hand, unleashing the Star Plucking Magic to grab one of the enemy cultivators. Even as he was about to crush the man's throat, the other surrounding enemies unleashed numerous divine abilities.

In the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint, Meng Hao laughed viciously and refused to retreat. Ceasing his attempt to drag the cultivator toward him, he lunged forward and head-butted the man in the forehead.

A boom rang out, accompanied by a bloodcurdling scream, whereupon the man's head exploded. Meng Hao was completely soaked in blood and gore, making him look thoroughly vicious as he threw his head back and howled. The surrounding enemies exchanged glances, then suddenly flew up into the air and unexpectedly began to merge together!

Their bodies were apparently formed by strange powers, and had been pieced together from other bodies. Now, they began to merge together. Even the giants joined in, and in the blink of an eye, all of them transformed into a single new entity!

It was a colossal giant, fully 3,000 meters tall, which immediately began to emanate a crushing pressure. Most shocking of all was that the giant had eight faces on different parts of its body.

Those eight faces belonged to the eight people who had formed the body, six of whom were cultivators and two of whom were giants of the God tribe.

Howling, the giant began to charge toward Meng Hao, right hand spinning through the air with explosive speed to almost instantly appear in front of him. Meng Hao's eyes widened, and he immediately summoned the Paragon Bridge to defend himself.

A huge boom echoed out, and blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth. Even as Meng Hao staggered backward several paces, the giant also fell back, trembling, all eight faces letting out roars.

Meng Hao wiped the blood from his lips, and his eyes flickered with

killing intent.

“Paragon level power?”

The giant ground to a halt and glared at Meng Hao for a moment before bursting forward again. As it closed in on Meng Hao, he suddenly opened his mouth wide and unleashed a mighty roar upon Meng Hao.

The roar of a God!

A shockwave burst out into the starry sky, tearing rifts open. At the same time, the sound waves coming from the giant’s mouth turned corporeal as they blasted toward Meng Hao.

When they hit him, blood oozed out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. The meat jelly armor began to crack and crumble, although it held on and continued to protect Meng Hao.

Meng Hao’s right hand quivered as he was shoved back. The sound was so intensely powerful that, were it not for the meat jelly, his organs would already have been crushed into a paste.

The giant then strode forward, unleashing a palm strike. Meng Hao, being unable to dodge, met it directly. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and he was flung back. More cracks spread out across the meat jelly armor, and yet it continued to hold fast. Meng Hao felt bad about that, but in this critical moment of life or death, he had to stay focused on the giant.

“I’ve seen a divine ability like that before....” he thought, his eyes flickering with killing intent.

The roar didn’t last for very long. However, as soon as it faded away, the giant roared again, and the explosive sound wave once again closed in on Meng Hao.

Even as the second sound wave closed in, the starstone in Meng Hao’s eye flickered, spreading out to cover his entire body. As the roar bore down, he transformed into an asteroid, which braced up against the sound and then began to move toward the giant.

Under the power of the sound wave, the asteroid began to transform into

ash, shrinking down rapidly. By the time it was only about thirty meters away from the giant, the asteroid form collapsed, and Meng Hao appeared. However, he quickly transformed into an azure roc, which shot onward at incredible speed.

In the blink of an eye, the azure roc was flayed into chunks of gore and blood, but it managed to continue on. Despite the giant falling into retreat, Meng Hao was now less than ten meters away from it!

That distance... was enough!

Even as the azure roc collapsed, the giant's pupils constricted with fear. It was at this point that Meng Hao's human form stepped out from the remains of the roc. A murderous aura erupted out as he hefted the Battle Weapon and slashed it down viciously toward the retreating giant!

Within the scintillating blade light, the image of a parrot could be seen. The parrot seemed determined, bereaved, even maddened. It was the first time Meng Hao had ever seen it in such a state. The sound of the screaming blade caused the giant's eyes to widen with disbelief, and then the blade slashed into it.

RUMBLE!!

The giant staggered back, simultaneously collapsing into countless pieces. Numerous miserable shrieks could be heard as the five of the eight bodies which had formed the giant transformed into ash and powder. Simultaneously, roars of disbelief could be heard echoing out from one of the land masses speeding toward the Mountain and Sea Realm out in the Vast Expanse.

Meanwhile, the three people who had not been killed were now staring at Meng Hao's blade in terror. Without any hesitation, they began to flee.

Meng Hao's face was pale white as he instantly gave chase. His speed was incredible, and he caught up with one of them almost immediately, unhesitatingly grabbing the man and unleashing the Blood Demon Grand Magic. Instantly, he began to absorb his qi and blood, as well as his soul, which in turn increased the effectiveness of the Green Emperor's Eternal Incantation.

The cultivator screamed, and almost instantly withered up. In the blink of an eye, he became a dessicated corpse. At the same time, Meng Hao visibly recovered, then turned to pursue the other two cultivators.

Each one cried the same thing. "Save me!"

They fled at top speed, shocked expressions on their faces. These were not cultivators from the 33 Heavens. They had possessed bodies to come here, and were not the type of people who could be killed easily. If they died, they would be resurrected back in their homeland. After all, what had come here were not their full souls.

And yet, they had just watched this stranger kill five of their compatriots. Most terrifying of all was that not only did their soul fragments perish here, but his bizarre blade caused their true forms to perish as well!

Even more terrifying was that this person could absorb their qi, their blood, and their souls. That left them completely shaken and in fear.

"He can really kill us!!"

"How could this be possible?!?"

In their terror, they fled at top speed. Meng Hao was just about to give chase when suddenly his expression flickered, and he looked up in the direction of the shattered Sixth Mountain.

There, the three Doyens who were keeping the 8-Essences Paragon sealed were now in a state of extreme withering. That was especially true of the Heaven Severing Doyen, who had apparently already run out of life force.

"You can't keep me sealed here," the female Paragon said coolly. Then, she slowly reached out toward the sealing mark itself.

Chapter 1382: Three Scripture Spikes!

The parrot had once mentioned that as far as it knew, cultivating the three classic scriptures of the Mountain and Sea Realm could lead to becoming a Doyen. Meng Hao had always wondered exactly how powerful Doyens were, as he had never met such legendary figures.

It had seemed... that they were figures who existed above the Mountain and Sea Lords.

However, that was merely what the legends said. In this battle, the appearance of the 8-Essences female Paragon enabled Meng Hao to finally see the three great Doyens, and now he could sense... the auras of Imperial Lords upon them!

Doyens were comparable to Imperial Lords!

In fact, Meng Hao couldn't help but notice that there was something strange within the fluctuations emanating from the three Doyens. However, by the time he had shown up on the battlefield, the three Doyens were already in the midst of sealing the female Paragon. Plus, he himself was involved in a deadly struggle, and the intensity of the fighting made it impossible for him to study them closely. However, deep in his heart, that suspicion remained.

He distinctly remembered the Parrot saying that within the Mountain and Sea Realm, the Sublime Spirit Scripture had its Sublime Spirit Doyen, and the Dao Divinity Scripture had its Dao Divinity Doyen. However, the Heaven Severing Scripture... had never given rise to a Heaven Severing Doyen! 1

And yet, it was very obvious that, as of this moment, there was indeed a Heaven Severing Doyen, although he seemed to be the weakest of the three, and apparently, had already withered away into death. In fact, it seemed that his death was causing the seal to weaken, and prompt the 8-Essences Paragon to probe for a way to break it.

Although Meng Hao hadn't put too much thought into such matters back then, at least now he was able to bear witness to... the power of the

Doyens!

The 8-Essences Paragon's words were still echoing out when she reached out to touch the sealing mark. Instantly, the triangular seal began to collapse. As it did, the entire area around her was thrown into chaos, which was to be expected. Because of the power contained in the seal, as it shattered, the innumerable threads which held the Paragon in place began to shudder.

They couldn't hold on for long, and as the seal crumbled, those threads began to vanish one by one. The area that was maintained by the Heaven Severing Doyen was the first to become devoid of such threads.

Next were the areas controlled by the other two Doyens, who were now in a state of extreme withering. In fact, the three young disciples behind each of the three Doyens were now virtual corpses as well.

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

As the seal fell apart, the 8-Essences Paragon was preparing to step out into the open. Once she did, she would unleash her 8-Essences cultivation base, and considering that there was no one to stand in her way, the battle would quickly be over. The Mountain and Sea Realm would not even be able to last long enough to see the arrival of the Immortal God Realm and the Devil Realm. The Realm would be crushed, and all of its people eliminated.

However, it was at this point that the Sublime Spirit Doyen suddenly opened his eyes, and they shone with a bizarre light. The disciple behind him also opened his eyes, and his expression was one of complete calm, as though this was a moment which he had prepared for his entire life.

"Wei'er," the Doyen said, "you took me as your Master when you were seven years old. I feel that over the years, I... never treated you as well as I should have."

"Master, I have no regrets," the corpse-like young man replied. "If there really is another life after this one, sir, then I hope I can still call you my Master!"

Without the slightest hesitation, he suddenly collapsed into pieces, sacrificing all of his life force, even his soul, to become boundless scripture power, which then fused into his Master, the Sublime Spirit Doyen.

In that instant, the Sublime Spirit Doyen's flesh and blood once again grew strong, and his eyes began to blaze. He quickly returned to the peak state of his power. However, just as quickly, he began to wither again, as all of that qi and blood, all of his soul power and cultivation base, everything that was him, began to converge on his forehead.

A popping sound then rang out as his forehead burst open, and a blood-colored spike flew out!

Countless scriptural symbols swirled around that spike, which was none other than the Sublime Spirit Scripture. That spike was made from bone, and was the combination of everything that the master and apprentice has sacrificed. All of that formed together into... the Sublime Spirit Spike!!

As soon as that spike appeared, the Sublime Spirit Doyen closed his eyes in death. As he died, his expression was calm, although touches of sadness and guilt could also be seen....

Although the Mountain and Sea Realm found no fault with him, nor did his apprentice, he felt regret for how he had treated that apprentice.

"If there is an afterlife...."

RUMBLE!

The Sublime Spirit Spike formed by the Sublime Spirit Doyen and his apprentice then shot toward the 8-Essences Paragon with indescribable speed.

The female Paragon's face flickered for the first time. Because of the chaos of the crumbling sealing mark which surrounding her, she was inhibited, and the terrifying spike had her completely cornered!!

She simply couldn't escape!

Apparently, sealing her was only one aspect of the trap which had been

laid for her. The truly explosive part of the plan was to be carried out when the seal was broken. That plan was... self-sacrifice!!

A massive boom echoed out as the spike drove its way into the 8-Essences Paragon's chest, in the region of her heart. The vicious stabbing of the spike elicited a miserable shriek, which was the exact moment in which the Dao Divinity Doyen opened his eyes.

As the Dao Divinity Doyen sighed, his apprentice behind him gave a carefree laugh. "Master, there is no need for you to feel regret. I am a caretaker of the scripture, and have known all along how things would end. I have long since prepared myself. Master, you gave me my life, and the only regret I have is that I won't be able to care for you any longer.

"Master, let me take the first step...."

The apprentice exploded, transforming into countless scriptural symbols which shot toward his Master, the Dao Divinity Doyen.

The Dao Divinity Doyen's body instantly recovered. Sighing quietly, he nodded his head, and then without any hesitation, allowed his own body to wither as his qi and blood, his life force, his soul, his everything, converged on his forehead.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as a spike suddenly flew out.

It was... the Dao Divinity Spike!!

The spike contained boundless divine sense as it shot forth, causing Heaven and Earth to shake violently. The sky faded and a wind screamed as it shot toward the 8-Essences Paragon. She had first been pinned down by the effects of the sealing mark shattering, and had been unable to avoid the Sublime Spirit Spike. Now that the Sublime Spirit Spike was stabbed into her, how could she possibly avoid... the Dao Divinity Spike!?

A bang rang out as the spike stabbed into the Paragon's forehead, directly into her brain!

A bloodcurdling scream rang out from her mouth, and a tremor ran through her. Her hair was in complete disarray as she fell back. She managed to break free of the sealing mark, and then rotated her

cultivation base like mad to try to push the two spikes out of her, two spikes which filled her with a sense of extreme danger.

However, it was at this point that the completely withered Heaven Severing Doyen suddenly opened his eyes.

He was not dead!

As he opened his eyes, there was something very different within them, as though he was no longer the Heaven Severing Doyen, but rather, someone else!

He looked over at the fleeing 8-Essences Paragon, and sighed. As he sighed, the withered youth behind him transformed into countless scriptural symbols which then poured into the Heaven Severing Doyen.

The young man died without saying a single word. However, his eyes were filled with decisiveness and determination, and not the slightest bit of hesitation could be seen in his actions.

As the Heaven Severing Doyen absorbed those symbols, a sound like a sharp inhalation of breath could be heard. At the same time, the old man's aura suddenly grew even stranger than before.

In fact, it seemed as if his cultivation base were rising, causing that strangeness in his aura to become more intense.

"I... am not actually the Heaven Severing Doyen!" he said softly, as if he were giving voice to his memories. An expression of sadness appeared on his face as he slowly turned his head to look first at the Ninth Mountain and Sea, then at the forces of the Fang Clan within the army, and finally... at Meng Hao.

That glance was one which contained a reluctance to part; as well as profound sighing and sadness. And when he looked at Meng Hao, it contained love, as if he were looking at his own progeny.

"Hao'er, you've grown up...." he murmured.

Meng Hao wasn't sure why, but when he saw the eyes of the Heaven Severing Doyen, he felt his heart trembling. He began to shake, and even

pant, as... a familiar sensation rose up sharply within him.

“That’s....” He felt like lightning was striking at his mind. This person should have looked like a stranger, but as of this moment, as those eyes seemed to pierce into his memories, he remembered images from when he was a child. He remembered an old man holding him gently, and that man’s eyes suddenly seemed exactly like these eyes.

“Grandpa Fang...!” he cried out.

As of this instant, everyone in the Fang Clan was reacting to the Heaven Severing Doyen looking at them. Their faces flickered, filling with disbelief and shock as they looked back at him.

Suddenly, the Heaven Severing Doyen’s face began to change. Now, it looked very similar to Fang Xiufeng’s, and also similar to Meng Hao’s. His face... seemed threatening without being angry!

He was none other than... Meng Hao’s Grandpa Fang. Fang Xiufeng’s father! The previous Grand Elder of the Fang Clan, a man who excelled in both terms of latent talent and powers of understanding. His name was... Fang Hehai! 2

Years ago, he and Meng Hao’s Grandpa Meng had gone looking for an Outsider to help save Meng Hao. That Outsider had returned, but they never did. It wasn’t until Meng Hao went to the Eighth Mountain and Sea that he found out that his Grandpa Meng was the Lord of the Eighth Mountain and Sea.

At that time, he had always wondered... where his Grandpa Fang was. His Grandpa Meng had even told him that he wasn’t in the Realm.

Meng Hao had previously speculated that perhaps his Grandpa Fang... had been hiding somewhere in the 33 Heavens.

But as of this moment, after seeing the face of the Heaven Severing Doyen, his mind reeled as he realized... that this absolutely was the same man who existed in his memories. His Grandpa Fang!

“But why did Grandpa Meng say that he wasn’t in the Realm?” That was the question that immediately popped into his mind.

It was in this moment that Heaven Severing Doyen, Fang Hehai, looked away. Filled with ferocious determination, he looked at the retreating 8-Essences Paragon, and then his forehead exploded.

“Heaven Severing.... Spike!”

*

1. The parrot talked about the Doyens of the three scriptures in chapter 338.
2. Fang Hehai was actually first mentioned in chapter 899.

Chapter 1383: The Staff of Dao Fang!

The three Doyens' true purpose had been to deal with an 8-Essences Paragon from the 33 Heavens. They struck out, sealing that Paragon, and yet that was only one part of their purpose. The true killing blow came in the form of the three spikes!

By using the scriptural power within themselves, as well as the assistance of the custodians of the scriptures, their apprentices, they transformed into three scripture spikes. When those spikes stabbed into someone, that person's cultivation base would be sealed. Even an 8-Essences expert who was struck by them would find their cultivation base severely dropped, if not for all eternity, then at least for a significantly long period of time!

That person would drop from the 8-Essences level to the 7-Essences level, and perhaps even cease to be a Paragon.

Moments ago....

The danger felt by the 8-Essences Paragon caused her to tremble. She had considered every angle to the situation, but had never imagined that the Mountain and Sea Realm would be equipped in such a way. Nor could she ever have imagined that these Doyens, who were comparable to Imperial Lords, would just sit and watch countless Mountain and Sea cultivators die, and would do nothing as the First through Seventh Mountains were destroyed.

Such patience was terrifying, and left the 8-Essences Paragon completely shaken.

And that was because she had no idea how many other tricks the Mountain and Sea Realm was patiently waiting to reveal!

It was even possible to say that the longer the Mountain and Sea Realm kept fighting, the worse things were going for the 33 Heavens, and the more likely that they might eventually lose.

As the 8-Essences Paragon fell back, she looked at the Heaven Severing

Doyen, and what drew her attention most was his aura. Previously, she had taken him to be dead, and could never have imagined that it had all been a trick!

“This is all a trap! A trap prepared for countless years to target an 8-Essences Paragon!!

“This man is the Heaven Severing Doyen, and at the same time, is not. The one who died before truly was a person who had cultivated the Heaven Severing Scripture to the point where he was on the very cusp of reaching the Doyen level.

“But this man here... is a discarnate soul who was placed into the body of the Heaven Severing Doyen by means of some grand magic. He is like a second life; should the Heaven Severing Doyen actually die, then the discarnate soul would possess the body, and thus still be able to wield... the Heaven Severing Scripture!!”

The 8-Essences Paragon’s face fell as she realized all these things. However, it was at this point that the voice of Heaven Severing Doyen Fang Hehai’s voice echoed out through the Heavens.

“Heaven Severing Spike!”

His forehead exploded open in a mass of crimson blood as a spike burst out, filled with scriptural power that could end the Heavens and crush the Earth. It flew out with incredible speed, and at the same time, Fang Hehai’s body withered rapidly, until his aura was completely gone.

In the moment before his eyes shut... he looked over at his grandson, his most cherished descendant, the blood of his blood who made him more proud than anyone else.

He had no desire to part ways, and his gaze was filled with both sadness and well wishes....

Finally, he closed his eyes.

Rumbling echoed out as the spike shot toward the 8-Essences Paragon with incredible speed. As for Meng Hao, he was trembling. That was his own grandfather, who had gone missing for years all because of him.

“Grandpa....” he murmured, tears welling up and spilling down his cheeks. Up to this point in the war, countless Mountain and Sea cultivators had felt the pain of watching friends and family die. Now, it was Meng Hao’s turn.

“No....”

Wails rose up from within the Fang Clan. Eyes turned red as tears poured down their faces. According to the ancient saying, ‘lead the people like your family.’ The Fang Clan members couldn’t help but think of that saying as they watched what was happening.

Rumbling could be heard as the crimson Heaven Severing Spike bore down upon the 8-Essences Paragon. She already had two spikes stabbed into her, throwing her cultivation base into chaos. Therefore, she was incapable of evading the final spike as it stabbed into her dantian, causing a miserable scream to echo out from her mouth. However, at the same time, a look of determination flashed in her eyes.

She had no time to ponder the matter in full. She was not a cultivator of the 33 Heavens; she and the other 8-Essences Paragon had both come by means of possession. However, she was not a discarnate soul, she was a full and complete soul.

She had stayed behind after the defeat of the Paragon Immortal Realm, in order to stand guard within the 33 Heavens. Her mission was to be prepared to make an early attack should the item sought by the two powers suddenly appear. If that happened, she was to wipe out the Mountain and Sea Realm and then wait to receive the two other powers.

But now, those two powers were still on their way, and her cultivation base was suddenly suppressed. The battle was dragging on, and the resources at the disposal of the Mountain and Sea Realm left her terrified.

Having no other choice, she screamed two words at the top of her lungs.

“Dao Fang!!”

Even as the Heaven Severing Spike stabbed into her, she called the words out, almost as if she were uttering a curse. If you looked at her mouth, it

would seem like numerous sounds were emerging, but what echoed in the ears of all that could hear were only two characters!

Dao Fang!

In the moment that those two characters echoed out, backed by her curse-like delivery, at the very apex of the starry sky from whence the 33 Heavens had descended, a sinister voice suddenly rang out to fill the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, causing it and all of the Heavens to shake.

“I require a sacrifice from you.”

The Heaven Severing Spike stabbed all the way into the 8-Essences Paragon’s dantian in the same moment that the voice echoed out. A tremor ran through her, and her cultivation base began to drop. Instantly, one of her Essences was sealed, putting her at the 7-Essences level. Even then, she continued to weaken, until she was only a hair away from dropping completely out of the Paragon level!

Her face was pale as she spit out a mouthful of her blood, causing some of her soul’s longevity to fly out, lowering it by sixty percent.

The sacrificed portion of her soul’s longevity transformed into numerous threads which shot up into the starry sky toward its very apex. Then, the 8-Essences Paragon began to laugh.

“Mountain and Sea Realm, you are doomed to be destroyed!”

Suddenly, at the highest point in the starry sky, a deep golden light flooded out. If you looked closely, you would see that it was a staff!

A gargantuan, shocking staff, which whistled down through the void toward the Eighth Mountain and Sea!

It was as if some unimaginably large giant were wielding that staff, causing the entire starry sky to tremble and shake. Massive rumbling sounds filled the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea as they shook violently and began to crumble. Finally, they exploded.

One strike of a staff destroyed an entire Mountain and Sea!

“Eee?” said a sinister voice, which sounded somewhat surprised. “How

come the Mountains and Seas seem so much weaker?” When the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm heard the voice, they were completely shaken, and looked up into the starry sky to see an enormous figure approaching the Mountain and Sea Realm.

He held a staff over his shoulder, and as his features became clear, he was revealed to be... a humanoid monkey!!

His raging, murderous aura caused the starry sky to be thrown into chaos. A vortex of stars seemed to form around him, causing shocking energy to radiate out.

A single strike from his staff shattered the entire Eighth Mountain and Sea, and left the Mountain and Sea cultivators completely shaken. There were even some who began to cry out in despair.

Meng Hao’s mind was spinning as he stared at the monkey, who was none other than... Dao Fang!

He stood guard outside of the 33 Heavens, maintaining the last barrier imprisoning the Mountain and Sea Realm. After the summons and sacrifice of the 8-Essences Paragon, he was able to descend in person.

Heaven and Earth trembled, and the starry sky shook. It now seemed as if the Mountains and Seas could be completely wiped out at any moment. However, it was at this point that a voice suddenly rang out from within the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

It came from a spot in the void of the starry sky where, all of a sudden, two people appeared. One was Shui Dongliu, and the other was the second 8-Essences Paragon from the 33 Heavens.

It was the middle-aged man who didn’t seem to be an Outsider at all. As soon as he appeared, blood oozed out of the corners of his mouth, and his face was deathly pale as he fell into retreat, staring at Shui Dongliu the entire time. His expression was one of agitation, fear, and even disbelief.

“Nine Seals! It’s you! I can’t believe you’re still alive!!”

Even as the man fell back, a thunderous voice spread out in all directions, which belonged to none other than Shui Dongliu. “Mountain

and Sea Realm cultivators, return to the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Prepare for the final battle!”

His voice seemed to carry a strange power, and as soon as the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators heard it, they instantly trusted it. Without hesitation, they began to fall back, even Paragon Sea Dream and the other powerful experts.

As the Mountain and Sea Realm’s forces began to retreat to the Ninth Mountain and Sea, the 8-Essences female Paragon seemed inclined to stop them, but was unable. As for the 8-Essences male Paragon, his eyes flashed, but fear lingered in his heart, and he did nothing to interfere.

However... the newly arrived Dao Fang’s lips twisted into a cold smile. The staff which he carried slung over his shoulders suddenly flashed out toward the cultivators who were retreating into the Ninth Mountain and Sea.

The staff was a deep gold color, and moved with incredible quickness. As it bore down on the Ninth Mountain, it grew longer and longer, until it was on the very brink of smashing down onto its target.

It was at this point that a cold snort echoed out, and Shui Dongliu took a step forward to appear atop the Ninth Mountain. He extended his hand and waved his sleeve, causing rumbling sounds to fill the air. The Ninth Mountain trembled as a boundless power flowed out from Shui Dongliu’s sleeve, slamming into the staff.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

It was as if the staff had been blocked by some powerful force. It was incapable of moving any further down, and was in fact sent rebounding back. Dao Fang’s pupils constricted as the staff vibrated in his right hand. Shui Dongliu had used only his own strength to block that staff, and although his face was a bit flushed, he seemed none the worse for the wear. The truth was that his qi and blood were churning, and his soul was unstable, and yet, his eyes were calm as he sighed inwardly.

“I’m... finally getting old....” he thought.

After his attack was repelled, Dao Fang did not make another move. He glanced coldly at the Mountain and Sea cultivators in their retreat, then looked back at the Ninth Mountain, which was now the final stronghold for the forces of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

As of this moment, all that remained... were the Ninth Sea and the Ninth Mountain.

Chapter 1384: Driving a Wedge!

The Mountain and Sea Realm was quiet. All of the surviving cultivators were gathered in the Ninth Mountain. There were only a few million, but those few million had survived a brutal war, and were the elite among the elite. Every one of them, regardless of the level of their cultivation bases, lived now after having braved endless carnage.

These were no longer amateurs when it came to battle. They had gained spirit and hope, and yet all of that... seemed to be wavering now.

How could they win...?

How could they even fight...?

Outside of the Ninth Mountain and Sea was an army of Outsiders tens of millions strong, who had the Mountain and Sea Realm completely surrounded. Further off in the distance were the 18th through 33rd Heavens, like enormous beasts that struck fear into the hearts of those who beheld them.

Most salient of all was the fact that leading this army of Outsiders were not just two 8-Essences Paragons. With the addition of the monkey Dao Fang, they now had three!

Three 8-Essences Paragons.... For all intents and purposes, the moment such a force had been revealed, the Mountain and Sea Realm was already defeated.

The world was lost, and the people were on the verge of being broken. The silent pressure weighing down on the Ninth Mountain and Sea made it seem like a dormant volcano.... No one spoke. Millions of cultivators looked silently at the scene surrounding them; virtually all of them were recovering from the wounds that riddled their bodies.

Did hope... even exist anymore...?

That unanswerable question continued to fester in the minds and hearts of everyone.

The war had turned truly bitter when the First Mountain and Sea was

destroyed, and after that, one Mountain and Sea after another crumbled, until now, all that was left was the Ninth Mountain and Sea. Meng Hao looked out at that very Mountain and Sea, and his heart hurt as he realized that what he was looking at... really was his home.

But as the war raged on, death... became unavoidable. Family and friends alike were about to become nothing more than dust.

At some point, Xu Qing emerged from the crowd to stand at Meng Hao's side. When he saw her, he reached out and clasped her hand. It felt cold.

As she gazed calmly into Meng Hao's eyes, it seemed as if the mere act of holding his hand was the most important thing in the world.

The members of the Fang Clan also made their way to stand by Meng Hao's side. His family came. His friends came. In this moment when all that remained of the Mountain and Sea Realm was the Ninth Mountain and Sea, for many people, Meng Hao was the standard-bearer of them all.

Further off in the distance, Patriarch Reliance sighed, carrying the State of Zhao with him as he also drew close. Also there in the Ninth Mountain and Sea were the Li Clan and the Wang Clan, cold and desolate, just like all of the other various sects and clans present.

Meng Hao could sense his sister's aura on Planet South Heaven; she was with his parents.

As the Mountain and Sea Realm stood there in its silence, Paragon Sea Dream's voice suddenly echoed out.

Looking up at Shui Dongliu, and doing nothing to prevent anyone from hearing her, she said, "You're... really Nine Seals...."

When the Mountain and Sea cultivators heard her words, they also looked up into the sky. Even though not everyone could see what was up above, the bleakness in their hearts suddenly faded, and gradually, hope began to burn again.

They had all heard of Paragon Nine Seals, and throughout the events of the war, they had become more convinced than ever that he was a magnificent, glorious individual. To hear his name now suddenly filled

them with deep anticipation.

Meng Hao looked up at Shui Dongliu, waiting like everyone else to hear his answer.

Shui Dongliu didn't say anything at first. But then, after a moment had passed, he nodded his head and said, "Yes, I am Nine Seals!!"

The instant he spoke those words, all of the cultivators of the Ninth Mountain and Sea were stirred into excitement. It was as if they had been resurrected from the dead, as if they once again had hope.

Nine Seals was a legend in the Mountain and Sea Realm, the Paragon who had actually created the entire Realm. In fact, he could rightly be called the ultimate Patriarch of every cultivator of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Although everyone was excited, there were some people who reacted differently, including Meng Hao, Ksitigarbha, Sea Dream, the Mountain and Sea Lords, and select other individuals who were especially wise and perceptive.

"He's actually not Nine Seals," Meng Hao thought, sighing inwardly. He didn't speak the words aloud, but because of the Paragon's blood inside of him, he knew that Shui Dongliu... was definitely not Paragon Nine Seals.

There was something odd about how Sea Dream had worded her statement, as if her purpose in asking it was to get him to agree with her, and thus stir the passions of the Mountain and Sea cultivators.

If he went along with Sea Dream's words, it would prove that he really wasn't Nine Seals. If he denied her words to be truth... then the possibility still existed that he might actually be Nine Seals.

Meng Hao understood that, as did some of the others, although no one pointed it out aloud.

Numerous sea denizens who floated on the surface of the Ninth Sea first looked out at the scene beyond the Mountain and Sea Realm, then turned to look silently toward the Ninth Mountain. The entire Ninth Sea was currently blanketed by its will.

Even as Shui Dongliu's words stirred the hearts of the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators, the voice of the 8-Essences male cultivator rang out from within the ranks of the Outsider army.

"Immortals of the Mountains and Seas, you... have lost this war. There is no need to continue the fighting. I can represent the 33 Heavens to offer you a chance at survival.

"Surrender. Abandon all resistance. Willingly allow us to seal your cultivation bases and become our slaves. This war... is over.

"If you surrender, some of you may be executed, but the majority will survive. Some sects and clans may be allowed to continue to exist. You might have no freedom, but perhaps... that in itself is a sort of luxury. In any case, you have no other options.

"Fight, or surrender? I will give you the time it takes an incense stick to burn to think. For those of you who wish to surrender, you do not need to state that desire out loud. Doing that might get you killed on the spot.... After the time it takes an incense stick to burn, the 33 Heavens will begin the final charge. Fellow Daoist Xuan Yin, Fellow Daoist Dao Fang, and myself, will also join in to attack the Mountain and Sea Realm full force!

"During the fighting, any who wish to surrender can simply switch sides and fight the Mountain and Sea Realm. We will accept that as your form of surrender!" Eyes glittering, the 8-Essences Paragon waved his hand, causing a stick of burning incense to appear.

What savagely malicious tactics!

By offering such hope to the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators, he also sowed discord among them. When it came time to fight, the cultivators would have to worry, not just about the Outsiders attacking openly, but about their fellow comrades-in-arms. No one could say for sure... what choice people might make in a moment of mortal peril.

Meng Hao's pupils constricted as he realized that, even among the Fang Clan, there were people who appeared to be hesitating in contemplation. Although such expressions quickly vanished, it was impossible to tell whether their temptation had been dispelled, or merely concealed.

The Mountain and Sea Realm was deathly quiet. The cultivators couldn't help but ponder the words of the 8-Essences Paragon. It was a critical juncture, and with the threat of death looming overhead, the idea of becoming a slave, despite being repugnant, was a way to stay alive.

Sea Dream said nothing. Shui Dongliu didn't say a word. The Ninth Sea was completely silent.

The incense stick burned, and time passed. The silence became pressure weighing down on everyone. If Shui Dongliu hadn't just stated that he was Nine Seals, then the Mountain and Sea Realm would likely have already dissolved into chaos.

When faced with life or death, one's choices can easily become irrational....

However, even Shui Dongliu claiming the identity of Nine Seals did not have a huge impact. After all, the overall situation... seemed to be a completely hopeless one.

It was at this point that Shui Dongliu spoke, his voice both ancient and exhausted.

"Life and death are important things to everyone. Ensuring that one's traditions and values can be passed on to future generations is something important to all sects and clans.... To me, being able to pass on the Joss Flame power and the bloodlines of the Mountain and Sea Realm... is also very important.

"Therefore, considering we have fought this war down to this point, any individual, any clan or sect, who wishes to surrender to the 33 Heavens may do so without my interference. I won't kill you. It is your decision to make.

"Make your decision now, and I won't question it. Everyone has their own fate, and I dare not interfere with that. However... once this moment passes, and the fighting begins, anyone who turns traitor on the battlefield can rest assured that even if I die, I will be sure to take those traitors with me into death, along with the Mountain and Sea Realm! Therefore, those of you who wish to surrender will leave the Mountain and Sea Realm post

haste!” Shui Dongliu’s voice contained no viciousness, but instead, an unswerving decisiveness that everyone could detect.

Silence filled the Mountain and Sea Realm. The army of Outsiders looked contemptuously at the cultivators, as though the current turn of events were splendid entertainment.

Then, just when the incense stick was about to finish burning, a sigh rang out from the Ninth Mountain and Sea, from within... one of the great clans... the Wang Clan!

“I speak for the Wang Clan.... We choose to surrender!

“The earliest ancestor of the Wang Clan was not from the Mountain and Sea Realm, and only ended up here by accident.... Therefore, this war of the Mountains and Seas is something we shall not participate in.” The words spoken by the Wang Clan Patriarch caused most of the Wang Clan cultivators to sigh in relief.

However, a few of their number were clearly furious. One of them was Wang Mu, who tried to charge out from the ranks of the Wang Clan. Before he could, an ancient-looking hand reached out and grabbed him.

“NO!!” Wang Mu’s eyes were completely bloodshot as he screamed in defiance. However, the old man behind him sighed, then rendered him unconscious with a palm strike.

In that same moment, a beam of light shot up from within the Wang Clan, as a tall, elegant young man appeared. It was none other than... Wang Tengfei. Although he had his grievances with Meng Hao, in this moment, when the survival of the Realm was on the line, his choice was to stand with the Mountains and Seas.

However, the Wang Clan would not permit it, and he was prevented from leaving.

At the same time that the Wang Clan chose to surrender, the skinny old man in the Wang Clan’s bamboo forest sighed.

“How embarrassing....” he muttered. Shaking his head, he closed his eyes. He would not fight in the battle, but he wanted to see if the

Mountain and Sea Realm... might be able to make a comeback.

After a moment of silence, a bitter voice spoke out from the ranks of another of the great clans, the Li Clan. “I speak for the Li Clan.... We surrender....”

When that voice echoed out, Li Ling’er, who was currently standing next to Paragon Sea Dream, began to tremble.

Tears flowed down her as she cried, “Patriarch, w-what... what are you doing?! We are cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm! I... I can’t believe... I’m even related to you!”

*

Note from Deathblade: Fellow Daoists, at this late stage in the novel, the theme of “you can’t trust what characters say” has been pretty well established. Don’t we all remember the Meng Li / Resurrection Lily incident? Don’t be so quick to just believe what you hear the characters say. I continue to see comments which quote or reference character dialogue as though it were a definitive explanation of cultivation ranks, plot points, history, etc. Just as in real life, the characters in Er Gen’s novels can be wrong, can lie, can make mistakes, etc.

Chapter 1385: Life or Death for the People of the Mountains and Seas!

However, no one responded to Li Ling'er. Instead, more declarations of surrender began to ring out in the starry sky.

“I speak for the Heavenly Dao Sect....”

“I speak for the Sen Clan....”

In the moments before the incense stick finished burning, one voice after another spoke out within the Ninth Mountain and Sea. With the exception of the sects from the Ninth Mountain itself, and some of the staunchest sects from the other Mountains and Seas, everyone seemed to be choosing to surrender....

Every voice that spoke caused Meng Hao to sink further into silence, until... suddenly a calm voice rang out, ancient and womanly. As soon as Meng Hao heard that voice, he looked up.

“I am the will of the Ninth Sea, and I... choose to leave the Mountain and Sea Realm. I choose... to surrender.”

In total, seven sects and eleven clans chose to surrender, as well as hundreds of thousands of individual cultivators. The final number of cultivators exceeded a million.

The moment that those clans and sects chose to surrender, their only option was to follow the command of Shui Dongliu and leave the Mountain and Sea Realm. Staying behind was not a possibility.

They were betrayers, and the Mountain and Sea Realm would not tolerate their presence in the final battle.

Gradually, they began to make their way out of the Ninth Mountain, taking their resources and their experts with them.

They did not delay or move slowly; they left as quickly as was possible.

The vast number of people involved left the power of the Mountain and Sea Realm reduced by nearly thirty percent. The sight of so many

cultivators taking flight caused those who remained behind to tremble inwardly; they had assumed that only a small number of people who would actually surrender.

Who could have imagined that so many would give in...? After all, even one person surrendering would be a serious blow to the morale of the Mountain and Sea Realm as a whole, especially considering that the final battle was about to be fought.

Even the Outsiders had never expected so many people to surrender. When they saw what was happening, contemptuous looks appeared on their faces, and some of them even began to laugh. A wide smile could be seen on the face of the 8-Essences male Paragon. The main reason he had attempted to drive a wedge into the forces of the Mountain and Sea Realm was because of his fear of Shui Dongliu.

Although the Outsider army seemed to have the upper hand, deep in his heart he wasn't completely confident, so he wanted to reduce their power somehow.

And then the will of the Ninth Sea spoke out, causing the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators' minds to reel. The Ninth Sea was a part of the Mountain and Sea Realm, so for it to surrender....

The meaning behind such an act was profound, and many people didn't dare to even contemplate it. That was because... the Ninth Sea declaring surrender indicated that the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm as a whole had been so weakened by the destruction of the other Mountains and Seas that it was unable to maintain control over the Ninth Sea.

If you likened the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm to the commander in chief, then the Nine Mountains and Nine Seas were like generals. Now, sixteen of those generals were dead, and the commander in chief was so weak that of his remaining two generals, one of them chose to turn traitor.

Apparently, not even Shui Dongliu had considered this would happen. An intense light began to shine in his eyes as his gaze came to rest upon the Ninth Sea, and then, he sighed.

Meng Hao trembled as he stared at the Ninth Sea, at the waves lapping across its surface, and the heads of the various sea denizens sticking up out of the water. As the Ninth Sea slowly began to move off, Meng Hao suddenly shouted in a voice like thunder, "Is this because of me?!"

It was a question that perhaps should not have been asked, and yet, he couldn't hold back from doing so.

After a long moment of silence, the will of the Ninth Sea spoke back.

"You've grown to the point that I regret being so stubborn back then. But... even if you didn't exist, I would still make this choice. I am the first and only Sea in the entire Realm to achieve self-awareness. If the Mountain and Sea Realm itself were not faced with such difficulties, then I could bow my head to its authority. But now... the Realm is about to disappear, and I don't want to be buried along with it." With that, the Ninth Sea flowed away from the Ninth Mountain like a retreating tide, until... the two of them were completely separated.

As traitors left, the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators who had chosen not to surrender felt as though their hearts were being stabbed by knives. By this point, their morale had reached rock bottom.

And then, the incense stick stopped burning....

However, the final battle didn't begin immediately. The sects and clans who had surrendered, as well as the random cultivators, flew out in various directions, keeping their distance from each other.

As they dispersed, the 8-Essences male Paragon hesitated for a moment before making the call for the final battle.

The surrender of the Ninth Sea was something he took very seriously. It was with icy eyes that he examined the remaining cultivators of the Mountain and Sea, and saw how dejected they looked.

It was in that exact same moment that someone in the Mountain and Sea Realm shouted out in rage that the traitors should be chased down and killed. Some people even began to demand of Sea Dream, Shui Dongliu, and Meng Hao, that they be allowed to do so.

Sea Dream and Meng Hao maintained bitter silence, but Shui Dongliu waved his sleeve.

“If they want to go, let them go. From now on, they have nothing to do with the Mountain and Sea Realm!” Although his voice seemed calm, the 8-Essences male Paragon could detect the pain and disappointment therein.

Then, he began to laugh.

Time passed as all of the cultivators who had chosen to surrender left the Mountain and Sea Realm, and neared the Outsider army. Finally, the 8-Essences Paragon waved his hand.

“Let the final battle begin!”

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!!

Instantly, the Outsider army which surrounded the Ninth Mountain roared, and then charged toward it, bursting with killing intent and ferocity.

Soon, the front lines of the Outsider army crossed paths with the surrendering Mountain and Sea cultivators, who were trembling. Mixed feelings could be seen on their faces; after all, the Mountain and Sea Realm had once been their home....

However, even as the Outsider army swept past the surrendering Mountain and Sea cultivators, a lone rogue cultivator threw his head back and laughed.

“My name is Zhao Tianliang! Live for the Mountains and Seas, die for the Mountains and Seas!!”

Without the slightest hesitation, he self-detonated. However, the sound of the explosion was insignificant compared to the army at large, and his final shout before death was similarly miniscule.

But... After that, more self-detonations occurred. Within the army of Outsiders that surrounded the Ninth Mountain, 1,000 self-detonations erupted. Then 10,000. Then 100,000!!

With each self-detonation, a voice cried out, defiant, begrieved, and maddened.

“My name is Sun Youhai! Live for the Mountains and Seas, die for the Mountains and Seas!!”

“My name is Chang Yi! Live for the Mountains and Seas, die for the Mountains and Seas!!!”

Rumbling echoed out that could shake Heaven and Earth. Self-detonations occurred that could strike fear into the hearts of celestial beings. Tens of thousands of explosions transformed into a mighty, destructive power. At one point, an entire sect chose to unleash all of their madness by means of self-detonation!!

“My name is Zhou Sheng! Fellow Daoists of the Mountains and Seas, if any of you manage to stay alive, commemorate this sacrifice that I make this day!!”

“My name is Liu Wenyu. If anyone survives this war, please... avenge my death!!”

Massive rumbling sounds echoed out as the entire sect self-detonated. The madness of the Mountain and Sea cultivators left the Outsiders completely shaken. As for the cultivators who stood on the Ninth Mountain, their hearts were trembling.

It wasn't just sects who made such a choice. Next, an entire clan suddenly scattered in all directions and then self-detonated, regardless of the level of their cultivation bases. As they exploded, they called out their names, and although they were loathe to part with the Mountains and Seas, their rage toward the Outsiders caused the power of their sacrifice to shake the starry sky!

“On this day, our Heavenly Dao Sect destroys our Dao. Mountain and Sea cultivators, remember what we have done this day!!”

“Our Sen Clan started this war a million strong, and now, only nine thousand remain. Our clan has been almost completely wiped out. Now, all nine thousand of us self detonate. Our bloodline will be wiped away,

and yet we hesitate not. Mountain and Sea cultivators... avenge our deaths!!”

“The Li Clan... are the descendants of Lord Li. Perhaps we are not cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and perhaps we shouldn’t even be here. But... this is our home! Today... we willingly destroy our Dao! Young Ling’er, you had no need to curse me, your Patriarch!!!”

Massive booms echoed out. This shocking turn of events threw the entire Outsider army into utter chaos. Even the 8-Essences male Paragon’s face fell; he could never have imagined that this would happen. At the same time, the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were trembling, and their morale erupted from the depths of despair.

The desperate and bitter voices which echoed out caused the blood of all the cultivators of the Mountains and Seas to boil. Their eyes were crimson as they began to roar with madness.

The words of her Patriarch echoed in Li Ling’er’s ears, and she shook as she watched her own Li Clan dying.

As of this moment, even more self-detonations were occurring!

“Our Wintergate Sect shall destroy our Dao. Let Heaven and Earth bear witness, let the starry sky testify, that the blood of our sect shall curse the 33 Heavens to die a horrible death!!!”

“How could the Clearsky Society possibly betray the Mountains and Seas!? DIIIEEEEE!!”

“I, Dao Yunlai, am a cultivator of the Mountains and Seas. Remember my name, you villainous Outsiders!!”

Booms rang out as the self-detonations went on without end. From a distance, the glow of explosions lit up the starry sky of the Ninth Mountain, like countless blooming flowers. The only difference was that those flowers... were flowers of blood!

Meng Hao was trembling. As of this moment, he could sense that this was all part of Shui Dongliu’s plan. It had been obvious to him from the moment Shui Dongliu had mentioned allowing everyone to leave. Even

still, he couldn't help but be moved.

All of a sudden, he remembered something he had heard long ago, and now, the true meaning occurred to him.

After the Heavens were changed, the World Tree refused to surrender, and instead destroyed itself in the starry sky! 1

It was a Dao. It was the culmination of all types of natural and magical laws. Perhaps... it was the true Dao, the final evolution, which transformed... into something that was both illusory, and yet truly existed... the Dao!

Suddenly, Shui Dongliu called out, "Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators, if we don't fight now, then when will we!?!?"

*

1. The World Tree destroying itself was mentioned several times throughout the story. When I went back to check some of the earlier chapters, I realized that my translation was a bit off in some of those parts. I've since cleaned up those passages. The most relevant and early references to the World Tree are in chapters 109 and 158. Later chapters essentially say the same thing as those early chapters.

Chapter 1386: Fighting Will Cleaves Heaven and Earth!

Shui Dongliu's words seemed to cleave Heaven and Earth, to open up a massive door. The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, with all their pent up madness caused by everything that was happening, now burst out in a murderous charge!

The final battle had begun!

The battle, and in fact the war, had already been lost by the Mountain and Sea Realm. However, despite losing... they still had their dignity. Even if they died, they would make the enemy feel pain, a pain that would last for a lifetime, and make it impossible to forget the dignity and spirit of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and... how terrifying it was!

RUUUUUUMMMMBLLLLLE!

The self-detonations continued. However, not all of the defectors were secretly loyal. Some of them really were betraying the Mountain and Sea Realm. However, because of the chaos unleashed by the double-dealing, even the traitors were fell upon by the Outsiders.

The Ninth Sea, who truly had turned traitor, was not affected.

Neither was the Wang Clan. Just when it seemed they were about to be overwhelmed, a beam of sword light descended, separating them from the army. That was the handiwork of the 8-Essences male Paragon. Even as he grimly and furiously watched events play out, he took time to protect the Wang Clan.

As for all of the true traitors, after being attacked by the surrounding Outsider army, none of them chose to self-detonate, and yet... they didn't prolong their lives much longer than those who did.

The scene outside of the Ninth Mountain was one of utter chaos. Even as the voices continued to ring out, followed by the booms of self-detonation, the rest of the Mountain and Sea cultivators charged out into battle. Their eyes were completely bloodshot, and they had long since

reached a state which was impossible to describe in terms of morale.

According to an old saying, an army burning with indignation is bound to win. However, the Mountain and Sea cultivators were not simply burning with indignation. They were burning with madness and insanity. To them, the whole world was blood, and anything that was not that same bloody color would be savaged by them until they were.

These cultivators had no fear of death, and given the chance, they would self-detonate in the moment before dying. They did so with no hesitation or shying back, and their shouts struck fear into the hearts of the Outsiders.

“I killed one of these fools, but that’s not enough!!”

“Hahaha! I killed five Outsiders, that’s good enough for me, I can die happy!!”

“Father, we’ll be reunited soon!!”

“I used to be afraid of dying, but now I realize... that there is nothing to fear in death! Bring it on, you damned Outsiders. Bring it on!”

“DIE!!”

Roars echoed out, and explosions rocked Heaven and Earth. The cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm had gone mad. There were millions of them going up against tens of millions of Outsiders, and yet... it was the Outsiders who were being pushed back!!

All of the Outsiders’ scorn, mockery and cruelty vanished, to be replaced by shock, confusion, and astonishment.

They were completely shaken by the madness of the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators, and in fact couldn’t understand this level of dedication. The mercilessness and bloodthirsty way that the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators fought left them flabbergasted.

It was almost as if the tide of battle had completely shifted in the opposite direction.

Every single cultivator of the Mountain and Sea Realm joined in the

fight. Only the mortals did not. Among that fighting force was... Ke Jiusi, Meng Hao's Master Pill Demon, Sun Hai, Taiyang Zi, the Echelon cultivators, and other familiar faces.

There was Chen Fan, Wang Youcai, Fatty, Li Ling'er, Ji Yin... the Patriarchs of the Fang Clan, and also... Fang Wei. And even more.

By this point in the war, there was no need for troop formations or complicated strategies. Xu Qing gritted her teeth, left Meng Hao's side and began to slaughter her way into the army of Outsiders. War was not the time to ruminate over matters like love and romance.

Meng Hao was also there. The three Outsider Paragons, as well as all of their Imperial Lords, were battling their way onto the Ninth Mountain. Shui Dongliu was fighting, as was the Paragon puppet, Ksitigarbha, the Mountain and Sea Lords, and Paragon Sea Dream, who was burning her own life force!

In addition to all that were the various Chosen who had acquired good fortune in the 33 Hells. They were the ones holding off the Imperial Lords, while Shui Dongliu single-handedly took on Dao Fang. That particular battle caused the entire Ninth Mountain to shake and eventually start to show signs of crumbling.

Sea Dream, the Paragon Puppet, and Ksitigarbha were running on fumes as they pinned down the 8-Essences male Paragon. As for Meng Hao, he brimmed with infinite killing intent as he fought the person who had brought about the death of his Grandpa Fang... the female Paragon with the weakened cultivation base.

FIGHT!!

Heaven and Earth wept, and the starry sky wept tears of blood. On the various planets, the mortals more or less understood that some shocking event was occurring beyond the sky. After all, it had been some time since they had glimpsed either the sun or the moon.

From up above, countless dots of light could be seen, which were lanterns the mortals were using to light the endless night as they prostrated themselves to the Heavens, and offered up prayers.

From the beggars to the Emperors, everyone was doing the exact same thing....

This was a war of complete genocide. If the Mountains and Seas were defeated, it wouldn't just be the cultivators who died. The mortal world would also cease to exist....

Not even the Outsider Paragons could ever have predicted that the final battle would be so brutal, and yet, that was exactly how things were playing out.

The cultivator with the unusually large head sped across the Ninth Mountain, causing headaches for the powerful experts of the Mountains and Seas wherever he went. Although his cultivation base seemed comparable to the people he was tangling with, he rarely spent time in open fighting.

The overall situation was only getting worse for the Mountain and Sea Realm. On all fronts, it was essentially the same. Although Meng Hao was able to force the female Paragon back across the battlefield, he couldn't kill her. Furthermore, the interference from the large-headed cultivator was only causing his murderous aura to burn hotter.

Everyone was struggling to hold the line, however, it wouldn't be long before a breach was opened, and the Outsiders burst in like a flood!

The armies clashed, and the millions upon millions of Outsiders were relentlessly pushed back. However, there were simply too many of them. The berserk fighting state of the Mountain and Sea cultivators could only last for so long. As the self-detonations continued, and as the cultivators grew wearier, casualties mounted on both sides.

Over and over again, cries rang out across the battlefield of: "Live for the Mountains and Seas, die for the Mountains and Seas!" It was the battle cry of the Mountains and Seas, and apparently, as long as those words could be heard echoing out, the Mountains and Seas would not fall. The moment the words ceased to be heard, it would mean the Mountain and Sea cultivators were all dead.

On one part of the battlefield that Meng Hao couldn't see, was Taiyang

Zi. Soaked in blood and screaming savagely, he was not just fighting, he was unleashing complete savagery. However, in his madness, he was losing strength. His magical techniques were exhausted, his divine abilities spent, his magical items used up. And yet, he lunged forward and savagely buried his teeth into the neck of an Outsider. That Outsider had a higher cultivation base than him, but in its shock, it could do nothing more than let out a bloodcurdling scream.

Taiyang Zi ripped at the Outsider's throat with his teeth, ignoring the violent blows of other enemies blasting into him as he did so. Mad ruthlessness gleamed in his eyes, which were completely devoid of any regret.

In the end, when he began to lose consciousness because of the unceasing attacks of the surrounding Outsiders, he suddenly smiled.

"Live for the Mountains and Seas, die for the Mountains and Seas! I am Taiyang Zi!!" A boom rang out as he self-detonated. Although the power of the explosion wasn't enormous, he didn't hesitate for a moment in his decision!

The Outsider whose throat he had been slashing at was ripped to shreds by the explosion. The other surrounding Outsiders managed to avoid death, but were seriously injured. Moments later, an enraged wave of Mountain and Sea cultivators surged in to take advantage of the situation.

The Outsiders' fear was visible in their eyes. From their perspective, these Mountain and Sea cultivators were not Immortals; they were a race even more savage than that.

On another part of the battlefield, where the Three Great Daoist Societies were making their stand, Fan Dong'er was there, her hair in disarray as she fought. She no longer looked anything at all like a Divine Daughter; she seemed out of her mind as she fought with complete and utter ruthlessness.

She had been a proud person, the Divine Daughter of the Nine Seas God World. But then came the defection of the Ninth Sea, which was a huge blow to the God World from the Ninth Sea. Fan Dong'er couldn't wrap her

mind around it. The Ninth Sea was her home....

The Ninth Sea hadn't just taken away the sea beasts which resided in it; many of the Nine Seas God World disciples had left with it, even some of the Patriarchs. Their departure had caused the glory and splendor of the Nine Seas God World to fade into nothing.

Fan Dong'er didn't leave with them. She stayed with some of the other Senior members of the sect, and the rest of the disciples, to slaughter their way into the Outsider army. She was exhausted, and was soaked in both her own blood and the blood of the enemy.

Her once beautiful face had been slashed by a magical blade, opening up a grisly wound that made her look even more ferocious. Normally speaking, she wouldn't have been able to last this long in the fight. However, a corpse floated behind her, whose hair flew out to defend her constantly.

Fan Dong'er laughed bitterly as she continued to fight. And yet, her exhaustion only increased. She cut down one more Outsider, and that Outsider's dying counterattack shattered most of her heart's blood vessels.

"Am I going to die now...?" she thought, coughing up a mouthful of blood. As she began to lose consciousness, she looked toward the Ninth Mountain and just barely managed to catch sight of Meng Hao.

"Goodbye...." she said. Sighing, she was just about to self-detonate when the white-robed corpse behind her suddenly looked down at her with a benevolent expression. Sighing, the corpse's hair suddenly flew out, wrapping Fan Dong'er up in a cocoon which sank down into the starry sky.

If there was a bottom to the starry sky down below, then that is where they went.... No one else on the chaotic battlefield took note of their departure.

Further off in the distance was a middle-aged cultivator, who threw his head back and laughed maniacally. He was covered in so many wounds it seemed impossible that he could still be alive. Numerous flying swords were stabbed into him from all angles, and he was completely soaked in

blood. Despite all that, he looked as ferocious as ever as he slaughtered his way into the Outsider army, laughing the entire time.

“I am Song Luodan, you bastards! Dao Child of the Song Clan! I defeated Meng Hao once before. Why don’t you Outsider scumbags do me a favor and just DIIIEEEE!”

Song Luodan was now in the Ancient Realm, but he fought with such brutality and power that the surrounding Outsiders were completely terrified, and tried to avoid him at all costs. As he slaughtered his way through the battlefield, Outsider corpses began to pile up around him. Eventually, his energy weakened and his aura disappeared. He came to a stop, surrounded by a multitude of corpses. He looked almost like he was simply resting there silently for a moment, silent.

However, after a bit of time passed, the shocked Outsiders began to edge closer.

At that point, one of the Outsider Elders sighed with mixed emotions and murmured, “He’s finally dead....”

Chapter 1387: Planet South Heaven In Peril!

The Mountain and Sea cultivators fought on, along with Sea Dream and the Paragon puppet. Sea Dream hadn't accomplished much in the fighting so far. Her cultivation base had long since been in a state of atrophy, and it was only with the support of the Paragon puppet that she managed to continue fighting without suffering defeat.

As for Shui Dongliu, his attacks caused the starry sky to tremble as fantastic lights flashed about, accompanied by roaring booms.

Meng Hao's eyes abounded with killing intent as he fought the 8-Essences female Paragon. Because of the Three Scripture Spikes, her cultivation base had dropped to the level of an Imperial Lord, and even seemed to be slipping toward that of a Dao Sovereign.

Meng Hao attacked without mercy. His Paragon Bridge descended, the crushing power of which left the female Paragon coughing up blood. She tried to flee, but then he unleashed his Demon Sealing Hexing magic!

The Essence of space began to form as he tried to seal her, but it was in that exact moment that the large-headed cultivator suddenly appeared and unleashed a bizarre magical technique. Booms rang out, and the blood drained from Meng Hao's face as his Essence of space was suddenly interrupted.

The shocked female Paragon coughed up blood; moments before, she had felt the shadow of death looming over her.

That didn't cause Meng Hao to pause, though. Even as he fell back, he unleashed the Fourth Hex, the Self Hex, causing a multitude of clones to appear, all of which charged toward the female Paragon in shocking fashion.

The Paragon's scalp went numb as she retreated in the face of countless Meng Hao clones all unleashing the God-Slaying Fist!

The convergence of so many God-Slaying Fists caused the starry sky to

tremble, and filled the entire area with a towering murderous aura.

“NO!!” she screamed. Unwilling to be defeated, she bit the tip of her tongue and spit out some blood, unleashing a secret magic that instantly caused her to grow blurry. At the same time, she produced a vast quantity of different magical items, holding nothing back as she then used even more secret magics to avoid the deadly fist strikes.

It was in that exact same moment that the large-headed cultivator popped up yet again. Simultaneously Meng Hao suddenly performed an incantation gesture with his left hand and jabbed it toward the man.

“I’ve been waiting for you to show up!” he said.

Hexing magic was unleashed, and yet, a strange gleam appeared in the eyes of the large-headed cultivator. Even as the power of Meng Hao’s Hexing magic closed in, he suddenly split into two.

One version ended up trapped by the fetters of the Hex, whereas the other took a step to appear by the side of the female Paragon. Then, his body began to wriggle and shrink, except for his right hand, which grew larger as it apparently converged all of the power of his flesh and blood. Even as his body became completely out of proportion, a vicious expression could be seen on his face as he threw his own fist out to meet the God-Slaying Fist.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth, but the same thing happened to the large-headed cultivator, who simultaneously dragged the female Paragon away. Despite having been rescued, she was also coughing up blood, and the seriousness of the injuries caused her to stare hatefully at Meng Hao.

“You really remind me of my old Master,” said the large-headed cultivator, staring at Meng Hao with a serious expression as he wiped the blood from his mouth. 1

The female Paragon was currently not a match for Meng Hao, but because of the interference of the large-headed cultivator, Meng Hao was

incapable of killing her.

Killing intent flickered in Meng Hao's eyes as he leapt back into the fight with the two of them.

As they fought, the dazzling shine of magical techniques spread out in all directions.

The fighting going on elsewhere was just as bitter. That was especially the case with Sea Dream, whose face was completely ashen as she tenaciously refused to stop fighting. The current battle involved the absolute peak fighters among both the 33 Heavens and the Mountain and Sea Realm. The starry sky twisted and distorted. Few words were exchanged; everyone knew that in this battle, one side would be wiped out, or the other would!

Originally, fighting like this should have been glorious and dazzling within the starry sky. However, the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators were fighting with their last blaze of glory, causing the starry sky to darken and fade!

In this moment, the true glory belonged Song Luodan, and the other cultivators like him!

Then there were the cultivators who chose to self-detonate. They called out their names before becoming like bright stars shining out, casting light out once more into the starry sky.

However, that light didn't last long. More and more cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm fell in battle, and soon the Outsiders were able to bypass them and start advancing upon the Ninth Mountain itself. In turn, Mountain and Sea cultivators fell back to try to stop them.

The battleground was gradually shifting from being outside of the Ninth Mountain to within its very borders.

The Outsiders had finally made it to the last of the Mountains. The starry sky was shattered, and the Ninth Mountain was quaking. Its Xuanwu turtle was howling miserably, a howl filled with grief and unyielding madness!

Meng Hao's heart was trembling, and intense grief filled the hearts of Sea Dream and the other powerful experts. Ksitigarbha was laughing bitterly. Everyone knew that utter defeat was inevitable.

However, deep within their hearts, there was still a glimmer of hope. Although that hope was vague, it hadn't disappeared completely, and clung to life like a candle flickering in the wind.

Even as the army itself fought closer to the Ninth Mountain, Meng Hao and the other experts blocked the Paragons of the 33 Heavens. Of course, that also meant that they themselves could do nothing more in the fighting.

Both sides were tying each other up.

All of them could do little more than watch as the Outsider army slowly and inexorably made its way toward the Ninth Mountain.

Soon, the four great planets were under attack!

The first to be destroyed was Planet West Felicity. The entire planet was bombarded by countless Outsider divine abilities and magical techniques, until it finally collapsed into nothing more than rubble. Heaven and Earth shook violently as countless lives were snuffed out.

Next was Planet North Reed. After the Outsiders poured into the planet, it became nothing more than crumbled ruins in the starry sky.

The sight was like a sharp knife stabbing into the hearts of all the surviving Mountain and Sea cultivators. Some began to laugh bitterly. They had already given up on the idea of surviving. Ignoring all feelings of exhaustion, they turned and went back to slaughtering the Outsiders.

However, the Outsider army was vast, and the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were dying left and right. Although their madness struck fear and shock into the hearts of the Outsiders, in the end, the Mountain and Sea Realm's forces were too small.

Eventually, a third boom rang out within the space around the Ninth Mountain. Meng Hao watched with his own eyes as... Planet East Victory was transformed into ash....

“Impossible!!” Meng Hao’s heart was trembling, and his eyes were bright red. He was still in the middle of fighting the large-headed cultivator and the 8-Essences female Paragon, and could hardly believe that what he was seeing was actually happening.

There in front of his very eyes, Planet East Victory exploded.

“The Seventh Mountain and Sea was destroyed, meaning that Planet Tiger Cage is gone. That’s impossible! And Planet East Victory was fused with the first generation Patriarch! How could he possibly be destroyed?

“This is impossible....” Meng Hao’s heart trembled as he then watched the Outsider army fighting its way toward Planet South Heaven. At that point, he began to grow more anxious than ever.

Although his heart was connected to Planet East Victory, his true home was Planet South Heaven!

“There’s still hope!” Looking around at the shattered Ninth Mountain, he saw the hopelessly outnumbered Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators fighting against all odds. He watched the planets falling, and his heart was stabbed with pain.

“There must be hope....

“The Windswept Imperial Lord hasn’t appeared yet, nor has the successor of Immortal Ancient. Where is the Windswept Realm...?

“If they haven’t shown up yet, then there’s still hope....”

The flames of war burned ever closer to Planet South Heaven!

Planet South Heaven was Meng Hao’s home, and was occupied by the Fang Clan. Now that Planet East Victory was gone, everyone from the Fang Clan was charging madly back in the direction of Planet South Heaven.

As countless divine abilities were unleashed by the horde of Outsiders, Planet South Heaven’s spell formation appeared to defend the planet.

At the same time as the spell formation activated, numerous figures appeared outside of Planet South Heaven. One of them was Emperor Tang himself, backed by an army of puppets clad in black armor.

There was also Fang Xiufeng, Meng Li, Fang Yu, as well as all the other members of the Fang Clan who stood guard on Planet South Heaven. Their eyes gleamed with determination; they had pledged their lives to Planet South Heaven, and would die with it!

“I swore an oath to stand guard over Planet South Heaven... for 100,000 years!” Even as Fang Xiufeng’s voice echoed out, grim and determined, the army of Outsiders surged forth in attack.

At the same time, all of the members of the Fang Clan, as well as numerous other cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm who were connected to Planet South Heaven in a multitude of ways, raced over to fight both on Planet South Heaven itself, and in the skies beyond it.

Meng Hao’s eyes were completely bloodshot. Roaring, he turned to break free from the fight with the female Paragon and the large-headed cultivator, heading toward Planet South Heaven with all the speed he could muster, to join his friends and family.

His parents and sister were there, and all his fellow clan members. Fatty, Chen Fan, Wang Youcai, and Sun Hai were all racing in the same direction, as was Xu Qing.

In addition, there were Pill Demon and Ke Jiusi!

Planet South Heaven was Meng Hao’s weak spot. To him, it was the most important and meaningful place in the entire Mountain and Sea Realm!

Even Patriarch Reliance roared in fury as he fought his way toward Planet South Heaven, a place which was inextricably tied into his memories.

Massive rumbling sounds echoed out. Planet South Heaven did not collapse like Planet East Victory had, thanks to the bloodline spell formation of the Allheaven Li Clan. The spell formation fought back against the endless hordes of Outsiders, and yet, it was starting to fade.

Emperor Tang laughed bitterly as he waved his hands, sending the innumerable black-armored puppets out to attack. They were joined by

numerous vengeful ghosts which flew out from the spell formation.

Among those ghosts were men and women, elderly and young. These were the Li Clan cultivators who had sacrificed their own lives oh so many years ago. In life, they had been tasked with defending the Mountain and Sea Realm, and they would do the same thing in death.

Planet South Heaven was shaking as the entire place turned into a shocking battlefield.

Meng Hao wanted to return to Planet South Heaven, but there was someone who disagreed!

“Think you can just come and go as you please?” said the female Paragon, eyes flickering with killing intent. Meng Hao had fought her relentlessly up to this point, putting her in numerous deadly crises. Although she now knew that he was an extremely powerful opponent, she still wanted to see him dead.

Recalling what Paragon Xuan Fang had said before he died, the female Paragon’s desire to kill Meng Hao grew even more intense. As soon as she realized that he wanted to leave, her desire to stop him exploded out.

“You aren’t going anywhere! I’m going to force you to watch as everything you care about... is completely destroyed!” Even as the female Paragon began to chase Meng Hao, the large-headed cultivator hesitated. Although he had followed along with the plan to come to fight in this battle, he hadn’t spoken much so far, which indicated the true feelings in his heart.

He sighed, but after a moment passed, chose to cooperate. Using his incredible speed, he shot after Meng Hao to block his path.

It was in that moment that rumbling sounds echoed out from Planet South Heaven. Meng Hao caught sight of his father and mother surrounded by Outsiders, coughing up blood. He saw Fatty and Wang Youcai, and all of his other friends, arriving on the scene. He saw Xu Qing laughing bitterly. He saw Patriarch Reliance roaring in fury, and he saw the alchemic flame within his Master Pill Demon flickering as it charged up to self-detonate.

Meng Hao was fearful, terrified, and his heart was being torn to pieces. A vicious expression appeared on his face as he let out a roar that caused Heaven and Earth to dim: “Screw off!”

*

1. All evidence points to the fact that this large-headed cultivator is a character from Renegade Immortal, who was also referred to as ‘large-headed’ in that novel, and was a follower of Wang Lin. He hasn’t appeared in the translated chapters as of this release, so if you follow that novel, you can be on the lookout for him in the future!

Chapter 1388: We Mountain and Sea Cultivators!

The large-headed cultivator and the female Paragon were now facing the wrath of Meng Hao; simultaneously, they unleashed Essence power that transformed into a sea of light that blocked his path.

Rumbling sounds rose up as Meng Hao shot forward and slammed head first into the sea of light, allowing it to envelop him as he fought his way forward.

The female Paragon was shocked, and the large-headed cultivator was visibly moved. They had just joined forces to unleash a shocking attack, but instead of evading, Meng Hao was trying to force his way through it.

Booms could be heard as an asteroid formed around Meng Hao, which shattered after only a few breaths of time. Then he became an azure roc, which shattered just as quickly. Finally, the meat jelly appeared, gritting its teeth as it transformed into a suit of armor. It was only at that point that Meng Hao burst out from within the sea of light!

“Want to pass? Never!” A venomous gleam appeared in the female Paragon’s eyes, hatred for how Meng Hao had threatened her life during the recent fighting. She knew that he was powerful in terms of battle prowess, and that if he got past her, he would have a big influence on the fighting over Planet South Heaven. Therefore, she steeled herself in an attempt to block Meng Hao’s path.

Neither Paragon Sea Dream, the Paragon puppet, nor Shui Dongliu were capable of forming clones, and thus were completely tied down fighting Dao Fang and the other 8-Essences Paragon. Ksitigarbha and the other Mountain and Sea Lords and powerful experts, as well as Wang Youcai and the other Chosen who had recently become Dao Sovereigns and Imperial Lords, were also caught up fighting their counterparts among the Outsiders.

Planet South Heaven was in critical danger!

The starry sky trembled as the Ninth Mountain teetered on the verge of collapse. This was absolutely the most critical moment of danger so far!

On Planet South Heaven itself, everything was shaking and rumbling. The seas and rivers ran red with blood. Emperor Tang's black-armored puppets were fighting fiercely, as were the ghosts of the Li Clan. Because of them, the power unleashed by the spell formation was even more shocking than before. At the moment, all Outsiders who attempted to break through the battle lines to enter Planet South Heaven were cut down.

Unfortunately, despite how the Outsiders were cut down, and despite the vast power of the spell formation itself, it was impossible for it to deal with the sheer numbers involved.

The Outsider army was too vast, and as they charged to their deaths in the spell formation, it began to grow dim.

Meng Hao's parents were completely spattered in blood. His sister was fighting with every ounce of strength she could muster, and Sun Hai stood by, protecting her. There were even a few times in which he sustained serious injuries to keep her safe.

Meng Hao saw all of this happening. He even saw his Master Pill Demon fighting ferociously, his alchemic flame burning bright. Although his cultivation base wasn't incredibly high, the medicinal pills he summoned allowed him to bolster the other Mountain and Sea cultivators with his own alchemic flame!

Fatty wept bitterly as he fought. Of his once flourishing group of beloved partners, more than half were dead. Fatty was enraged to the point of madness, eyes bloodshot as he took vicious bites out of the enemy forces.

Chen Fan was taciturn, and trembling. Although he was fighting and killing the Outsiders, his mind seemed to be in another place. It was as if some important and weighty matter had filled him with conflicting thoughts, as if he couldn't see through things clearly, and was struggling with a decision.

Then there was Ke Jiusi, who was able to lock down significant swaths of

the Outsider army. In fact, because of Night's divine ability, some of the Outsiders' most powerful experts were sucked away into ancient times to fight!

To see everyone he knew in such bitter situations caused Meng Hao to tremble. His eyes burned with flames as he burst out of the sea of light, ready to fight. The large-headed cultivator instantly appeared in front of him and punched out with all of the power of his flesh and blood.

A boom rang out, completely shaking Meng Hao. However, the counterstrike from Meng Hao was just as devastating. Both parties fell back, blood spraying out of their mouths.

At the same time, the female Paragon uttered a magical curse, causing the sea of light to twist and seethe, then explode out with power that inundated Meng Hao.

"Want to get past here... I don't think so!" The female Paragon chuckled coldly, backing up as she performed a double-handed incantation gesture, causing the sea of light to expand. Moments later, Meng Hao roars could be heard from within.

"You... just don't know when to back down," the large-headed cultivator said slowly.

However, even as the words left his mouth, a new sound echoed out with the roaring in the sea of light. Suddenly, booming sounds like that of a huge drum could be heard!

Boom!

BOOM!

BOOM!!

It was almost as if a giant were walking about within that sea of light. After the sound echoed out seven times, the sound of the roaring reached a level that was difficult to put into words. Then, a colorful beam of light shot out from inside the sea of light.

It was none other than Meng Hao!

He was covered in blood, but as he shot out, the starry sky trembled, and an indescribably murderous aura exploded out, seeming to freeze everything. The large-headed cultivator gritted his teeth, sending his cultivation base into full rotation as he slammed toward Meng Hao.

Even as the boom of their collision rang out, the female Paragon suddenly bit the tip of her tongue and spat out some blood. Her hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, and she suddenly seemed to age as she unleashed a strange Daoist magic that caused the glob of blood to transform into a sea, a second barrier after the sea of light!

After slamming into the large-headed cultivator, Meng Hao ignored any subsequent injuries to fly around the man, only to find a sea of blood now standing in his way.

A boom rang out, and the sea churned. The female Paragon let out a miserable cry, and her hair was thrown into disarray. She was shaking, and her skin was covered in rips and tears. However, the sea of blood held, and would not allow Meng Hao to pass!

“You shall not pass!!” the woman screamed. Meng Hao was stuck inside of the sea of blood, his face pale, his body trembling. It was at that point that, without the slightest hesitation, he produced the Sun Bow and drew upon his life force to unleash two arrows!

The first arrow pierced through the sea of blood, destroying more than half of it. The second arrow shot toward the female Paragon herself, causing her eyes to widen as she fell back. This in turn caused the large-headed cultivator, who had initially been focused on blocking Meng Hao’s progress, to change his plan and move to save the female Paragon.

All of this happened in the time it takes a spark to fly off of a piece of flint. After shooting the two arrows, Meng Hao’s body was significantly withered, but his eyes gleamed with determination. Ignoring everything else, he unleashed the top speed he could muster to shoot toward Planet South Heaven!

Unfortunately, he was a bit too late!

Outside of Planet South Heaven, Fang Wei was laughing. His eyes

gleamed with ferocity, madness, and slaughter. He had lost his right arm, his left arm, and both his legs. However, he still had his torso!

“I am Fang Wei. The Wei in my name means to defend. Defend the Fang Clan!!”

As he fought on madly, other members of the Fang Clan chose to self-detonate, sending explosive power out to bury the Outsiders!

The Grand Elder fell in battle!

Fang Yanxu was there, hair in disarray, drenched in blood. Letting out a piercing cry, he self-detonated!

One Chosen after another fell in battle. There were many faces familiar to Meng Hao, and some which were strangers. However, as their voices rang out in the moments before their deaths, they became like swords that stabbed Meng Hao in the heart!

His parents were injured, Fang Yu was injured, Xu Qing was injured. Wounds crisscrossed Chen Fan and Sun Hai. Booms filled Planet South Heaven as the last of the black-armored puppets was destroyed!

Emperor Tang laughed bitterly as countless Outsiders blasted away at the Li Clan spell formation. Clearly, it was on the verge of complete collapse.

“The Li Clan is one of the Allheaven Clans,” he said. “Back then... we sacrificed our lives to create this spell formation. Today... we will make another sacrifice. Why wouldn’t we die for the Mountain and Sea Realm!?”

“We Mountain and Sea cultivators live and die for the Mountains and Seas!” Emperor Tang’s laughter grew louder and louder as he charged into the fighting, joined by the countless Li Clan ghosts from the spell formation.

One living cultivator led the ghosts of his clan into a deadly offensive, slaughtering their way into the army of Outsiders, killing one after another after another!!

In the end, Emperor Tang’s laughter rang out as he decisively shouted

out in a voice that echoed through all Heaven and Earth!

“We Mountain and Sea cultivators live and die for the Mountains and Seas!”

BOOOOOMMMMMM!

When he chose to self-detonate, the last living member of the Li Clan exploded, after which all of the ghosts... also began to explode. In truth, the ghosts themselves could not self-detonate. What was exploding... was Planet South Heaven's spell formation!

The Li Clan ghosts, the structure of the entire South Heaven Death Formation, were all exploding!

The spell formation shook all of the lands, sending out a shockwave that blasted away all wind and clouds!

The spell formation itself became resplendent light, and a screaming tempest that raged out in all directions. The Outsiders in the army were astonished, and those looks of shock were the last expressions to appear on their faces for all eternity!

The blast rattled out, transforming one Outsider after another into nothing more than ash. The huge boom caused all fighters in the war to turn their heads to look.

Outsiders and Mountain and Sea cultivators alike couldn't help but look over.

What they saw was the shockwave of the spell formation spreading out in a ring, wiping out more than forty percent of the Outsider army around Planet South Heaven!

The Li Clan was an Allheaven Clan, a remnant of the true forces who had fought in the original war of the Paragon Immortal Realm. They swore to defend the Mountain and Sea Realm, and on this day, they lived up to their oath of tens upon tens of thousands of years!

Each and every member of the clan died. Not a single successor to the bloodline remained!

A wave of grief swept up into the hearts and minds of all of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

“We Mountain and Sea cultivators live and die for the Mountains and Seas!” Those words echoed out into their minds, affixing themselves there for all time.

Chapter 1389: Stand Behind Me!

Outside of Planet South Heaven, there were still millions of Outsiders who were trembling after having just survived a horrific catastrophe. It was something they would never be able to forget.

However... now that the spell formation was gone, Planet South Heaven... had lost its defenses. Gradually, the Outsiders' eyes began to glow red. It was hard to say who began the charge, but soon, the entire army was raging toward Planet South Heaven!

It was also in this moment that, at the very apex of the starry sky, in the location where the 33 Heavens came from, things had been very silent since the descent of Dao Fang. But now, the starry sky there began to distort, as though a force of killing intent was pushing its way in!

At some undetectable location in the starry sky bordering the Mountain and Sea Realm in the Vast Expanse, a huge land mass was rumbling along, crushing anything that got in its way.

Dragging that land mass along were nine huge suns, radiating dazzling light!

They were coming!

Back on Planet South Heaven, the remnants of the spell formation were dissipating. As the millions of Outsiders barreled forth in attack, cracks and crevices began to appear on the surface of the planet.

Planet South Heaven was on the brink of collapsing!

All of the cultivators on the planet were coughing up blood, and up in the sky, countless Outsiders appeared and began to fight viciously. From the look of things, all creation on South Heaven... existed in the shadows of the Outsiders.

Planet South Heaven was now in a moment of indescribable crisis. Meng Hao's father Fang Xiufeng coughed up a mouthful of blood as a hail of flying swords stabbed into him. When Meng Hao saw that happen, the entire world seemed to grind to a halt.

Even as he burst out from within the sea of blood, these were the images which filled his eyes.

“NO!” Eyes bloodshot, he performed a double-handed incantation gesture, blasting a path through the Outsider army. Countless Outsiders screamed miserably as they were transformed into ash.

Meng Hao shot with indescribable speed through the path he had created, arriving at Planet South Heaven just in time to catch his father as he began to fall down after having been stabbed through by numerous flying swords.

At the same time, he unleashed a vicious blow onto the lands down below.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The ground quaked, and yet, was not destroyed. Instead, the power rebounded, shooting up into the sky, causing a massive force to slam into the Outsiders. Miserable cries could be heard from the Outsiders in the area as massive pressure slammed into them, causing them to explode.

Instantly, all Heaven and Earth was filled with a rain of Outsider blood!

The Outsiders who were still off in the distance gasped. Looking at Meng Hao in astonishment, they began to back up, not daring to get close at all.

Meng Hao’s hair was whipping around his head. He was like a volcano erupting with a murderous aura so intense it darkened everything.

Fang Xiufeng was critically injured, but it wasn’t a fatal blow. Seeing Meng Hao appear so suddenly, he smiled, a smile filled with warmth, pride, and delight.

The arrival of Meng Hao caused excitement to ripple through the members of the Fang Clan, and all the other cultivators on Planet South Heaven began to cry out passionately.

“Meng Hao!!”

“Crown Prince!!”

“The Crown Prince is back!!” Countless cries echoed out. Tears streamed

down Meng Li's face as she helped Fang Xiufeng out of Meng Hao's arms. There was no time for Meng Hao to reminisce. Seeing the bloodshot eyes of Xu Qing, Fatty, Chen Fan, Sun Hai, and his sister Fang Yu, and the wounds which covered them, Meng Hao's fury rose to new heights.

Without speaking another word, he turned and unleashed his magical techniques and divine abilities. The Paragon Bridge rumbled out, and the Mountain Consuming Incantation caused countless mountains to appear. The nearby Outsiders were incapable of evading; considering the disparity between their cultivation bases and Meng Hao's, vast casualties were inflicted.

Meng Hao seemed completely maddened as he charged out to unleash more slaughter. However, it was at this point that the large-headed cultivator and the female Paragon came speeding over from off in the distance. Venomous hatred flickered in the Paragon's eyes as she performing an incantation gesture, then hit herself on the top of the head. Instantly, a violet pearl shot out from her mouth, which transformed into a violet sea.

The large-headed cultivator frowned, and then his body distorted as an intense level of power erupted off of him, which merged into the violet sea as it shot toward Meng Hao.

A vicious expression twisted Meng Hao's face as he lifted the Sun Bow and fired three arrows!

Shooting three arrows caused him to cough up blood and lose vast quantities of life force. Three arrows was his limit. Three shocking arrows. The first was like a dragon that shot toward the large-headed cultivator, and when it slammed into him, blood sprayed out of his mouth as he was sent tumbling backward. Simultaneously, the second arrow closed in on him.

The third arrow stabbed through the violet sea toward the female Paragon, causing her eyes to widen. However, the large-headed cultivator was unable to extricate himself from his own danger to rescue her, so she had no choice but to grit her teeth and let the arrow stab through her.

Instantly, she exploded.

However, it didn't result in her death. After exploding, she reformed, whereupon her face was ashen, and the hatred in her eyes toward Meng Hao was even greater than before.

"I'm going to skin you alive!!" she screamed. The life-saving magic she had just used came at a price, and that price was that she would never again be able to attain an 8-Essences cultivation base!

Because of the three spikes that had been stabbed into her, she had already been placed in a situation where it would have been difficult to return to the 8-Essences level. However, the life-saving magic she had just used fractured her Dao foundation, ensuring that it would never be possible!

Simultaneously, blood sprayed out of the mouth of the large-headed cultivator, whose body was half destroyed after dealing with the second arrow. However, he quickly began to form back together, and at the same time, a powerful gravitational force appeared, which shredded tens of thousands of nearby Outsiders to pieces. In the blink of an eye, he absorbed them, and was back at his peak level of power.

"You've already reached your limit with those arrows," he said. "I didn't really want to kill you today, but we're on different sides. Please forgive me." After a moment, the large-headed cultivator sighed and then began to stride toward Meng Hao.

The female Paragon's hair was completely disheveled, and she was filled with unending venom. Once again, she slapped her forehead, spitting out a mouthful of blood that was mixed with chunks of internal organs. The blood rapidly transformed into a corrupt and defiled sea of blood which was far stronger than any of the other seas of blood she had produced.

Shockingly, she even managed to pack some of her sealed and weakened Essence into the sea of blood, making it burst with a power that rivaled the 8-Essences level.

That was something she normally wouldn't ever do, not even if the 33 Heavens were about to lose the entire war. After all, she cared mostly

about herself, and as long as there were some way to escape the situation, she would take it. But now, her Dao foundation has been crushed, dooming her to never again reach the 8-Essences level. Her hatred had reached the level of insanity, and she therefore didn't hesitate to spit out her sealed Essence, all in exchange for the chance to unleash... an 8-Essences divine ability!

“Corrupt your heart! Defile your Dao foundation! I call upon my life force magic to decimate your blood and send your soul into eternal destruction!” Gritting her teeth, she glared at Meng Hao and the surrounding members of the Fang Clan.

“And not just you, but your whole clan! Do you really think I wasn't aware that the damned Heaven Severing Doyen was connected to you people by soul and blood?!” That was one of the main reasons for her hatred for both Meng Hao and the Fang Clan.

Even as the words left her mouth, the corrupt, defiled sea of blood shot toward Meng Hao so quickly that he had no chance to avoid or dodge it!

Meng Hao instantly unleashed all of the power of his cultivation base, and yet it did nothing to the sea of blood. The Paragon Bridge, and even his Hexing magic were all powerless to prevent it from boring into the pores in his body.

The intense pain caused him to let out a bloodcurdling scream. His eyes bulged, and blue veins popped out all over his face. However, this divine ability had been unleashed by the female Paragon at the cost of a huge sacrifice, and was something he couldn't match up to.

The corrupt and defiled blood vanished into him, filling every part of his body. Instantly, it began to cancel out his own blood, to attack his heart, to defile and corrupt his internal organs.

He had already been weak and injured, but now he was shaking even more violently, and his consciousness was fading. He almost seemed incapable of standing upright, and did so only by sheer willpower. Inside, he was screaming and struggling against the effects.

“Kill them all!!” the female Paragon said. Then she coughed up a

mouthful of blood and sat down cross-legged, using her divine sense to manipulate the corrupt and defiled blood inside of Meng Hao. She planned to wipe him away for good!

Clearly, she wished to vent her hatred for the Heaven Severing Doyen upon the entire Fang Clan. That hatred, coupled with the fact that Meng Hao had injured her so severely, ensured that she was devoted to the idea of destroying his Dao foundation.

Roaring battle cries rang out as the Outsider army once again charged forth in attack.

The large-headed cultivator sighed quietly, and chose not to do anything. He stood off the side, watching everything play out. Deep within his eyes, he seemed somewhat confused, as if he were pondering whether or not this war should ever have been fought.

Outside of Planet South Heaven, near the Ninth Mountain, Mountain and Sea cultivators were self-detonating, dying, and being shoved back across the battlefield as countless Outsiders continued to fill the Ninth Mountain.

The Ninth Mountain was teetering, filled with countless invisible cracks and fissures which left it on the verge of being completely destroyed.

The Mountain and Sea Realm was left with a single, crumbling mountain, and a broken planet.

Meng Hao was trembling in the sky above Planet South Heaven as the female Paragon personally attempted to erode his Dao. As his blood was burned away, he continued to inch toward unconsciousness. Even his cultivation base was falling.

Laughing bitterly, Meng Hao coughed up a mouthful of black blood filled with countless vile chunks of flesh.

Gritting his teeth, he looked around at his compatriots, then rotated what was left of his cultivation base and said to them, "Stand behind me!"

With that, he strode forward to fight against the Outsiders!

Note from Er Gen: I know there are some Fellow Daoists who aren't very happy with this war. It's also been exhausting to write it. However, the events of the war were finalized in my original outline for the story. Thankfully, we will be reaching the conclusion of the war soon, and I won't be writing anything like this again in the story.

Chapter 1390: Farewell, My Hao'er

Meng Hao was already having trouble standing. The Outsiders were on the verge of killing his family, his friends, and all the other cultivators on South Heaven. He clenched his jaw and drew upon all the energy in his body to unleash a deadly attack, all to defend the people he cared about.

Everyone began to cry out.

“Hao'er!!”

“Meng Hao!!”

“Crown Prince!!”

Xu Qing wept, and walked up to Meng Hao to help support him. However, Meng Hao pushed her to the side and reached out to grab an Outsider who had been sneaking up to attack her from behind. He grabbed the Outsider by the throat, and then cracking sounds echoed out as its neck was crushed.

“Get behind me!” he said, panting. Then his hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture as he once again unleashed destruction upon the Outsider army.

And yet, there only seemed to be more and more Outsiders, and Meng Hao was getting weaker and weaker.

Off in the distance, the Paragon puppet's eyes flickered, and energy erupted off of it as it tried to head in Meng Hao's direction, only to be blocked by the other 8-Essences Paragon. Paragon Sea Dream was also locked down, and couldn't get close to Planet South Heaven.

Shui Dongliu sighed, and a conflicted expression appeared on his face for a moment before fading away.

“Everything is for the Mountain and Sea Realm,” he murmured in a voice that only he could hear. He sighed inwardly. “The seal on Planet South Heaven cannot be unraveled by a Mountain and Sea cultivator, only the Outsiders. Plus, the right propelling souls are still required.... It's almost time. Almost time....” Even as he waved a hand to unleash another attack

upon Dao Fang, he looked up at the very end of the starry sky up above.

A miserable cry rang out on Planet South Heaven. Meng Hao was trembling, and his cultivation base was dropping rapidly. The 8-Essences female Paragon had paid an incredible price to unleash a divine ability that he could scarcely defend against. The power of that divine ability was relentlessly attempting to corrupt his blood and defile his body.

Everything began to go blurry, and countless voices were crying out in his ears. There were angry roars, boastful taunts, miserable shrieks, and bitter weeping.

“Die....” he said softly. He once again burst out toward the surrounding Outsiders, leaving behind a trail of blood and death. Outsider corpses were piling up everywhere.

His left arm was broken, but he had his right!

He gritted his teeth as his cultivation base continued to drop. Waving his right hand, he summoned numerous mountains. With each step he took, gale-force winds swept about, and the attacking Outsiders were destroyed.

He was protecting the people he cared for and loved. He didn’t want to see his friends and family hurt. His mind was empty, devoid of any thoughts except... that determination.

Countless Outsiders roared as they attacked, and even though he was slipping closer toward unconsciousness, his desire to kill was no less. His right arm was broken, but he merely gritted his teeth in response. His legs were crushed, but he ignored the pain. Defiant, shocking roars echoed out in all directions.

The Fang Clan cultivators, Fatty, Meng Hao’s parents, and all the other Mountain and Sea cultivators unleashed attacks in all directions. Thanks to the protection being offered by Meng Hao, some of them were wounded, but none were in danger of losing their lives.

However, the price paid by Meng Hao was that his cultivation base continued to drop dangerously.

The large-headed cultivator hovered there silently. Next to him was the

female Paragon, brow furrowed in concentration as she directed her divine ability. Meng Hao was burning his life force. Exhaustion engulfed him like floodwaters. His vision was now not just growing blurry, it was also darkening.

He wasn't sure how many Outsiders he had killed, but it seemed like no matter how many he cut down, more appeared in their place. He was weak beyond belief. He attempted to summon his Soul Lamps, to extinguish them as a way to recover. However, because of the corruption of his blood, his Soul Lamps were defiled, and he could not summon them!

He began to headbutt the Outsiders, causing black blood to spray out of his mouth. His cultivation base continued to fall.

Behind him, all those he was protecting were injured, maddened, and begrieved. Tears streamed down their faces as they looked at Meng Hao there in front of them, as solid as a mountain.

An endless field of Outsider corpses stretched out in front of him, beyond which was the seemingly infinite army. They looked at Meng Hao with fear and shock. He was no longer equivalent to a Paragon; his cultivation base had dropped, and he was teetering on the verge of collapse. However, the intense murderous aura which radiated out of him could shake Heaven and Earth.

As he stood there surrounded by death, energy surging, the Outsiders were so frightened that they didn't dare to advance any further. Conflicted expressions could be seen as they looked at Meng Hao. Cultivators like him were rare in the 33 Heavens, but after invading the Mountain and Sea Realm, they had seen one after another.

And now, they were facing Meng Hao.

For the moment, the battlefield went silent, and although Meng Hao's eyes were somewhat blank, he managed to quietly say, "Qing'er, bind my wounds."

Xu Qing approached, tears streaming down her ashen face. She ripped a strip of cloth off of her garment, and as all of the nearby Outsiders and Fang Clan cultivators watched, she wrapped it tightly around his broken

right arm.

Seeing her tears, he murmured, "Don't cry. Tighter now, otherwise it might slip."

Xu Qing bit her lip and quietly bound the other arm, making sure the bandages were tight.

Even as the Outsiders stood there, terrified and unwilling to advance, the female Paragon's eyes opened and she cried out shrilly, "Kill them all!!"

Her voice, and her status, ensured that the Outsiders only hesitated for a moment before erupting with powerful roars. Then, the army surged like floodwaters toward Meng Hao.

Planet South Heaven trembled, and crevices opened up all over its surface. Apparently, it was on the very brink of collapsing.

As Meng Hao stood there, fighting to clear his vision, the mastiff flew out from his bag of holding, roaring as it charged into the Outsiders.

The Blood Demon ripped open a rift and emerged, and Meng Hao's Blood Spirit appeared, both of whom attacked the Outsiders viciously. Meng Hao's legs were shattered, making it impossible to walk, but he stood there like a mountain, allowing the virtual sea of Outsiders to bash into him. And yet, he didn't fall!

His right hand shot out to lock around the neck of one Outsider, while his left fist slammed into the chest of another. Outsiders were launching divine abilities at him from all directions, but even as they slammed into him, he headbutted another Outsider.

This disturbing scene left the Outsiders completely shocked. The mastiff was fighting like mad, a streak of red light flying about. Soon, there were simply too many Outsiders, so the mastiff grabbed Meng Hao with its teeth, sustaining severe injuries as it dragged him back toward the Fang Clan cultivators.

Blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao's mouth. His cultivation base had already dropped below the Immortal Realm. His fellow clan members, his family, and his friends were all weeping from the tragedy of

what was happening.

“I...” Meng Hao struggled to rise to his feet, when all of a sudden a hand clasped softly onto his shoulder.

It was Fang Xiufeng. He had sustained serious injuries, and yet his hand still radiated intense pressure as he looked down at Meng Hao.

“Hao’er, allow father to step in. If you survive this, make sure to take care of yourself in the future....”

With that, Fang Xiufeng took a deep breath and, without giving Meng Hao a chance to say or do anything, strode forward toward the Outsiders. He was Meng Hao’s father, and he wouldn’t sit idly by while his own son fought for him. He was Fang Xiufeng!

He had been the greatest Chosen of the Fang Clan! He was the Clan Chief! But what he was most proud of was that he... was Meng Hao’s father!

“Today is the day that the Mountain and Sea Realm dies, and the Fang Clan dies. You want to wipe us out to end a blood feud. Well, if even a drop of Fang Clan blood survives, then no matter how many years pass, we will get revenge!” As Fang Xiufeng strode out, vast numbers of Fang Clan cultivators joined him to attack the Outsiders!

Earlier, Meng Hao had been protecting them. But now, they would protect Meng Hao!

Rumbling echoed out as the slaughter began. By this point, the cultivators of the Fang Clan had reached a state of madness that exceeded that of any of the other Mountain and Sea cultivators in the fight so far. The boom of self-detonations began to ring out.

Blood oozed out of the corners of Meng Hao’s mouth, and his vision faded even more. He heard the countless miserable shrieks echoing in his ears. Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion. He saw fellow clan members self-detonating. He saw... his father there in the middle of the Outsider army, slaughtering the enemy. However, he was already wounded, and suddenly, an Outsider landed a heavy blow on his chest.

He fell back, killing the Outsider, but unable to avoid a flying sword which stabbed into his heart!

The sword stabbed through him, causing a spray of blood to erupt out of him like a fountain....

Meng Hao was shaking, and his eyes were wide. As he watched everything happen, he wanted to make everything stop, but was unable to change anything.

As the sword stabbed through Fang Xiufeng, he let out an indomitable roar, and then... he looked back at his wife.

He looked at his daughter, and he looked at his son. In the past, he had intentionally looked at his son with awe and reverence, something that a father normally wouldn't do. But he was willing to do just that. He was willing to set the example for others. He knew that Meng Hao was actually soft-hearted, and that he needed to learn about the bitterness of war. He needed to grow up in a way that could only be done in the most bitter of battles.

He had come to the realization long ago that he... wouldn't be able to stand by Meng Hao's side forever. Eventually, the day would come when he wouldn't be there, and when that happened... he hoped that his son could be strong.

His love for Meng Hao was just like Ke Yunhai's love for Ke Jiusi. It was profound, and filled with hope.

Today, he stepped out to fight knowing that he would die. He knew that considering the level of Meng Hao's cultivation base, he shouldn't be in such danger right now. Fang Xiufeng knew that it was only because of himself, and the other clan members. He didn't want to be a hindrance to Meng Hao, and because of that, because of the incredible danger Meng Hao was facing, Fang Xiufeng chose to ensure that no such hindrance existed.

"Your path still stretches far out into the future...."

As father and son gazed into each other's eyes, Meng Hao's heart felt

like it was tearing apart. He felt confusion gnawing at him, and fear.

“Dad...” he mouthed, unable to give voice to the word.

Fang Xiufeng smiled, then closed his eyes.

Farewell, my Hao'er....

When he opened his eyes, they shone with a bright light as he chose to... self-detonate!

His injuries were severe, so he knew that even if he didn't self-detonate, he would die in the fighting. Instead, he would tell everyone: I am Fang Xiufeng! Live and die for the Mountains and Seas!

The boom that echoed out was not an unusual sound on the battlefield. But to Meng Hao, it was as if all Heaven and Earth were shaking!!

It was a sound that reaved the Heavens and sundered the Earth. Meng Hao's entire world was completely shattered.

Chapter 1391: I Don't Need Any Of It

"No...." Meng Hao was trembling as tears of anguish rolled down his cheeks. His world was crumbling. This was the second time he had experienced the pain of a father passing away. The first time had been with Ke Yunhai, and now, it was with his true father, Fang Xiufeng.

Memories from his childhood rose up in his mind; how his father had slaughtered Fang Clan cultivators to protect him, and how he had agreed to be stranded on Planet South Heaven for 100,000 years for him.

He remembered reuniting with his parents, and the look in his father's eyes as he passed on his sword technique, simultaneously cowing all of South Heaven.

He remembered his father's quiet encouragement when he had finally left Planet South Heaven.

He remembered how tall and strong his father seemed, like a mountain in his heart....

He remembered how, after becoming the Crown Prince of the Fang Clan, he had taken the whole clan to pay respects, and the tears of pride which had glistened in his father's eyes.

He remembered how, after his cultivation base had reached towering heights, and the war had broken out, his father had looked at him with such awe and reverence. Back then, he didn't understand that, and had even felt hurt, and alone. But he had buried those feelings, and focused on being strong. Now, in that single look that his father gave him, Meng Hao realized that it had all been done intentionally by his father.

He realized that his father chose to die because, at this critical and deadly crossroads in the war, he didn't want to become... a hindrance to his son.

He hoped that his own death would give Meng Hao a chance to survive.

His love for his son was clear, and profoundly deep.

Everything he did was for his son, for Meng Hao....

A father is often stern, and doesn't express his love for his children. But when the critical moment arrives... he will sacrifice himself, even if all that gives them is a bit more time to flee for their lives.

Meng Hao was trembling, and his hands were clenched tightly into fists. His heart was broken, and as his tears spilled down his face, they began to turn red. A strange sound began to echo in his throat, and it was hard to tell whether it was weeping or laughter, despair or rage.

Off in the distance, Fang Wei's head flew off of his shoulders as he was decapitated.... In the moment before he was killed, his glaring eyes seemed to shout I am Fang Wei, I will defend... the Fang Clan.

Countless members of the Fang Clan wept with madness as they fought. One after another self-detonated, using that power to batter at the Outsiders.

Fang Yu was attacking like mad, just as everyone else was. Sun Hai was by her side. She was the true love of his life, and he would protect her even if he died doing so. Shielding her with his body, they slaughtered their way into the Outsiders.

Meng Hao's mother was standing there in a daze, her hand extended as if she were trying to grab hold of something. However, there was nothing there.... She watched as her husband transformed into a blazing inferno, then into ash, taking numerous Outsiders with him into death. Trembling, she smiled.

It was a poignant smile, a soft smile, and at the same time, her eyes filled with both understanding and determination.

"When we got married, you said... that we would live together and die together....

"During Meng Hao's Seventh Year Tribulation, you said that together we would defy fate.

"That night, you went, sword in hand, to cut down the vile clan members who persecuted Hao'er. You thought that I wasn't watching, but I was. You returned, soaked in blood, and wept softly as you looked over Hao'er as he

slept.

“In the Tower of Tang, you stopped me from going to save him, but I knew that at the same time, your heart was breaking. You were struggling just like I was, and I knew because when you held my hand, your hand was shaking even harder than mine.

“When Hao’er brought the clan to pay respects, you put on a casual front, but I know that you were more excited and proud than you had ever been.

“When Yu’er brought Sun Hai to meet us, I know that you had already run a thorough investigation on him. You wholeheartedly approved of your son-in-law, because you realized how sincere his feelings were for Yu’er.

“To ensure that everyone revered and respected Hao’er, you had to pretend that you were awestruck. I know that you did that... for Hao’er....

“You aren’t the type of person who is good at expressing himself, but I know that you love Hao’er and Yu’er just as much as I do....

“We were married on Planet East Victory, and sent to stand guard on Planet South Heaven. We spent many years together, but today, you’ve gone.... And I’ll go with you, because I remember that oath we made on the day we were married.

“We live together... and we die together!”

Even as the booms echoed out on the battlefield, Meng Li turned to look at Meng Hao and Fang Yu, and she smiled. She was loathe to part with them, but she understood the meaning of Fang Xiufeng’s death. And so, she began to walk out onto the battlefield.

“Hao’er, Yu’er, flee from this place. It doesn’t matter how, get away... Flee, and live.”

Meng Hao trembled as he watched his mother walk out into the Outsider army. As they swept over her, a sudden explosion ripped through their ranks.

Blue veins popped out on Meng Hao's face and neck. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was shaking so hard that wisps of smoke began to rise up from his head.

"Dad.... Mom...." Tears flowed down his face. He wanted to cry, and at the same time, to laugh. He wanted to howl in anguish, and roar in rage. However, all the sounds were stuck in his throat.

In that moment, Meng Hao's world seemed to stop moving. His blood ceased flowing. Everything went still.

The only sound that could be heard was the beating of his heart, which pounded like thunder. It filled his mind, as if it wished to burst out from within him, to sweep through the starry sky and put an end to everything!

Suddenly, the cold voice of the female Paragon echoed out. "This planet will be destroyed. That man who just died was your father? And that woman who died with him was your mother? How amusing."

Her words were like a key that unlocked the cage within which Meng Hao had been festering. He suddenly began to laugh, a laughter filled with misery, dementia, and defiance!

"Gone...? Are they really gone...?"

"You people, should die. You... shall die. You... MUST DIE!" As Meng Hao laughed, tears of blood streamed down his face. He was shaking harder than ever now, and at the same time, a terrifying aura erupted out of him.

When the female Paragon heard his laughter, she shivered uncontrollably, and her heart seized. For some reason, she even felt a bit frightened.

When the large-headed cultivator heard Meng Hao's laughter, his pupils constricted.

Meng Hao slowly looked up, his eyes shining with grief as he looked out across the battlefield. "You want to corrupt my Dao? You want to defile my blood? You want to befoul my soul....?"

“I was fighting back before. I didn’t want that defilement. But now I think, maybe that was a mistake....

“Who cares about a bit of befoulment!?!?” Eyes shining with coldness and insanity, he embraced the grief, and suddenly, the look in his eyes transformed into something bizarrely shocking.

“Who cares about some defilement? I don’t need my Dao. I don’t need my blood. I don’t need my soul. I only need... to kill you people!” Even as the words left his mouth, it was without the slightest hesitation that he stopped fighting back against the corruption and defilement within his blood. In the blink of an eye, he began to shake as the power of the curse transformed his blood, stained his soul, washed over his bones, and besmirched his Dao foundation.

All of a sudden, the aura which erupted from within him was no longer that of the Immortal Realm or the Ancient Realm. Instead, it was some type of fusion, an indescribable, unspeakable aura.

It was a multifarious aura. Moments ago, it had been completely ordinary, but now it was almost diabolical. Before, it was pure and clean, but now it was corrupt and defiled!

Black veins spread out across his face, and then his entire body. His hair grew incredibly long, and shrill laughter rang out as he stood there shaking.

As the laughter filled the air, he shattered his Dao foundation, and his Immortal meridians!

The surrounding Outsiders were completely and utterly shocked. They could sense something terrifying within Meng Hao, something that was neither Immortal, God, nor Devil. It was like a mutation!!

A shocking aura which had mutated out from an Immortal!

“You... you....” the female Paragon said with a gasp. She seemed astonished, even incredulous. She was sure that her corruption magic shouldn’t do anything like this. After unleashing it, the victim should have turned into a pool of defiled blood, but now... although Meng Hao clearly

was being corrupted... he wasn't dying, but instead was undergoing some strange transmogrification.

"How could this be!?" she thought. Her scalp was tingling from the bizarre, indescribable sensation she was now getting from Meng Hao.

It was almost as if Heaven and Earth were being affected, as if the starry sky were being influenced. All Immortals, all Gods, all cultivators, everything in existence could sense the incredible pressure coming from Meng Hao.

"What... what is that?!"

The large-headed cultivator's eyes went wide, and he began to pant as he started at Meng Hao, his mind reeling.

Rumbling could be heard as Meng Hao slowly looked up. His eyes were now bright red, not from being bloodshot, but because, in his pain and anguish, they had actually turned crimson.

They were like gemstones, but if you looked at them long enough, they seemed like seas of blood.

He had bright red eyes, skin covered with black veins, and long pitch-black hair. As he stood there, all creation seemed to be trembling, and ripples were surging out through the starry sky. At the same time, a sensation of utter terror began to rise up in the hearts of the Outsiders.

It was as if... some sinister and mysterious pressure had suddenly begun to radiate out from Meng Hao.

"The only person who knows what choice I made back then," he murmured, "is me." With that, he waved his hand, and his Soul Lamps suddenly appeared.

They were different than before; these Soul Lamps burned with a mysterious, blue-violet flame!

The blue-violet fire made no noise as it burned, and yet the entire starry sky shook.

Both on Planet South Heaven and outside of it, Outsiders and cultivators

alike, everyone, even the Paragons, even Shui Dongliu, felt a terrifying sensation!

Chapter 1392: Happy Now?

There was a Devil.

And there was a God, who was half of an Immortal.

Furthermore, there ought to have been a true Immortal!

The Paragon Immortal Realm was to be the birthplace of that Immortal. Apparently it had been foreordained that at some point in history, the Immortal would open his eyes, and stride forth to reach the ultimate peak of existence.

The Immortal was above the God, and could suppress the Devil!

That was the legend which was spoken of. However, the truth was... what was being produced by the Paragon Immortal Realm right now, was not the Immortal.

It was...

The Demon!

The Mountains and Seas were the birthplace, and all the resources of Heaven and Earth were called upon to instigate this change with the Immortal. He had watched his family self-detonate, and the starry sky shook. Amidst laughter and tears, the Immortal became... the Demon!

“The Demon...” murmured Shui Dongliu, looking in the direction of Planet South Heaven. “Now the Aeon Span has its Demonic qi...” 1

The chaotic aura radiating off of Meng Hao could most rightly be described as... Demonic qi! Because the Immortal had transformed, it was... Demonic qi!

As of this moment, Demonic qi raged beyond control!

“Now... are you happy?” Meng Hao said, laughing a laughter that seemed like weeping. It was filled with something bizarre and subversive, and a towering rage that shook everything in the Heavens. Fear gripped the hearts of the Outsiders, and as for the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm, their hearts welled up with grief and sorrow.

“Now... are you at ease?!” Meng Hao waved his sleeve, and everything in Heaven and Earth trembled as his energy rocketed up.

As Meng Hao began to stride forward, his bizarre laughter contained an indescribable multifariousness, a madness, a coldness, the epitome of all contradiction.

Even as he took his first step forward, several of his Soul Lamps winked out, and the Third Desolation began, the Desolation of the Soul.

Normally speaking, the Desolation of the Soul was a tribulation that would be extremely difficult for Ancient Realm cultivators. However, Meng Hao's soul had already been defiled, so to him, this Desolation counted for little. Both life and death were simply different types of transformations.

The Desolation of the Soul was gone in an instant!

Of his 33 Soul lamps, only 18 were still lit!

Originally, the smoke that came up from the Soul Lamps upon being extinguished should have been green. But now, it was black. As the smoke shot toward Meng Hao, he absorbed it, and his hair grew even longer than before. More black veins snaked out across his skin. His eyes were bright, and he looked even more bizarrely Demonic than before!

As he stepped forth, he spoke, voice soft: “If you people are happy now, at ease, then that means it's time for me to be happy and at ease. It's time for all of you to die.”

As the female Paragon hovered there, her pupils constricted with astonishment. She began to back up, and at the same time, hit her hand down onto the top of her head.

Instantly, a swath of mist appeared above her, which transformed into a bell. The bell tolled, causing vibrations to spread out in all directions. Next, the female Paragon lifted her hand up to strike the top of her head again, but before her hand could fall, Meng Hao's laughter filled her ears. It was like the sound of crying, filled with incredible bizarreness.

“Hitting yourself? Let me help.”

Even as the words left his mouth, Meng Hao shot toward the female Paragon. The large-headed cultivator's heart began to pound; gritting his teeth, he shot toward Meng Hao to intercept him, unleashing a fist strike.

However, Meng Hao's body distorted, and unexpectedly... he passed right through the large-headed cultivator, as if he didn't even exist. Completely ignoring him, he bore down on the female Paragon.

"NO!!" she screamed, her eyes widening. Meng Hao's right hand then lifted up as he prepared to do exactly as he had said, and hit her head.

When he struck her, a boom echoed out, and the female Paragon's head actually exploded. Blood, brain matter, and rotten filth exploded out in all directions. And yet, Meng Hao didn't stop hitting!

"I noticed that you hit yourself a few times. Allow me to help hit you a few more times." He continued to strike her again, and again, and again.

Her body was collapsing, and she was dead, but he kept smashing his palm down over and over again, crying and laughing at the same time.

Booms filled the air, and everyone watched as the female Paragon's body was beaten into a bloody pulp by Meng Hao! Gasps rang out.

Her screaming soul flew out from her destroyed body, but before she could escape, Meng Hao's hand shot out to grab her. She had already managed to put some distance between the two of them, but it was almost as if Meng Hao controlled all of Heaven and Earth, and his hand instantly closed around her.

"Do you really dare to kill me!?!?" she screamed, clearly terrified. Meng Hao looked at her with a bizarrely Demonic smile that seemed to contain infinite weeping.

"No, I don't," he said softly. Then, as all of the Outsiders watched, as the large-headed cultivator and the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm looked on, Meng Hao took the female Paragon's soul and popped it into his mouth. Simultaneously crying and laughing... he began to chew!

He chomped down viciously over and over again as he ate her soul!

Her bloodcurdling screams echoed out clear for everyone to hear, and they were left trembling.

The members of the Fang Clan stood there quietly. Fatty and Meng Hao's other friends, as well as his sister, watched with sadness in their eyes. This Meng Hao seemed like a complete stranger to them, and yet they knew why he had changed in such a way.

The only person who didn't have such a look in her eyes was Xu Qing. Her expression was one of staunch determination; she was not shaken at all.

Meng Hao looked around, chuckling and whimpering, his expression enough to strike astonishment into the hearts of all onlookers. Then he turned his gaze toward Xu Qing and said, "Want some? It's yummy!"

Xu Qing didn't hesitate for a moment before nodding.

If you are the Immortal, I will ascend with you. If you become the Devil, I will become bedeviled with you. If you become the Demon, I will transmigrate with you!

Meng Hao looked at Xu Qing and laughed. It was hard to tell what he was thinking as he did, but tears could be seen in his eyes. However, those tears didn't spill. Not a drop fell down.

The surrounding Outsiders were trembling, and without even thinking about it, they began to back up. The large-headed cultivator's heart was pounding, and just as he was preparing to flee, Meng Hao suddenly turned to look at him.

"And what about you?"

"Why were you helping her? I can tell that you have a powerful Karma Thread attached to you. It's too bad it's so faint. It's also too bad that you chose to come looking for death!" As he spoke those last words, Meng Hao's face twisted viciously. A moment ago, his expression had been a mixture of laughing and crying, but now it was distorted in rage. He looked purely fiendish as a black fog suddenly erupted out from inside of him.

Then, he shot toward the large-headed cultivator.

The large-headed cultivator's scalp tingled as he fell back as fast as he could. However, he couldn't match Meng Hao in terms of speed. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao had overtaken him, and they were both surrounded by black fog.

Screams echoed out, along with Meng Hao's bizarre weeping laughter. Occasional booms could be heard, which caused all hearts to tremble.

It was impossible to tell what was happening inside of the black fog. Not even Shui Dongliu could see through it.

The rest of the battlefield was dead silent.

All eyes were fixed upon the black fog. Soon, a figure barrelled out. It was the large-headed cultivator. His eyes had been ripped out of their sockets, and one still dangled there, swinging back and forth. His ears had been torn off, and he was covered with wounds. Most shocking of all was that a gaping bite mark could be seen on his neck, which spurted with blood.

His face was twisted with fear, and he screamed as he fled. Apparently, whatever had happened inside that fog left him completely and utterly shaken.

Everyone looked on at what was happening, completely flabbergasted. Finally, Meng Hao emerged from the fog. He appeared to be injured, and blood was seeping down his chin. However, his laughter and weeping continue to echo out. He spit out a mouthful of blood, and his eyes seemed to glow even redder than before.

Chuckling and whimpering, he said, "I can't actually beat you now, but if you get close enough, I... will eat you!"

When the fleeing large-headed cultivator heard his words, he shivered, clearly scared out of his mind.

"And then we get to you people," Meng Hao said, turning his head toward the Outsiders surrounding Planet South Heaven. They were all trembling, and it was hard to say who did it first, but they all began to flee.

All of the Outsiders near Planet South Heaven took to flight, surging away from the planet like a receding tide.

Meng Hao's weeping laughter filled the air as he shot toward the retreating army. Instantly, screams began to rise up as countless Outsiders met their end. Those who were far away, he killed. Those who were near, he ate.

Blood spread out everywhere, and the gruesome sight of the battlefield filled the Outsiders with such extreme terror that they fled en masse.

One single person drove an army of millions of Outsiders away from Planet South Heaven!

Meng Hao's clothes were drenched in blood, and the most piercing sound on the entire battlefield was his weeping laughter. His aura was bizarre and multifarious, and it left Paragon Sea Dream and everyone else completely rattled.

As for the rest of the army of Outsiders around the Ninth Mountain, the ones who hadn't attacked Planet South Heaven, they were looking at Meng Hao with astonishment and terror.

"A lunatic. He's completely insane!!"

"His dad and mom died, his clan members were killed, and it drove him crazy!!"

"What is he? The Demon? Is he the legendary entity that supposedly could be born out of the perversion of the Paragon Immortal Realm... the Demon?"

"Dammit, this is the Demon that the Immortal God Realm and the Devil Realm were hoping would appear when they changed things!? They're going to be sorry!!" As the Outsiders trembled, the 8-Essences male Paragon looked at Meng Hao, and an incredible coldness rose up within him!

Even Dao Fang was panting as he stared at Meng Hao. He had to admit that, as of this moment, Meng Hao's energy was completely astonishing.

“One person can’t win a war,” Meng Hao said, “but... you people have pushed things too far!” Laughing and crying, his hair whipping about him, looking more bizarre than ever, he bared his teeth and looked at Dao Fang and the 8-Essences Paragon. “I can’t beat you people now, but what I can do... is eat you!”

With that, he took a step forward, looking more bizarrely Demonic than ever!

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Note from Deathblade: How cool would it be to have one of the best voice actors in the world, Mark Hamill, do the voice of Meng Hao in an audio version of this chapter? I know the likelihood is virtually 0, but why don’t we give it a shot? If you use twitter, why don’t you reply to my request to Mr. Hamill to do just that. Maybe we can attract his attention. If not, then we can all just imagine how cool it would be to have the voice of the Joker and numerous other roles as Meng Hao the Demon!

*

1. The “Aeon” here has actually been mentioned many times in the story, but was translated differently. It comes from the Demon Sealing mantra, which is very obscure and vague in Chinese, and involved a lot of guessing to translate. Back when I first worked on the mantra, this chapter hadn’t even been released in Chinese, and of course, back then I had no access to Er Gen. In any case, now that the term has shown up in this context, a lot of puzzle pieces can probably be put together, and I’ve finally gone back to all the old chapters to change some things and make sure everything syncs right. The word Aeon itself could also be translated as “kalpa,” a term fans of IET might be familiar with. To quote from wikipedia, a kalpa (Aeon) is “generally speaking... the period of time between the creation and recreation of a world or universe.” Of further note is the fact that within that mantra was a character that was hard to interpret at the time I originally translated it, but becomes clear in the context of later events. The

newest version reflects that change, and is pretty relevant.

Unfortunately, the full meaning of the Aeon and the Aeon Span will not be explained until later, at that time I will include another footnote with further reminders. If you want to go back to previous chapters to see how I've changed things, and then guess what it all means, here is your hit list: The first time the mantra was seen in action was chapter 95. A variation came up in chapter 407. Finally, the "Aeon Span" was actually mentioned already once in the story in chapter 1306, which I've since updated to reflect this more correct version of the translation. All other times the Demon Sealing mantra came up, it was a direct quote of the original version, or the original and alternate versions. However, if you want to check those references for context, they are chapters 89, 101, 406, 407, 495-497, 882. Please note that sometimes when I go back to make these changes to the old chapters I tend to miss a passage here or there, or even create new typos, etc. If you notice something like that, I would very much appreciate it if you would report it in the thread for mistakes and typos. I do check the comments here in the chapter, but sometimes comments skip my notice, and I would hate for a mistake to go noticed but unfixed.

Chapter 1393: Guilty Because of the Fang Clan!

“Who told you to provoke me? Does this make you happy? Are you at ease now?” Meng Hao’s strange voice echoed out across the battlefield, causing all Outsiders to tremble. Even the most powerful experts were shocked.

“Parlor tricks!” snorted the 8-essences Paragon, suddenly advancing toward Meng Hao. Paragon Sea Dream was about to try to intercept him when, to her shock, the Paragon puppet held out its hand to block her path.

Sea Dream gaped as she looked at the Paragon puppet to confirm that its eyes really were those of Meng Hao.

At the same time, the large-headed cultivator was shaking as he fled, trailing black fog. However, he was far enough from the battlefield, and people were so focused on Meng Hao, that nobody was paying any attention to him anymore.

As the 8-Essences Paragon closed in on Meng Hao, the power of all his Essences erupted out. However, in almost the exact same instant, Meng Hao clenched his fist, and suddenly, his aura changed. No longer was he laughing and crying. Instead, he seemed completely and utterly domineering.

That domineering air placed him as the most important entity in existence. As he unleashed his fist strike, it was as if the Vast Expanse itself would bow to his energy!

As they closed in on each other, Meng Hao’s energy erupted as he unleashed one God-Slaying Fist after another, after another! He threw his head back and roared, taking seven steps and unleashing a punch with each step.

It was none other than the Seven God Steps, which caused his energy to rocket up, until he took his seventh step and unleashed his seventh punch,

whereupon his domineering air spiked. It was as if he had superseded the starry sky, become the center of all attention, as if he were so utterly mad that he would kill his opponent even if he died in the process.

This was in such sharp contrast to the previous laughing and crying that the 8-Essences Paragon could never have predicted that something like this would happen. In the blink of an eye, the two met and began to fight.

Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as his aura changed once again. It was no longer domineering; it was now murderous! Apparently, he was completely oblivious to his injuries, like a wild animal who didn't even care if his body collapsed. He pounced toward the 8-Essences Paragon with shocking speed, mouth gaping as he attempted to take a bite out of the man's head!

The Paragon was astounded and fell back immediately, but Meng Hao's mouth still landed on his arm, and a huge chunk of flesh was ripped off. Meng Hao then turned to look at him, his eyes red, his hair flying about, and he looked like nothing more than a rabid beast!

"You...." the Paragon said, heart thumping. Meng Hao began to chortle as he leapt forth in attack yet again, ignoring any injuries, and ignoring any possibility of dying. He seemed completely and utterly insane, his eyes shining with brutal ferocity, totally oblivious to life and death, completely willing to end in mutual destruction. The Paragon was deeply alarmed.

"Insane!" he cried, backing up. "You're completely insane!" However, Meng Hao's aura then changed again. A pure, righteous and noble Immortal qi erupted from within him. However, he still looked just as ferocious as before, like a fierce beast, and... when an Immortal is enraged, the Heavens collapse, and Earth is shattered!

Meng Hao stood there in grand fashion, Immortal qi flowing around him, Essence power swirling as he performed an incantation gesture and unleashed numerous magical techniques. Mountains descended, the Paragon Bridge crushed down, and a windstorm screamed, transforming into lightning. Magical techniques flew out at high speed, making him almost like a sea of magic as he charged toward the Paragon.

The Lightning Cauldron even appeared, and after performing a teleportation, an azure roc slashed at the Paragon from behind in a vicious attack.

The man's face fell, and just when he was about to counterattack, Meng Hao suddenly loosened his fist, allowing the man to strike him. His right arm exploded into a cloud of gore, and half of his body was destroyed, and yet, he accomplished his goal of getting close to the Paragon.

Chuckling and whimpering, he ferociously... bit down onto the Paragon's throat and ripped the flesh out!

The man screamed miserably, flinging Meng Hao away from him and shooting backward, simultaneously clasp his hand down over the wound on his throat. He wanted to speak, to say something, but the sound wouldn't come out. As of this moment, his expression was one of complete stupefaction and terror.

It was rare for him to find an enemy on the battlefield who he truly feared, but as of this moment, he was terrified of Meng Hao.

That was even more so the case when Meng Hao licked his lips and began to close in on him again. The man's scalp was tingling so hard it felt like it might explode, and he suddenly recalled what Meng Hao had said only moments ago.

I can't beat you people now, but what I can do... is eat you!

"What is he, dammit!?" he thought. "The Immortal God Realm and the Devil Realm induced a change in the Immortal, but what exactly appeared in its place?! He's even more terrifying than the Immortal!!"

He stared at Meng Hao, raging inwardly, and was just about to fall back when suddenly, his face flickered. He looked down at some of his wounds and noticed that they were black, and that the blackness was spreading.

"A curse!!" he exclaimed, face flickering.

"No, not a curse. That's just my hatred." Meng Hao chuckled, whimpered, and then charged forward. The Paragon's face turned grim, and he let out an enraged shout as his body began to wither. At the same

time, his Nascent Divinity emerged, leaving his body behind and fleeing, unwilling to have any further contact with Meng Hao.

“Insane!” he cried. “You’re completely insane!!”

Laughing at the sight of the fleeing Paragon, Meng Hao turned to look at Dao Fang and said, “Don’t get near me.”

Dao Fang shivered and began to back up, his scalp numb. If Meng Hao’s cultivation base were significantly weaker than theirs, it wouldn’t be so frightening, but he was clearly just a hair below them!

All of the bizarre multifariousness, and the pressure weighing down from his aura, made it difficult for them to unleash their full potential. Most importantly, they simply weren’t as vicious as Meng Hao!

He was so insane that he didn’t even care if he died, as long as he could bite down on some flesh and blood. Dao Fang couldn’t shake the scene of the terrifying look on the face of the female Paragon’s soul as it was devoured.

He suddenly had the feeling that the Immortal God Realm and the Devil Realm... had made a mistake!!

Perhaps the true Immortal possessed power that placed it above the God, a power that could suppress the Devil, but it was still possible to defeat that Immortal in battle. In contrast, this Demon, despite having just been born, despite not being strong enough yet to throw the Vast Expanse into chaos, had already shown... how potentially terrifying he was!

That was even more so when... Meng Hao’s arm began to regrow in front of all eyes, and rapidly reappeared like new.

That left Dao Fang completely shaken.

As of this moment, the Paragons were fleeing the battlefield, the large-headed cultivator was fleeing, and the army was also fleeing. All of that... was because of the sudden transformation, the sudden birth of... the Demon!

Meng Hao technically wasn’t very powerful at the moment, but for all

intents and purposes, he might as well be!

His laughter drifted out, becoming crying, and he trembled. In the madness of that laughter, he seemed to be laughing at himself, and crying for his relatives.

Everyone who heard it sank into silence, Outsiders, Mountain and Sea cultivators, and Shui Dongliu alike.

“Meng... Meng Hao....” Fang Yu said, trembling in Sun Hai’s arms. She looked at her little brother, at Meng Hao, and her heart twinged with pain. Their parents were gone, and Meng Hao was now her only blood relative.

Fatty wept as he looked at Meng Hao. He wanted to say something, but wasn’t sure what. All he knew was that looking at Meng Hao like this filled him with pain.

Then there was Chen Fan, and Meng Hao’s Master Pill Demon, and further off in the distance, Ke Jiusi, who had a torn look in his eyes.

Everyone who was still alive on Planet South Heaven was watching Meng Hao. They saw his Demonic qi, they saw how terrifying he was, and they saw that laughing, crying expression.

“Shui Dongliu, maybe you’re really Nine Seals, and maybe you aren’t. Whoever you are, your machinations swept up me, my Grandpa Meng, my Grandpa Fang, and my parents. The Mountain and Sea Realm is in ruins, and Planet South Heaven is virtually destroyed. I have become the Demon. Presumably, the time has come to carry out your final plan.” Meng Hao looked up into the starry sky, his voice resonating oddly as he gazed at the Heavens.

The starry sky trembled as Shui Dongliu appeared. In another direction, Dao Fang and the 8-Essences Paragon were consumed by terror, and began to flee, allowing Paragon Sea Dream and Meng Hao’s Paragon puppet to approach Shui Dongliu.

The Paragon puppet’s eyes were bright red; Meng Hao’s transformation had affected its aura as well. It stood there, eyes filled with a bizarre, Demonic gleam as it looked at Shui Dongliu.

Shui Dongliu remained silent for a long moment, a torn expression on his face. Finally, he clasped hands and bowed deeply to Meng Hao.

“I’ve made many plans, and many preparations, and many are dead and gone because of them. I implore you... to let all of that go. As for me... my conscience is clear when it comes to the Mountain and Sea Realm. I only feel guilty about... the Fang Clan.

“Your Fang Clan is an Allheaven Clan, with an extraordinary bloodline. After arriving in the Mountain and Sea Realm, your first generation Patriarch acquired Heaven-defying good fortune which changed the Allheaven bloodline. Because of the multiple lives offered by the Nirvana Fruit, the Fang Clan bloodline became the most suitable for my designs!

“Furthermore, you are the epitome and culmination of the Fang Clan bloodline. Therefore—”

“Therefore,” Meng Hao cut in, “my so-called Seventh Year Tribulation was actually orchestrated by you!” He swished his sleeve, and the odd way his voice seemed to contain both laughter and crying was enough to cause anyone who heard it to feel unsettled.

After a moment, Shui Dongliu nodded. “Your Seventh Year Tribulation was caused by me. I was the one who arranged for your Grandpa Meng to become a Mountain and Sea Lord. And it was I who extracted your Grandpa Fang’s soul and placed it into the Heaven Severing Scripture.

“I also arranged everything that happened with your parents. I was the one who sent them to stand guard over Planet South Heaven. That was because their souls were the most likely to become the propelling souls!

“Even the enmity between the Ji Clan and your Fang Clan was set up by me.... Your cultivation of the Hexing magics of the League of Demon Sealers was my doing. My purpose in all of this was for you to become... the new will of the Mountains and Seas, or perhaps, the Immortal! However, along the way, you changed your own fate.

“Throughout my life, I never let the Mountains and Seas down. I did let the Fang Clan down.... However, your Grandpa Fang isn’t really dead, and in some ways, your parents aren’t dead either!

“Soon, if my plan succeeds, I will destroy myself in front of you. I will dig out my heart, and offer my life as a sacrifice to the blood of the Fang Clan.

“If my plan fails... then I will still wipe out my own soul fire to help you get what you want!”

Chapter 1394: Slaughter Slashes the Immortal Gods!

“All of my plans were centered around the Fang Clan’s... Nirvanic Rebirth!” Even as the words left his mouth, Shui Dongliu suddenly looked up toward the apex of the starry sky, and a mad fire seemed to be burning in his eyes!

It was in that exact same moment that the highest point of the starry sky suddenly distorted and twisted, and the starry sky even seemed to melt. Then, it spread apart to reveal... a portion of the Vast Expanse beyond.

There was also an enormous land mass speeding forward, a continent!

The land mass was gargantuan, and was filled with innumerable mountains and seas. Up in front were nine huge suns, dragging it along. Rumbling sounds echoed out in all directions as it approached the Mountain and Sea Realm at incredible speed!

It was none other than... the Immortal God Continent!

This was one of the two major powers which had destroyed the Paragon Immortal Realm, the Immortal God Realm!

Each of those nine suns emanated the aura of a Paragon. Thunderous rumbling echoed out, the starry sky melted, and the Ninth Mountain shook. Even just the mere pressure which was weighing down was enough to threaten to destroy the Ninth Mountain.

The Mountain and Sea cultivators’ minds were spinning as they stared in shock at what was happening. As for Meng Hao, he looked up and stared at the source of the chaos in the starry sky... the enormous, shocking land mass.

An enormous statue was visible on that land mass, depicting a man with a calm expression and ordinary features. However, the pressure that radiated off of him was impossible to describe.

Almost in the same instant that Meng Hao saw the statue, his eyes

narrowed. This statue looked familiar to him. It looked... exactly like the statue of the black-robed Slaughter from Echelon cultivator Dao-Heaven's Paragon magic! The only difference was that apparently, the two of them had different personalities!!

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the nine suns all appeared within the starry sky of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Behind them, innumerable cultivators could be seen on the land mass, patiently waiting in battle formation, apparently completely prepared to wage war.

Scintillating energy filled the air, as though this land were the king of all Heaven and Earth, to whom myriad worlds would prostrate, with boundless Immortal qi and towering Godly power. It could shake the Vast Expanse, change time, and alter space. It could even look down upon the great Daos of Heaven and Earth. From the look of it, not even the Vast Expanse could cause this world to feel fear!

It was as if it... were the pinnacle force in the starry sky.

Compared to it, the 33 Heavens were like nothing!

Suddenly, an icy cold voice echoed out from the huge land mass, to fill the whole Mountain and Sea Realm. "Paragon Immortal Realm, hand over the precious treasure, destroy your Immortal meridians, and become a Lower Realm. You have no hope of winning this war!"

A moment later, the voice of a woman could be heard, somewhat suspicious, but also, seemingly pleased! "Hmm, what is that aura...? Demon...."

Chuckling and whimpering, Meng Hao swished his sleeve, and as he looked up at the boundless land mass up above, his eyes glowed with a more intense redness than before. He licked his lips, and an air of madness began to emanate out.

"Are you people happy now too?" he murmured. "Are you at ease?"

The descent of the huge land mass caused the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators to awaken from their shock from what had just occurred with Meng Hao. The astonishing land mass caused them to feel pressure like

Heavenly Might. Despair instantly rose up in the hearts and minds of the cultivators, and simultaneously, the army of Outsiders began to tremble, quickly edged backward, and then dropped to their knees to kowtow.

The 8-Essences Paragon had a very serious look on his face, and inwardly, he was sighing with relief. He really had no desire to tangle further with Meng Hao in combat. Meng Hao was like a nightmare, and thus, he couldn't be happier to clasp hands and bow deeply to the incoming land mass.

Only Dao Fang reacted differently. His eyes flickered with a strange light, and he didn't so much as bend his waist as he stood there. In fact, a slight glimmer of displeasure appeared in his eyes.

It was at this point that Shui Dongliu began to laugh loudly, and his eyes glittered as he watched the Immortal God Continent descending, and more specifically, one corner of it that was already completely within the starry sky of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Even as his laughter echoed out, he suddenly spoke.

"You owe me! One attack! Sever the corner of that land mass!" Even as Shui Dongliu's voice echoed about like thunder, a black-robed figure appeared at the apex of the starry sky, right near the corner of the land mass that was jutting into the Mountain and Sea Realm.

He was blurry, making it impossible to see his face clearly. However, as soon as he appeared, an enormous murderous aura roiled out, shaking Heaven and Earth. Even the huge land mass began to vibrate.

The black-robed man calmly lifted his hand into the air, then chopped it down toward the huge land mass.

It was impossible to determine exactly the quantity or nature of the divine abilities and magical techniques he used, or if he had used any at all. In fact, it seemed like just a simple chopping motion, yet it caused the entire land mass to shake violently. Countless cultivators immediately began to cry out in alarm, and numerous shocking defensive mechanisms were unleashed, defenses that even a Paragon would be hard-pressed to obliterate. In fact, those defenses were what had made this land mass

virtually invincible on its journeys through the Vast Expanse.

But now, they seemed to do no good. They could do nothing to defend against this blow, and in fact, an enormous crevice opened up on the corner of the land mass that was inside the Mountain and Sea Realm's starry sky.

The crevice grew wider, turning into a vast gulch. Mountains toppled, seas were parted, and plains were shattered!

In the blink of an eye, that huge corner of the land mass, which was larger by far than any of the 33 Heavens, began to completely tear away from the land mass as a whole, as if it was being pried off!

The land mass... was being split apart!

The entire world was completely shaken!

The Outsiders' jaws dropped, and the 8-Essences Paragon stared, eyes wide with disbelief. Even Dao Fang was so shocked that his fur stood on end.

Only Meng Hao reacted differently. The flames of madness in his eyes burned bright, and he began to cackle uproariously.

That chopping motion severed an entire section of the huge land mass, which was something that caused the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm and the forces of the 33 Heavens to gasp in incredulity.

The cultivators of the Immortal God Realm were dumbstruck, and the entire land mass was completely shaken. For something like this to happen went completely beyond the expectations of the cultivators there, and they didn't even have time to react to it.

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the severed corner of the land mass lost its ability to sustain flight, and began to fall down toward the Mountain and Sea Realm. The countless cultivators on that corner instantly flew out, and at the same time, the black-robed man turned to leave.

The entire time, he hadn't spoken a single word, neither had anyone

seen his face. The Immortal God Continent had only just appeared, and was already severely damaged, leaving them in a complete rage.

“Think you can just leave?!?!” someone roared as more than ten figures charged toward him. Shockingly, nine of those figures were the ones within the suns, and the entire group all erupted with Paragon power.

As they closed in, the black-robed man frowned and stopped in place. Then he turned his head, allowing the Paragon level experts to see his face. It was none other than Slaughter.

In that moment, the numerous Paragons felt their minds spinning, as though countless lightning bolts were striking them. They all lurched to a stop, gasping, expressions of complete disbelief covering their faces as they began to cry out.

“Patriarch!!”

“What... what..? The Patriarch!?!?”

“It’s the Patriarch!!!” Even as their shocked voices rang out over the Immortal God Continent, more figures emerged and sped toward the area. There were men and women, old-timers and youngsters, but all of them were extremely powerful.

Slaughter didn’t do anything more than look at them before striding off and vanishing.

“Success or failure will be determined by this one opportunity!” Shui Dongliu said, swishing his sleeve and looking in the direction of the rest of the land masses belonging to the 33 Heavens. “Windswept! When do you plan to make your move if not now!?!?”

As soon as the words left his mouth, the 8-Essences Paragon’s face flickered, as did those of the other Outsider experts in the army. They had been aware that Windswept could be a traitor, and had even prepared for such an outcome. However, Shui Dongliu’s words seemed to be filled with complete and utter confidence.

In the blink of an eye, that huge corner of the land mass, which was larger by far than any of the 33 Heavens, began to completely tear away

from the land mass as a whole, as if it was being pried off!

What mattered was that the 33rd Heaven, the 32nd Heaven, the 31st Heaven... in fact, all of the remaining Heavenly land masses, began to rumble and shoot toward... the severed corner of the enormous land mass which was falling down through the starry sky.

This scene caused the Mountain and Sea cultivators' hearts to tremble. A collective gasp could be heard from the Outsider army. The 8-Essences Paragon was enraged, and even the monkey Dao Fang was astonished.

The experts from the Immortal God Continent had exactly the same reaction, and quickly tried to unleash their power to interfere. However, Slaughter's strike had not just severed the corner, it had also contained some sort of sealing power which was just enough to temporarily prevent the experts from the Immortal God Continent from invading.

It was in that exact same moment that the Heavenly land masses began to slam into the severed corner of the Immortal God Continent. Intense rumbling sounds echoed out that could shake Heaven and Earth as the severed portion of the land mass was crushed into rubble. Simultaneously, the Heavenly land masses were also destroyed, transforming into nothing more than ash.

The collision caused all of the Immortal qi which had been part of that corner of the land mass to be released into the Mountain and Sea Realm, Immortal qi that was so powerful it was difficult to put into words.

The land masses of the 33 Heavens which were destroyed also unleashed an aura which merged with that Immortal qi, filling the starry sky of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

As soon as those auras merged, a huge blast resulted, which ripped open part of the starry sky, and beyond it, the Vast Expanse.

This was what really mattered!

What really mattered... was this unprecedented blow struck by the land masses!

Amidst rumbling sounds, an enormous hole was opened up. Instantly,

the starry sky trembled, and the Outsiders were thrown into shock. The 8-Essences Paragon was astonished, and the experts on the Immortal God Continent let out incredulous shouts.

“They’re opening the seal! They’re going to make a run for it!”

From the look of it, that hole opened up into a tunnel!

*

Note from Deathblade: Although it’s been touched on in the story already, I feel it’s necessary to point out that Slaughter, despite being a clone of Wang Lin, is NOT Wang Lin. The details of Slaughter’s story, and why he is so different from Wang Lin, will be revealed as the translation of Renegade Immortal continues to unfold. As far as ISSTH is concerned, it’s enough to know that he looks like Wang Ling but is definitely not him in personality, thinking, or anything like that.

Chapter 1395: The Mountains and Seas Erupt!

The seal was the most critical factor in Shui Dongliu's plan. In addition to the 33 Heavens and Dao Fang, there was something else suppressing the Mountain and Sea Realm... a seal left behind by the two powerful forces which had fought the Paragon Immortal Realm!

That was the key, and that seal's name was... the Aeon Span! It actually didn't exist within the Mountain and Sea Realm itself, but outside of the 33 Heavens. Also... only the arrival of the Immortal God Continent, and the pressure which came with it, could make the invisible Aeon Span appear in the starry sky of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

This was the very moment that Shui Dongliu had been waiting for!

Tearing open that seal required a blow from a powerful land mass, like what had just happened. In addition, the auras of both the 33 Heavens and the Immortal God Realm needed to be fused with... Demonic qi!

Those three types of energy, when merged together, could weaken the Aeon Span. Missing even one of them was unacceptable. But with all of them together, along with the force produced by continents colliding... a hole could be opened.

That was the purpose of Windswept's traitorous act, and that was the purpose of Slaughter severing a corner of the land mass.

All of that was necessary to break open the seal. It required meticulous planning, and the perfect amount of elements involved. It required calculating exactly how many of the Heavenly land masses were required, as well as the exact size of the corner of the Immortal God Continent that needed to be severed.

Shui Dongliu had prepared for countless years for this very moment. He had sent many people to attack the 33 Heavens, to die fighting Dao Fang, all to measure the exact extent of the Aeon Span!

In the end, all the scattered information that had been gathered were

pieced together to form a precise answer to the question. And that was merely the first phase of Shui Dongliu's plan!

Suddenly, his words rang out to the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

"What I cared about regarding this war was neither how each battle in the war progressed nor whether we would ultimately be victorious," he murmured. "Rather... I cared about how to preserve the Mountain and Sea Realm.

"From the very beginning, I needed to accomplish three tasks. The first task... was to draw out the war until the Immortal God Continent arrived. Yes, I was sure that they would be the first to arrive!

"The second task was to preserve the true resources of the Mountains and Seas until their arrival. Even at the cost of innumerable lives, it was important to save the final salvo for the critical moment!

"Because of that, many, many cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm were sacrificed. All for the future. There was no one above sacrifice. All of you, and even me. All of that sacrifice was necessary to fuel the third phase of my plan.

"You can't blame me for keeping so many cards up my sleeves. I hid everything, and deceived everyone.

"The third task I needed to accomplish in this war... was the part of the plan that involved Planet South Heaven and the Fang Clan.

"There is a seal in place on Planet South Heaven that Mountain and Sea cultivators cannot affect. It was necessary for me to use the Outsiders to destroy it. Don't forget, Planet South Heaven is also known as the Door of South Heaven.... The power to propel the wings could not come from Fang Xiufeng and his wife alone. Every flap of the wings drains massive amount of soul power. Those souls... are the souls of the ninety-nine percent of the Mountain and Sea cultivators who have died in the fighting. In the end, they had to die, and they had to die before the Immortal God Continent arrived. If they died too late, there wouldn't be enough time to absorb them and propel the wings." Shui Dongliu's voice seemed to be filled with

grief, a grief which was reflected in the glow of his eyes.

“I’m sorry...I’ve been keeping so much hidden from you. The price to be paid was the lives of ninety-nine percent of the Mountain and Sea Realm. If we succeed, then the Mountain and Sea Realm can escape from this war, and fly to freedom!

“If we fail... then my Dao will be destroyed, and I will fight to the death!!” Shui Dongliu flicked his sleeve. As the hole opened up in the starry sky, the surrounding Outsider army was shocked, and the powerful experts from the Immortal God Continent instantly went on guard. Then, Shui Dongliu raised his hands high above his head.

“Mountain and Sea Realm, awaken!!” The instant the words left his mouth, a Heaven-shaking, Earth-shattering power erupted out from Shui Dongliu. Energy surged out as the second phase of his plan... was unfurled!

As his energy erupted out, and his voice echoed through the starry sky, the pressure weighing down from the Immortal God Continent actually caused... the crumbled Ninth Mountain to suddenly... emit massive rumbling sounds and... reappear whole within the starry sky!

The Ninth Mountain stood just as it had before! Within the celestial pond, the Xuanwu turtle howled, but this time, it was capable of more than just making noise. This time, it flew up out of the pond, energy erupting out from its body.

At the same time, the Eighth Mountain, Seventh Mountain, Sixth Mountain, Fifth Mountain... all of the mountains which had been destroyed in the war, reappeared for all to see, erect within the starry sky, radiating intense energy.

When the First Mountain appeared, all Nine Mountains could be seen. It was as if they hadn’t even sustained a scratch of damage; apparently, what had been destroyed were mere projections. This was Shui Dongliu’s plan; to completely fool the Outsiders, as well as the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

The Mountain and Sea Realm had not been destroyed!

Next, the First Sea appeared, then the Second Sea, the Third Sea and so on, until eight Seas could be seen, pulsing with boundless power that caused the starry sky to tremble. The Outsiders were flabbergasted, and couldn't believe what they were seeing.

There was one Sea missing, the Ninth Sea. It really had turned traitor, and was now sitting there uneasily among the Outsider army!

Within the same army, the 8-Essences Paragon's face turned grim to the extreme.

Off to the side, the monkey Dao Fang's eyes were glowing brightly with shock and fear. "Now it makes sense! When I destroyed that Mountain with my staff, I couldn't help but wonder why the Mountains were so weak. No wonder! And here I thought the Mountain and Sea Realm was weak. How could I ever have imagined... that I was so far from the truth!?"

Dao Fang clenched his right hand into a fist. The feeling of being completely and utterly made a fool of filled his eyes with murderous rage.

Meng Hao's laughter suddenly ceased, and no sounds of crying could be heard. He was suddenly very quiet, as though his aura had returned to its normal state. However, his eyes were just as red as ever, indicating that henceforth, he was not an Immortal, but... a Demon!

He looked at the newly re-formed Mountain and Sea Realm, which seemed even more intensely real than the Mountain and Sea Realm which he knew. There was a boundlessness to it, something that seemed to conform perfectly with the boundless domineering nature of Paragon Nine Seals, who had created it.

Although this development was surprising, after thinking about it for a moment, Meng Hao realized that it was all within the purview of predictability.

However, things weren't over yet!

The resources of the Mountain and Sea Realm weren't limited to this. The destroyed sun and moon suddenly reappeared, and all of a sudden, Meng Hao realized that the bow he had... was not the true precious

treasure. It was only a projection!

When the sun reappeared, the bow projection turned into a beam of light that shot back to the sun itself. Furthermore, the precious treasure that Ksitigarbha had acquired from the moon did the same thing as it returned to the moon!

The sun and the moon began to shine with brilliant light, filling the starry sky with boundless radiance!

The surviving cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm stared with overt shock. It was as if the pressure weighing down on the Realm had finally reached the point where it couldn't be sustained any more, causing the whole world to erupt. Rumbling could be heard as the Immortal Ancient Daoist Rite appeared. It was as if Time were changing; an enormous coffin rose up, glittering with Immortal light. It slowly began to open, and a withered hand reached up from within and grasped the side of the coffin. Then, an old man pulled himself to his feet.

Instantly, the aura of an 8-Essences Paragon erupted out, causing a gasp to rise up from the Outsider army. The Outsiders' 8-Essences Paragon stared with wide eyes, and Dao Fang's pupils constricted.

"Daoist Immortal Ancient!" said an ancient voice from the Immortal God Continent. The old man standing up from within the coffin was none other than Daoist Immortal Ancient, who was second only to Nine Seals in the Paragon Immortal Realm! His cultivation base was at the 8-Essences level, but he actually stood on the very cusp of 9-Essences!

As that happened, one of the other Three Great Daoist Societies, the Nine Seas God World, summoned numerous God Doors. As they opened, countless figures appeared, clad in brown armor, radiating ancient, murderous auras. Apparently, they had been asleep for a very long time, but had now awakened, and were slowly appearing.

Dozens of them could be seen, and each one erupted with the pressure of an Imperial Lord. It was an ancient, primeval aura that not even Wang Youcai and the other newly raised Imperial Lords could match up to.

Next was the Sublime Flow Sword Grotto. Massive rumbling could be

heard as one billion swords materialized, which shot forth to swirl around the Mountain and Sea Realm. Each one of those one billion swords contained an ancient soul, which were none other than the souls of the cultivators who had died when the catastrophe struck the Paragon Immortal Realm.

They had been sleeping up until this moment, but now they were awake!

Things weren't over yet. The Mountain and Sea Realm continued to rumble as three temples appeared, which shone with boundless light, and the power of scriptures. These were the temples of the three great Doyens, and also... the origin of the three classic scriptures!

It was also in this very moment that a completely shocking will swept through the starry sky. It was none other than... the will of the Mountains and Seas. It had been slowly weakened from the beginning of the war, until it finally dispersed. But as of this moment, it had formed back together to shocking effect. It was far more powerful than it had been before; this was the true and authentic will of the Mountains and Seas!

The pressure weighing down caused all of the Outsiders in the Mountain and Sea Realm to reel from astonishment, blood spraying out of their mouths. Regardless of the levels of their cultivation base, they fell back in shock.

That was even more true of the 8-Essences Paragon and Dao Fang, both of whom looked completely crestfallen.

"This... this...." the 8-Essences paragon muttered. And yet, the Mountain and Sea Realm's resources were still abundant, and continued to erupt out!

A roaring sound echoed out from the First Sea as the sea water churned. Shockingly, a huge giant rose up from the depths of the sea floor. It was enormous, and its body was covered with countless glowing white designs. Heaven and Earth cowered beneath it, and most notable of all was that its face had three eyes!

It extended its hand and made a grasping motion, and in response, a beam of light shot out from the First Mountain, within which was a gigantic battle-axe. The giant grabbed the battle-axe and then let out a

powerful roar.

Cries of shocked alarm rang out from the Immortal God Continent. “A Three-eyed God!!”

The Three-eyed God tribe was from one of the few Lower Realms who had chosen not to rebel. Their battle prowess was strong, and in fact, they had fought fiercely with the God tribes of the Immortal God Continent.

The resources of the Mountains and Seas exploded out.... Rumbling sounds echoed out as Heaven and Earth dimmed, the starry sky trembled, and everything shook violently!

Chapter 1396: Devil Realm World-Butterfly!

Next, beams of light shot out from the Second Mountain, and as the Second Sea churned, a war chariot appeared, completely vicious in appearance and emanating a boundless glow, as well as ghastly coldness. Apparently, this war chariot could pierce the souls of Paragons.

In the blink of an eye, the Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Mountains, and their respective Seas, all unleashed powerful resources. Some of them came from the Mountains, some from the planets themselves.

Astonishingly, a completely domineering river of reincarnation flowed out from the Fourth Mountain!

Soaring energy and countless roars echoed out from within the Mountain and Sea Realm, causing widespread shock among the Outsiders. From the Nine Mountains, the nine Xuanwu turtles roared forth, energy surging, eyes brimming with killing intent that caused the starry sky to tremble.

It was also in this moment that, outside of the Ninth Mountain, Planet South Heaven began to rumble.

Shui Dongliu's eyes shone with a bright light. "And now, the third phase of the plan shall begin. The butterfly beneath Planet South Heaven... shall be released!"

He quickly performed a double-handed incantation gesture, then threw his head back and howled.

The sound echoed out, causing Planet South Heaven to tremble. It had already been on the verge of collapse, but now it completely fell apart. Massive rumbling sounds could be heard as it collapsed into clouds of rubble that spread out in all directions, revealing 100,000 motes of black light inside. Instantly, they shot out, howling with ferocity and a thirst for blood.

It was as if a cage had been opened, unleashing a massive beast. Those

motes of light were actually 100,000 monstrous Devils! During the catastrophe that had befallen the Paragon Immortal Realm, they had been taken captive in battle. Then, their minds were replaced and filled with an understanding of only one thing... killing!

100,000 terrifying howls echoed out, and 100,000 pairs of crimson eyes burned. Originally, they had no formation or order, but then the will of the Mountains and Seas took control, sending one group toward the army of Outsiders, and the other toward the apex of the starry sky, and the Immortal God Continent.

Things weren't over yet, though. After the 100,000 Devils were released from within the rubble of Planet South Heaven, something else appeared within the darkness. It was... a butterfly!!

When the butterfly flew out, it didn't seem very large. However, in the blink of an eye, it began to grow like mad, until it was huge. Soon, it was as big as a planet, and even then, it didn't seem like it had reached its limit.

The instant the butterfly appeared, the army of Outsiders erupted into pandemonium. A look of incredulity appeared on the face of the 8-Essences Paragon, and Dao Fang gasped as though his mind were being struck by lightning. The Immortal God Continent was also shaken, and when the powerful experts there saw the butterfly, their pupils constricted!

“Devil Butterfly!!”

“A Devil Realm World-Butterfly!!”

“When the Devil Realm came, one of their World-Butterflies was supposedly destroyed. Who could ever have guessed that it didn't actually die, but instead, was imprisoned here? Its mind was erased, and it became part of the Immortal World!!”

“They... they actually want to use this World-Butterfly to... break free from the battlefield!!”

“But that's impossible! In the grand scheme of things, Devil Realm World-Butterflies are vitally important. There were only nine of them, and

even if the Immortal World subjugated one, it would be extremely difficult to control!”

“Wait, look closely, that butterfly... is actually dead!!”

Countless voices erupted out in discussion. By this point, people were able to deduce Shui Dongliu’s true plan. He planned to use this World-Butterfly as the new version of the Mountain and Sea Realm, to pass through that tunnel to leave the battlefield!

If he succeeded, then the Mountain and Sea Realm would have neither won the war nor lost it. However, it would gain a chance to survive, to develop, and to thrive once more!

As soon as the butterfly appeared, it became clear that, just as people were saying, it was actually... dead. Its eyes were blank, and there didn’t appear to be even the slightest sign of life force upon it. It truly was dead!

But then, the butterfly’s wings began to slowly fill with life force, and then were propelled first down, and then up.

Meng Hao had long since waved his sleeve and extracted everyone from the crumbling and ruined Planet South Heaven. He now hovered in the starry sky, looking down at the ruins, a laughing-crying expression on his face as he looked at the 100,000 Devils charging into battle, and the huge butterfly.

When his gaze came to rest on the butterfly itself, his heart suddenly seized. He stopped laughing, stopped crying, and even the redness of his eyes flickered. There was a familiarity to the aura on the butterfly, something that he would never be able to forget for his entire life.

“That’s....” A tremor ran through him. Off to the side, Fang Yu’s eyes went wide as she stared at the butterfly, shivering.

“Dad... and mom!!” As Meng Hao stared at the butterfly, he could clearly sense the aura of his father, Fang Xiufeng, upon the left wing of the butterfly. Furthermore, the right wing contained the life force of his mother, Meng Li!

Just as Shui Dongliu had said, his parents weren’t actually dead. In a

certain way, they had been given new lives as the wings of this butterfly. Every flap of the wings of that butterfly was like an embrace shared between them.

Gradually, Meng Hao caught sight of the image of his father and mother holding each other. Then they turned to look at him, their expressions warm and kind. They were even smiling, and it was a smile that caused tears to well up in Meng Hao's eyes.

By this point, he was absolutely sure beyond the shadow of a doubt that he really was sensing the auras of his father and mother!

It was also at this point that Shui Dongliu's voice echoed out again.

"Mountain and Sea cultivators, come immediately to the Mountain and Sea Butterfly. Henceforth, the bloodline members of the Fang Clan are the guardians of the Mountains and Seas!" The moment Shui Dongliu's voice rang out, the wings of the butterfly separated, whereupon a boundless gravitational force erupted out, grabbing ahold of all of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

The instant that force wrapped around them, they were pulled from all directions toward the butterfly. In the blink of an eye, they vanished into the wings, and when they reappeared, they were in a new world.

This was the new Immortal World!

All of the people who were standing near Meng Hao, including Xu Qing, Pill Demon, Fatty, Fang Yu, Sun Hai, and even Patriarch Reliance, were instantly absorbed into the butterfly, to appear within that new world.

As for Meng Hao, he neared, but did not step onto the butterfly itself. He remained off to the side to stand guard, to defend this world that contained his loved ones, his friends, and the Fang Clan.

The butterfly began to pick up speed as it shot... toward the hole in the starry sky!

Shui Dongliu, Sea Dream, Ksitigarbha, the Paragon puppet, and all of the other backup reserves of the Mountains and Seas flew in formation around the butterfly, guarding it... as it made its break toward the tunnel.

It was in that exact same moment that a roar rose up from the Outsider army as they prepared to block the way. The 8-Essences Paragon took a step forward, and a vicious expression appeared on Dao Fang's face as he hefted his staff and began his charge.

However, before they could even get close, Meng Hao suddenly turned his head to look at them, and then licked his lips, causing both the 8-Essences Paragon and Dao Fang to stop in their tracks.

At the apex of the starry sky, what was left of the Immortal God Continent once again continued its descent. The suns screamed forth, along with the figures inside of them, as they shot toward the butterfly.

There were other powerful experts from the Immortal God Continent who also charged forth, so many that it was impossible to count.

They could not permit the Mountain and Sea Realm to make a comeback. They could not allow the Mountain and Sea Realm to escape!

But then, Shui Dongliu flicked his sleeve, and an obsessive gleam of determination appeared in his eyes.

"Life and death will be determined in this moment!" he roared. The wills of the Eight Seas erupted forth, bolstered by the Xuanwu turtles to create a force so shocking that everything trembled. In concert with the power of the Nine Mountains, and the will of the Mountain and Sea Realm itself, a huge spell formation began to form!

The Mountain and Sea Grand Aegis!

As soon as the dazzling light rose up, the backup forces of the Mountain and Sea Realm began to virtually froth at the mouth as they prepared to fight the intercepting enemies, to defend the butterfly as it sped toward the tunnel.

When the two sides clashed, massive booms rang out, and intense fighting began. The powerful experts from the Immortal God Continent had power to destroy the Heavens and extinguish the Earth, which they unleashed to full effect upon the backup reserve of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

But then, from within the rubble of Planet South Heaven, hoarse laughter rang out in all directions, and a boundless sea of flames suddenly lit up the darkness as it shot out into the starry sky.

Within that sea of flames was a face, a face that Meng Hao didn't recognize. However, he did recognize its eyes.... It was none other than... the Essence of Divine Flame which had been suppressed beneath the surface of Planet South Heaven!

"Dao Fang, you shall die!!" the face howled. Now that it was free, the Divine Flame caused everything around it to shake as it sped murderously toward Dao Fang.

The Mountain and Sea Grand Aegis formed from a massive convergence of various wills, becoming a complex pattern that attempted to slaughter any of the Immortal God Continent cultivators or other Outsiders who attempted to break through.

The Mountains and Seas followed the butterfly, and within the boundaries of the spell formation, Meng Hao and the other powerful experts of the Mountains and Seas provided defense. In the middle of it all was the butterfly.

The combined power of the Mountain and Sea Realm was focused on defending the butterfly and getting to the tunnel.

However, the real danger to them as they made their charge did not come from the Outsider army. After all, Shui Dongliu's brutal plan had made it seem all along like the Outsider army had the upper hand. However, the truth was that while the Mountain and Sea cultivators were losing their lives, the true power and reserves of the Mountains and Seas had never been unleashed.

It was harsh, but according to Shui Dongliu's plan, everyone was expendable. Because of that, the Outsider army couldn't so much as get close to the Mountain and Sea Grand Aegis without being destroyed.

The real danger, the real reason why Shui Dongliu had been willing to sacrifice everyone in order to keep the true reserves safe... was the Immortal God Continent.

Rumbling echoed out as four of their suns unleashed boundless pressure which crushed down. Within those suns were four figures, each one of which burst with the matchless power of an 8-Essences Paragon.

Behind them were countless cultivators of the Immortal God Continent, who were unleashing divine abilities that no one in the Mountain and Sea Realm had ever seen before. In addition, they possessed matchless dignity and seething killing intent.

In the blink of an eye, they reached the spell formation and began attacking it. Immediately, massive rumbling could be heard from the Grand Aegis as it rotated to full power. The will of the Mountains and Seas rose up, ensuring that even if the spell formation took damage, it was quickly repaired. The butterfly continued to get closer and closer to the tunnel.

Chapter 1397: I Shall Bestow You With Ultimate Good Fortune!

The Grand Aegis was so incredible that not even an 8-Essences Paragon would be able to break through it in a short period of time. Not the 8-Essences Paragon from the 33 Heavens, nor the other five 8-Essences Outsider Paragons, could do anything except be blocked outside.

As the battle commenced, a cold snort suddenly echoed out from the Immortal God Continent as a beautiful woman appeared. She seemed cold and detached, and wore a long violet robe. As she strode out, a young man could be seen following along beside her. Mixed emotions could be seen on his face as he looked silently at the Mountain and Sea Realm.

The woman immediately extended her right hand and shoved her palm out toward the Mountain and Sea Grand Aegis.

That gesture caused her face to redden slightly, but the massive force that erupted out shook the starry sky, and sent the minds of all cultivators reeling. Even the 8-Essences paragons were in awe of her aura.

Hers was the aura of... nine Essences!!

9-Essences Paragon!!

A huge boom rang out as her attack slammed into the Grand Aegis, which instantly began to crumble. Normally speaking, the spell formation should not have been damaged so easily, but unfortunately... it was missing the power of one Sea.

That was something that Shui Dongliu hadn't figured into his plans, and never had enough time to compensate for. His original plan had called for the Grand Aegis to hold out until they reached the tunnel, or at least... until they got closer than they were now.

The most he could do now was make them pay a heavy price to break through the spell formation!

Even in the moment that it crumbled apart, a backlash force erupted out

from it.

Shui Dongliu threw his head back and howled, "Mountain and Sea Seal!"

Instantly, the shattered remnants of the spell formation shot toward the female Paragon and began to form a seal around her.

Even as she frowned in response, another cold snort rang out that seemed filled with complete ancientness. Accompanying it was an ancient figure who emerged from within the Immortal God Continent.

It was an old man, wearing a white robe, with long white hair and eyebrows that made him seem extremely dignified. He held a string of prayer beads in his right hand, and as he strode out, his eyes shone like the Heavens.

Simultaneously, as the Mountain and Sea Grand Aegis shattered, the five 8-Essences Paragons instantly burst in, followed by countless other powerful experts.

"You people aren't going anywhere!"

Even as the hosts charged in to attack, the old man known as Daoist Immortal Ancient opened his eyes. His body seemed devoid of life force, and rife with an aura of death. However, his cloudy eyes suddenly began to glow brightly, and he took a step forward, completely ignoring the other 8-Essences Paragons to head directly toward the old man in the white robe and white eyebrows.

The two of them immediately began to exchange blows that rocked Heaven and Earth.

At the same time, the Three-eyed God roared and charged forth to block the path of an 8-Essences Paragon, standing firm to prevent him from even getting close to the butterfly!

A bizarrely Demonic glint appeared in Meng Hao's eyes as he took a step forward. No laughter or crying could be heard, but his eyes burned with crimson light, and he erupted with a shocking aura as he began to fight ruthlessly. Massive rumbling sounds echoed out as he licked his lips, the desire to slaughter and consume the enemy growing stronger within

him.

As of this moment, the Mountain and Sea Realm truly had reached the most critical of junctures!

Booms rang out across the battlefield. One billion flying swords turned into a rain of destruction. Tens of thousands of former Imperial Lords, the river of reincarnation, and 100,000 Devils fought like mad to defend the butterfly from the Immortal God Continent.

Meng Hao's eyes flashed with crimson light as he fought his way toward the nearest 8-Essences Paragon. As he closed in, his aura transformed until he was like a wild beast, oblivious to matters of life and death. That 8-Essences paragon was one of the suns of the Immortal God Continent, with an incredibly high position. However, he had never encountered a cultivator like Meng Hao before, and within a split second, Meng Hao had torn a huge chunk of flesh off of him. His rage erupted, and just when he was about to strike back, he found himself facing a shocking God-Slaying Fist!

Paragon Sea Dream started laughing, and a cold gleam appeared in her eyes. Without any hesitation, she began to burn what remained of her dwindling longevity in exchange for more cultivation base power, which she immediately unleashed in combat.

Fighting broke out everywhere, and off in the distance, even more cultivators were approaching from the direction of the Immortal God Continent.

Shui Dongliu roared, and his sleeves whipped about as he went up against the other 8-Essences Paragons. Protecting the butterfly as it continued to speed toward the tunnel was the most important thing.

Even as the butterfly's head began to enter the tunnel, the sealed female Paragon began to break free. Her bonds crumbled, and she took a step forward, entering the Mountain and Sea Realm and reaching out with her right hand to grab at the butterfly.

"Get back here!"

Rumbling echoed out as a massive force surged toward the butterfly, which began to tremble. At the same time, the corpse of Daoist Immortal Ancient, who was fighting the white-robed old man, looked back at the butterfly, then unhesitatingly closed his eyes and self-detonated.

He moved with such decisiveness that the white-robed old man's eyes widened in shock. He tried to back up, but the power of the self-detonation swept over him like floodwaters, and began to spread out through the entire starry sky.

Wherever it passed, Outsiders and cultivators from the Immortal God Continent let out bloodcurdling screams as they were wiped out of existence. Then, the power began to wash over the Mountain and Sea Realm, although it did not harm any of the forces of the Mountains and Seas. Instead, it was targeted directly at the 9-Essences female Paragon!

Her face fell; even someone as powerful as herself had no choice but to evade. She immediately dispelled the force with which she was dragging the butterfly and fell back.

In that same instant, the power of self-detonation transformed into a propelling force which then shoved the butterfly toward the tunnel.

"Immortal Ancient!!" cried Shui Dongliu, grief filling his eyes. He knew that the Immortal Ancient which had appeared was already dead, and couldn't last in the fight for very long. The fact that he might choose to self-detonate at a critical juncture was something that Shui Dongliu had long since taken into consideration. In fact, he himself might do just that; in all the plans he made, the only true mistake came... from not predicting that the Ninth Sea would turn traitor.

In the past, he had taken into consideration the potential betrayal of cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm. However, he never thought that the Ninth Sea would actually make such a decision. It wasn't that he didn't know about the friction between Meng Hao and the Ninth Sea; he had taken that to be a small matter. After all, at the time it was just a difference in their points of view; now it seemed obvious now that there was a more important reason for the Ninth Sea's betrayal.

“It wants to become an independent will....” Shui Dongliu thought bitterly. The Ninth Sea’s betrayal became the flaw in the Mountain and Sea Grand Aegis, ensuring that it could only last for a short time before being destroyed.

The price to be paid to make up for that weakness, was a life. And unfortunately, the life of Daoist Immortal Ancient was not enough....

It was in this critical moment that beams of light filled the starry sky as the 8-Essences Paragons once again closed in. In addition, there were two 9-Essences Paragons from the Immortal God Continent.

But the Three-eyed God threw his head back and laughed uproariously. Eyes gleaming with determination, he leaped forward unhesitatingly and chose to self-detonate. The blast surged out, propelling the butterfly further into the tunnel, until it was halfway inside.

Next, the war chariot exploded, then the ancient Imperial Lords. As of this moment, they all chose to self-detonate. The one billion flying swords, and the other forces which made up the backup reserves of the Mountains and Seas, all did the same thing.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The resulting explosion caused blinding light to spread out over the battlefield. At the same time, the nine Xuanwu turtles, as well as the Eight Seas, all added power to the butterfly’s movement.

The incoming Paragons were swept over by the force of the self-detonation blasts, and at the same time, the butterfly was pushed all the way into the tunnel.

It seemed as if they were on the verge of escaping, as if within the space of a few breaths of time the Mountain and Sea Realm would be gone, as if the Immortal God Continent had absolutely no time with which to react.

However... it was within those few breaths of time that everything would be decided!

Hordes of cultivators charged forth from the Immortal God Continent. The tunnel was vibrating, as though the butterfly’s escape was now

impossible to prevent.

In Shui Dongliu's plan, the next few breaths of time were supposed to be covered by the protection of the Grand Aegis. However, the betrayal of the Ninth Sea turned that plan into nothing more than a dream.

"Even the slightest mistake must be compensated with a massive price," Shui Dongliu said softly. "So many lives have already been sacrificed. Now, it's my turn." With that, he took a step forward, and suddenly, he seemed completely different than before.

In a mere instant, he was no longer an old man, but instead, young and strapping. He took a deep breath, then extended his hand toward the Mountain and Sea Realm.

"Shrink!" he said. That single word caused the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, all of the Nine Mountains and the Eight Seas, to shrink down into the form of a magical item which came to rest on Shui Dongliu's palm. Then, he tossed it away behind him, whereupon all the surrounding cultivators, including Meng Hao, Ksitigarbha, Paragon Sea Dream, and others, were all shoved toward the tunnel, along with the shrunken Mountains and Seas.

Struggling wasn't even an option. Meng Hao and the others were flung into the tunnel. As for the shrunken Mountain and Sea Realm, it headed toward Meng Hao, transforming into a shining seed which merged into his forehead.

Meng Hao's mind began to rumble as he looked out at Shui Dongliu, who hovered there in the starry sky, just outside the tunnel. Shui Dongliu was alone, preparing to block all oncomers, to buy the time for the butterfly which had been lost by the Ninth Sea!

Shui Dongliu's voice echoed with seemingly infinite power as he said, "Meng Hao, I owe the bloodline of the Fang Clan. Today, I will repay what I owe you!

"I'm giving you the Mountain and Sea Realm!

"Take it, and also take... my Beginning-Ending Hexing magic. This is...

the League of Demon Sealers' First Generation Hex. Take my cultivation base, and take my Dao!

“This is the final phase of my plan. Use my cultivation base and my Dao for the sake of the Paragon Immortal Realm, to become... something that surpasses Nine Seals... surpasses Paragons... surpasses Immortals and Devils, and is above all else... the ultimate powerful expert!”

Chapter 1398: The Starry Sky of the Vast Expanse

The tunnel shook as the butterfly flew along, surrounded by Meng Hao and the other powerful experts. Countless vortexes appeared; explosive power was gathered which dramatically increased the speed of the butterfly. However, despite that sudden outburst of speed, when they looked back, they could still see Shui Dongliu standing outside of the tunnel like a mountain.

Meng Hao's red pupils flickered with mixed emotions as he watched Shui Dongliu suddenly growing much larger. He was no longer old, but rather, a man in his prime.

His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, causing a shocking aura to rise up around him. There was also brilliant light, all of which was... the power of a 9-Essences cultivation base, which roared to life inside of him.

However, he seemed incapable of actually making a move. His cultivation base rocketed up, but all he could do was stand there, as if to use himself... to block the entrance to the tunnel. If anyone on the other side wanted to enter, they would have to destroy him first.

It was in that exact same moment when he began to grow larger, and his cultivation base grew more powerful, that in some mysterious fashion, he formed a connection to the Mountain and Sea Realm seed within Meng Hao's body!

It was like a spiritual consecration, like the transmission of a Dao, causing Meng Hao to shake, and his mind to rumble. Boundless understanding of the Dao of Heaven, complete mastery regarding cultivation bases, and deep comprehension regarding various magical techniques, all passed into Meng Hao from Shui Dongliu.

If that were all there were to it, it might not be a big deal, but a boundless cultivation base power, as well as life force Essence, all poured

into Meng Hao. Trembling, he let out a howl as shocking and monumental changes occurred inside of him.

Outside of the tunnel, the frustrated howls of the people from the Immortal God Continent could be heard.

“It’s Immortal Dao Transference!”

“He’s using himself as the seed, then self-immolating to help someone else ascend....”

“That’s a magical technique left behind from the Paragon Immortal Realm. But originally, it was completely malevolent. You could consume another person to help ascension. But this guy... he’s using that magic in the opposite way!”

Amidst the buzz of conversation, the 9-Essences female Paragon frowned for a moment, then snorted and took a step forward. The old man with the white eyebrows and robe sighed, and continued to advance. As for the other 8-Essences Paragons, they also approached.

It took only a moment for rumbling sounds to fill all ears as they closed in with deadly force on Shui Dongliu. Shui Dongliu chuckled, and his eyes shone brightly as he looked at the virtually all-powerful cultivators of the Immortal God Realm.

“We Mountain and Sea cultivators... live and die for the Mountains and Seas!” His hands flashed in a double-handed incantation gesture, summoning a divine ability. Drawing upon himself, he burned his own body and unleashed his cultivation base, partly to block his opponents, and partly to give to Meng Hao.

Blood sprayed out of his mouth as he sustained countless injuries. However, he didn’t shrink back in the slightest. He stood there outside of the tunnel, laughing just as before.

“I am not Nine Seals, although my body contains a stream of Nine Seals’ discarnate soul.... I’m not sure whether he used me to gain another life, or if I used him to return to the world.... The question of who I actually am is something I’ve pondered for countless millennia. Perhaps I’ve known the

answer all along. I was originally a Mourning-Death soul.... In the end, though, it doesn't matter. It's all the same.... 1

"I called back the clone of the fallen God, and allowed the enemy to stay within the Mountains and Seas. I discussed the Dao with Extermination, and asked about the Heaven of all living things. 2

"I spared no effort. I did everything I could.... Perhaps some people will hate me, and perhaps some will denounce me. But when it comes to the Mountain and Sea Realm... I will never, ever have any regrets. I have lived my life for the Mountain and Sea Realm, and now I will die for it. My wish is fulfilled, and I have absolutely no regrets!

"We Mountain and Sea cultivators live and die for the Mountains and Seas!" As Shui Dongliu laughed, a look of madness gleamed in his eyes for the first time ever. Just before he was about to be completely destroyed by the enemy, he made the same choice that so many other cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm had made when they were on the verge of dying.

Self-detonation!

By means of self-detonation, he would injure those who were giving chase. By means of self-detonation, he would pass on his legacy with burning speed to Meng Hao, to deliver to him... superlative good fortune!

Shui Dongliu was self-detonating!

As soon as that happened, the vortexes in the tunnel spun faster than ever, increasing the butterfly's speed dramatically. It took only a moment for it to shoot far off in the distance. It was also in that moment that Meng Hao's mind filled with the crash of infinite thunderclaps. He shook visibly as countless Daos filled his thoughts, provoking frenzied growth within him.

Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and his vision swam for a moment before he passed out. Paragon Sea Dream quickly caught him. Then she, along with everyone else atop the butterfly, looked back with mixed emotions at the blinding, scintillating lights flashing near the entrance of the tunnel.

However, it didn't take long before a huge boom echoed out from that very area. A moment later, vast numbers of Immortal God cultivators poured in. At the same time, their huge continent also reached the tunnel itself. Moments later, the tunnel itself began to crumble into pieces.

In that very instant, the butterfly was rapidly sucked out to the end of the tunnel.

Time seemed to slow until it was impossible to tell how much had passed. When things returned to normal, they were in the starry sky of the Vast Expanse, shooting out from a vortex which had just appeared.

When the Mountain and Sea cultivators looked out, they saw an endless starry sky. The Vast Expanse. There were no planets or Heavenly bodies, only layers of pulsing mist.

Behind them was where the Mountain and Sea Realm had formerly been located. Looking back, they could see a blurry vortex, within which were countless dots of light.

This was the first time most of these cultivators had seen the outside world, and it looked very unfamiliar.

Meng Hao was still unconscious, but a shocking power seemed to be brewing within him, stirring and rumbling.

The butterfly quickly shot out into the Vast Expanse. However, it didn't take long before rumbling sounds echoed out from the very location it had just emerged from. The vortex which had been ripped open suddenly grew larger, then exploded as a gigantic land mass emerged.

Then, that vortex, which was connected to the former location of the Mountain and Sea Realm shattered, vanished for all eternity.

What had just emerged was none other than the Immortal God Continent, which immediately cast countless enraged and murderous auras out in all directions.

"The boundless starry sky of the Vast Expanse! They won't be able to escape!"

“When the Immortal God Continent chases someone, they can’t escape!”

“Meng Hao! The name of the successor is Meng Hao!”

After a moment, they determined the direction Meng Hao and the others had taken, and went all out in pursuit.

Even as the Immortal God Continent gave chase, a lone ship appeared within the Vast Expanse. It hovered there, an old man on the prow, who suddenly opened his eyes and looked off into the distance.

After a moment passed, he shook his head and sighed.

“If they knew the truth about it all, would they do this?” he murmured. Perhaps the only person who knew which “they” he referred to... was him.

Another moment passed, and then the ship began to fade away. The old man continued his never-ending journey. Apparently, his stop in the Mountain and Sea Realm had just been a brief respite from a lifelong journey. Now, he made his way off into the distance once again.

“Perhaps we will never meet again. And yet, that Demon... seemed quite interesting.” He sighed, and his eyes glittered thoughtfully.

Even as the ship disappeared, an emaciated cultivator appeared off in another direction. Hovering at his side was an enormous mosquito. Both of them looked off into the distance.

The cultivator had a wretched appearance, but at the moment, he was frowning in apparent hesitation.

“Is this war really necessary? Lunatics. They’re all lunatics.... It was all to prevent the Immortal from appearing, all to transform him into the Demon....” If Wang Mu were here, he would instantly recognize this gaunt old man. He was none other than his Master, who had taught him the ways of cultivation in the bamboo forest of the Wang Clan.

After a moment passed, the gaunt cultivator sighed.

“The jinx has been gone for many, many years, gone to parts unknown. And yet, the same type of thing is happening again. Ah well, forget it. I’m not getting involved.” The emaciated cultivator shook his head, then began

to make his way off into the distance. Perhaps from his perspective, what the Immortal God Continent was doing was a bit excessive, maybe even vile. Yet in the end... it wasn't anything fatally wrong.

Even Slaughter appeared, looking off into the distance. Apparently, even he felt that what was happening was relatively meaningless....

It was possible that, at this point in time, there was no one who could foresee... what type of explosive tempest would arise because of the events playing out.

The Immortal had become the Demon, and the Demon... could change the entire Vast Expanse!

The pursuit was underway. The final events of the war which had just played out caused mixed feelings to rise up in the hearts of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm regarding Shui Dongliu.

Shui Dongliu had given the Mountain and Sea Realm hope. When they were mired in the depths of hopelessness, he had provided a slight chance for survival. That tiny chance had grown larger and larger, until survival now was a distinct possibility.

Although it seemed possible that the butterfly might still meet destruction, the truth was that the instant it had emerged from that vortex into the Vast Expanse, the Mountain and Sea Realm... had already escaped the fate of certain destruction.

As of this moment, the Mountain and Sea Realm was in control of its own fate!

There were no fetters and no seals. There were no 33 Heavens, and no Dao Fang. There was no Aeon Seal. There were no two powers crushing down on them from above.

It could even be said that the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm had finally acquired true freedom. Tens upon tens of thousands of years had passed since the Paragon Immortal Realm, and during that time, they had never possessed... freedom.

They were being chased, but as far as the cultivators of the Mountain

and Sea Realm were concerned, they still had their freedom.

The downside was that the cost of that freedom had been immeasurable. As for the handful of cultivators who actually remained behind, when they thought about that seemingly impossible chance which Shui Dongliu had procured, they were filled with mixed feelings, including both hatred and respect.

Ninety-nine percent of the cultivators had died. In exchange for that, every flap of the wings of the butterfly caused more of the dead souls of the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators to fade away.

In fact, it might be better to say that the wings were not being propelled by Fang Xiufeng and Meng Li, but rather, by the lives of the Mountain and Sea cultivators.

*

1. The Mourning-Death Clan and the Mourning-Death souls are from the novel Beseach the Devil. I don't really know much about them, I just know that they existed in that novel and were relevant in the later parts of the story.
2. You might remember a while back I said that the man on the boat seemed like he might be Old Man Extermination from Beseach the Devil. This seems to confirm that.

Chapter 1399: The Butterfly Flies!

Shui Dongliu self-detonated to block the path of the enemy, all to buy just a bit of time for the butterfly, to help Meng Hao successfully lead the Realm to survival. When it came to his choices and actions, no one could judge whether they were completely right or wrong, or whether in the grand scheme of things he had done good or evil.

The only thing that remained behind were complicated thoughts and emotions.

Everyone stood there silently as the butterfly sped out into the Vast Expanse.

Meng Hao was still unconscious, as he had been ever since the final moments in the tunnel. He could not stay in the world which existed inside the butterfly. When the others tried to take him inside, the butterfly began to tremble as if it were about to disperse. Therefore, they were forced to leave him outside, atop the body of the butterfly itself.

Sea Dream, Ksitigarbha, and everyone else remained in his vicinity as Dharma Protectors. There were two other figures near him, a Daoist couple. It was none other than Fang Xiufeng and Meng Li.

They didn't look the least bit incorporeal. They were as solid as if they were real, and they sat next to Meng Hao, looking softly at their Hao'er. In their eyes, Meng Hao would always be their little baby.

"Hao'er, we didn't leave. Wake up and you can see us...."

"Hao'er...."

The others around Meng Hao looked at his parents with expressions of deep respect. Even Paragon Sea Dream had clasped hands and bowed deeply to them when they had appeared.

Everyone knew that the butterfly itself belonged to the Fang Clan, and that the two souls propelling the wings were none other than this husband and wife.

They had not died, but had been reborn into a new, eternal form of life.

The butterfly was still flapping its wings, carrying its group of homeless wanderers off into the Vast Expanse.

Behind them was the Immortal God Continent, giving chase at top speed, drawing ever closer. In a different direction out in the Vast Expanse was another land mass, deathly silent, being pulled along by several huge butterflies. That land mass was currently changing its course to head toward Meng Hao's location.

**

Meng Hao was dreaming. Within that dream, there was endless lightning and thunder. He heard laughter and weeping that seemed to rip everything asunder. As the lightning crashed around him, black veins could be seen snaking across his body. Something else was visible, a distinct symbol.

A Hexing magic!

A Hexing magic of the League of Demon Sealers!

Meng Hao had already mastered the Second through Eighth Hexes. Now, he was surrounded by lightning that apparently came from Shui Dongliu's First Hex, which was in the process of fusing into him, enabling him to gain enlightenment of the First Demon Sealing Hex, the Beginning-Ending Hex!

All living things are affected by the cause and effect of Karma, by life and death. All things have a beginning and an end!

In addition to the Hexing magic, Meng Hao was surrounded by a vast sea. That sea was like a cultivation base, filling his world with enormous crashing waves that he was actually able to absorb.

His cultivation base was rising unceasingly, and his mind was seething with countless Daoist magics which were capable of rocking all creation, of altering the Heavens.

It was hard to say how much time passed before the lightning within that world faded. When it finally happened, Meng Hao closed his eyes and sank down into the depths of the cultivation base sea. Within those

depths were nine tiny mountains, between which were eight seas that remained unfused with the cultivation base sea.

Meng Hao settled cross-legged amidst the nine mountains and eight seas, eyes closed in meditation. He appeared to be seeking enlightenment; his face was occasionally twisted with struggle, occasionally blank with confusion, occasionally beaming with joy. There were constant changes, and at the same time, the sea around him was gradually shrinking down.

The surrounding nine mountains and eight seas seemed to be connecting to Meng Hao in some mysterious fashion, and were even shaking in concert with his heartbeat.

Eight complex symbols gradually appeared on his forehead. The last of those symbols was only half complete, and still in the process of growing. These were Meng Hao's Hexing magics. When that last symbol was complete, it would indicate that Meng Hao could wield all eight generations of Hexing magic!

The rest of the symbols all had varying levels of Essence aura emanating off of them, as if they might burst forth with Essence aura at any time.

Surrounding Meng Hao were 33 Soul Lamps, of which 18 were burning and 15 were extinguished. Of the 18 burning Soul Lamps, one was the Prime Lamp; were it to be destroyed, it would result in Meng Hao's death!

All of a sudden, one of the 18 Soul Lamps suddenly went out.

As more time passed, more of the lamps were extinguished. Each time that happened, black smoke would rise up and pour into Meng Hao's body.

His cultivation base, his aura, and his fleshly body all experienced incredible growth!

The good fortune from Shui Dongliu was doing just as he had intended: it was transforming Meng Hao into a consummate peak expert!

Although the process was somewhat slow, and might last a long time, it was a process that would not stop!

At the same time, the Immortal God Continent was closing in on the butterfly. There, Paragon Sea Dream looked at Meng Hao for a long moment, and then finally made a decision.

She rose to her feet, looked out at the Vast Expanse with an expression of sadness, and then softly murmured, "Everyone from that generation... has gone. Now, it's my turn, the most useless of them all.

"I can sense the Devil Realm up ahead, and the Immortal God Realm chasing us.

"I am the most good-for-nothing of the Paragons. My cultivation base isn't sufficient, and my skill in strategy is lacking. I've been able to do very, very little...." She stood there for a moment silently.

"I watched the Mountain and Sea Realm be destroyed, and I watched her appear. I watched as the butterfly soared out into the starry sky, and now I watch as the enemy pursues us. What else can I do...?"

"I've lived a long time in this life of mine, and yet still, I'm useless. The only thing I ever had was my plan with the Echelon. Well, now is the time to accomplish my purpose with that plan!

"The hope of the Mountain and Sea Realm lies, not with me, but with him." She turned her head to look at the unconscious Meng Hao. Then, her eyes flickered with determination, and she reached her hand out and pointed at one of the butterfly wings.

The gesture instantly caused two people to vanish from within the world of the butterfly wing. They were the only two remaining Echelon cultivators other than Meng Hao, and a moment later, they reappeared in front of Sea Dream.

One of them was the Echelon cultivator from the First Mountain, Dao-Heaven! The other was the Seventh Mountain's Echelon cultivator, Yuwen Jian!

They had not yet recovered from the injuries they had sustained in the war, but as soon as they appeared and realized where they were, they looked over at Meng Hao, and then clasped hands and bowed to Paragon

Sea Dream.

She looked at them silently for a moment, then softly said, "Are you two ready?"

Dao-Heaven and Yuwen Jian had looks of staunch determination on their faces as they nodded deeply. They had already lost everything. Their homes. Their clans. As for friends, they only had a few left. All that truly remained in their hearts was a throbbing hatred.

"Well then," Sea Dream continued, "it's time to execute the Echelon mission.... I worked on this plan for many, many years, the only strategy I ever came up with. In a moment, I will unleash a reincarnation magic, which will be fed by your life forces. I will send one of you to the Immortal God Continent, and the other to the Devil Realm!

"There, you will be like seeds planted to overthrow the enemy. Your futures will be bleak, and you might even die in the process. There is an even greater likelihood that my plan has no hope of succeeding at all, and that you will be able to do nothing to topple either of those two great powers."

Sea Dream closed her eyes and murmured to herself, "However... it's still worth trying." With that, her eyes sparkled; she slowly extended her right hand and tapped Yuwen Jian's forehead. His body began to tremble, and the Echelon mark on his forehead radiated scintillating light that cascaded around him. It gradually covered his entire body until Yuwen Jian... transformed into ash!

Then he disappeared!

The strand of his soul which was left was propelled by means of Paragon Sea Dream's life force Essence out into the Vast Expanse. There, it would look for a path to reincarnation, a way... to find its way through the void to the Devil Realm.

"Let my memories guide you. Let my life force be your path. Take power from my cultivation base to enter the cycle of reincarnation. I... was part of the great catastrophe that struck the Paragon Immortal Realm. Back then, I managed to leave a mark in the Devil Realm.... Go, Echelon cultivator!"

Rumbling sounds echoed out as Yuwen Jian's soul vanished into the Vast Expanse, following a strange path to enter the reincarnation cycle of the Devil Realm. The magical technique being used was something beyond description. However, this was truly Paragon Sea Dream's sole plan. Even the scheme with Windswept had been arranged by Shui Dongliu, and had not been carried out by herself.

Dao-Heaven's eyes flickered with bright light. Then, he took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

In almost that same moment, the Echelon mark on his forehead began to shine, surrounding his body with light. Then, he vanished from the butterfly.

After accomplishing these things, Paragon Sea Dream coughed up a mouthful of blood and seemed to wither. She had already been burning her life force back in the fight for the Mountain and Sea Realm, and had accomplished her plan only by means of sacrificing some of her Essence. Now, she was like an oil lamp on the verge of sputtering out.

"Finally, it's my turn." Smiling, she waved her sleeve and took a step forward to appear out in the Vast Expanse, off of the surface of the butterfly. There, she stretched both arms out wide, causing rumbling sounds to echo out from inside of her. At the same time, an invisible fire began to burn away at her.

There wasn't the slightest bit of hesitation in her actions. She knew that her soul would disperse, that she would not enter the cycle of reincarnation, and that her Dao foundation would be destroyed. Even still, she took every scrap of power that she had, every bit of life force, and burned it hard and fast.

In that moment, she once again looked like she had when she was young. Her body trembled as shocking fluctuations emanated out, transforming into a destructive vortex around her.

She was not choosing to self-detonate. Instead, she was burning all her remaining cultivation base to become divine sense power that spread out in all directions!

She was using her death to find a direction for the Mountain and Sea Realm and the butterfly to travel in, a direction where safety would exist for later generations!

She was a Paragon, always and forever!

Perhaps she didn't have the ultimate cultivation base, and perhaps she wasn't the most capable. But the sun and the moon and all the Heavens could bear witness that her heart belonged to the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Rumbling could be heard as her divine sense spread out, backed by the burning of her cultivation base and life force. It spread out into the boundless expanse, seeking, searching everywhere for the slightest chance of survival for the Mountain and Sea Realm.

She could sense the ever-nearing Immortal God Continent, and the approach of the Devil Realm. As her divine sense continued to spread out unceasingly, her body withered rapidly. In the end, she began to fall apart. Her legs transformed into motes of light that began to dissipate.

And yet, she didn't give up. All to find hope for the Mountain and Sea Realm....

Chapter 1400: Green Coffin Vortex!

Sea Dream's divine sense spread out further and further. Everything from her waist down had transformed into motes of light. It was then that, shockingly, she noticed... a vortex, spinning somewhere far, far away.

It was a vortex larger and grander than the space once occupied by the Paragon Immortal Realm, and within it could be sensed an intense, terrifying pressure that was no less powerful than that exerted by the Immortal God Continent.

There was indescribable danger inside, and within the cracks and crevices that riddled the swirling vortex, it was just possible to discern that in the centermost region... was a coffin!!

The coffin was green, and inside of it was the corpse of a woman who almost appeared to be sleeping.

Next to the coffin was a stone stele, upon which was a line of script that Paragon Sea Dream could just barely read.

"The entire starry sky owes me a debt, and likewise... I owe you a debt. You could awaken from slumber if you wished, but you do not. Well then... I will use this starry sky, transformed into the Vast Expanse, to accompany you in death."

That vortex was a place that had nothing whatsoever to do with the Mountain and Sea Realm, the Immortal God Continent, or the Devil Realm. It was another world, a world that had seen the passing of countless ages. Apparently, it had even existed back in the days when there was no Immortal God Continent or Devil Realm!

Apparently, the reason why the Vast Expanse existed to begin with... was because of that world!

Sea Dream had never seen this woman before, but as soon as she laid eyes on her, her mind reeled. Somehow, she was filled with the sensation... that this was the place where the Mountain and Sea Realm could find its chance at survival!

The vortex itself was bizarre in appearance; it consisted only of the colors black and white, and also contained some sort of timeshifting magic, which made it so that Paragon Sea Dream couldn't examine it for very long. A moment later, her divine sense was on the verge of running out, so she retracted it. By now, everything below her neck had transformed into light.

"That's the place. That... is where the Mountain and Sea Realm has a chance to survive!!" She seemed excited as she pulled back her divine sense, and yet, it was in that same moment that the Vast Expanse churned as the Immortal God Continent appeared not too far away in the distance.

However, Paragon Sea Dream continued to smile as her head transformed into motes of light. Those motes of light then propelled the butterfly ahead with incredible speed, and with it all of the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Rumbling could be heard as the butterfly shot away from the Immortal God Continent, which continued to pursue relentlessly, despite the distance between them.

The motes of light were all that remained of Paragon Sea Dream, and they were about to fade away. She quickly pushed the butterfly toward the vortex she had discovered with her divine sense, and passed on the information about it to Fang Xiufeng and Meng Li.

"Go there.... That is where... hope exists!"

The butterfly changed its course, speeding rapidly in the direction indicated by Paragon Sea Dream.

At this point, the motes of light that were Sea Dream began to fade away. She watched as the butterfly disappeared off in the distance; smiling, she offered it all of her well wishes.

She was Sea Dream, who had stood guard over the Mountain and Sea Realm ever since the final battle of the Paragon Immortal Realm. Now, she was dying.

Shui Dongliu gave the last bit of his life force to buy hope for the

Mountain and Sea Realm, and now Sea Dream did the same thing. She gave her life to point the Realm in the right direction.

“Big bro Nine Seals, I’m coming to join you....

“I’m the most useless of everyone. I was useless back then, and now... I’m just as useless.... I didn’t even kill an Imperial Lord, let alone a Paragon. Completely useless.

“To all you children of the Mountain and Sea Realm, I truly hope... that you can live quiet and safe lives.” Smiling, Paragon Sea Dream faded away into the Vast Expanse... for all eternity.

Of all the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm on the butterfly, the only one to witness her passing was Ksitigarbha. When she was gone, a look of deep sadness appeared in his eyes.

As for Meng Hao, he was currently in that other world in his mind. Because of the sea of his cultivation base, he was growing more powerful. Of the Soul Lamps which surrounded him, a total of 20 were extinguished!

Of the Hex marks on his forehead, the one which represented the First Hex was more than half complete!

Essence was growing rapidly within the eight marks. The Demonic qi and Immortal qi within him, as well as all other types of energy, were rapidly fusing together, transforming into... a completely bizarre aura.

His heart was now beginning to pound. Thump thump. Thump thump. Thump thump....

With every beat of his heart, it felt as if lightning were crashing in his brain. Gradually, the effect spread outside of his body, causing bursts of lightning to appear in the Vast Expanse beyond the butterfly.

Time passed, although it was hard to say exactly how much. The butterfly shot through the Vast Expanse in the direction Paragon Sea Dream had indicated, drawing ever closer to the vortex she had discovered....

One day, the murkiness of the Vast Expanse lessened. Ahead of the

butterfly, a huge vortex had become visible. It was so large that, although it was a vast distance away, it looked very close.

This was none other than... the location Paragon Sea Dream had seen with her divine sense!

In the same moment that the vortex became visible, the Vast Expanse filled with rumbling sounds as the Immortal God Continent... appeared once again!

The starry sky of the Vast Expanse was so vastly large that no one could truly say how large it was. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that people who did know the answer to that question were incredibly rare.

To most cultivators and even other life forms, the starry sky that was the Vast Expanse... was essentially unending. After all, most beings wouldn't be able to travel to the ends of the Vast Expanse, not even the Immortal God Continent.

In the end... it was too large.

Nor could anyone clearly explain how many vortexes or floating land masses existed. However, everyone knew that wherever vortexes existed in the Vast Expanse, civilizations could be found!

Even if they were extinct, evidence would remain of their existence, remnants that could give a glimpse into their former glory.

As for the land masses that floated about, they were always places of great danger, locations of either powerful experts, or the shades of the dead.

However, the Vast Expanse was so large that the space between such land masses was incredible. It was even possible to travel for tens upon tens of thousands of years and never run into a single one. As for the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm, they had traveled far and wide within the Vast Expanse. Although they had never traveled far enough to grasp the overall shape of the Vast Expanse, whenever they encountered other forces, they always came out on top!

In fact, they knew much more about this newly appeared vortex than

most others would.

Almost as soon as the Immortal God Continent appeared, the voice of a woman echoed out from the land mass, passing through the Vast Expanse into the ears of the people standing on the back of the butterfly.

“There are three restricted areas within the Vast Expanse, mysterious locations within which lurk profound secrets relating to the creation of the Vast Expanse itself. The place you are traveling toward is one of those three. It is called... the Green Coffin Vortex!”

Ksitigarbha’s expression was one of vigilance. Standing next to him was the Paragon puppet, which had been reduced to a very simple state of consciousness due to Meng Hao being in a coma. Wang Youcai was also present, as were Ji Yin and others, such as the Mountain and Sea Lords and Ke Jiusi.

These people were the most powerful experts in the Mountain and Sea Realm!

They were guarding Meng Hao, and as such, their faces were grim as they stared out at the Immortal God Continent.

The woman’s voice echoed out once more: “Choosing to go to a place like that is essentially choosing... to die!”

Even as she spoke, certain cultivators from the Immortal God Continent were flying out into the Vast Expanse.

Some of those cultivators were like suns, and emanated shocking fluctuations. In the rear position was the same cold woman who had appeared back in the Mountain and Sea Realm, whose cultivation base fluctuations were those of the 9-Essences level.

She was the one who had just spoken.

“According to the legends,” she continued, “the black and white vortex which spins there outside the Green Coffin Vortex contains a Dao of Time. It is a great Dao that did not just appear randomly. It was forcibly acquired and left there to feed the woman inside the coffin.

“As for who exactly that woman is, nobody knows. Years ago, my husband came here and observed this place for a long time, and in the end, said only one thing.

“He said that the person in that coffin is the origin of the starry sky that became the Vast Expanse!” Eventually, the 9-Essences woman’s eyes came to rest on Meng Hao, who was unconscious on the back of the butterfly.

“We have reached the point where the hostilities should cease. There is no need for you to proceed any further. Our entire purpose for starting this war was, first, to prevent the rise of the Immortal, and second, to acquire a mirror.”

The woman looked at the butterfly, her expression cold as she said, “The funny thing is that both of those reasons were originally unconnected. But now, they are inexorably intertwined. Just hand that man over, and allow yourselves to be sealed. Then... you can be on your way.

“In the starry sky of the Vast Expanse, 9-Essences Paragons... are the most powerful of beings. If you want to stay alive in the Vast Expanse, then no matter where you go, you will need a 9-Essences Paragon.”

Her words cause incredible pressure to weigh down on the Vast Expanse, and left the butterfly trembling and incapable of moving.

“Do you people disagree?” A moment later, the woman waved her right hand, causing an incredible force to surge down. Just when she was about to take a step forward, her heart suddenly thumped as she realized that Meng Hao had just twitched.

“Is he waking up?” she thought, smiling, her eyes glittering coldly. “How amusing. I’m also curious to see... the true strength of this Immortal who became the Demon.”

She pointed out at the butterfly.

“Don’t leave a single one alive!”

As the words left her mouth, the surrounding cultivators of the Immortal God Continent charged in attack. The four suns radiated boundless light as they shot toward the Butterfly, closing in almost

instantly.

Sadness appeared on Ksitigarbha's face, and everyone else had bloodshot eyes. As the cultivators of the Immortal God Continent closed in, a beam of light shot out from the butterfly, a divine ability which transformed into a shield.

However, it could only protect them for a moment before it began to crumble and collapse. At that point, Ksitigarbha launched himself forward to attack, along with Wang Youcai, the Paragon puppet, and everyone else.

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Sappy note from Deathblade: Maybe it was my mood when I was translating the past couple chapters, or something else, but for some reason I was unusually upset by Sea Dream's death. I couldn't help but feel how tragic it was that someone so powerful, someone who had lived so long, seen so many things, could have such negative feelings, even when sacrificing herself to save the day. I kind of wished I could reach out to her in her final moment and say, "No, you're not useless!" She might not have killed anyone in the fighting, or concocted some super complex plan. But she worked hard, she endured, and in the end, she actually saved the day. At a certain point in life, all of us find ourselves in the situation where we feel inadequate or lacking, but we should never let that get the best of us. Poor Sea Dream. R.I.P.

Chapter 1401: Wake Up, Wake Up!

“You won’t withstand a single blow!” The four Paragons in the suns were the quickest. One of them was a crimson-haired middle-aged man with a cold smile. As he strode forward, he waved his hand, resulting in Ksitigarbha and the others coughing up mouthfuls of blood as they spun backward beyond control. A few of them even directly exploded.

It took only a moment for it to be apparent that there was nothing the Mountain and Sea cultivators could do to block the advance. It was simply impossible to compare the Mountain and Sea Realm and the butterfly to the Immortal God Continent.

The crimson-haired man strode forward and stepped onto the butterfly itself, causing a tremor to run through it. He instantly headed toward the unconscious Meng Hao, and a flicker of scorn could be seen in his eyes as he reached his hand out to grab the top of his head.

At the same time, the other suns and other cultivators of the Immortal God Continent were closing in. In only a moment, they would burst into the world which contained the survivors of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and put them all to death.

In the moment in which the crimson-haired man was about to grab Meng Hao, the butterfly’s wings shivered, and Meng Hao’s parents suddenly appeared to block his way.

“You think a bit too much of yourselves,” the man said, smiling. His energy surged, transforming into a powerful attack which headed directly toward Meng Hao’s parents, to wipe them out of existence.

The destructive power in his hand was enough to eradicate anything and everything, and it was now only moments away from slamming into Meng Hao.

It was absolutely a moment of incredible danger.

The crisis Meng Hao faced was being shared by his parents, by Ksitigarbha and the others, and by everyone living inside the world of the

butterfly!

Meanwhile....

In the world inside Meng Hao's mind, lightning and thunder crashed. At the same time, countless copies of Meng Hao were joining their voices together to shout out in a powerful roar.

"Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!!"

As the voices echoed out endlessly, more and more versions of Meng Hao appeared, filling the entire world, roaring at him in an attempt to awaken him.

It eventually pierced into the remaining cultivation base sea, entering the ears of Meng Hao's true self, causing him to tremble. Then his eyes opened!

Meanwhile, back out in the real world, where Meng Hao lay on the butterfly's back, his eyes... also opened!

As his bright red pupils appeared, an explosive aura surged out, causing the Vast Expanse to shake, and the starry sky to tremble.

Shockingly, as everything quaked around him, lightning bolts appeared, transforming the area into a lake of lightning. It almost looked as if the Vast Expanse itself were furious.

An intense pressure began to weigh down that was difficult to put into words. It filled the entire area, crushing down onto the cultivators from the Immortal God Continent who were attempting to break into the butterfly world. All of them coughed up blood, and then uncontrollably dropped to their knees and began to kowtow.

Even the 8-Essences paragons were shocked to find that they were trembling.

The entire world was completely shaken!

The starry sky was vibrating, and the Vast Expanse was howling!

The Immortal God cultivators who were trying to cut down Ksitigarbha and the others felt their cultivation bases weakening, and then some of

them began to explode!

And that was what happened when Meng Hao merely opened his eyes and unleashed his energy!

The intensity of the power caused the face of the cold-eyed 9-Essences Paragon to drop.

As for the crimson-haired man in front of Meng Hao, his scalp was completely numb, and he was shaking in his boots. His cultivation base was unstable, and the attack he had just unleashed on Meng Hao's parents was completely destroyed.

An indescribably majestic air radiated off of Meng Hao, causing everything around him to vibrate.

The crimson-haired man, who was an 8-Essences Paragon sun from the Immortal God Continent, couldn't stop himself from looking at Meng Hao. As soon as their eyes met, the man's face fell, and his mind began to spin. It felt like red daggers were stabbing through his eyes into his brain. Any resistance on his part was crushed like twigs as the pain stabbed into him, sending his sea of consciousness boiling, causing his cultivation base to grow unstable, and filling him with a sensation of imminent death.

"This...." Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and his entire body shook violently as he subconsciously took a step back in fear of the complete and utter bizarreness of Meng Hao.

In the moment he fell back, Meng Hao took a step forward, and before the man could dodge, viciously head-butted him in the forehead.

Meng Hao's eyes were bright red as he slammed into the man, instantly turning the top of his head into a mash of blood and gore. He screamed and struggled, but then Meng Hao smiled and once again butted his head forward.

"Didn't you just say that we wouldn't withstand a single blow?" He grabbed the man's robe and slammed his head into him again.

"Didn't you just say that we overestimate ourselves?" Meng Hao grinned, and blood soaked his head as he bashed it into the man over and over

again. Finally, the 8-Essences Paragon's head exploded, and his body was destroyed. His Nascent Divinity flew out, looking at Meng Hao in shock.

Meng Hao let the man's Nascent Divinity fly away, and turned to look at the other forces who had already landed on the butterfly, then waved his hand furiously.

"Screw off!" he growled.

Rumbling sounds erupted out as the lightning surrounding him sent the midst of the Vast Expanse seething. Incredible pressure radiated out from Meng Hao, and shocking power filled his voice. Instantly, the cultivators from the Immortal God Continent who were on the butterfly coughed up blood, and then began to explode one after another. In the end, not a single one could remain on the butterfly's back.

The Immortal God Continent was buzzing as countless cultivators flew out, eyes filled with disbelief as they stared at Meng Hao. In addition to the original 9-Essences female Paragon, there was also the white-robed, white-eyebrowed old man who had fought Daoist Immortal Ancient, and who was now looking at Meng Hao with a very serious expression.

"He's 9-Essences...." Those were the words coming out of the mouths of the bedraggled cultivators who had survived their brush with Meng Hao's power.

"That's... that 9-Essences power. How is that even possible!?!?"

"How could he be 9-Essences? Shui Dongliu used Immortal Dao Transference to consecrate him. But... even if he passed on everything to this guy, it's not likely that he would be able to... to have 9-Essences power!!"

"Most importantly, you can tell that he's actually not finished with the process!! If... if he ever completely absorbs that legacy, just think of how strong he'll be!!"

The cultivators of the Immortal God Continent felt as if they had been struck in the head. Their minds were spinning as they looked at Meng Hao with complete disbelief.

9-Essences! Only 9-Essences could possess energy like this, and only 9-Essences could destroy the fleshly body of an 8-Essences Paragon as easily as flipping over a hand!

Only 9-Essences could allow a faction to stand firm and unthreatened within the Vast Expanse!!

Shui Dongliu killed himself as the price to give Meng Hao unmatched good fortune. That was not only to pay back the debt he owed to the Fang Clan, it was also... to ensure that someone remained behind after he died to protect the Mountain and Sea Realm!

And that was the exact role which he had chosen Meng Hao to play: the guardian of the Mountain and Sea Realm!

His eyes glowed red as he slowly turned and looked at the hosts of cultivators from the Immortal God Continent. His sudden appearance on the scene left Ksitigarbha and the other forces on the butterfly stirred and excited. Meng Hao's parents appeared, along with Xu Qing and others from within the world of the butterfly. All of them were paying close attention to Meng Hao.

Meng Hao stood in front of the group, tall, his hair floating around him, looking as powerful as a mountain. Behind him on the butterfly were his parents, Fang Yu, Xu Qing, and other friends and family, the few surviving cultivators from the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Facing Meng Hao was the vast and boundless Immortal God Continent, as well as a seemingly neverending force of cultivators. There were multiple 8-Essences Paragons, countless Imperial Lords, as well as two paramount figures who were the pillars of their army... the two 9-Essences Paragons!

Meng Hao looked at them, his seething Demonic qi causing the mists of the Vast Expanse around him to recede, the starlight to gleam. Seemingly endless amounts of Demonic qi flowed out of him, and at the same time, his cultivation base continued to rise.

Before accepting Shui Dongliu's legacy, he had been capable of fighting with Paragons. Then he became the Demon, and his battle prowess had

increased dramatically, to the point where he could battle 8-Essences Paragons. But now, thanks to the preeminent good fortune given him, his Hexing magics were complete. Although he was missing the Ninth Hex, in some ways, his collection could be considered finished.

Then there was the cultivation base and Essence power from Shui Dongliu, which helped him to advance by leaps and bounds!

Finally, there were his extinguished Soul Lamps, which pushed him even higher. As of this moment, he had... battle prowess that was no weaker than the 9-Essences level!

With all of that... Meng Hao still hadn't reached his peak. He still had room for progress with his cultivation base; he still had more than 10 Soul Lamps which had not been extinguished. He had yet to create his Ninth Hex, and although all of the other Hexing magics had Essence to some degree or another, he still needed more enlightenment.

One could only imagine how powerful he would be when he reached the true pinnacle. It would be something incomparable even to his current power. After all, he was... the Demon!

He had transformed from being an Immortal, to being... the Demon!

There is a God who is the acme of all Gods. There is a Devil who is the ultimate expression of Devils. There is also an Immortal, who is like an Emperor among Immortals. And there is also... the Demon!

The pinnacle of all Demons!

As of this moment, the Vast Expanse was completely silent. Demonic qi rolled out of Meng Hao as he stood there, looking coldly at the crowds from the Immortal God Continent. A smile twisted the corner of his mouth, a brutal smile which caused icy cold to fill the hearts of anyone who looked at it.

No one spoke. Even the 9-Essences female Paragon looked at him with cold, flickering eyes. Then she took a step forward, and Meng Hao smiled.

He reached up and pushed down onto his forehead, causing a group of Mountains and Seas to fly out. Nine Mountains. Eight Seas!

It was... the Mountain and Sea Realm!

As of this moment, he held the Mountain and Sea Realm in his hands!

Chapter 1402: I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas!

Meng Hao had the Mountain and Sea Realm in his hands. He flung it out, simultaneously sending his mind and will into it. Rumbling sounds echoed out as the Mountain and Sea Realm Grand Aegis appeared, surrounding, not Meng Hao, but the butterfly!

It enveloped the butterfly, protecting it along with all of Meng Hao's relatives and friends. Then Meng Hao took a step forward and transformed into a beam of light that shot directly toward the icy 9-Essences Paragon.

As they closed in on each other, performing incantation gestures the whole time, the domineering aura radiating off of Meng Hao grew even more intense, and he looked more ferocious than ever. Moments later, the intense sounds of battle filled the void of the Vast Expanse.

A boom rang out, and then they separated. A split second later, they were once again locked in fierce combat. Meng Hao waved his hand to summon numerous mountains. He transformed into an azure roc, which radiated a bizarre energy that made it seem like a true Demon as it screamed in for an attack.

Shockwaves blasted out in all directions. Grinning, Meng Hao performed an incantation gesture and unleashed Hexing magic. The Eighth Hex erupted out, and the wave of his finger caused the icy woman to stop in place for a moment. In that instant, Meng Hao's Seventh Hex appeared.

Next was the Sixth Hex, the Fifth Hex, and the Fourth Hex. A world of black and white appeared, which encompassed countless ages of reincarnation. A great Dao of Time appeared that could transform the Vast Expanse. The icy woman's face flickered, and the white-robed, white-eyebrowed old man took a threatening step forward.

At the same time, the old man's voice rang out in all directions: "Destroy the World-Butterfly!"

The surrounding Immortal God cultivators hesitated for a moment before resuming their charge. Under the leadership of the 8-Essences Paragons, they began to batter the shield.

Booms echoed out as Meng Hao single-handedly fought against two 9-Essences Paragons. Blood sprayed out of his mouth, and as he fell back, the Lightning Cauldron appeared above his head. Electricity danced as he switched positions with one of the Immortal God cultivators. When he reappeared, he was right next to an Immortal God Imperial Lord. His hand instantly shot out, and the Imperial Lord let out a scream as Meng Hao's fingers stabbed into his eyes. Meng Hao unleashed curse power to imprison his soul, then dug his eyes out of his head, grabbed his body, and lifted it over his head.

Next, he physically threw him toward an 8-Essences Paragon who was charging toward him from off to the side. A boom rang out, and the 8-Essences Paragon was shaken, but only a moment later, he was closing in on Meng Hao.

"Screw off!" he roared, unleashing divine abilities and Essence power. However, in the same moment, Meng Hao vanished yet again, appearing unexpectedly next to another 8-Essences Paragon. His aura was different this time, brutally violent, and as he pounced on the Paragon, black fog roiled out, covering the two of them.

A bloodcurdling scream rang out, and even as the icy Paragon hastened over, the fog faded away. Meng Hao was nowhere to be seen, but the 8-Essences Paragon's remains were left behind, mangled and ripped apart as if by a wild animal.

Meng Hao appeared off in the distance, holding the man's Nascent Divinity in his hand. Eyes flickering with crimson light, he popped it into his mouth and began to chew slowly. Then he reached out with his right hand, and the Vast Expanse trembled as the Battle Weapon suddenly appeared.

It was not pitch black this time, but rather, bright red. In fact, if you looked closely, you would see that Meng Hao's hair was no longer black,

but violet!

Furthermore... the roots of his hair were actually red!

Despite the vast force arrayed against him, Meng Hao had killed several people in quick succession, which left the icy female Paragon very grim-faced. To the majestic Immortal God Continent, killing a 9-Essences Paragon wasn't anything incredibly difficult, and yet Meng Hao was so bizarre and multifarious that it was impossible to lock him down.

It was at this point that a beam of light brimming with insane destructive power shot out from the Immortal God Continent, piercing through the Vast Expanse, cleaving apart the starry sky, destroying natural laws as it bore down on Meng Hao. The fluctuations from the beam of light were otherworldly, causing Meng Hao's eyes to widen. It was impossible to tell what had emitted the light, but it didn't seem to have come from a cultivator. The bizarre sensation it gave off was palpable.

Without any hesitation, Meng Hao performed a Form Displacement Transposition and vanished. The position he had just occupied in the starry sky suddenly shattered and transformed into a black hole. All of the cultivators who were nearby were instantly transformed into ash.

Meng Hao's eyes flickered toward a certain mountain peak on the Immortal God Continent, upon which was a vicious-looking war chariot. What made him frown even more was that somewhere there on the Immortal God Continent, he could sense... two more 9-Essences auras!

It was at this point that another beam of light rocketed out, and this time it was heading, not for Meng Hao, but for the Mountain and Sea Realm Grand Aegis!

Rumbling sounds could be heard as the Grand Aegis collapsed. And yet, in that same moment, Meng Hao performed a double-handed incantation gesture.

"Mountain and Sea Seal!" he said, causing the collapsed fragments of the Grand Aegis to sweep together and envelope the nearby Immortal God cultivators, where it turned into a shocking sealing mark!

It even enveloped the cold woman and the white-haired old man.

In the moment the seal formed, Meng Hao flashed into motion, returning to the butterfly.

“Let’s go!” he said. The butterfly’s wings flapped, and as they sped along, Meng Hao looked back coldly at the Immortal God Continent, and the group stuck in the sealing mark. Flicking his sleeve, he sent the Mountains and Seas out in front of him in formation.

“When someone hits you,” he growled, “you hit back!”

A mysterious, incisive light appeared in his blood-colored pupils as he said, “The Dao is in My Heart....”

A light shone out like an icy blade!

He raised his hands into the air and splayed them wide. A strange resonance could be heard in his voice, which caused the Nine Mountains and Eight Seas to suddenly increase dramatically in size!

The Mountains grew larger, and the Seas churned. In the blink of an eye, the Nine Mountains in front of him were completely and utterly shocking, the ultimate depictions of any type of mountain!

Each and every one of those mountains was a world unto itself, and radiated a sharp and incisive will.

Years and years ago, Paragon Nine Seals used this same precious treasure to destroy the Heaven Trampling Bridge, to fend off the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm, and prevent those two powers from harming the survivors from the Paragon Immortal Realm.

Now, in Meng Hao’s hands, the Mountain and Sea Realm erupted... with the true power which it held within!

Nine majestic Mountains were like nine swords that could shake Heaven and Earth! As the power of those mountains radiated out, the faces of the crowds from the Immortal God Continent fell.

The cold woman trapped in the Mountain and Sea Seal looked on with constricting pupils, and the white-robed old man was clearly shocked.

Immediately, they began to confer.

“I can’t believe that Shui Dongliu’s legacy contains the secret to controlling the Mountain and Sea Realm! Impossible!!”

“Back when Nine Seals died, he managed to send out a discarnate soul. He used his death to completely rock us, shaking our foundation to the point where we couldn’t destroy the Mountain and Sea Realm. However, even at that time, we were able to join forces to destroy the magic he used to control the Mountain and Sea Realm!”

“There isn’t anyone who can truly control the Mountain and Sea Realm, that terrifying conglomeration of the fury of the Immortals! Not even Nine Seals’ discarnate soul within Shui Dongliu was able to do anything other than exercise basic control!”

Even as these two Paragons were reeling in shock, Meng Hao waved his hands, and his eyes flickered with intense focus, with a deep longing for the Mountain and Sea Realm, and with a deep hatred for the enemy!

“The Will is in My Eyes!” His cultivation base erupted with power as the second sentence left his mouth. Simultaneously, the Eight Seas began to churn and seethe, and in the blink of an eye, they had become seas of stars which shook the Vast Expanse. They merged with the Nine Mountains to erupt with... indescribable pressure!

The instant that pressure appeared, the hosts from the Immortal God Continent coughed up mouthfuls of blood, and even the land mass itself began to quiver. Mountains fell into ruin, and the courses of rivers altered!

One city after another on the land mass collapsed into rubble!

It was like the end of days!

This was the true power of the precious treasure that was the Mountain and Sea Realm!

Meng Hao had not acquired this magical control method from the legacy of Shui Dongliu. That legacy had given him ordinary magical techniques from the Mountain and Sea Realm, and nothing that could help him exceed Shui Dongliu.

But what he did have was... the Seal the Heavens Incantation!

When he had unleashed that incantation within the Mountains and Seas, it led to incredible power. However, at that time, the Mountain and Sea Realm had still been under the general control of Shui Dongliu, which made it difficult for Meng Hao to use it. In fact, back then, it was almost useless. It was only later that he came to understand that the true Seal the Heavens Incantation could only be used properly after he had become the Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm and returned the Mountains and Seas to the form of a magical item!

Like now!

This was the Seal the Heavens Incantation!

It had been created by his Master in the Eighth Mountain and Sea, a divine ability or Dao that was the laughing stock of the masses. And yet, that magical technique was no simple divine ability, it was actually... a control method for the entire Mountain and Sea Realm!

The correct way to use it was not against a cultivator, but on the Mountain and Sea Realm itself, to unleash its truly deadly aspects as a precious treasure!

No one knew what experiences the Noble Ran had gone through to create this particular divine ability. After its creation, he had spent the rest of his life extolling its virtues. In the end, he passed it on to Meng Hao, who eventually proved that... the Seal the Heavens Incantation was not a worthless incantation!

After the true war of the Mountain and Sea Realm broke out, Meng Hao never ran into the Noble Ran again. In fact, now that he thought back, it seemed as if... the Noble Ran hadn't even been present during the fighting.

However, now was not the time to contemplate that matter. Meng Hao waved his arms, and the Mountains and Seas erupted with shocking pressure. He took a deep breath as he suddenly understood what it meant to say... the Dao is in My Heart!

That Dao referred, not to Essence, not to natural laws, nor to magical

laws. It was shapeless, and existed in the heart, and it didn't matter if you were Demon or Immortal. It was all the same!

The Dao is one's heart, and however deep your heart was, that was how profound your Dao would be!

Furthermore, he now understood that 'the Will is in My Eyes' referred to the outer manifestation of the Dao. Whatever he looked at... had a Dao, or was a Dao!

"I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas...." He flicked his sleeve, and the Nine Mountains rumbled as they tilted on their side to point toward the Immortal God Continent!

Chapter 1403: The Supreme Seal the Heavens Incantation!

The Eight Seas erupted with power. Although they were clearly seas, the shocking power seemed like flames of madness that spread out in all directions. The mist of the Vast Expanse shied away as a huge whirlwind sprang up.

In the moment that the whirlwind appeared, a terrifying aura began to spread out, causing all living beings who sensed it to tremble inwardly.

At the same time, two figures emerged from the Immortal God Continent. They were two old men, both of whom radiated the demeanors of celestial beings!

The entire Immortal God Continent was astir now. Countless cultivators were meditating to build up energy, and the entire land mass was like a giant awakening from slumber. Countless shield layers sprang up.

In almost an instant, incredible defenses were in place!

At the same time, the eyes of the enormous statue in the middle of the land mass suddenly began to shine brightly.

It was at this point that Meng Hao stretched his hands out and spoke out the final words of his incantation.

“... Seal the Heavens Incantation!!”

He roared the words at the top of his lungs, and at the same time, his cultivation base erupted. His Demonic qi flowed out to merge with the Mountains and Seas, causing a shocking development to occur. As the Nine Mountains and Eight Seas hovered there in the Vast Expanse, an enormous figure took shape, a figure whose face was Meng Hao's!

However, that figure also sported a wicked horn protruding from the top of his head, making him completely shocking to behold!

He seemed to be both laughing and not laughing, crying and not crying. Anyone who saw him would feel coldness rising up from deep within the

heart. Even the mist of the Vast Expanse shot away in all directions, not willing to come into contact with him.

Explosive rage and bizarre evil filled the aura that emanated off of the illusory figure, to an extent which vastly exceeded Meng Hao's own aura. Meng Hao then viciously shoved out with both hands, sending the astonishing Nine Mountains toward the Immortal God Continent

The Eight Seas rumbled as they spun in the form of a vortex. As that vortex grew in size, it was possible to see the images of countless souls within the Seas, vicious and thirsty for blood.

As for the enormous figure which existed above all of them, he seemed to be wielding the Mountains and Seas themselves in a powerful attack!

The sight was completely shocking, and if someone could paint the image, it would be something people assumed was a myth from primordial times. It was almost as if that figure were treating the Mountains as a mount, and the Seas as his Demon Weapon, to slaughter the starry sky.

The Immortal God Continent trembled, and the sealed cultivators had looks of astonishment written on their faces as they let out shouts of shock. In the blink of an eye, one of the Mountains, the Fifth Mountain, actually stabbed into the sealed area, leaving behind a trail of blood as it shot toward the Immortal God Continent.

Next were the Fourth and Sixth Mountains. Then the Third and Seventh Mountains!

Amidst the rumbling, the Nine Mountains looked like nine spikes that pierced through everything. The Immortal God Continent's four 9-Essences Paragons managed to stop one Mountain each, but that left three Mountains which smashed into the structure of the Immortal God Continent!

The Vast Expanse shook as a massive roaring sound ripped out. The defensive shields twisted and distorted as all power was called upon to aid the defense. Countless people were shrieking, and miserable screams rang out everywhere.

The land mass trembled as if judgement day had arrived. The cultivators there were now experiencing... the same madness that had been unleashed countless years ago by Nine Seals when he wielded the Mountain and Sea Realm!

As the Nine Mountains blasted forward, the Eight Seas, in the form of a Demon Weapon, hurtled toward the land mass.

When the last Mountain pierced the defensive shields, the Immortal God Continent's defenses were broken. The lands quaked, and rifts spread out everywhere across the land mass. But then, the eyes of the statue in the middle of the entire land mass flickered.

A terrifying pressure erupted out, unleashing a shockwave that instantly filled the entire area. When it passed over the Nine Mountains, they shattered. The Eight Seas were destroyed. And yet, they didn't vanish, but instead transformed into countless bits of rubble which rained down onto the Immortal God Continent.

The cultivators on the Immortal God Continent began to cry out with furious roars.

Meng Hao watched all of this happening from his position on the butterfly, and could see the flickering light in the eyes of the statue.

"These Gods... are half Immortal, huh?" he murmured. His heart was filled with vigilance as the butterfly flew away urgently. His connection to the Mountain and Sea Realm remained. He was the one and only owner of the precious treasure, and that could not be wrested away from him.

As such, the Mountains and Seas did not truly vanish. Although they had just been destroyed, moments later, they reappeared in front of him, the same Nine Mountains and Eight Seas as before.

As Meng Hao stood there on the butterfly, flying off into the distance, an angered roar echoed out from the Immortal God Continent, which was from none other than the icy female Paragon. Her murderous aura skyrocketed as she instantly gave chase.

"I've experienced the pain of watching flames of war engulf my home,"

Meng Hao said. “Unfortunately for you, all of that... is just beginning.” He smiled slightly, then extended his hand and pointed toward the Mountains and Seas. Instantly, the Mountains and Seas shrank down and converged upon each other to form the Mountain and Sea Bow!

He held the bow in his left hand and drew the string back with his right. Killing intent flickered in his eyes as the energy of the bow surged, and the power of the Mountains and Seas transformed into an arrow!

When he loosed the string, that arrow shot forth like a thunderbolt!

But then, without even pausing for a moment, Meng Hao drew the bow again and shot a second arrow, and then a third!

Three arrows can kill Gods!

Four arrows can cut down Immortals!

Five arrows... are Heaven-defying!

Five arrows. Five beams of light. They transformed into a sea of brightness which distorted the Vast Expanse as they rumbled along.

They contained a will of extermination, and Meng Hao’s killing intent, with boundless Demonic qi. Instantly, they appeared in front of the cold female Paragon, and were moving with such speed that it was difficult to put into words, so fast that she was incapable of evading.

Based on Meng Hao’s current battle prowess, wielding the Mountain and Sea Bow in this way allowed him to unleash power that even this cold woman feared.

At the same time, it was a difficult thing for Meng Hao to use the bow for a sustained period of time.

Rumbling could be heard as the woman waved her sleeve. Since she couldn’t move in any direction, she decided that she might as well give up any ideas of dodging. Performing an incantation gesture, she caused a towering iciness to spread out from her, freezing the starry sky and the Vast Expanse. Layers of ice built up around her, from within which she glared at Meng Hao standing there on the butterfly.

When their gazes met, the layers of ice expanded outward, instantly coming into contact with the five light arrows.

Unexpectedly, the ice didn't shatter, but actually spread out to envelop the five arrows. At the same time, the layers of ice expanded outward to form the image of a woman's hand, which stretched out toward the butterfly as if to grab it.

From a distance, the sight was completely shocking. The ice hand almost seemed capable of plucking away stars or moons. The Vast Expanse shook violently as the hand suddenly appeared right behind the butterfly.

Meng Hao stood on the butterfly, coldly observing this enormous hand of ice. Then, a smile appeared on his face, as if he didn't care about it at all.

As the ice hand closed in, what appeared to be the beginnings of layers of ice started to form around the butterfly. By this point, the ice hand was only about 300 meters away from Meng Hao.

However, the five light arrows which had been locked down earlier could only be suppressed for so long. Suddenly, they exploded, sending dazzling light out and ripping numerous rifts open within the ice hand. That in turn made it impossible for the hand to reach Meng Hao, and it finally shattered.

As that happened, the dazzling light caused by the explosion of the five arrows sent powerful ripples out in all directions, obscuring the area between Meng Hao and the woman, making it impossible for them to see each other.

The ripples eventually faded away, but by that time the butterfly was gone. As for the icy Paragon, her face was grim as she looked off into the distance, the killing intent in her eyes growing more and more intense.

At the same time, the white-robed, white-eyebrowed old man, as well as two other ancient and profound looking individuals stood there together, looking silently off into the distance.

"Perhaps our plan was mistaken.... If the Patriarch knew about what we

were doing in this war, he might not approve.”

“It’s useless to jabber like that. If we get our hands on that mirror, we can call him back. Besides... ‘the Immortal is above the God, and can suppress the Devil.’ That saying... has been floating around for a long time. The fact that the Immortal could become the Demon is something that anyone could have predicted might happen.”

“The Demon....” The female Paragon sighed, then gave a cold harrumph. “It doesn’t matter. Now that things have reached this point, we can’t just give up. He might have battle prowess equivalent to the 9-Essences level, but he won’t be the first such person we’ve killed throughout the years. After him!”

She waved her sleeve, and after a bit of time passed, the Immortal God Continent began to once again rumble through the Vast Expanse in the direction Meng Hao had fled in.

This time, it moved even faster than before, as if they were unleashing some incredible power that had remained untapped before. That power pushed the land mass forward with speed that defied imagination.

The Immortal God Continent had been building up resources for countless years, giving them a profound level of power that was enough to shake anyone in the Vast Expanse. What they had revealed so far was only a tiny portion of that. Their true resources came in the form of... people who had existed since that ancient generation, and had even been famous back then.

For example, there was a tiny country that existed somewhere in the recesses of the Immortal God Continent. It was a city-state that was not very large, with a population that couldn’t be considered huge. However, its monarch was a kind man, and that country was called... the State of Clear Water!

In another area, in the capital city of a vast empire, a huge, muscular man sat in the Imperial palace, gulping down alcohol and watching a dance performance. Although he was laughing heartily, there was a certain melancholy within him. 1

The Immortal God Continent sped through the boundless Vast Expanse. Far up ahead of them, also within the Vast Expanse, was a writhing black mist. Within that mist were several enormous butterflies, which were speeding along, dragging a land mass behind them. Visible upon that land mass was a gigantic coffin, which was surrounded by countless kowtowing individuals who were chanting scriptures.

As the sound of the scriptures floated out, endless roaring could also be heard. It transformed into a maddening power, as well as a savage, barbaric feeling that spread out in all directions. That land mass was also speeding along as fast as it could.

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1. After talking with Rex, the translator of Renegade Immortal, we came to the conclusion that this character is likely Situ Nan, who appears in name as early as chapter 47.

Chapter 1404: Immortal, God, Demon, Devil, Ghost!

As the butterfly flew along, Meng Hao stood there on its back, blood oozing out of his mouth. Although he had seemed impressively mighty in the fight just now, the truth was that his cultivation base was unstable, a result of being interrupted during the process of absorbing the good fortune from Shui Dongliu.

He was still incapable of entering the world within the butterfly. He wasn't sure exactly why, but whenever he tried to enter the wings, the butterfly would begin to tremble on the verge of collapse.

As the wings of the butterfly, Meng Hao's parents looked into the matter, as did Ksitigarbha and others. They came to the conclusion that Meng Hao's aura was currently incompatible with the butterfly because of not having completely absorbed Shui Dongliu's good fortune. After the process was complete, and his various auras were in balance, there should be a way to enter.

That matter in and of itself wasn't of great concern, and didn't affect Meng Hao's ability to defend the butterfly. Therefore, he sat cross-legged on its back, looking out at the Vast Expanse, an expression of reminiscence occasionally appearing on his face.

He thought back to the Mountain and Sea Realm, to Shui Dongliu, and to all the faces he remembered from there. The pain in his heart was hard to suppress. It was true that his parents hadn't perished, and some of his relatives had survived. There was even hope for the long-term survival of the Mountain and Sea Realm. But when he recalled the past, he almost wished that the present could be nothing more than a mere dream.

It caused him to sigh deep in his heart.

He didn't understand why things had turned out this way, but that didn't matter. His only option was to do everything he could to protect the butterfly as it continued to head toward the location Paragon Sea Dream

had discovered at the cost of her life.

“That is where the hope of survival exists....” Looking off into the distance, he could just barely make out an enormous black and white vortex, within which swirled a Dao of Time.

Inside the world of the butterfly, the surviving remnants of the Mountain and Sea Realm quietly went about creating a new home for themselves. Of the entire Mountain and Sea Realm, only a few hundred thousand cultivators remained.

Those cultivators had fought a bitter war, had watched their society crumble, and had gone through countless heartaches. And yet, they were as focused as ever. Their spirits had not been extinguished, and if things went on, that spirit would be passed down to countless future generations.

At times, Xu Qing emerged to accompany Meng Hao. Wang Youcai, Fatty, and others also came out. Chen Fan didn't appear. Meng Hao clearly remembered him being among the group transported into the world of the butterfly, but later, he was nowhere to be found.

After pondering the matter, he recalled how he had caught a glimpse of Chen Fan leaving the 33 Hells, and the confusion which had been visible in his eyes. Apparently, Chen Fan had encountered something within the 33 Hells that was... a good fortune unique to him.

In the past, Meng Hao might have attempted to investigate the matter. But now, the people of the Mountain and Sea Realm were physically and mentally exhausted, and Meng Hao himself didn't have the energy to think about it too much.

Patriarch Reliance was there in the world of the butterfly, as were Pill Demon and Ke Jiusi.

Time passed. While the people went about constructing their new home, Meng Hao sat cross-legged on the back of the butterfly. He didn't slip into a meditative trance, nor did he practice cultivation. Instead, he kept his divine sense focused on his surroundings, and remained constantly on guard.

The danger was still far from over.

He could sense that two powerful energies had locked onto the butterfly. One of them was further up ahead, mysterious and unfathomable; that was no doubt the Devil Realm, which still had yet to lay eyes on. Behind them was the pulsing killing intent of the Immortal God Continent.

As the two land masses drew closer, it was as if a huge net had been stretched out, which was now closing in over the butterfly.

However, the two land masses couldn't precisely pinpoint the location of the butterfly. Meng Hao's Demonic qi distorted everything, making that impossible. Were it not for that, he was certain that they would teleport over within moments.

Meng Hao sat there quietly as the butterfly got closer and closer to the vortex which held hope for the Mountain and Sea Realm. As the journey continued, Meng Hao was able to peer out into the Vast Expanse for the first time ever, and he saw many strange and bizarre things.

At one point, he saw what appeared to be a swarm of broken statues, whose faces were impossible to make out, flying along.

It was only at first glance that they looked like statues. Upon closer examination... it became clear that they were some sort of strange life form.

Thankfully, they didn't appear to be malicious, and didn't even spare a glance for Meng Hao and the butterfly as they flew off into the distance.

Another time, Meng Hao's eyes snapped open when he sensed something completely shocking. Looking up, he saw that, not too far off in the Vast Expanse, a wriggling mist had appeared. Bursts of intense coldness pulsed off of it as it began to follow the butterfly.

Moments later, gray eyes appeared within the mist. When they realized that Meng Hao's crimson eyes were staring back at them, and sensed the malice within his gaze, the mist fell back and then faded away.

Meng Hao frowned. The mist gave him a very strange sensation, as though there were countless life forms within it. He also had the feeling

that if it weren't for the 9-Essences pressure within him, the mist would have continued to follow the butterfly... waiting for a chance to pounce on it in attack.

Those were only some of the bizarre entities which Meng Hao saw in the Vast Expanse as they traveled along. He also saw a pack of wolves.... They were real wolves, just like wolves from the mortal world, except that they lurked within the Vast Expanse. To them, the Vast Expanse was a forest that made up their habitat.

He saw the corpse of a giant, which had long since begun to rot, and was being slowly eaten by a horde of countless disembodied heads.

Among those heads were men and women, young and old, all of whom were slowly gnawing away at the corpse.

This giant was different from the Three-eyed God, or the God Tribe of the Immortal God Continent. It had two heads, and a long tail.

More than half of it had been consumed, but by looking at its bones, it was possible to tell that in life, it had been... comparable to an 8-Essences expert.

When Meng Hao neared, the heads stopped chewing and slowly looked over at the butterfly with cold, detached eyes. However, as soon as they caught sight of Meng Hao, strange expressions could be seen, and they quickly turned back to eating.

Some things were quite fear-inspiring, but there were other things which Meng Hao simply didn't understand. At one point, he saw a stone palace floating out in the Vast Expanse. Upon passing it, eyes popped open upon the stones which made up the palace. They looked curiously at Meng Hao, and at the same time, the sound of countless shouting voices could be heard.

"Dammit, you're squishing me! That hurts! Ow!"

"Shut up! I've always been on top of you! It's not like I want it that way. There's somebody on top of me who's squishing me too!"

"Aaahhhhh! I've been turned into a stone! This is so weird...."

Apparently, the arguing voices came from the stones themselves, which continued to squabble as the palace floated off into the distance.

Eventually, the butterfly got so close to the vortex that it was possible to say that it had actually arrived at its final destination! It was then that a person suddenly appeared!

This was the first time a human had appeared within the Vast Expanse. It was an old man in a woven rush raincoat, who sat cross-legged on a boulder, floating there in the Vast Expanse. That boulder had eyes, and it was currently shouting out in a rage.

“You damned old codger! Get off me! You’re not allowed to sit on me. Aaaghhhh! This is a disgrace! This is a humiliation. I-I-I, I don’t even have a husband yet! That’s it. We’re fighting to the death, you and I!”

As the boulder screamed, the old man snorted coldly and continued to dangle his fishing pole out into the Vast Expanse.

As the butterfly passed by, Meng Hao assumed that this entity would be like all the others, that it would merely look over and then ignore him. However, it was in that moment that the butterfly trembled, and changed course... to head toward the hook dangling from the old man’s fishing line!

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered, and he shot to his feet. Even as he sent his divine sense out, he heard his parents’ voices echoing in his mind.

“Hao’er, we’ve lost control of the butterfly....”

The redness of Meng Hao’s eyes increased in intensity, and his Demonic qi roiled as he stared at the old man.

The old man looked up at Meng Hao and smiled. It was a strange smile, and even as it touched his face, his forehead split open, and a black horn jutted out. His body continued to split, and soon his whole body was covered with cracks. Then, his body exploded, revealing... a green figure with a solitary horn!

He pulsed with a chaotic aura, and as he looked at Meng Hao, he began to laugh uproariously.

“When the Vast Expanse is thrown into chaos, Heaven and Earth will once again be at hand!

“When the universe collapses, the great Dao will reappear!

“Who will be above the God and the Devil... to Seal the Heavens!?”

“So this is what it was all leading up to.... So that’s how it was...” The green-colored entity laughed, then abruptly pointed out at the butterfly.

“Ah well, since this moment is upon us, I might as well help you, and sow a bit of good will.” Laughing, he waved his finger, and the butterfly trembled. Unexpectedly, ripples spread out from its wings into the starry sky, and a timeshift magic appeared. The trembling of the butterfly seemed to push the starry sky to the point where it might shatter, as if it had been building up with power that was about to explode, and if it did, would unleash shocking speed that could break free of all obstructions.

A timeshift magic appeared around the green-colored entity, and it seemed to Meng Hao that from the moment he had looked at him, time had been flowing differently around him.

Apparently, he did not come from this time period, and had in fact used the strange fluctuations of time in the area to come to this point.

As the figure grew more and more blurry, Meng Hao suddenly asked, “Who are you?!”

“You don’t know me, and maybe you never will.”

Laughter continued to ring out as the green-colored entity vanished without a trace.... The only thing that remained behind was his voice, which seemed to contain a tone of relief as it echoed out into the Vast Expanse.

“Who created the white pearl!?”

“Who created the black pearl!? 1

“Who carved out the Four Great Realms.... Who turned the starry sky into the Vast Expanse...? 2

“And who... created that mirror...? Who gave up the Immortal to become

the Ghost!?

“He was the beginning. You are the end. So, that’s how it is... Immortal. God. Devil. Demon. Ghost. I get it now...”

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1. About the white pearl and black pearl. To be perfectly honest I ran out of time to thoroughly investigate this, so what I’m about to say should be taken with a grain of salt. Long story short is that I saw some stuff online about these pearls being references to pearls which appear in Renegade Immortal and Beseech the Devil respectively. I did a bit of digging but couldn’t come up with anything conclusive about the subject. This is not the type of thing I can escalate to Er Gen, so for now, take this info as it is. If I get more conclusive info I’ll share it later.
2. Spoiler information to follow: The Four Great Realms were mentioned in previous novels. Apparently, one of them is the place where Wang Lin existed, and another is where Su Ming existed.

Chapter 1405: Wiping the Paragon Bridge from the Dao!

As the sound of his voice faded away, Meng Hao's heart trembled. At the same time, the butterfly exploded out from within the timeshift magic!

It was as if enormous energy had built up, the eruption of which destroyed the whole area in exchange for a blessing of Time, resulting in an incredible burst of speed.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the butterfly shot forward with indescribable speed, speeding across the starry sky to appear... directly above the vortex that Paragon Sea Dream had determined contained hope for the Realm!

The butterfly was right there over the very center of the vortex, at the source of all its power!

The power of the vortex caused Meng Hao's Demonic qi to scatter, instantly revealing the butterfly to the tracking magics of the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm.

Because of that sudden surge of energy, the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm both began to vibrate, and ghost images popped up around them as teleportation power was unleashed. Then, they vanished.

Meng Hao's mind trembled as the timeshift magic raged around the butterfly, pushing it inexorably downward toward the wild tempest that was the vortex. When you compared the butterfly to the vortex itself, it was completely miniscule.

The sight caused Meng Hao's pupils to constrict. As he stood there on the butterfly's back, he couldn't stop thinking about the words spoken just now by the green-colored entity. However, there was little time to contemplate the matter deeply. Lightning crackled endlessly within the mad tempest of the vortex that drew ever nearer.

Down below, at the center of the vortex, was what appeared to be a black hole filled with infinite rifts, within each of which was another world.

At the most inward depths of the black hole... was a green-colored coffin. When added to the black and white color that made up the vortex, that green made the entire thing three colors!

Although it seemed as though the coffin wasn't very far off, the truth was that after entering the vortex, it was still an incredible, even immeasurable distance away.

"The enemy forces will be here at any moment!" Meng Hao thought, eyes flickering. He poured his cultivation base into the butterfly, and as its wings flapped, it headed into the vortex.

It was in that very moment that, not too far off in the distance, the void rippled, and then a huge rift silently opened up. What came out was not the Immortal God Continent, but instead, a roiling black fog. As the fog spread out, a land mass that was just as large as the Immortal God Continent appeared, emanating a tremendous pressure.

Leading the land mass were several brightly colored butterflies. As for the continent itself, a huge coffin could be seen there, surrounded by countless cultivators prostrated in worship. Slowly, those cultivators began to look up, to peer out of the land mass... toward Meng Hao and the butterfly!

"The Devil Realm Continent!" Meng Hao said, his heart sinking. Before another moment could pass, the void in the other direction ripped open, and the Immortal God Continent appeared.

Boundless killing intent locked down onto Meng Hao, as well as the butterfly.

An incredible crisis was developing, for Meng Hao, for the butterfly, and for the living beings of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Countless cultivators began to pour off of the Immortal God Continent, and leading them all were the same people who Meng Hao had tangled with before... the four 9-Essences Paragons. "This time, you won't get away!"

As that happened, a cold snort echoed out from the Devil Realm

Continent as a rugged-looking man appeared, leading a vast, endless group of Devil Realm Continent cultivators.

There were also three beams of light that shot out, emanating energy that could shake Heaven and Earth. Meng Hao even caught sight of a giant rising up on the land mass, whose aura contained a matchless, domineering air.

Meng Hao sank further into silence as he saw the seemingly infinite hordes of cultivators. The sight of that coupled with the two vast land masses was a huge weight crushing down onto his heart.

Meng Hao looked up at the vast army of cultivators, and then spoke out in a loud voice: “Why...? What do you people want? You want to stop the Immortal from appearing? Well, there is no Immortal any more. You want that certain object? Well I have it right here! I’ll stay behind. Let the Mountain and Sea Realm cultivators go!”

The one to answer Meng Hao was the cold female Paragon. “Who said there’s no Immortal? As long as the bloodlines of the Mountain and Sea cultivators remain unsealed, the foundation for the Immortal will always exist!

“As for that object... of course we know that you have it!”

Based on her biting words, it seemed she wasn’t interested in any sort of discussion with Meng Hao. Waving her hand, she shot forward at top speed, followed by the three other old men. Even as they closed in, the muscular man from the Devil Realm Continent looked on with flashing eyes. It only took him a moment to put the pieces together regarding what had already occurred, and then he also began to advance on Meng Hao.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as numerous powerful experts and countless other cultivators charged toward Meng Hao. They were like a tidal wave, backed with destructive power that could destroy anything and everything.

Meng Hao’s face fell and he gritted his teeth. Then, he reached out and shoved the butterfly, imbuing it with power to give it a bit more speed. As it shot toward the black hole in the center of the vortex, Meng Hao

unhesitatingly stepped off of its back, hovering there alone to face the incoming forces of both of the two great powers.

Back on the butterfly, Xu Qing wept, and Ksitigarbha stood there with hands clenched into fists. Fatty cried out in anger, and everyone else was trembling. These were people who had watched Shui Dongliu die, had watched Paragon Sea Dream die, and now, they were watching Meng Hao do the same thing that Shui Dongliu had. He was standing there alone to protect them.

“Stay alive....” Meng Hao said. “I’m not going to die. And one day, I’ll come back for all of you.... My family, my beloved, my clan, my friends, my Mountain and Sea Realm!” Roaring, Meng Hao lifted his right hand up and then hit the top of his head. Instantly, the precious treasure that was the Mountain and Sea Realm appeared.

Rumbling echoed out as the Mountain and Sea Realm Grand Aegis appeared, covering the entire area. Meng Hao’s hair whipped about him as his energy rocketed up. Demonic qi swirled around him as he single-handedly began to fight against the enemy.

It was all to buy time for the butterfly, the butterfly which bore the weight of all the cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm into the black hole that Paragon Sea Dream had indicated... was where hope lay.

“DIE!” Meng Hao threw his head back and roared. His eyes were bright red, and directly behind him could be seen the enormous image of a Demon, also roaring. In the blink of an eye, Meng Hao slammed into the cold woman from the Immortal God Continent.

A boom could be heard as blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth. And yet, he lunged out in a headbutt. The cold woman’s face fell, and she fell back, yet in that very same moment, Meng Hao’s right hand made a grasping motion, and the Battle Weapon appeared. Within was the parrot, silent, and taciturn. Although the parrot hadn’t spoken out loud for a long time, there it was in the Battle Weapon, looking almost berserk.

The meat jelly appeared and transformed into a suit of armor. At the same time, the mastiff roared, becoming a bright red cape. The armor was

white, and the Battle Weapon radiated madness. The image of the Demon had bright red eyes, and as Meng Hao hovered there with hair whipping around him, a murderous air swirled around him.

As he clashed with the hosts from the Immortal God Continent, the Battle Weapon wreaked havoc with every swipe and slash. Then, the rugged, muscular man from the Devil Realm Continent began to walk forward. One step. Two steps. Three steps....

He took a total of seven steps, and with each step, his energy rose higher and higher. He was like some sort of battle deity, roaring as he closed in on Meng Hao with a fist strike.

“Seven God Steps!” he roared.

Meng Hao spun, clenching his left hand into a fist to unleash the God-Slaying Fist.

A massive blast surged out in all directions when they met. Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao’s mouth, and as for the muscular man, he also retreated, blood oozing out of his mouth. He was just about about to close in for another attack when he realized that Meng Hao had spun around and was attacking the Immortal God Continent forces.

The man frowned, then gave a cold snort. Next, the forces of the Devil Realm Continent surged forward, joining in with the Immortal God Continent’s forces to attack Meng Hao.

Chaotic battle instantly erupted. Meng Hao left swaths of death wherever he passed. He moved with incredible speed, his aura changing constantly. One moment it would be domineering, the next, brutal. He grabbed an Immortal God cultivator and viciously absorbed him. Now that he had become a Demon, the Blood Demon Grand Magic was even more explosively powerful and efficient.

The Lightning Cauldron appeared, and he quickly teleported to another location, where a large group of cultivators was pursuing the butterfly. A vicious expression could be seen on Meng Hao’s face as he waved his sleeve, causing the cultivators to cough up mouthfuls of blood. Some were even instantly killed and transformed into ash.

Meng Hao was already soaked in blood, but he was laughing, a laughter filled with madness and a desire for slaughter.

From the moment the butterfly had begun its true flight into the vortex until now, only a few dozen breaths of time had passed. However, during that time, Meng Hao had single-handedly locked down the entire enemy force, ensuring that the butterfly could draw ever closer to the black hole.

“Are you looking to die!?” roared the cold woman from the Immortal God Continent. Her murderous aura swirled, and as she closed in on Meng Hao, she was joined by her three fellow 9-Essences compatriots.

Meng Hao’s eyes flickered with red light. Without any hesitation, he waved his right hand, causing numerous mountains to descend. Essence magic was also unleashed as he fought back.

At the same time, the three old men advanced, clearly not aiming for Meng Hao, but rather, the butterfly.

However, even as they attempted to pass by Meng Hao, he laughed loudly, and then waved his right arm with violent force.

The void trembled, and everything shook. The Paragon Bridge appeared, provoking immediate reactions from the cold woman and her three companions. Mixed emotions could be seen on their faces, but they didn’t pause for even a moment. Meng Hao began to laugh loudly.

“Now, I will wipe out my Paragon Bridge from my Dao for all eternity.... Detonate!” Meng Hao’s laughter echoed out as the Paragon Bridge trembled. Cracks spread out across its surface, unleashing blinding light. Then, the bridge exploded!

Chapter 1406: For Hope!

This time, the bridge truly did explode, caused by Meng Hao forcibly wiping it away from his Dao. The shocking power blasted out, causing the three old men's faces to fall. They immediately had to abandon any ideas of continuing on, and instead, fell back.

Not including the muscular man, the forces of the Devil Realm Continent had three cultivators with 9-Essences cultivation bases. One was a woman, and two were men. One of those men, and the woman, were middle-aged, with the other being an old man who wore a voluminous robe and held a bone cane in one hand. All three of the 9-Essences Paragons shot toward the butterfly with all the speed they could muster.

"Nobody's getting past me!" Meng Hao roared. He reached out with his right hand, and a bow appeared. Ignoring any potential injuries that the cold woman could inflict, Meng Hao fell back. Not taking the time to even wipe the blood from his lips, he unleashed ten arrows in quick succession!

Ten shocking beams of light shot out toward the group of one woman and two men.

Massive booms rang out. Those ten arrows were backed by Meng Hao's life force, and when they exploded, the powerful blast forced the group of three to fall back in retreat just like the three old men from the Immortal God Continent had.

At the same time, a beam of light shot out from the Immortal God Continent, speeding toward Meng Hao in blinding fashion. The attack had been timed just as he had just unleashed ten arrows, which gave him literally no time to prepare or dodge.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as the light enveloped Meng Hao within it.

Blood spurted out of wounds all over his body, and he was flung backward like a kite with its string cut. His aura was weakened, and yet, as the light faded, he teleported into the crowd of enemies. His hair was disheveled, and his chest was a mangled mass, but as he staggered to a stop he began to laugh, a shrill laughter that almost seemed like wailing.

He faced a seemingly endless group of cultivators, including at least eight 9-Essences experts. All of them were incredibly powerful, and although none were at the peak of the 9-Essences level, merely being in the 9-Essences level at all qualified one to ride roughshod over virtually anything in the Vast Expanse.

Almost as soon as Meng Hao teleported away from his original location, the eight 9-Essences cultivators instantly headed in his direction. Behind them were the two great land masses. Once again, a beam of bright light shot out from the Immortal God Continent, and at the same time, a roar echoed out from the Devil Realm Continent as an ancient Underworld Dragon appeared.

Meng Hao was shaking, but laughing just like before. He extended his right hand again, and the Sun Bow began to radiate boundless, dazzling light, as if it were a sun!

"No other options now. Fine... Detonate!" Meng Hao's laughter rang out as the bow, the precious treasure forged by Nine Seals himself, radiated intense light, then suddenly went still for a moment before... exploding!

The bow transformed into a seemingly unending wave of shrapnel that exploded out in all directions. Meng Hao controlled the direction of the blast with his cultivation base, sending it tearing into the sea of his opponents.

Insane, unending power spread out in all directions. Even the eight 9-Essences experts could do nothing, and were halted in their tracks.

As that happened, Meng Hao transformed into an azure roc, which charged forward. He only lasted for a moment before the roc was destroyed, and he was revealed, coughing up blood. However, in that moment he had managed to severely injure one of the old men from the Immortal God Continent.

The starstone glittered in Meng Hao's eye, transforming him into an asteroid which almost immediately crumbled to pieces. However, the result was that he managed to latch his teeth onto the head of the cold female Paragon.

She let out a miserable shriek and shoved Meng Hao away from her, but he managed to leave her scalp bloody and mangled. Having been disfigured in such a way caused her fury to surge.

Meng Hao was coughing up blood, and his internal organs were ravaged, yet he spun and once again began to unleash carnage. Everywhere he went, countless enemies died. The Lightning Cauldron above his head flickered, and Form Displacement Transposition helped him to block the advance of the enemy forces.

Apparently, it was just as he said, that he wouldn't allow anyone to get past him!

By this point, the butterfly was on the verge of entering the vortex. Rumbling could be heard as the beam of light from the Immortal God Continent closed in, passed by Meng Hao to strike out toward the butterfly. At the same time, the Underworld Dragon from the Devil Realm Continent roared, radiating a boundless, sinister aura of death. It was like a wind of from the underworld that covered over Meng Hao and began to rot away at his entire body.

Meng Hao once again flickered, vanishing. When he reappeared, he was in front of the beam of light, which he blocked physically with his own body.

A boom rang out, and blood spurted out of his wounds. The injury which had just been inflicted threatened to render him unconscious. And yet, his vision filled with red, and he began to laugh maniacally.

"You destroyed my Mountain and Sea Realm, you destroyed my home, you destroyed my clan, and you destroyed countless lives....

"One day, I will get my revenge for all of that. I will inflict the same pain that I feel back onto all of you, bit by excruciating bit!"

As his bitingly venomous words rang out, the eight 9-Essences experts all had various reactions. Some sighed, some grew silent, and some appeared even more murderous than before. Others had various other mixed emotions. However, none of them ceased to attack. They simply couldn't allow Meng Hao to stay alive, nor could they allow the butterfly to

escape.

This war had been going on for many years. The first casualties had occurred tens upon tens of thousands of years ago, and therefore, it made little sense to suddenly just let the enemy get away!

As the eight enemies closed in, followed by a sweeping flood of ordinary cultivators, Meng Hao shakily rose his hands and then spread them wide.

“Eighth Hex, Body-Spirit Hexing!

“Seventh Hex, Karmic Hexing!

“Sixth Hex, Life-Death Hexing!

“Fifth Hex....

“Fourth Hex.... Third Hex.... Second Hex.... First Hex!” Eight shining symbols appeared on Meng Hao’s forehead, which then began to swirl together into one image.

“Eight Hexes... combined!” Meng Hao roared as numerous Hexing magics appeared around him, fused together, and then transformed into an enormous vortex. The vortex rotated, rapidly growing larger as it rumbled toward his eight opponents.

Their faces fell as they unleashed various divine abilities; the void around them shattered, and the starry sky trembled as an aura of complete extermination exploded out.

Meng Hao staggered backward, coughing up blood, and yet, it was the same with his eight opponents. All of them were injured in various ways. Behind Meng Hao, the butterfly had already begun to enter the black hole. Instead of passing into any of the rifts, it headed directly toward the deepest region, and the green coffin.

It was at this point that a sigh rang out from the Devil Realm Continent, an ancient sigh of someone who had existed for countless, unending years.

“I had no desire to fight.... There are too many people opposed to this war, so... I’ve maintained my silence. But now, it doesn’t matter who is right and who is wrong. Since things have escalated to this point... I might

as well do something.” As the words echoed out, a huge hand shot out from the Devil Realm Continent, a hand seemingly capable of pulling down the entire starry sky. Its target was the butterfly, which was now entering the black hole.

It gently grabbed onto the butterfly, making it impossible for it to continue onward. Even as it struggled, it slowly began to be pulled back out from the black hole.

An aura which exceeded all of the other 9-Essences cultivators erupted out. It was a 9-Essences aura to be sure, but the others could not compare to it in the slightest. If you divided up the 9-Essences level into early, mid, and late stages, then this old man was clearly in the late 9-Essences stage!

Seeing the butterfly in such danger cause a bitter smile to appear on Meng Hao’s face. But then his eyes shone with determination, and he waved both hands out, summoning the Mountain and Sea Realm with its Nine Mountains and Eight Seas.

“The Dao is in My Heart!

“The Will is in My Eyes!

“I Shall Possess the Mountains and Seas... Seal the Heavens Incantation!” Roaring, he waved his hands, and the Nine Mountains shot forward. Eight Seas exploded into motion. Massive power surged out, some of it toward the eight opponents he had been fighting, and some of it toward the huge hand from the Devil Realm Continent that was grasping the butterfly.

A sigh rang out from the Devil Realm Continent, and the hand transformed into a palm which struck out at the Nine Mountains and Eight Seas. As it closed in, the hand grew immeasurably larger, until it was just as large as the entire Mountain and Sea Realm. When it landed, the Mountains and Seas rumbled, then were summarily destroyed!

A huge shockwave blasted out that even the eight 9-Essences experts feared. And yet, without the slightest pause, they continued to fly toward Meng Hao, who was coughing up mouthfuls of blood.

The Mountain and Sea Realm had been destroyed by a single palm

strike. That was not because the Mountain and Sea Realm itself was not powerful, but rather, because Meng Hao's cultivation base was insufficient to unleash its full power.

"My Mountain and Sea Realm...." Meng Hao said. "If I, Meng Hao, can live long enough, then the day will come when I will reforge the Mountains and Seas. If I can't make enough Mountains, then I'll take mountains from the Immortal God and Devil Realms. If I can't make enough Seas, then I'll use your blood as a substitute!

"So... Mountain and Sea Realm, DETONATE!!" Blood sprayed out of Meng Hao's mouth as his bitter words echoed out. At the same time, tears welled up in his eyes. The Mountain and Sea Realm was a precious treasure to be sure, but it was also his home.

He was destroying his home to bury his enemies, all to make sure that his loved ones could stay alive....

BOOM!

A sound echoed out that was difficult to put into words. It was as if the entire world were roaring in fury as it fell into death. The Mountains of the Mountain and Sea Realm were destroyed!

The Seas of the Mountain and Sea Realm shattered!

This was a true collapse in every sense of the term, a true explosion!

The starry sky in the vortex fell apart, and the vortex itself even seemed to stop rotating momentarily.

The destruction of the Mountains and Seas unleashed a deadly power that swept out through the Vast Expanse. The old man who had just spoken out from the Devil Realm Continent shouted in fury and shock, but then, the voice was simply overwhelmed into nothing.

Countless cultivators from the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm were instantly transformed into ash. Even the eight 9-Essences experts coughed up blood and unleashed life-saving divine abilities to protect themselves.

As for the butterfly, as the Mountain and Sea Realm exploded, it flapped its wings and shot through the black hole, carrying the Mountain and Sea cultivators toward the source of hope, the green coffin!

Chapter 1407: How Could I Possibly Close My Eyes!?

The area around the vortex in the Vast Expanse was in complete chaos. Numerous auras from the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm Continent spread out in all directions. The forces which had revealed themselves earlier from those two land masses had seemed strong, but were actually only a portion of the full strength of either force.

As of this moment, the explosion of the Mountain and Sea Realm had unleashed a shockwave that apparently exceeded that of the ordinary 9-Essences level, forcing the two powers to unleash their true strength.

Numerous streams of divine sense spread out, none of which were weaker than that of the old man who had just launched the massive palm strike from the Devil Realm Continent!

Apparently, the resources at the disposal of these two powers were so profound that they defied imagination. Such shocking power was what made them so terrifying, and was also why Nine Seals, who was more than half a step past the 9-Essences level, had died all those years ago.

Although everything was in chaos, and the forces arrayed against Meng Hao were all affected by the blast, there were two people who, not being at the center of the blast, and possessing powerful enough cultivation bases, were able to force their way forward to attack Meng Hao.

One was the rugged, muscular man from the Devil Realm Continent, and the other was the cold woman from whose head Meng Hao had ripped out a chunk of flesh. Those two were a bit more powerful than the other eight, and thus, were now able to bear down aggressively on Meng Hao.

However, even as they closed in with killing intent, Meng Hao suddenly slapped his bag of holding, pulled a woman out by the throat and held her up into the air.

“If you get any closer, I’ll kill this woman!”

As soon as the muscular man saw the young woman, his eyes widened, and he stopped in place without even thinking about it. His eyes were filled with shock and even disbelief.

“You...”

That young woman was same one that Meng Hao had captured years ago... Su Yan. As soon as he saw the muscular man using the Seven God Steps, Meng Hao had deduced that Su Yan was somehow connected to the Devil Realm Continent.

The cold woman from the Immortal God Continent didn't stop at all, though. If Meng Hao couldn't stop her, it could well be imagined the dangerous threat she would instantly pose to the Mountain and Sea cultivators in the butterfly.

The butterfly was vanishing into the black hole, passing by rift after rift. As it did, the cold woman's murderous aura flared, and she began to summon a huge hand of ice to grab the butterfly.

Meng Hao had nothing to block her with, and was in fact having trouble even staying in an upright position. His vision swam, and his life force was fading rapidly. Without the last scrap of Demonic qi within him, he would already have been destroyed.

In this moment of great danger, Meng Hao chuckled and shot backward. A wild light of madness flickered in his eyes as, without any prelude or warning, all of his Soul Lamps suddenly appeared.

20 extinguished, 13 lit!

As of this moment, what he was planning to do, though, was not to extinguish lamps... but to detonate them.

“Detonate!” he cried hoarsely, voice still filled with ferocity despite his current state of weakness.

Fighting up to this point had left Meng Hao drained and lacking in energy. He had used virtually every trick he had at his disposal, and although the fighting hadn't lasted for very long, that short period had been one of incredible and shocking bitterness.

He had destroyed the Paragon Bridge and the Sun Bow. All of his various divine abilities had been defeated. He had combined his Hexing magics, unleashed the Seal the Heavens Incantation, and by now, all of those magics had faded away. He had even detonated the Mountain and Sea Realm. Those actions had blocked his opponents again and again, allowing the butterfly to proceed into the black hole toward the green coffin.

In fact, the butterfly had almost passed the point of no return.

Therefore, how could Meng Hao possibly let all his hard work be for nothing? He wasn't even sure what name this cold woman went by, but he did know that... he would die before he let her get past him!

As his voice echoed out, all of his extinguished Soul Lamps exploded into a hail of rubble!

Detonating Soul Lamps was similar to detonating one's cultivation base. The massive force turned into an attack that swept toward the cold woman to block her path. Her face fell and, gritting her teeth, she unleashed the coldness within her to form layer upon layer of blue ice. As soon as they appeared, she instantly sent them shooting forward toward the destructive power sent out by the 20 exploding Soul Lamps.

BOOOOMMMMMMM!

The entire area had already been thrown into chaos because of the detonation of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Now, the power of the exploding Soul Lamps, when it slammed into the ice attack of the cold woman, caused a massive boom to echo out in all directions.

The ice shattered, and blood sprayed out of the woman's mouth. However, she was strong enough to slough off the power of Meng Hao's exploding Soul Lamps, and once again advanced aggressively.

"I'm not done," Meng Hao said. "You're not getting past me!" His vision was swimming, but his mouth was twisted by a strange laughing-crying smile, and his eyes burned with a soul fire that seemed to reflect the mysterious, blue-violet flames of his other 13 Soul Lamps.

“Detonate!”

As soon as he opened his mouth, his burning Soul Lamps began to explode. The first lamp, second, third, fourth... all the way to the sixth Soul Lamp successively exploded. These unextinguished Soul Lamps unleashed even more shocking power than the others, even more chaos, even more madness. Furthermore, their destruction was profoundly damaging to Meng Hao.

And yet, he didn't care. By this point, the only thing he cared about was the Mountain and Sea Realm butterfly.

BOOOOMMMMMM!

The cold woman's face fell, and then blood sprayed out of her mouth. Her hands flashed with numerous incantation gestures; divine abilities and magical techniques swept about in all directions to counter the detonation of Meng Hao's Soul Lamps. The seventh Soul Lamp, the eighth, and then the ninth exploded!

As the explosions went on, black blood oozed out of Meng Hao's mouth, and also from his ears, nose, and mouth. By this point, his internal organs were shattered, and his life force was destroyed. He only had a sliver of Demonic qi left, and yet, he forced his eyes to remain open!

“Until the Mountain and Sea Realm and the butterfly are safe, how could I possibly close my eyes!?” Meng Hao spit out some blood and then started laughing.

Booms rang out as the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth Soul Lamps exploded. The cold woman roared in rage as her path was continuously blocked, and yet she could do little more than watch as the butterfly disappeared into the black hole. Soon, it would pass the point of no return, a point where no one could reach in and take it out.

“The foundation of the Immortal must be cut off!!” the woman screamed. Blood surged through her veins, and her face turned scarlet as she drew upon all her power to suppress the power of Meng Hao's exploding Soul Lamps, and take another step forward.

Meng Hao was still laughing. As of this moment, he only had one Soul Lamp left!

That was... his Prime Lamp, the most important of all the Soul Lamps. The Prime Lamp was a Soul Lamp which could not be treated lightly; if a cultivator took a wrong step with it, the result could be a deadly catastrophe.

In fact, it was even said that as long as the Prime Lamp remained, it wouldn't matter if all of the other lamps were destroyed. After all, the Prime Lamp was both the root and the seed, of everything!

Meng Hao's laughter rang out, and the cold woman's laughter rang out as she pushed forward. Then, a vicious flicker appeared in Meng Hao's eyes as... he chose to destroy his Prime Lamp!!

He detonated his Prime Lamp!!

The resulting explosion dwarfed the explosions of the other Soul Lamps. A massive force ripped at the void, creating a Heaven-destroying, Earth-extinguishing power that completely engulfed the cold woman.

An agonized scream rang out as her body was shredded into oblivion. Her soul flew out, and also seemed to be on the verge of being destroyed when a beam of light shot out from the Immortal God Continent and swirled around it protectively. Now that she was safe, the woman's soul glared back at Meng Hao.

She found herself looking into eyes as murderous as ever despite the fact that they were sinking into death.

Blood flowed out of Meng Hao's mouth. His Soul Lamps had all been destroyed, indicating that his cultivation base and his life force had been eradicated. And yet, he was still smiling, the reason being that the butterfly had already passed the point of no return in the black hole.

He wasn't sure if what he was seeing was real or not, but he felt as if he were watching as the butterfly alighted atop the green coffin, with all of his friends and family with it.... Then, a force of time spread out to cover it, and brilliant colors flashed.

Meng Hao's smile finally turned soft and warm. He was tired, so tired that he didn't even have the energy to keep his eyes open. Gradually, they began to shut.

The rumbling around him, the shouts of rage, gradually faded away into the distance....

But then he heard a shrill cry, desperate and angry, echoing in his ears, and within the Vast Expanse around him. It was at that point that he realized... that it was the parrot. A tremor ran through Meng Hao; there was a grief within that cry that caused him to shake, and even as his vision swam, he saw the parrot actually come into view.

As far as he could remember, he had never seen the parrot act this way, act so grieved....

All of its feathers were standing on end, and its expression was one of sadness. Tears of blood flowed out of its eyes, and its cry of pain echoed out clearly within the starry sky.

It seemed to be in a state of despair, in a madness wrought from sorrow.

It was hard to say when the parrot had flown out, but there it was, along with the copper mirror, right in the middle of the starry sky. Almost immediately, the powerful experts from the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm Continent noticed.

When they saw the copper mirror and the parrot, their eyes began to gleam with strange light.

At the same time, the meat jelly appeared. Weeping, it transformed into armor which surrounded Meng Hao. Without hesitation, it began to send its life force into him.

"Don't die, Meng Hao! Don't you die! I still have a lot of things to tell you, lots of things to say! You can't die, it's wrong! It's immoral! It's incorrect...."

The mastiff was seriously injured, but it also appeared, using its body to prop up Meng Hao. Although its life force was also fading, its eyes were completely focused. Even if it died, it wouldn't permit its master to be hurt

any more.

The mastiff felt that way. The meat jelly felt that way. And the parrot felt that way!

Chapter 1408: The Parrot's Choice!

As of this moment, the war was truly over. The Mountain and Sea Realm belonged to Meng Hao, but was destroyed.

The hope of the Realm was with the butterfly, which had now reached the green coffin within the black hole of the vortex. Upon its fluttering wings, countless faces could be seen, looking disconsolately toward the Vast Expanse outside of the black hole, almost as if they hoped to see Meng Hao off in the distance, even though they couldn't.

For the moment, the Vast Expanse was very quiet.

Meng Hao's vision was blurred, and he was on the brink of completely losing consciousness. By now, the voices and sounds in his ear seemed distorted and stretched out, as if they were reaching him from long ago or far away.

If the parrot hadn't just called out in its shrill voice, he would already have closed his eyes completely. Instead, he forced them open. He could sense the madness of the mastiff, the sorrow of the meat jelly, and the pain of the parrot.

A weak smile appeared on Meng Hao's face, although it was a smile of regret and apology.

"Don't mind me... you... are all free now."

The instant he spoke those words, the mastiff trembled, threw its head back, and roared. Then it latched its teeth onto his garment, as if it knew that releasing Meng Hao would mean parting from him for all time.

The meat jelly was in a similar frenzy. It was pouring all of its life force, all of its being, into Meng Hao. Although its body was rapidly turning a dull gray, it refused to give up in its attempt to keep Meng Hao alive.

Laughing bitterly, the parrot looked around at the Vast Expanse, and then its eyes gradually filled with determination.

Meng Hao was now surrounded by countless cultivators from the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm Continent. The destruction

of the Mountain and Sea Realm had affected these two forces in a profound way. The land masses were riddled with cracks, and were it not for the deeply profound resources they had at their disposal, they would have likely collapsed.

As the 9-Essences experts approached, the parrot flew out, eyes gleaming with decisiveness!

It was not fleeing or hiding like it usually did. As it flew out, dazzling, multi-colored light began to shine out from it!

The copper mirror appeared behind it, ancient and primitive in appearance. It radiated a feeling of profound mystery, as though it contained innumerable secrets, secrets which could drive people mad, and make the mirror the focus of all creation.

At the same time, the parrot let out a shrill cry as it glared at the surrounding cultivators. Then, it glanced out at the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm Continent.

The parrot's cry caused the surrounding cultivators' faces to flicker, especially the 9-Essences experts. Their faces fell completely as they sensed that because of the parrot's shrill cry, the copper mirror was... cracking!

After watching the Mountain and Sea Realm be destroyed, and seeing the choices that Meng Hao had made, the parrot was filled with mixed emotions. In fact, it almost couldn't even face Meng Hao now, because as far as it was concerned, the reason all of these calamities had occurred was itself.

"If it weren't for me, the Mountain and Sea Realm wouldn't have been destroyed....

"If it weren't for me, Haowie wouldn't be dying....

"If it weren't for me, none of this would have happened....

"The meat jelly was right. I'm the reason for all of this. I'm immoral. I'm wrong. I... shouldn't even exist." The parrot laughed bitterly, and the mirror crumbled. The surrounding cultivators were flabbergasted, and the

9-Essences experts immediately began to rush toward the parrot.

They weren't the only ones. Ancient auras which existed on the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm Continent immediately shot out to fill the area around the copper mirror in an attempt to prevent it from exploding.

And yet, their cultivation levels seemed insufficient to prevent that from happening. No matter what any of them did to attempt to stop the process, the self-detonation which had been initiated by the parrot and the copper mirror could not be halted.

As the parrot drew everyone's attention, the meat jelly, who was still covering Meng Hao and delivering its life force to him, was staring at the parrot and trembling. But then, it suddenly seemed to hear words being spoken to it, a message from the parrot.

What are you doing? Get out of here!! The message was not transmitted by divine sense, nor was it spoken audibly. It was a feeling, a sensation that came from the connection formed between the meat jelly and parrot after all their years together.

The meat jelly smiled bitterly, but didn't hesitate for even a moment. It understood that the parrot, which it had pestered and argued with throughout so many lives, had chosen to die. It was dying, sacrificing itself, to buy time so that the meat jelly... could protect Meng Hao... and take him away.

"Haowie, you've treated me so well..." the meat jelly said, smiling. Many chaotic memories flashed through the meat jelly's mind, and there were even images that didn't seem to be its own memories. Usually, it chose to suppress such memories, to ignore them. It preferred to mindlessly argue with the parrot, to chatter endlessly at Meng Hao, to haughtily act like it was ancient and wise.

But right now, after seeing the decision being made by the parrot, the meat jelly smiled, and unleashed a warm and gentle light. As the light spread out, it transformed into a shocking power of teleportation.

Astonishingly, it was drawing upon its full life force to summon an

incredibly powerful teleportation magic. It was a teleportation that would whisk Meng Hao away safely, but the price to be paid was the meat jelly's life itself.

It was the type of teleportation that the meat jelly would normally never even think to utilize. But right now, with Meng Hao hovering on the verge of death, and the parrot having made its choice, the meat jelly had made its choice, completely willingly.

A tremor ran through Meng Hao. He was now wavering back and forth between unconsciousness and lucidity. He could see the anguish of the parrot, and could sense what the meat jelly was doing. He couldn't stop the shaking which wracked him. He wanted to stop them, but couldn't open his mouth. His injuries were too severe, and he could do absolutely nothing to prevent any of it from happening.

Tears welled up in his eyes, and his crimson pupils were seas of anguish.

"My friends...." he muttered, and yet only he could hear those words.

A boom could be heard as the meat jelly's teleportation light exploded out. The cultivators of the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm Continent could both sense what was happening, and sent one stream of will to stop the parrot and copper mirror, and another to prevent the meat jelly from completing the teleportation.

The mastiff howled and leaped forward to intervene, but was completely incapable of fighting the incoming stream of will. Blood sprayed out of its mouth, and it was sent tumbling back. And yet, it tenaciously stuck by Meng Hao's side to protect him. As for the stream of will, its target was the meat jelly.

It was at this point that the parrot's self-detonation process paused momentarily, and it cried out in a shrill that shook Heaven and Earth: "Let him go!!

"Let him go!!

"Let him leave this place! Lord Fifth is willing... perform the mind erasure!

“I know you people want the copper mirror. Lord Fifth also knows that none of you can separate me from it. So today, I’m willing to be erased!” Even in this moment, the parrot still didn’t forget to call itself Lord Fifth.

“If you people don’t want Lord Fifth to destroy the mirror, let him go, otherwise... I’ll blow it up, and none of you will ever lay a hand on it!!” The parrot’s shrill squawk caused the hearts of all the surrounding cultivators to tremble.

The parrot almost seemed worried that they wouldn’t believe him. In that moment, it began to crumble into pieces. Its spirit and its mind fell apart. Just as it said, it was willing to allow its mind and thoughts to be erased, willing to no longer be a sentient entity. Instead, its mind would become... a spirit automaton!

When that happened, the stream of will which was attempting to grab the meat jelly and Meng Hao suddenly stopped in place.

That was when the unleashing of the meat jelly’s teleportation power reached its climax. The meat jelly itself turned completely gray as it lost all of its life force. It, together with Meng Hao, began to grow blurry. Then, rumbling sounds echoed out as the process of teleportation began.

It was then that, all of a sudden, the rugged, muscular man from the Devil Realm shot toward Meng Hao, his eyes flashing. His target was not Meng Hao, though, but his bag of holding. Earlier, Meng Hao had pulled Su Yan out to threaten him, and she was still inside.

That muscular man’s hatred toward Meng Hao for his treatment of Su Yan had turned into profound killing intent. At this moment, he neared the teleportation perimeter, then reached his hand out.

“Stop them!!” a voice cried out. The approaching stream of will began to emanate ripples, but at the same time, the parrot’s entire body burst into flame.

Even as the muscular man reached his hand out, the power of teleportation erupted out. Rumbling could be heard, and in almost the exact same instant, Meng Hao and the meat jelly vanished.

The muscular man's hand latched down onto nothing but thin air. He stamped his foot angrily, and looked up, his eyes completely bloodshot.

At the same time, the parrot chuckled. Its mind was fading, and the last thing it saw was Meng Hao vanish. Its eyes glimmered with the reluctance to part ways, with well wishes, and with an emotional sigh.

"We'll probably never meet again...." it murmured. Then it closed its eyes.

A moment later, it opened its eyes again, and within the dazzling, multi-colored light that surrounded it, what people saw was no longer a garish parrot, but rather... the copper mirror spirit automaton, emanating a supreme Dao and the aura of a Paragon!

Its eyes were cold, so cold that they seemed capable of freezing the starry sky of the Vast Expanse, of burying all memories and thoughts.

A shocking pressure radiated out in all directions, causing all hearts to tremble. Even the 9-Essences experts were shaken, and the rugged, muscular man felt fear rise up in his heart when the mighty gaze of the parrot fell on him.

It was as if that gaze could read all thoughts and see through all hearts.

That gaze was above all else, like the most supreme of beings. It was like the ruler of the Vast Expanse, that could look down upon all life, which would then prostrate in worship.

Behind it was the copper mirror, which radiated a boundless, supreme aura. Ripples spread out into the Vast Expanse, which then transformed into a vortex. All of the cultivators present couldn't help but feel a sense of complete and utter awe.

A profoundly cold and ancient voice then spoke from the parrot's mouth: "I come from the Vast Expanse Society. I have traveled through tens upon tens of thousands of worlds....

"Tell me... your wish."

Note from Deathblade: There was a passage some of you might remember from chapter 1325 in which Meng Hao mused about the parrot/copper mirror being able to end the war. It's a bit too long to quote here, but it might be worth going back to review.

Chapter 1409: My Mountain and Sea Realm!

“Bear in mind, I can only grant one wish,” the parrot said coolly. “After that wish, I will sleep. Then I will travel the starry sky, and only after visiting tens upon tens of thousands of worlds will I awaken once more.... Only at that time can a second wish be granted!” The copper mirror glittered with scintillating light as the parrot’s words echoed out into the Vast Expanse.

As of this moment, the pressure radiating from the parrot caused the Immortal God Continent to tremble, and the Devil Realm Continent to shake. All of the surrounding cultivators were panting, and their hearts were thumping nervously. The 9-Essences experts forcibly reigned in their cultivation bases, and as for the most powerful experts of the two land masses who had either remained silent this whole time, or sent out streams of will, they too were shaken mentally.

They could sense that both the parrot and the copper mirror... had a slight trace of the will of the Vast Expanse upon them. That was a will that they couldn’t even attempt to cause to tremble. Only... a Transcendent cultivator could comprehend it!

As for Transcending, that was something that, throughout countless years, only a few people had ever done in the Vast Expanse, in the starry sky, in the Four Great Realms, or in the countless other Realms.

Those who failed to Transcend could only gaze up for all eternity upon those who had.

The words uttered just now by the parrot caused everyone on the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm Continent to suddenly look at each other with hostile expressions.

There was only one wish!

The parrot had not lied; the most powerful hidden experts among the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm Continent were people who

could not be easily fooled. After a moment of silence, the wills from the two land masses met and began to confer.

As for what conclusion was reached, most people had no way of knowing. All they knew was that three days later, the copper mirror transformed into motes of crystalline light which faded away into the Vast Expanse.

Of course, some of the 9-Essences Paragons were unwilling to allow the butterfly and the remnants of the Mountain and Sea Realm to remain inside the vortex. They tried to enter, but could make no headway and were forced to back out.

The Devil Realm Continent even resorted to imitating the Mountain and Sea Realm by using their World-Butterflies to enter the vortex. However, for some unknown reason, all such attempts failed. Most important was that the black hole which led to the green coffin was filled with a boundless and chaotic flow of time. Upon entering it, time flowed differently than in the outside world. The rugged, muscular man even stepped inside, but when he realized that tens of thousands of years could pass by in a single moment, he was forced to retreat.

The most ancient beings from both land masses sent their divine sense inside to investigate, and then eventually notified their people that this place... was not accessible to anyone who had not Transcended.

The question of how the World-Butterfly had managed to enter was something no one could answer. The only explanation that made sense... was that someone had granted it entrance.

Eventually, the two great land masses gave up on their efforts. They formed 33 land masses, which became the new 33 Heavens. Those 33 Heavens were then used to form a seal just like the one which had been placed over the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Groups of cultivators from the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm Continent stayed behind to stand guard, as well as some of the Outsiders who had survived the recent war.

Outside of the 33 Heavens, Dao Fang sat cross-legged, sighing deeply,

mixed emotions visible on his face. Laying his staff down in front of him, he closed his ancient eyes and continued to stand guard. In the future, any cultivators of the Mountain and Sea Realm who attempted to fly out from the 33 Heavens would be killed by him.

Beyond Dao Fang, the Aeon Span was reestablished and linked to the Vast Expanse. Now, there was... a new Mountain and Sea Realm.

Apparently, there was a beginning and an ending in everything, like a never-ending a cycle.

No one could enter that Mountain and Sea Realm, and its cultivators could not leave. Soon, the Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm Continent departed, returning to the places from whence they had originally come. Whether it was the Immortal God Realm who got the wish, or the Devil Realm, at the moment no one knew.

Neither of the two great powers cared very much about where exactly Meng Hao had ended up being teleported to. As far as they were concerned, he was already dead, and was most likely nothing more than a corpse floating somewhere in the Vast Expanse.

Even still, both powers dispatched groups of cultivators out in various directions to search for that corpse!

Time passed as it always did in the Vast Expanse....

Apparently, everything that had happened was relatively negligible when it came to the starry sky of the Vast Expanse as a whole. A Realm had been destroyed. A world had changed locations.

The Vast Expanse was still the Vast Expanse. The vortex still emanated green light, and countless species of living beings went about their daily lives as was dictated by natural law, hunting, gathering, living. The Immortal God Continent and the Devil Realm Continent were as domineering as ever.

From the look of things, the disappearance of one person really wouldn't change the course of all existence.

Ten years passed. A hundred. A thousand.... Time flowed like water, and

the result was that many people forgot what had occurred in the past. In the 33 Heavens outside of the Green Coffin Vortex, successive generations of cultivators never learned about that ancient person named Meng Hao.

They forgot about the world which had been destroyed, and they forgot about the various events which had taken place. All they remembered was that they were to stand guard, and that there was a butterfly inside of the vortex. Many people took to calling that butterfly... the Mountain and Sea Butterfly.

There were some who would sigh as they recalled the events that had occurred a thousand years before. One of them was Dao Fang. He would wake up occasionally, and when he did, he would either look down at the butterfly in the Green Coffin Vortex or look up at the Vast Expanse. Sometimes... he would recall how the parrot had erased its own mind, how the meat jelly had willingly died, and how the blood-colored mastiff had stood guard relentlessly. He would even think about... that certain person who had exploded with madness, all for the sake of a single Realm.

Within the Green Coffin Vortex was a green coffin, upon which was a peaceful and calm butterfly. Two land masses existed inside that butterfly, as well as a statue of man who was the subject of constant worship.

“Our Realm is called... the Mountain and Sea Realm!” It was not uncommon for words like this to be heard in those two land masses, when people explained the name of the Realm in which they lived.

“Many years ago, the Mountain and Sea Realm was known as the Paragon Immortal Realm, which ruled over 3,000 Lower Realms....

“The first catastrophe which struck was tens upon tens of thousands of years in the past....

“Back then, the 3,000 Lower Realms rebelled, and helped two powerful outside forces to invade. Paragon Nine Seals rose to prominence then, as did Paragon Sea Dream, and Paragon Immortal Ancient. There were other powerful experts who joined the resistance, to protect our homeland.

“During that war, the Paragon Immortal Realm was destroyed. Paragon Nine Seals drove the invaders away, and created a precious treasure, the

Mountain and Sea Realm, which became the home of later generations.

“That was the first war which was fought....

“The second war occurred a thousand years ago. The two powerful forces which had destroyed the Paragon Immortal Realm returned. Of the original force of 3,000 rebel Realms, only thirty-three remained, which were the 33 Heavens. They were the ones who started the second war.

“During that war, Paragon Shui Dongliu’s terrifying strategy was revealed, which bought the Realm a chance at survival!

“During that war, Paragon Sea Dream sacrificed her life to find the direction we needed to travel in!

“Most importantly... during the fighting, our greatest Paragon, Paragon Meng Hao, rose to the highest heights. He acquired Shui Dongliu’s legacy, the most consummate of legacies. He became the Lord of the Mountain and Sea Realm, and he led us as we fought our way to freedom!

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“During that war, he destroyed his Soul Lamps and wiped out his Daoist magic. He even detonated the precious treasure that was the Mountain and Sea Realm. During that war, he fought with a parrot, a suit of armor, and a Blood Mastiff.

“At the end of the war, he left to parts unknown. But the Mountain and Sea Realm still exists!

“Our Mountain and Sea Realm will exist forever, and its legacy will never end, not for all eternity. In the past, we were the Paragon Immortal Realm, and then, we were the Mountain and Sea Realm. As of now... we are...

Meng Hao's Realm!

"He is not the Immortal. He is the Demon. The Demon of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Our Demon Sovereign!!

"One day, our Demon Sovereign will return in all his madness, just as he promised. He will take us... to destroy the new 33 Heavens. He will take us... to wipe out the homelands of those two enemies of ours. He will take us... to get revenge, even if that means toppling the entire starry sky of the Vast Expanse!!!

"Revenge. Revenge! REVENGE!!"

Throughout the years, that was how the children of cultivators in the world of the butterfly educated their children. As they told the story, they would clench their jaws, and tears would stream down their faces as they recounted the bloody and violent tales of the past!

Fatty rose to prominence during that period of a thousand years, as did many more of Meng Hao's past acquaintances. Somehow, even Wang Youcai was still alive. The razor-sharp thirst for vengeance bubbled within them. However, they buried their killing intent and focused on building up new resources, and on waiting... for the moment when they could get their revenge!

They were waiting for Meng Hao to return, their Demon Sovereign!

They... refused to believe that Meng Hao was dead!

There was a certain woman who most certainly did not believe him to be dead. She resided in the Fang Clan, and had an extremely prominent position there. She was Xu Qing, the wife of the Demon Sovereign!

With her and the Fang Clan there, the spirits of the Mountain and Sea cultivators in this world would burn eternally.

That spirit was the legacy of an entire people, and was something that burned unquenchably within them.

Every night, on the highest mountain peak within the Mountain and Sea Butterfly, when the moon which had been created would superimpose

with the mountain, Xu Qing could be seen standing there.

She would look up into the sky, as if she were waiting.... Always waiting....

“After I was reincarnated, you waited for me for hundreds of years.... Now, I will wait for you until the end of time and space....

“Meng Hao, wherever you are, you haven’t perished, have you...? I can sense you. You... are out there somewhere!” she murmured.

A year passed. Then another. And another....Chapter 1409: My Mountain and Sea Realm!

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“During that war, he destroyed his Soul Lamps and wiped out his Daoist magic. He even detonated the precious treasure that was the Mountain and Sea Realm. During that war, he fought with a parrot, a suit of armor, and a Blood Mastiff.

“At the end of the war, he left to parts unknown. But the Mountain and Sea Realm still exists!

“Our Mountain and Sea Realm will exist forever, and its legacy will never end, not for all eternity. In the past, we were the Paragon Immortal Realm, and then, we were the Mountain and Sea Realm. As of now... we are... Meng Hao’s Realm!

“He is not the Immortal. He is the Demon. The Demon of the Mountain and Sea Realm. Our Demon Sovereign!!

“One day, our Demon Sovereign will return in all his madness, just as he promised. He will take us... to destroy the new 33 Heavens. He will take us... to wipe out the homelands of those two enemies of ours. He will take us... to get revenge, even if that means toppling the entire starry sky of the Vast Expanse!!!

“Revenge. Revenge! REVENGE!!”

Throughout the years, that was how the children of cultivators in the world of the butterfly educated their children. As they told the story, they would clench their jaws, and tears would stream down their faces as they recounted the bloody and violent tales of the past!

Fatty rose to prominence during that period of a thousand years, as did many more of Meng Hao’s past acquaintances. Somehow, even Wang Youcai was still alive. The razor-sharp thirst for vengeance bubbled within them. However, they buried their killing intent and focused on building up new resources, and on waiting... for the moment when they could get their revenge!

They were waiting for Meng Hao to return, their Demon Sovereign!

They... refused to believe that Meng Hao was dead!

There was a certain woman who most certainly did not believe him to be dead. She resided in the Fang Clan, and had an extremely prominent position there. She was Xu Qing, the wife of the Demon Sovereign!

With her and the Fang Clan there, the spirits of the Mountain and Sea cultivators in this world would burn eternally.

That spirit was the legacy of an entire people, and was something that burned unquenchably within them.

Every night, on the highest mountain peak within the Mountain and Sea Butterfly, when the moon which had been created would superimpose with the mountain, Xu Qing could be seen standing there.

She would look up into the sky, as if she were waiting.... Always waiting....

“After I was reincarnated, you waited for me for hundreds of years.... Now, I will wait for you until the end of time and space....

“Meng Hao, wherever you are, you haven’t perished, have you...? I can sense you. You... are out there somewhere!” she murmured.

A year passed. Then another. And another....

Credits

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